

LITTELL'S

LIVING AGE.

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

"These publications of the day should from time to time be winnowed, the wheat carefully preserved, and the chaff thrown away."

"Made up of every creature's best."

"Various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged."

FIFTH SERIES, VOLUME XVI.

FROM THE BEGINNING, VOL. CXXXI.

OCTOBER, NOVEMBER, DECEMBER,

1876.

BOSTON:
LITTELL AND GAY.

AP
2
L79+

A.238082

TABLE OF THE PRINCIPAL CONTENTS
OF
THE LIVING AGE, VOLUME CXXXI.

THE SIXTEENTH QUARTERLY VOLUME OF THE FIFTH SERIES.

OCTOBER, NOVEMBER, DECEMBER, 1876.

| | | | |
|--|-----|---|--------------------------------------|
| EDINBURGH REVIEW. | | The Friend of the Hero, | 359 |
| Sir Philip Sidney, | 387 | Nenuphar : a Fancy, | 436, 562 |
| Bancroft's "Native Races of North America," | 451 | Pages from the Story of my Childhood, | 751 |
| Secret Correspondence on Marie Antoinette, | 544 | FRASER'S MAGAZINE. | |
| QUARTERLY REVIEW. | | Last Century Magazines, | 112 |
| Strawberry Hill, | 477 | Ulster and its People, | 159 |
| The Arctic Regions and the Eskimo, | 515 | Society in Italy in the Last Days of the Roman Republic, | 171 |
| London Alms and London Pauperism, | 579 | Christian Missions in West Africa, | 423 |
| The Life of the Prince Consort, | 680 | The Rings of Saturn. — Recent Discoveries, | 603 |
| BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW. | | The Astronomy of the Future, | 667 |
| The Illyrian Emperors and their Land, | 67 | An English Homestead, | 762 |
| The Unseen Universe, | 195 | MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE. | |
| Secular Change of Climate, | 323 | Correspondence between Schiller and the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, | 23 |
| LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW. | | The Brigands of Bulgarian Song, | 51 |
| Millbank Penitentiary, | 3 | Natural Religion, | 214 |
| CONTEMPORARY REVIEW. | | Charlotte Brontë, | 289, 611 |
| The Reality of Duty : as Illustrated by the Autobiography of John Stuart Mill, | 131 | A More Excellent Way of Charity, | 819 |
| French Preachers, | 259 | CORNHILL MAGAZINE. | |
| Bunsen and his Wife, | 731 | A Human Sacrifice, | 35 |
| The Christian Subjects of the Porte, | 771 | Carita, | 275, 530, 802 |
| FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW. | | When the Sea was Young, | 348 |
| Present Aspects of the Eastern Question, | 414 | The Laws of Dream Fancy, | 627 |
| Fermentation and its Bearings on the Phenomena of Disease, | 643 | Thoughts on Criticism, by a Critic, | 743 |
| Lord Althorpe and the Reform Act of 1832, | 707 | GOOD WORDS. | |
| The Law of Honor, | 789 | What She Came Through, | 13, 83, 224, 306, 339, 504, 595, 658 |
| BLACKWOD'S MAGAZINE. | | TEMPLE BAR. | |
| The Strathmore : Letter from Mrs. Wordsworth, the Lady who Survived the Wreck, | 107 | Francis the First, | 96 |
| The Philosopher's Pendulum : a Tale from Germany, | 147 | ARGOSY. | |
| The Strathmore : Mr. Wordsworth's Narrative, | 233 | Cinderella, | 672 |
| | | SUNDAY MAGAZINE. | |
| | | George Whitefield, the Famous Preacher, | 381 |
| | | MONTH. | |
| | | The Arab Christian Villages in Algeria, | 500 |

| | | | |
|---|-----|---|-----|
| SPECTATOR. | | The American Summer and American Society, 375 | |
| Early Christianity in Fiji, | 121 | American "Watering-Place" Acquaintance, | 383 |
| A Drive in Devonshire, | 180 | Secret Societies in China, | 445 |
| Dolls, | 182 | ATHENÆUM. | |
| Zeal, | 315 | British Association, | 125 |
| The Planet Vulcan, | 318 | Sixty-nine Years at the Court of Prussia, | 373 |
| The New-Found Enemies of Man, | 697 | An Antiquary in a Difficulty, | 382 |
| The Revolutionary Effects of Speculative Thought, | 816 | Erckmann-Chatrian, | 702 |
| ECONOMIST. | | NATURE. | |
| Protection in the United States, | 127 | International Congress of Americanists, | 62 |
| SATURDAY REVIEW. | | George Smith, | 124 |
| The Indians of Canada, | 60 | The Intra-Mercurial Planet or Planets, | 255 |
| The Journey of Augustus R. Margary, | 119 | The German Expedition to Siberia, | 574 |
| Crazy Correspondence, | 252 | ACADEMY. | |
| The Luxury of Grief, | 378 | The Sea of Ancient Ice, | 700 |
| Interjections, | 442 | A Popular History of France, | 823 |
| The Art of Deception, | 569 | ALL THE YEAR ROUND. | |
| Names and Arms of the German Nobility, | 571 | The Bayreuth Performances, | 167 |
| PALL MALL GAZETTE. | | A Straw-Plait Market, | 368 |
| The Liturgy of the Jews, | 56 | | |

INDEX TO VOLUME CXXXI.

| | | | |
|---|---------------|--|----------|
| AMERICANISTS, International Congress of | 62 | Fiji, Early Christianity in | 121 |
| American Summer, The, and American Society, | 375 | French Preachers, | 259 |
| Antiquary, An, in a Difficulty, | 382 | Friend of the Hero, The | 359 |
| American "Watering-Place" Acquaintance, | 383 | Fungi, Edible and Poisonous. | 380 |
| Africa, West, Christian Missions in | 423 | Fermentation and its Bearings on Disease, | 643 |
| Arab Christian Villages in Algeria, | 500 | France, A Popular History of | 823 |
| Arctic Regions, The, and the Eskimo, | 515 | GIRLS' Schools, External Examinations of | 245 |
| Astronomy, The, of the Future, | 667 | Grief, The Luxury of | 378 |
| Albert, Prince, Life of | 680 | German Nobility, Names and Arms of | 571 |
| Arctic Regions, The Ice in the | 700 | German Expedition to Siberia, | 574 |
| Althorpe, Lord, and the Reform Act of 1832, | 707 | HUMAN Sacrifice, A | 35 |
| BRIGANDS, The, of Bulgarian Song, | 51 | Highwaymen in Partnership, | 320 |
| British Association, | 125 | Homestead, An English | 762 |
| Bayreuth Performances, The | 167 | Honor, The Law of | 789 |
| Brontë, Charlotte | 289, 611 | INDIANS, The, of Canada, | 60 |
| Bancroft's "Native Races of North America," | 451 | Illyrian Emperors, The, and their Land, | 67 |
| Bunsen and His Wife, | 231 | Interjections, | 442 |
| CANADA, The Indians of | 60 | Insects, Injurious, New Varieties of | 697 |
| Crazy Correspondence, | 252 | Ice, The Sea of Ancient | 700 |
| Carita, | 275, 530, 802 | Ice, Plasticity of | 768 |
| Climate, Secular Change of | 323 | JEWS, The Liturgy of the | 56 |
| China, Secret Societies in | 445 | LITURGY, The, of the Jews, | 56 |
| Cinderella, | 672 | Last Century Magazines, | 112 |
| Criticism, Thoughts on, by a Critic, | 743 | London Alms and London Pauperism, | 579 |
| Christian Subjects of the Porte, | 771 | MILLBANK Penitentiary, | 3 |
| Charity, A More Excellent Way of | 819 | Margary, Augustus R., The Journey of | 119 |
| DUTY, The Reality of | 131 | Marquis of Lossie, The 185, 205, 470, 723, 783 | |
| Devonshire, A Drive in | 180 | Marie Antoinette, Secret Correspondence on. | 544 |
| Dolls, | 182 | NATURAL Religion, | 214 |
| Deception, The Art of | 569 | Nenuphar : a Fancy, | 436, 562 |
| Dream Fancy, The Laws of | 627 | PROTECTION in the United States, | 127 |
| EXTERNAL Examinations of Girls' Schools, | 245 | Philosopher's Pendulum, The | 147 |
| Eastern Question, Present Aspects of the | 414 | Pope's, The, Daily Life | 191 |
| Eskimo, The, and the Arctic Regions, | 515 | Planet, The Intra-Mercurial | 255 |
| Erckmann-Chatrian, | 702 | Prussia, Sixty-nine Years at the Court of | 373 |
| English Homestead, An | 762 | Pacific States, Native Races of the | 451 |
| FRANCIS the First, | 96 | | |

| | | | |
|---|-----|--|-----|
| Pages from the Story of my Childhood, | 751 | Saturn, The Rings of | 603 |
| Porte, Christian Subjects of the | 771 | Shelf, On the | 703 |
| QUIET Girls, | 317 | Stars, Scintillation of the | 768 |
| ROMAN Republic, Society in Italy in the Last Days of | 171 | Speculative Thought, Revolutionary Ef- fects of | 816 |
| Religion, Natural | 214 | TURKEY, Christian Subjects of | 771 |
| Reform Act of 1832, and Lord Althorpe | 707 | ULSTER and its People, | 159 |
| SCHILLER and the Duke of Schleswig- Holstein | 23 | Unseen Universe, The | 195 |
| Strathmore, The : Letter from the Lady who Survived the Wreck, | 107 | Vulcan, The Planet | 318 |
| Strathmore, The : Mr. Wordsworth's Narrative, | 233 | WHAT She Came Through, 13, 83, 224, 306, 339, 504, 595, 658 | |
| Smith, George | 124 | When the Sea was Young, | 348 |
| Self-Sacrifice, | 249 | Whitefield, George, the Famous Preach- er, | 381 |
| Straw-Plait Market, A | 368 | Walpole's, Horace, Villa at Strawberry Hill, | 477 |
| Sidney, Sir Philip | 387 | ZEAL, | 315 |
| Strawberry Hill, | 477 | | |
| Siberia, The German Expedition to | 574 | | |

POETRY.

| | | | |
|---|-----|---|-----|
| ANTIPAS, | 130 | Morning Hymn, A | 770 |
| August on the Mountains, | 258 | Night Cometh, The | 642 |
| Among the Vines, | 322 | Nigh at Hand, | 770 |
| Canzonet to Correspondents, | 194 | Poetry, | 130 |
| Crucifix, The | 450 | Primavera, | 258 |
| Collins, Mortimer, Last Verses by | 450 | Possibilities, | 514 |
| Death the Poet's Birth, | 194 | Psalms CXLVIII., | 642 |
| From the Italian, | 130 | Question, A | 66 |
| Farewell, A | 194 | Remembered Days, | 2 |
| Forgiveness, | 258 | Reunion, | 322 |
| Green, Nicholas St. John | 66 | Rhymer's Wish, A | 322 |
| Going Softly, | 66 | Song, | 2 |
| House in the Meadow, The | 130 | Stanzas Written in October, | 130 |
| In Memoriam, | 130 | South Downs, On the | 514 |
| Indian Summer, | 386 | Silent Pool, The | 578 |
| King Henry's Hunt, | 706 | Song of the Period, A | 770 |
| Lay of Lawn Tennis, A | 194 | Then and Now, | 2 |
| Links to the Past, | 322 | Two Worlds — The Old and the New, | 386 |
| Leal Souvenir ! | 386 | Two Songs, | 642 |
| Love and the Violet, | 450 | Waiting, | 2 |
| Midsummer, | 66 | Wants of the Nation, | 194 |
| Model Maiden, | 578 | Years, The | 258 |

TALES.

| | | | |
|--|---------------|--|----------|
| CARITA, | 275, 530, 802 | Nenuphar : A Fancy, | 436, 562 |
| Cinderella, | 672 | Philosopher's Pendulum, The | 147 |
| Friend of the Hero, The | 359 | What She Came Through, 13, 83, 224, 306, 339, 504, 595, 658 | |
| Human Sacrifice, A | 35 | | |
| Marquis of Lossie, The 185, 205, 470, 723, 783 | | | |

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume XVI. }

No. 1686.—October 7, 1876.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CXXXI. }

CONTENTS.

| | | |
|---|---|----|
| I. MILLBANK PENITENTIARY, | <i>London Quarterly Review,</i> | 3 |
| II. WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH. By Sarah Tytler, author of "Lady Bell," etc. Part XV., | <i>Good Words,</i> | 13 |
| III. CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN SCHILLER AND THE DUKE OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN, | <i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i> | 23 |
| IV. A HUMAN SACRIFICE, | <i>Cornhill Magazine,</i> | 35 |
| V. THE BRIGANDS OF BULGARIAN SONG, | <i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i> | 51 |
| VI. THE LITURGY OF THE JEWS. By a Jew, | <i>Pall Mall Gazette,</i> | 56 |
| VII. THE INDIANS OF CANADA, | <i>Saturday Review,</i> | 60 |
| VIII. INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF AMERICAN- ISTS, | <i>Nature,</i> | 62 |

POETRY.

| | | | |
|----------------------------|---|-------------------------|---|
| WAITING, | 2 | SONG, | 2 |
| REMEMBERED DAYS, | 2 | THEN AND NOW, | 2 |

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

WAITING.

SERENE, I fold my hands and wait
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea ;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo ! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace ?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me ;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone ?
I wait with joy the coming years ;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own and draw
The brook that springs in yonder height,
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come nightly to the sky ;
The tidal wave unto the sea ;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

REMEMBERED DAYS.

I REMEMBER a morn behind the mill,
When blackbirds sang,
And sheep-bells rang,
Far off, and all things else were still,
But the rising breām
In the pictured stream,
And the noise of water about the mill.

I remember a maid in her sweet youth,
Whose gentle days
In village ways
Were passed in simple works of truth ;
The summer's day
Sped fast away
In a dream of love, in the time of youth.

I remember the spring in garb of green,
The light heart glee
That came to me
With the smile of my love at seventeen ;
Her laugh that went
Like woodland scent
To my soul — that time on the daisied green.

And though I know the days are spent,
That love was lost
When came the frost
At summer's close of my content,
Yet some joy stays
In winter days,
And brings its joyous complement.

Chambers' Journal.

SONG.

WHEN I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad song for me ;
Plant no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress-tree ;
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet ;
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain,
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on, as if in pain ;
And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise or set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply I may forget.

CARLOTTA ROSSETTI.

THEN AND NOW.

HERE is the same old mansion,
With its quaint moss-covered towers,
And the summer sunlight sleeping
On the gleam of the garden flowers ;

And the wild dove, far in the fir-wood,
Cooing in monotone ;
And the stately, silent courtyard,
With its antique dial-stone.

The swallows have come as of yore, lad,
From over the sunny sea,
And the cup of the lily echoes
To the hum of the wandering bee.

The lark, in its silvery treble,
Sings up in the deep-blue sky ;
But the house is not as it was, lad,
In those dear old days gone by.

'Twas here that her garments rustled,
Like music amidst the flowers ;
And her low, sweet, rippling laughter
Made richer the rose-wreathed bowers.

But now, in its noontide brightness,
The place seems cold and dead ;
And it lies like a form of beauty
When the light of the soul has fled.

All hushed is each lonely chamber,
That echoed to songs of old ;
The chairs are now all vacant,
And the hearths are dark and cold.

Yet the joys I had here of yore, lad,
No heart but my own can know ;
And the glimpses of heaven she gave me
In this dear home long ago.

But they went one eve, when she left me,
Mid the balm of the summer air ;
There's a grave far over the hills, lad —
The home of my heart is there.

Tinsley's Magazine. ALEXANDER LAMONT.

From The London Quarterly Review.
MILLBANK PENITENTIARY.*

THE Londoners will be sorry to lose Millbank. For so many years that strange cross between a star fort and a mediæval castle has seemed to belong to the river landscape. Men will miss it from their Chelsea boats; and now that the river-boats are to be improved (as they said some time ago the cabs were to be), there will be more to miss it than heretofore. It is a peculiarity of our times that a thing very soon becomes classical. The penitentiary began to be used a year after the battle of Waterloo; the act (Howard's act it may be called) "for the establishment of penitentiary houses," which led to its erection, is not quite a century old. Yet City clerks, as they pass the gloomy pile on their way from office, always think, with a half shudder, of the French Revolution. Millbank is their Bastille, their great and little Châtelet, their Abbaye, all in one. The halo of ages is round that "crown of towers;" and when it is all done away with, and Cubitopolis has stretched down to the river's edge as it does at Grosvenor Pier; when streets and squares and a fine new church cover the prison ground — the neighborhood will fancy it has lost something almost as ancient as the Tower. Millbank is doomed. Last year, about Wormwood Scrubs, might be noticed some big wooden sheds, shut in by a high wooden paling. Those are the convicts' quarters, and the work that is going on is the new prison — to be built, as most work of the kind lately has been, by prisoners themselves. At last, "the Chelsea philosopher" has got his wish. We do not pet our Uriah Heeps now; we make them at once keep down the taxes and keep in one another. One reads with great satisfaction the statement by Capt. Griffiths, historian of Millbank, that "the Devil's Brigade," "the Army of Rascaldom" (for its other titles see "Latter-Day Pamphlets"), has, within the last few years, actually saved us £75,000 in building alone; the work they have done has cost £93,000; the

same work, done by contract, would have cost £168,000. That is something to be proud of; and so, too, is the fact that our system has become so perfected that there, at the Scrubs, within hail of London, rascaldom is lodged almost in the open, and yet there is no attempt to run away, because rascaldom feels at last that authority is too strong for it.

In the good old times convicts did not multiply. It was a struggle for existence with them, a case of survival of the fittest — fittest, *i.e.*, to stand against gaol-fever. Gaols were mostly private ventures; the gaoler was paid out of the fees; and he paid himself by pilfering the wretched rations that scarcely kept body and soul together. Ventilation? Why in those days the wisdom of our legislators had laid on a window-tax. How could a gaoler, anxious to put by every penny he could scrape together, be expected to find windows to the cells? So far from feeling bound to give fresh air to the guilty, he would not even set innocent men at liberty till his fees were paid. The court acquitted you; you were free in the eyes of the law; but back you must go unless you could wipe off the score that he had against you. "A merciless set of men, these gaolers (says Blackstone), steeled against any tender sensation." Sometimes the prisoners had their revenge in a strange fashion. At the "black assize" in Oxford Castle, in 1577, the gaol-fever was so strong that all present died in forty hours — the lord chief baron, the sheriff — some three hundred in all. At Taunton, in 1730, some prisoners from Dorchester gaol so infected the court that Chief Baron Pengelly, Serjeant Sir Jas. Sheppard, the sheriff, and some hundreds more died. Again in 1750, a lord mayor, two judges, an alderman, and many others took the distemper and perished. These were gaol-deliveries with a vengeance; Nature asserting her broken laws, proving that chief barons and sheriffs and such like are of the same flesh and blood as prisoners, and thereby hinting that it was the duty of such notables to look into these things — to see, for instance, that gaolers should be no longer permitted to bind men and women with chains and iron col-

* *Memoria's of Millbank.* By CAPT. C. G. GRIFFITHS, Governor of Millbank Penitentiary, etc., etc. Murray. 1875.

lars if they could not pay for dispensations. It was no chief baron or official personage, but simple John Howard who forced this abomination into public notice, and thereby did so much to remedy it. The Penitentiary Act was his work; he had seen a sort of penitentiary at Ghent, and a good deal of prisoners' labor in Holland. But we never do things in a hurry, so it was a quarter of a century from passing the act to laying the foundation stone of Millbank.

Meanwhile, Jeremy Bentham had come to the front with his "greatest happiness of the greatest number" theory, part of which was "to provide a spectacle such as persons of all classes would in the way of amusement be curious to partake of, and that not only on Sundays at the time of Divine Service, but on ordinary days at meal times or times of work." This "spectacle" was the common gaol, or as he styled it, "Panopticon, or the inspection-house," "an iron cage glazed, with glass lantern as large as Ranelagh, the cells being on the outer circumference." In such a building, he contracted to maintain and employ convicts for £12 a head per annum, he receiving "the produce of their labor," and, by admitting "the public" to the central room whence they could see without being seen, he fancied he should be providing "a System of Superintendence universal, unchangeable, and uninterrupted, the most effectual and indestructible of all securities against abuse." People would throng in for the fun of the thing, just as they do to the monkeys' cage at the Zoological Gardens; and yet this "curiosity and love of amusement, mixed with better and rarer motives," was his chief security against abuse and imperfection in every shape. "A promiscuous assemblage of unknown and therefore unpaid and incorruptible inspectors would cause a sentiment of a sort of invisible omnipresence to pervade the place." But, since "the banquet offered to curiosity will be attractive in proportion to the variety and brilliancy of the scene," the humanitarian philosopher proposed "to light up the Panopticon at night by reflection, and to enable the prisoners, by means of tubes reaching from each cell to the

general centre, to hold conversations with the visitors."

From this sort of half Crystal Palace, half ear of Dionysius, the tower-girdled penitentiary sprang. People were at their wits' ends what to do with prisoners; the American war had stopped one great safety-valve, "the plantations" in Virginia and elsewhere. Bentham offered to do the thing cheaply. His building was to cost only £19,000—and then he promised as grandly as Fourier or St. Simon could have done. The prisoners he undertook to provide with "spiritual and medical assistance;" he promised them constant work when discharged, and even annuities for old age. To the crown he bound himself to pay a fine for every prisoner who escaped, for all who died above the ordinary rate within the bills of mortality, and for every one convicted of a felony after his discharge at a rate increasing according to the time that he had been a happy denizen of the Panopticon.

Strange as it seems, Pitt, Dundas, and the rest, warmly embraced Bentham's project; and, but for stubborn old George III., who hated radical philosophers as much as his grandfather hated "bainters and boets," the great experiment of rascaldom *versus* humanitarianism would have been tried under a man of real genius. Bentham bought fifty-three acres in Tothill Fields, paying Lord Salisbury £19,000 for them; but not a stone was laid till 1812, long after Bentham had been got rid of, of course with due compensation.

Well, perhaps it was best so; for the difficulties of the site were enough to break even a philosopher's heart. £19,000 indeed; why the "*additional*" item for the foundations," amounted to £42,000! Bentham had chosen the site, because, as he said, it was "in no neighborhood at all." A quagmire, where snipe have been shot by men still alive, it contained any number of almshouses, (how "rheumatiz" must have flourished!) Hill's, Butler's, Wicher's, Palmer's, and Lady Dacre's; a Bridewell; some pest-houses (used as almshouses "so long as it shall please God to keep us from the plague"); and Charles II.'s Green Coats Hospital—verily he deserved

his name of "merry monarch" when he dressed the poor boys ("yellow-hammers," envious gutter-children call them) in such motley. Good enough for school-children and alms-people, and such like, the swamp was eschewed by "people of condition;" its name came from the Abbot of Westminster's mill, to which a very old embankment directed a current from the river. In Stow's time the Earl of Peterborough had a big house thereabouts, "but its situation is but bleak in the winter, and not over healthful, as being so near the low meadows on the south and west parts." The new supervisors, however, did not care to look out for a new site; they got a Mr. Hardwicke for architect, his payment being 2 1-2 per cent. on the estimated £260,000. The plan was imposing — a six-pointed star fort, every salient being a pentagon with a small tower at each angle and a big watch-tower in the centre of its "airing-yard." The labyrinth within is so intricate that Captain Griffiths tells us an old warder, who had served for years and had risen step by step, could never find his way about; he always carried a bit of chalk with which to "blaze" his path as a man "blazes" trees in the bush.

It must have looked grand on paper; but the difficulty was to get it on *terra firma*. This was a very rare substance thereabouts. Here and there was a seam of good stiff clay; but in general it was all peat and loose sand. Plenty of plans were proposed. A mysterious Blackheath architect, Alexander, offered to contract for foundations "independent of piles, planking, and brickwork." But, as he insisted on keeping his secret, the supervisors would have nothing to do with him, and Messrs. Rennie and Cockerell were employed to dig down twelve feet to the sound gravel, and fill in with puddled walling. The outer gate, lodge, and boundary wall were to be trusted to piles, "with rubble two feet deep rammed tight between them." But the rubble sadly betrayed its trust; the boundary wall bulged out and sank, and the lodge was soon found resting on nothing but the piles, the masonry between having sunk, along with the whole surface of the ground, as soon as a main

drain had somewhat dried the peat. Mr. Hardwicke got disgusted, and resigned; a Mr. Harvey took his place, and courses of brickwork bedded in Parker's cement began to be laid regardless of expense. It was all paid out of the taxes; and people seemed rather pleased when the saying "There's more money put away below ground than above at Millbank," seemed likely to be verified. At length, in June 1816, came the first batch of prisoners — thirty-six women from Newgate. But by September serious cracks had opened in walls and arches, and the inmates began to fear lest some fine night they might be swallowed up in a quaking bog. Towards the end of this month the governor was called up at daybreak with the news that none of the passage gates in pentagon No. 1 could be unlocked. He went, and found the women going into fits, and noticed that the three angle towers had sunk a little, cracking arches and walls, and naturally preventing doors from opening. The architect was sent for, and laid the blame on the Thames, which had lately been let in to flood the drains. For fear of accidents admission of prisoners was stopped, and Rennie and Smirke called in. "The main sewer is badly built (said they), and the foundations are far too meagre." Then came more tinkering and jobbing, one engineer playing into another's hands, till the total cost had risen to nearly half a million. Wormwood Scrubs is to be finished for a fifth of the sum.

And now the penitentiary was fairly launched. A governor was found (who resigned by-and-by because the committee would not let him go on practising as a solicitor outside). A lawyer's widow was made matron. The bishop of London recommended as chaplain "a clergyman of great activity and benevolence, and untainted with fanaticism" (*surtout point de zèle*). And turnkeys were secured who were warranted to unite firmness with gentleness. But the committee did a deal (a deal too much) of the work themselves; they were always about the place. One of them, Mr. Holford, confessed that for some time he had done everything but sleep there. Millbank was their toy-house, which they had the privilege of

keeping up at the expense of the nation. They showed it to all comers—grand dukes, lords, princes of the blood, ladies who came to see the prisoners “perform their religious exercises.” Meanwhile they tried experiments and encouraged “reports.” Tale-bearing thrived apace; prisoners and inferior officers “referred things to the committee.” The governor was a nonentity; and as for the matron, she was accused, first, of setting some of the women to work at her daughter’s wedding things, next of using a shilling’s worth of prison thread (she replaced it as soon as she could get some of her own), lastly of giving to her daughter a Bible with which the committee had supplied her—she thought as a present. On these grave charges she was dismissed.

One of the experiments, by the way, was giving brown instead of white bread. The prisoners would not eat it. Mr. Holford exhorted them; but they all left it outside their cell-doors. Next day was Sunday, a row was evidently preparing, so the governor by way of precaution “put three braces of pistols loaded with ball inside his pew”! Who should come in but the chancellor of the exchequer with a party of friends? Such “religious exercises”—file-firing by slamming down the flaps of the seats (why were they made with flaps?) varied with discharges of heavy artillery in the shape of loaves, the women raising their war-song, “Give us our daily bread.” The riot got worse, and then the women began fainting and had to be removed. Then there was a lull; the chancellor made a most appropriate admonition, and the prisoners went off, to begin, next day, breaking windows and destroying their furniture. “They’re over-fed,” said the public. “It’s Mr. Holford’s fattening-house,” observed a jocose M. P., whereupon the committee ran into the other extreme, and at once did away with all the solid meat, giving instead ox-head soup at the rate of one head for a hundred prisoners. Then (Mr. Holford having seen potatoes carried out in the wash-tubs better than he was eating at home), potatoes were given up, and the diet was reduced to a pint of gruel for breakfast, a pint of soup at mid-day, and the same in the evening, a pound and a half of bread being distributed through the day. This seems nourishment enough; but sedentary people really need more nourishment than those who live in fresh air, and prisoners more than either. Most of them are really fretting, even though they “brave it out,” and nothing uses up nerve force like fretting. So in January,

1823, scurvy broke out and was followed by a sort of slow cholera, which carried off a good many, and set the committee taking opinions from eminent medical men. Doctors differed, as usual. Some said it was the water (likely enough; it came from the Thames, into which poured the prison drains); others said it was the low diet. Meat (four ounces a day) and oranges were instantly supplied, and before August was over the prisoners were sent to the Woolwich hulks for change of air. There they had a fine time of it, playing practical jokes on one another—such as “toeing and gooseing,” *i.e.*, dragging off the bed-clothes with a crooked nail at the end of a string, and every now and then escaping and being caught. Thus three got off together, and made their way to London; but one, a young lad, was refused admission by all his relatives, so he gave himself up again, and through his information the other two were taken. One rough day the master of one of the hulks was drowned, and the prisoners wrote a letter “with feelings of the deepest commiseration for his melancholy fate, and wishing by the only means in their power to show their gratitude for his uniform kindness, viz., by contributing a small sum from their percentage (earnings) as a reward for the recovery of his body, the surplus to be handed to his wife, or, if she will not have it, to be applied to erect a tombstone as a lasting monument of his worth and a token of unfeigned respect to his memory.” There must have been some good in men who could write in that way, for since the letter was sent collectively (each “deck” petitioning as a “deck” and not as individuals), there could have been no idea of getting any individual good from writing. Yet at times these men were so riotous that once the soldiers had to be sent for.

Meanwhile, the penitentiary had been cleansed. Sir H. Davy had undertaken the ventilation, Faraday (“a Mr. Faraday, from the Royal Institution,” he is styled) had fumigated it with chlorine. More stoves were put in, school-hours were to be lengthened, moral and religious books to be multiplied, “games and sports” to be introduced. The philanthropic *régime* had come in stronger than ever, and the criminals on whom it was to be tried were chosen as affording reasonable hope that they would be corrected and reclaimed. Instead of amendment there broke out an epidemic of suicide, mostly feigned—prisoners would hang themselves a few seconds before the time for opening their cell-

door, taking care to keep something under their feet till they heard the key in the lock. Others made false keys — one fellow, who remarked when found out, "You see, I've got a very nice eye," caught the pattern of his cell-key, moulded it in bread, cut up his pewter-can with his tailor's scissors, and melted it with his irons and ran it into the mould. A comrade told of him; indeed, most of the plans failed "through information." Before long there came a grand conspiracy, started in letters written on blank prayer-book leaves, to make such a riot as should get them all sent to the hulks; "It's so much jollier at the hulks." This riot was serious, and was met by a great deal of "dark-celling." But this, even when continued for a month together, has little general effect; some people, even some children, don't mind it one bit. So the humane committee had nothing to do for it but to ask Parliament to let them use flogging. It was time; threatening notices began to be posted about; the infirmary warder's cat was hanged, and he was warned: "You see your Cat is hung And you Have Been the corse of it for your Bad Bavior, to Those arond you. Dom yor eis, you'll get pade in yor torn yet." Then a long and elaborate petition was sent to the governor complaining of one of the warders. "The governor," the writer says, "would reason with a man on his misconduct; Mr. Pilling delights in aggravating the cause with a grin or a jeer of contempt." At last a warder or two was half killed, and then the Flogging Act was passed, and temporary quiet was the result. But prisoners must be at something, and as they were not rioting they took to love-making. The laundry woman, who had to open the men's kits, one day found a slip of paper, on which a man had written that he came from Glasgow, and hopes the women are all well. The "kitter" could not read, so she handed the slip round. "I know him well," spoke up a Scotch lassie; "it's John Davidson, a very nice young man, and if none of you'll answer, I'll just write to him myself." She wrote, was answered, sent him a lock of her hair, and a heart worked in worsted on his flannel bandage. Before long every woman had a correspondent; the washing "blue" supplied ink, and all went on merrily when the wardwoman told the matron, and the kits were all searched. Just then the following letter was picked up in chapel:—

From the young man that wrote first to the young woman that wrote last. My dear — It is with a pleasure produced from a mind en-

during the bitters of anxious suspense, that I set myself down for the purpose of relating to you the candid feelings I possess at the present hour; and I hope, my dear, that it will find you enjoying the sweets of good health, as, thank God, I am at present. . . . It is not from the pleasure received from our correspondence that I venture to commit myself to yours and your friend's generosity; but it is from the real expectation of being joined to one of you by the appointed precept of the Creator, to stick strong and constantly to you, and to live an honest, industrious life, endeavoring to obtain felicity in the world to come. So, my dear, if your heart be disposed to acknowledge a sympathy with mine, conditionally, that is to say, by the blessing of God, restored to liberty, and becoming a spectator of my person, I myself am not so very particular about having a handsome wife, for many pretty girls are so sensible of their beauty that it makes their manners rather odious; but so as you are a tidy-looking girl, and industriously inclined, with a good disposition, and will love me and me only, . . . But if any other young man is your intended suitor, I beg you give me a true answer in reply to this. . . . I hope neither you nor your two friends will show our notes to any one, for some women can never keep a secret; when friendship ceases they let all out. That is why I am more distant in my expressions than I should be, for I would not have this known for the best ten pounds that ever was coined.

And so on, in the complete letter-writer style, a marvellous instance of high-polite. But the flirting was not confined to the prisoners; at this time the superior officers were married, and lived with their families inside the walls. They had their servants, of course; and, since "girls will be girls," no wonder the chaplain's maid "was always at her kitchen window making signs;" and the surgeon's servant struck up a friendship with a prisoner-cook, in whose pocket was found a lock of her hair neatly plaited. The steward's housemaid kept her love-letters in her kitchen drawer; she had two admirers, one of whom, Adam-like, excused himself by saying: "Well, she nodded to me first." On the whole, the women gave more trouble than the men; they assaulted the chief matron, telling one another that "if two or three well-behaved women hit her again and again, the gentlemen of the committee would say she's not respected, and is not the prisoners' friend. Then they'll send her away, and we shall be quit of her." They lamented the want of pluck of the men; went into hysterics when the patrol stopped them from rushing about, stool in hand, vowing they would have somebody's life. Then they were such clever

cheats. One girl wandered about the ward at night (the "security" locks seem to have been rather carelessly managed in those days) knocking at the cells, and saying: "I jumped out of window, and got back through the gates, which were left open, and now I can't get into my cell, for it's fastened up." About three A.M. she got tired, woke the ward matron, and was put back. Next day she became a heroine; governor and visitors hastened to look at the girl who had climbed out through a V-shaped hole, ten inches wide at top, without breaking a pane of glass, and had actually fallen seventeen feet without getting anything worse than a little sprain in the hand. There she was quietly at needlework, rejoicing as only prisoners can rejoice in being the centre of attraction, till at last she confessed she had been making fools of them all: "Coming out of night-school, I hid myself in an unoccupied cell; that is all." By-and-by a sham conspiracy was got up, preluded by a letter, contrasting sadly with the love-epistle; it was worked in black letters, on yellow serge. "Stab balling (bawling) Bateman, dam matron too and parson; no justice now; may they brile in hell and their favrits too. God bless the governor, but this makes us devils. Sha'n't care what we do. 20 of us sworn to drink and theve in spite. Make others pay for this. Sha'n't fear any prison or hell after this. Can't suffer more. Some of us meen to gulp the sakrimint; good blind. . . . All swer to die but don't split. . . . Watch your time; stab 'am to the hart in chap-le. . . ." Which bloodthirsty missive meant nothing, except that many of them were angry with the matron and wanted to be sent to Australia. No wonder; as one of them said: "We've no friends in the world, and when we come out what are we to do? We must just do the same over again." There was, as yet, no "Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society."

But the men could sham too. One "confessed" that he had drowned his sweetheart in the New River, telling the soft-hearted governor, "Sir, I've never had a happy moment since I committed that deed. My life is a burthen to me, I would gladly terminate it on the scaffold." He had only made up the story in order to be sent to Newgate. Indeed Newgate then must have been a sort of fiends' paradise. The women's side, when Mrs. Fry first began to pay those visits one of which is so well represented in this year's Academy, went by the name of "hell above ground." There they were, all huddled

together, untried along with convicts, without even beds, washing, cooking, doing everything on the filthy floor. Visitors were clamorously beset for alms; the women fought with one another to get near the bars, and thrust forward their wooden spoons, tied to the end of long sticks, hoping a few pence might be put in them. Many had their children with them, most were half-naked; and there they were singing, screaming, fighting, dancing, dressing up in men's clothes, doing all that a bad woman (who is so much worse than most bad men) could get the chance of doing. Other prisons were as bad—read Mr. Chesterton's report (1830). Coldbath Fields, for instance, was "a sink of pollution—the female side only half fenced off from the male." So that, in spite of the "experimenting," the penitentiary stood out very well by contrast. The reins, too, were beginning to be drawn tighter; even humanitarians came to see that it was ridiculous to make a fuss about flogging a convict who has brained his warder with a sleeve-board or a shoe-frame; while the "cat" was freely used in the penal colonies, and while soldiers got their hundred or two hundred lashes for purely military offences. Floggings, few and far between, began to be administered in Millbank; but just now (some forty years ago) a committee had investigated the rival American system, solitary confinement (at the U. S. Eastern Penitentiary), and "the silent system," enforced by warders cat in hand (at Auburn and Sing Sing). The latter had its evils; an assistant keeper at Auburn (for instance) flogged a pregnant woman to death. The former involved dangers of which the committee were well warned (*e.g.* in Dickens' "American Notes"), but warned in vain. It was tried, this solitary confinement, strangely enough under the "theocracy," as we may call it, which was next established at Millbank. A clergyman, named Nihil, was made chaplain-governor, and he made up his mind that the object of the place was solely "reformation by moral and religious means." The warders were all to be godly men; one was re-proved for calling a prisoner a rascal; another was dismissed because a prisoner reported that he had said: "The nature of man is sinful no doubt, but the worst man that ever lived was no worse than the God who had made him." This man being asked, "Are you a believer in the Scriptures?" said, "I would rather not enter into that subject." "Did you not, when engaged, say you belonged to the Church

of England?" "No; I was never asked the question." But the clipcher was when the prisoners accused him of saying that St. Paul told women what sort of ribbons to wear in their bonnets. The man was dismissed; and the warders were thenceforth demonstratively devout. The prisoners took up the same plan. One began to prophecy, and wrote to Governor Nihil in the style of Amos or Micah. "My kind governor, I hope you will hearken unto me; in truth I am no prophet, though I am sent to bear witness as a prophet. . . . If you will hear my words, call your nobles together, and then I will speak as it has been given unto me . . . Behold, out of the mire shall come forth brightness against thee." Indeed, "pantiling," *i.e.* sham-piety, became the rule at Millbank.

The pretence was often so transparent that even Mr. Nihil saw through it. He was specially exercised with attempted escapes and feigned lunacy. One girl's conduct was so outrageous that it seems hard to think she was not really mad on certain points. Many a saner creature has been saved the gallows by the intervention of a mad-doctor. Julia St. Clair Newman (Miss Newman she was called in prison, where criminals of the better class are wonderfully looked up to by the rest) was a West-Indian creole (not a half or quarter caste, that is, but a *pure white*, island born). When quite young, she was sent to a French boarding-school, and at sixteen was left with her mother on an allowance made by her guardian. Unhappily, hers was not honorable poverty, like that in which the girlhood of another creole, afterwards Madame de Maintenon, was passed. Mother and daughter soon became accomplished swindlers; and, after a sojourn in the King's Bench and in Whitecross Street, they added to swindling the ugly trick of carrying off the spoons. Being caught, they were both sentenced to transportation; and the mother, a quiet old lady, died in prison. But Julia was made of sterner stuff; accomplished, lady-like, very musical, a really beautiful singer, clever with pencil and colors, and "decidedly interesting" (said the matrons), though with no claims to beauty, she ought to have made the happiness of some honest man's home. "The system" failed with her. The day after her reception she began writing to her mother, urging her to make a sham confession to the chaplain, and to get the daughter released. For this she was sent to "the dark." There she shammed ill, making her face look ghastly with chalk. Her pen and ink were con-

fiscated, and then she began scratching verses, bemoaning her separation from her mother, on the whitewash of her cell. This, to which our historic prisons owe so much of their charm, is forbidden nowadays; so the muse had to be silent, and Julia was again driven to letter-writing. How she could have got ink and blank prayer-book leaves is a mystery. Besides letters, she wrote a dying confession of one Mary Hewett, "the cause of all our misfortunes," exculpating the Newmans at her own expense. By-and-by she went mad, beating her head against the wall; and then, calming down, began to lampoon Mr. Nihil in verses which he thought showed "much talent and some attainments." After the infirmary has been tried to no purpose, she is again put in the dark cell, where she amuses herself with singing songs of her own composition, sleeping well, and eating all the bread they give her. After eleven days, Mr. Nihil loses patience, and, discovering in her cell a long critical examination of the character of the then new queen, tells the committee that they must find out whether she is really mad or not. There is no chance of getting her off to Australia for many months, and he is in despair. "A case of affected madness," says the surgeon before whom she beats herself violently, and dresses up in all sorts of fantastic ways. At the lady visitors she flings water; yet when put into the infirmary, and spoken to by the task-mistress, she weeps like a child. Then she refuses her meals, tears up her prayer-book, and grazes her nose so as to make her face hideous. The doctors will not let her be sent to the dark again, and she is put in a strait-jacket, which she tears to atoms, and her own clothes as well. She destroys a second strait-jacket before they find that she has a pair of scissors under her arm. This is too bad, so off she goes to the dark cell, where she makes three baskets of her straw mattress, and on her Bible-leaves writes, with blood and water for ink, and a needle for pen, a long account of her wrongs. After hurling a few tin cans at surgeon, matron, etc., she collapses, eats only a little crust of bread, and gets so seemingly feeble, that the surgeon warns Mr. Nihil that "the dark" may shorten her life. But, when the said surgeon is sent to examine her, she suddenly rouses herself, begins to sing and scream, pelts him with bread, calls him bad names, and refuses to have her pulse felt. She is then sent to Bedlam, whereupon some one in the House of Lords cries out, "Culpable

leniency; she gets off so easily because she is a lady." At Bedlam they find her out at once; so she is passed back to prison, where she varies her tricks by hanging herself, breaking her windows, tampering with the ward women. She is then handcuffed, but slips "the bracelets" off; then a surgical instrument maker makes a muff and belt, with handcuffs attached. She destroys the muff, and gets rid of the rest of the machine. So they chain her to the wall; but even then, dexterous as the Brothers Davenport themselves, she frees herself, and afterwards cuts to ribbons with a bit of glass a pair of stout leather sleeves with straps specially invented for her case. After trying a strait-waistcoat and collar, which she manages to destroy with her teeth, they leave her free, and free she remains until she is shipped off to Van Dieman's Land. It would have been interesting to trace her after career, though undoubtedly it was far worse than if she had had the good luck to have been sent out at once, instead of being, for so many weary months, the subject of Mr. Nihil's experiments.

Escapes from Millbank were rare. Men do escape; even at Chatham a man was built over by his comrades, brick by brick, and so got clear. At Dartmoor a convict broke into the chaplain's house, dressed himself in the reverend gentleman's clothes, and rode away on his horse. One of the Millbank officers was also a servant about the palace, and used to wear at *levées* a very gorgeous uniform. His housemaid dressed one of the prisoners up in this uniform, and he was, of course, able to pass the gates.

The foul-air shaft was a favourite means of egress; but none of the attempts equalled that of "Punch" Howard, who turned his knife-blade into a saw by hammering it on his bedstead, and then sawed through a rivet of his window. It was all done in dinner hour — saw made, bar cut, knife returned. How he passed his big head, and then his shoulders, through a slit three feet by six inches and a half, it is hard to understand. However, he did draw his whole body out, and then managed to spring up and catch the coping of the roof above. He had his ropes (strips of sheet and blanket) fastened to his foot, and soon let himself down into the graveyard. Here the sentry saw him; but, taking him for a ghost (he was in his shirt), turned and ran without giving any alarm. He got clear off, found clothes at a relation's house in Westminster, and was off to the Uxbridge brick-fields. One is al-

most sorry to hear that he was soon captured. His warder managed to set a comrade talking, and so learnt the secret of the brick-fields, went down, and, by offering work to any lively boys, decoyed "Punch" out from among the brick-makers, a set of men among whom no policeman would have ventured to trust himself.

What with real or supposed mad women and determined attempts at escape, Mr. Nihil became hard and soured, and went in largely for solitary confinement. His attempts at reformation could not, it seemed, succeed unless the prisoners were perfectly isolated; and he was determined to give his system a fair trial. Unfortunately the public were against him; lunacy was found (or fancied) to increase, and the "pantilers" ("broadbrimmers") were seen to be of all men most unsatisfactory. So Sir James Graham intimated, in his place in the House, that, "as a penitentiary, the place has thoroughly failed." The moral and religious ends were not attained, and the discipline had become a farce. Philanthropic experimenters forgot (what everybody is apt to forget) that all men are not cut out after the same pattern, and that, therefore, the treatment which will suit one will be ruin to another. "Give me a good sound flogging, sir. I don't care a bit for the dark," said a prisoner whom Mr. Nihil was going to send to the cell. Some require flogging (the truth is being borne in upon us just now); some have a higher nature, which may be otherwise touched. Captain Griffiths, whose "Memorials" should be read by any one who wants to go into the subject more at length, says: "It is merely waste of time to endeavor to reform habitual criminals by purely moral and religious means." He is right in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred; but when he supports his opinion by the dictum of the governor of Sing Sing, N. Y., that "nothing is rarer than to see a criminal of advanced age become virtuous," he forgets that the method at Sing Sing was to enforce silence by the warders' "cats," not a very promising mode of developing virtue. The great thing is to get your able governor — a man with an eye to character, who will be able to deal with men according to their natures; and then to let him overhaul your rules.

The penitentiary, being a failure, ceased to be; and Millbank was then used as a temporary detention-place for convicts on their way to transportation. These were a rough lot, and required to be roughly

dealt with. The new governor, an old army officer, was soon complained of by the warders, whom he forced to be smarter and to keep the men better at work. So careless had the officers become that Captain Groves once hid a prisoner as they were at exercise. He put him in his cell, and then, returning, asked, "How many have you in charge?" "So many." "Sure?" "Yes." "Count them." "Why, bless me, I'm one short." "Ah!" exclaimed the old army man, and added an expletive the use of which was one of the main charges against him. Captain Groves came off triumphant from his accusations; but he failed in his attempt to organize his prison boys into a brigade for drill and work, — they were so unruly that they beat even him.

All this time transportation was in full swing. Sometimes a convict did wonderfully well abroad. One man, not particularly clever at business nor specially well-educated, thrived just because he kept from drink. He used to save his rations of rum and sell them to his fellow-workmen at Paramatta. Putting by every shilling in this way, he was able when he got free to set up a public-house and buy a horse and trap for hire. One day he happened to be his own driver, and his "fare" was an ex-convict woman with a little property of her own. He married her out of hand, increased his connection, and eventually got a great deal of land and died worth £15,000 a year. His plan was this (it was the ordinary plan at Sydney), to buy their produce of the little "Cockatoo" farmers, many of them ticket-of-leave men, and therefore sure to deal by preference with a convict shopkeeper. There was no market, so the shopkeeper had things at his own price and paid for them in "property," *i.e.* articles of consumption, of which drink was the chief. The farmer got drunk, stayed a day or two, and then the landlord asked, "Do you know what you owe me now?" "Not I." "Well, £50." "Why, how's that?" "You've been drunk all the time, and standing treat all round." It is the same thing nowadays with the Queensland shepherds. A poor fellow lives a dog's life alone in the bush; and, if he is not speared by the blacks, by the year's end he has £30 or £40 in his pocket. He can't spend it in the solitude of his run, so he asks for a holiday, comes down townwards, turns into the nearest spirit-store, gets drunk, and when he awakes to consciousness is turned out by the landlord a penniless beggar. Probably the store really belongs to the sheep-

master, and so his shepherd's salary comes back to the man who paid it.

Yes, drink is still the curse of Australia, the fruitful mother of "larrikins," and other reproductions of our social failures. It was so in the convicts' days. Sober men got on, clever rogues became first-rate lawyers, newspaper editors, and so on; but drunkards sank, and their children grew up "larrikins," a degree lower than our gutter-children. But there is no need to talk of the good or evil of transportation, the frequent horrors of the passage, the occasional shipwrecks — in one case, where the ship ran ashore at Boulogne, nearly every soul was drowned because the surgeon's wife wouldn't go in the same boat with convicts; to humor her, her husband ordered that no one should leave till morning. The ship was comfortably aground, and the crew went below to supper; but she went to pieces during the night, and when daylight came and boats put off from shore, very few were left to be carried across.

Surgeons varied; sometimes a convict-ship had the good luck to get a man fit to take rank with St. Paul. Such a one was Dr. Browning, who took the "Arab" out to Van Dieman's Land in 1834. The moment the men were landed it was seen that they had undergone a marked change. The doctor was a stirring preacher, with a talent for organization almost as great as John Wesley's. He marshalled his men under first captain, second captain, and captains of divisions, all chosen from themselves; steward, too, schoolmasters and school-inspectors. He was beloved and obeyed; and, when he fell ill on one of his voyages, he hung his hammock on the prison-deck and gave himself up to be nursed by the convicts.

The best thing for a transported convict was to get "assigned." Under a tolerable master life was easy, and gain pretty sure. A man was often fairly rich before he had become an "emancipist" (*i.e.* had worked out his time). But task-work under a convict overseer was by no means so pleasant: these overseers were great brutes. One, we are told, when a gang was carrying a tree, would call away first one man and then another, and enjoy the writhing of those left under the unfair burden. Another was taking a gang across country when one man fell very ill. The overseer had a hole dug, and was putting him in. "But I'm not dead," screamed the man. "Never mind, you will be before morning, and I'm not going to hang about here all night watching you."

Worst of all were the penal settlements — Norfolk Island, Port Arthur, etc. Pandemonium could not have been worse.

But transportation is over; nor are we likely to try it in any new countries, for it was tremendously costly. When transportation ceased Millbank underwent another change. "Penal servitude" is the thing now, not humanitarian coaxing. Every convict gets, to begin with, nine months' solitary confinement at Millbank or Pentonville. These over, according to his strength he is drafted off to Dartmoor, or Portland, or Chatham, or Portsmouth. The breakwater is convict work; and the basins, big enough for our fleet to shelter in, lately dug in the heavy clay of the Medway bottom, are convict work. Thousands of pounds have been saved in this way.

Of course the Millbank calendar contains many records of misguided ingenuity as well as of mere depravity; of this, Captain Griffiths gives several striking instances. As neat a thing as was ever done in the way of robbery was when Agar and Pierce robbed the bullion on the South-Eastern Railway. It would never have been known who did it had not Agar been sentenced two years after for forgery. While at Portland, he heard that his wife and child were in want, though Pierce, his old ally, had promised to take care of them. In a rage, Agar told that he and Pierce had robbed the train. Pierce was ticket-porter, and first proposed the robbery. They watched and watched with true thieves' patience. At last Agar once saw a bullion-chest opened, and noticed the till where the keys were put. They tried to make friends with the office-clerk, but he was "a very sedate young man," so they managed to get in when the office was empty and took impressions of the keys in wax. Burgess, a guard, and Tester, the Dover station-master, were now let into the "swim," and then the thing was easy enough. They opened the safes, took out the gold, and replaced it weight for weight with shot. £12,000 worth of gold they melted down, and sold part, Burgess getting £700 and the others £600 apiece.

At Millbank, too, there were people of all conditions of life. People said that once the place contained at the same time a baronet, two captains, four clergymen, a solicitor, and one or two M.D.'s. There was the rich Liverpool merchant who had forged cheques for £360,000, whom the prison officials used to speak of as "a fine old fellow." There was the needy surgeon whose polygamous aim was to marry

woman after woman with a little money of her own; the court was full of his victims the day he was brought to trial. Then there was the Hon. and Rev. —, who had a living of £1,400 a year in Ireland, but was so fond of horse-racing, that once, going to stay with a Manchester friend, and finding his cheque-book lying about, he could not resist the temptation to forgery. He was off by daybreak to the races; but meanwhile his friend, passing by, happened to call at his bank and was told that a large sum had been paid to his order that morning. "I never drew such a cheque," he cried; and the result was that the Hon. and Rev. — was arrested on the grand stand.

Then there were the lunatics, whose delusions would fill a volume. One man invented "the cork ship," which no one knew how to build but he and the Americans; he had plenty of these on hand, and would part with them if the Admiralty liked to speculate. He wrote a letter to Bismarck recommending his invention, and went melancholy when, after long daily expectation, he was forced to give up all hopes of an answer. An "official" lunatic, though probably sane enough, was Isaacs, who was always ill-behaved, and one day, while under punishment, told the officer: "I'll murder somebody, and soon too." "Well, why not me?" replied the officer. "No, no; you're too big, and I've known you too long." The threat was forgotten, and by-and-by Isaacs passed under mild easy-going warder Hall, an ex-publisher, who treated him with the utmost leniency. But gratitude was not in Isaacs' nature; so one day he knocked Hall down with a basin. The man was stunned, and, while he lay helpless, Isaacs battered out his brains. "You'll be hanged for this, Isaacs," said a "pal" of his. "I sha'n't — not I. The rabbi was here last night, and he'll get me off. They don't hang Jews nowadays. They've not done it for a hundred years." Isaacs was a true prophet; he was sent to Bedlam, where he was kept for two years in an iron cage, and signaled his being let out by half murdering a keeper.

Those who want to know more about Millbank must go to Captain Griffiths' "Memorials." They will find, too, a full account of the new system of "marks," which is to work such wonders. Nothing counts below six marks a day, but a man by good honest work may make eight. If he does this every day he'll "overtake" a quarter of his time, and get his ticket-of-leave all the sooner. These are marks for

work; there is no such thing now as giving good marks for conduct and attention to religious duties; "pantiling" was the death of that experiment. The appeal is solely and simply to the prisoner's self-interest. He wants to get out, and this system helps him to get out. The work done is marked every day in a book and also on the prisoner's card; and both are often inspected by the higher officers, so as to guarantee that the convict gets fairly treated. On this system all the work which has saved the country so much money has been done, and there is no reason why fortifications should not be raised in the same way wherever they are needed. Those at Portsmouth, built in this way, bid fair to be a credit to the nation.

And so we say good-bye to Millbank and to Captain Griffiths' pleasantly written work. Like him, we have been content to deal indirectly with the great questions which a work like this suggests, rather than to discuss them formally. Possibly as much may be learnt from this indirect treatment as from more formal discussions. It is encouraging to reflect that Wormwood Scrubbs will be so much cheaper. It is still more encouraging to believe that the day of experiments is over. Men who ought to know say that "marks" will answer, and so we are bound to believe them, though we cannot help thinking a good flogging will be always wanted in a few cases here and there by way of a stronger incentive.

From Good Words.

WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH.

BY SARAH TYTLER,

AUTHOR OF "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A LETTER FROM THE WILDERNESS, AND A LETTER FROM THE WORLD.

LIZZIE BLENNERHASSET having been cheerfully resigned by her relations to Pleasance, and having survived the removal to the manor, began with the stimulus of change, and still more with an object in life which Dick's departure had withdrawn from her, to make a gradual recovery. By the time spring had come she was restored to nearly her usual state of health, and was able to resume her old occupation of dressmaking, which she practised for a season at the manor.

Pleasance was earnest in working with

her, not only to cheat time and thought, but with a faint expectation that if she could acquire a certain amount of skill in dressmaking, in addition to her other qualifications, she had a chance of being retained by the new mistress of the manor, supposing she were the wife of the new head man and the mother of a family. Pleasance might become so valuable an auxiliary, that in such a case she might be solicited to remain and give her help in the household.

Pleasance clung to the old place. It is only after people go one after another, and leave a place vacant, that the place itself assumes the value it is capable of assuming, in such circumstances, in a man or a woman's eyes. To give up the animal world of the manor, too, would be like giving up the last wrecks that were left out of a fortune.

Thus the winter, which Pleasance had once thought would fly on the wings of love, wore past until there was a spring feeling in the air; rooks were cawing, the few little birds of the east county were singing in the afternoons; and there were snowdrops and aconite and colt's-foot in the garden, and primroses budding under the hedgerows.

The advent of the new mistress to the manor was close at hand, causing Lizzie Blennerhasset to speak incessantly of going home to the smithy and Pleasance to reflect silently with a slight throb of her stunned and stricken heart, what farther changes might be involved to her in the movement.

But first there came one of those letters to the manor which, unless during Mrs. Balls's last illness, had been like angels' visits, few and far between, and which had ceased altogether since last autumn.

This letter was not to Pleasance, but to Lizzie, and it came, of course, circuitously after having made a lengthened stay at the smithy. It was a letter from Long Dick. It had been written many weeks before, at a farm far up in the back woods of Canada, to which his feet hastening to leave the manor and Saxford behind them, and to shake off their very dust, had reached. The writer had found heart of grace to convey an assurance of his welfare and of something more to the woman who had loved the very ground he had trodden upon.

"Dear Liz," Long Dick had contrived to indite in his labored and still curiously defective calligraphy and orthography, "This comes to tell ee I d' be well, and hopes you be the same. Times ain't so

bad with me as they 'a been, and Cain-a-day ain't a bad country by harf, an it weren't smo'ed with wood — leastways this bitten, and no meadows or beasteses as at home; but mappen the least like home the bessern for some folks. There d' be grand sticks on trees, and sich a number on them that the housen — sich as there is — be built on wood and not on stone, which do seem a waste. But where they 'a room for corn it d' grow grand. I were a cruel brute to you last mornin', but I were hard druv, desperate like, you knows that and bears no malice. You 'a never bore me nowt but 'eavens goodness sin' I bore you out on the fire.

"There mun a been a marriage at manor long or now, and mappen he 'a gotten my berth — wool! why not? he 'a gotten what I held a deal dearer; and I wunno be sich a grudgin' beast as grudge him thatten to the bargain. He were 'nation smart and 'ould learn, he 'ould, and he were not a bad chap an he had not crossed my road and took — what he took; and he drew me out on Broad at risk 's life, though I wish he 'ad left me there a-soakin' and a-driftin' with poor owd Punch. But there I d' be a-smitin' your poor tender little heart again and turnin' you sick and dizzy, as I can see, though I be knots and fadoms on sea-water on the udder side of the world. I meant no sich ill deed. I just wished you to see and to say to them as may be axin — to her and to him, as I were doin well and gettin high wages at this farm, and were hearty a-seein' on strange sights, and not wantin to spile sport. For she 'ould kinder go thinking on me, and grievin for me at times; and so 'ould he, dang him! for he were like a woman he were, in some things, though he were manful enough in udders. And so I d' be your cousin and frien till death, Dick Blennerhasset.

"I wuss all well at smithy. Tell uncle I 'a shod a power on horses sin' I came, thanks to his learnin'. I 'a thoughts on settin' up a smithy of my owncet in back woods. Clem will be pleased for to hear there d' be fiddles out here. I heard en at Quebec, which is a town just bigger and finer than Cheam, the day I landed. Tell Missus Balls I ware astin for her."

There was nothing wonderful in this letter except its general ignorance and generosity. Pleasance made much of the last, telling herself sadly, that here was one poor stout foolish fellow in whom she had not been mistaken.

But though Pleasance had always been inclined to think well of Long Dick, and

though she thought better of him now than ever, it remained a mystery to her what Lizzie Blennerhasset made of the letter, with its tardy brief acknowledgment of the obligation to her who had well-nigh died for the love of the writer. Without looking beyond the few brief references to Lizzie's self which were not its primary motive, and yet without arguing from them the wild conclusion of Dick's loving her at last, Lizzie was in the seventh heaven. "He 'a minded me and written to me afore all — he 'a minded my suffering for him — he 'a minded my wery ways and looks."

Long Dick's letter had been something of a lively incident from the outer world in the quiet domestic life of the manor, heralding the great public event of the arrival of the new representative of Lawyer Lockwood and the substitute for Mrs. Balls.

The letter had helped to diversify the last week, and distract attention and conversation from what was becoming its chief theme — namely, a close revision of all that had reached Saxford in rumor and gossip of the distinguishing peculiarities of the coming housekeeper and dairy-woman.

On one of these last days Pleasance had missed a lamb which had lost its dam, and which had therefore fallen largely to the women to rear.

Pleasance had gone after what she had believed the traces of the lamb as far as the shoulder of the moor, and looking down into the hollow and seeing the vagrant as she had expected, lying chewing its juvenile cud in a sheltered nook, she had descended after it, and sat down to rest, ere she resumed her homeward way.

It was one of those sweet days in early spring, in which the sun does not seem so much to shine broadly, as to brood lovingly, with a thousand subtle influences, over the earth beneath him springing up to meet his smile. Yet, there was enough sunshine to cause what was one of the most characteristic features of the moor on a fine day, the endless procession of cloud shadows which pursued over its brown and green surface the cloud march in the sky. Pleasance sat watching them, and then turned to the one windmill which was in view, and regarded its swinging arms till she grew giddy.

On and on raced the clouds, round and round whirled the sails. Was it like the continuity of human history, never broken for individual disaster? Was it what men are sometimes tempted to count the pitiless will of fate always weaving — never

in this life displaying the finished pattern that might seem to make the burden and the care, the pain and the tears of the process worth it?

Then a barge glided in sight like a signal stroke of destiny, bringing a token out of a far country; and contemporaneously with the barge appeared Lizzie coming to seek Pleasance, and holding in her hand — pausing momentarily as she limped along to rest, and to spell out a few words — the letter which she could say by heart.

"Oh, there she is with her letter again," sighed Pleasance, a little pettishly. "I think her head is turned with that letter, I wish she had spared it to me here."

It seemed mean to complain of being asked to share Lizzie's small taste of happiness, which she relished so keenly, and for which she was so humbly grateful. Before she came up to Pleasance the latter had begun to reproach herself and to seek to bring herself into a better frame of mind. Yet it was hard to listen to Lizzie's ecstasies on a spot to which Pleasance did not care to come at all, and where she had always to put a supreme force upon herself to resist the current of recollection.

But it was not the old — it was another letter which by an odd coincidence had come again to Lizzie, a letter from Clem in London this time. "And it d' be all about music, practices, concer's, and sich like, as nobry but hisself 'ould care to hear about," said Lizzie, with a little contempt of her brother's epistolary powers — "not a word about the queen, or the palaces and towers, and shops or nor'n. I ain't patience to read it through till night — there, Pleasance, you may 'a it, and see what you can make on it. Mor, I 'a seen the day far'er 'ould 'a gev he a good hidin' for such a letter, but now 'tis his bizness, and that d' make a differ. You can take your time, dinner will not be ready yet a while; and the lamb will foller when she sees you, athout trouble."

Pleasance let Lizzie drop the letter into her lap and go. Why should not Pleasance read Clem's letter and hear his account of a progress, the coming about of which was like a fairy-tale? Why should not she read it all the more that the rough village genius, though he might have left behind him in his village many to envy what was to them his sudden unaccountable promotion, could find no real sympathizer even among his nearest relations?

Clem had come later from regular schooling than Long Dick, besides, since he had gone up to try whether he might

not be admitted to an academy of music, he had been put on a course of preparatory general education, which was doing its best to make a less utterly illiterate lad of him; while he was spurred on in the wider field that would otherwise have had no attraction for him by the fact that without being to a certain extent "a scholard," he would never be a musician worthy of the name. On the other hand, except with reference to music, Clem's parts were duller than Long Dick's, and many of his rustic turns of thought and habits of expression were the next thing to inveterate. It was therefore, through a strange, almost incomprehensible jumble of stiff, gnarled pot-hooks — here and there softened by late efforts into more flowing and symmetrical penmanship.

He had played before "a first fiddle" of repute, and been not only heard to the end, but encouragingly told to work on; however, he was to work at nothing but exercises for a long time. He had been sent or taken to this hall and that society to hear — the music of the spheres to Clem — he was in another world, and was exalted and engrossed.

At last Clem diverged from his precious musical information. With a pant for breath and a great heart-throb Pleasance read, "Since the day I comed and were boarded here, I have seed little of Mister Douglas, him we was used to call Joel Wray; my eye! ain't he been a stunner, and he married to Madam and all! But he d' be reckoned a batchelor man here, as I 'ad plain positive proof. I was going to say I have seen little on Mister Douglas since I came up to town as they say here, for why I hear he 'ave been in France with his mother and sister. But first 'twere through him that I got to them concerts and oratorios I have been telling you of, and now that he is comed home — that is to town again, I expect that I shall get to mor'n and be at the Albert Hall, or at the Philharmonic or the Sacred, or the Monday Pops, or at the Crystal Palace every blessed day and night, so you see I have little time to write. But I was to tell you more about Joel, that's young Squire Douglas, being looked on as a batchelor man here. I was in the Park, that's not like no squire's park near Saxford, but all flower gardens here, and gen'lemen and ladies riding and driving there. I were leaning against the rail with some other fellers, when by comes Joel — I wish you saw him, young Lockwood were nothing to him — in a swell's coat and hat, and riding a chestnut mare, and two young

ladies to right and left of him, and a groom as were like a gen'leman himself a-ridin' behind them. That weren't like the wheat-hoeing in the thirty-acre, or the harvestin', no, nor his weddin' down at Saxford. Well, but he saw me, and while he reddened up, he nodded to me as frank as you like; and I touched my cap, not my hair; to my patron as they calls him here — main proud that he were that frien'ly. 'Who's that nob?' says a feller near me to a feller a-staring at me as if I were a bigger chap, along on my master's nod.

"Oh, that is young Douglas of Shardleigh," says his mate; "he is a rich beggar, his father was the great manufacturer in the north who left such a deal of tin."

"I know all about him," sings out a third man, "I come from his part of the country; he has just returned; he has been abroad with his family for the mother's health; but they have come back early, though the east winds ain't gone yet, because Miss Douglas, who has her share of the old manufacturer's tin, is to come out this season. She was the young lady next us; the other young lady is a friend, a Miss Wyndham, on a visit in Grosvenor Square. They say she and Douglas are to make a marriage." And the others went on to cry, what a great catch it were for a young lady, and were she a fortune herself, or a beauty or connecked high to get en?"

Pleasance read and took in the sense, laid down the letter on the heather beside her, and looked around her with a dazed look. There was not a living creature within sight except the little strayed lamb beginning to find that it had strayed, to grow weary of and frightened at the freedom it had coveted, to get up and run here and there, without discovering its foster mother, to bleat piteously, and at last to start in a hurried trot in the opposite direction from the manor.

Pleasance did not rise to prevent it; she still looked about her with that blank, bewildered look. Was this the manor moor that she had known all her life, and where she had come and sat and sewed or read in peaceful content, during her spare moments, hundreds of times? Was that the same grey stone she had avoided sedulously this morning, and on which Joel Wray had thrown himself, when he had brought her there, and placed her by his side, under the August sunset, the night he came back from Cheam? He had told her in the very next breath to that in which he had spoken of the solemn mystery of death, and of the drowned

men, whose distant hearths were made cold, and over whom he had mourned so tenderly, that he coveted her for his love and his wife, with whom to spend the rest of his days. Was she the same woman who had heard that tale?

Pleasance covered her face with her hands, and thought. She was, after all, in spite of the early womanliness which circumstances had imparted to her character — in spite of her close, practical familiarity with such real life, in its unvarnished toil and care, joy and sorrow, as that with which she had come in contact — in spite of her habitual mental feeding on and thorough digesting of a few worthy books — very inexperienced. She was so inexperienced that, in so far as knowledge of the world, the conventional world, went, she might have credited the most violently improbable circumstance, or combination of circumstances, almost as easily as the most ignorant of the village girls around her.

But Pleasance had one potent defence against such credulity. Any base and vile act was so far removed from herself that she could not, without great difficulty, conceive of it in another — far less in another whom she had believed to know well, and whom she had learned to love dearly.

Therefore Pleasance did not for a moment give way to the folly of holding that Archie Douglas could be about to marry another woman. But the idle report that had been brought in Clem's letter to Saxford, opened Pleasance's eyes, as her quiet, self-concentrated life recently had not been able to do, to the utter falseness of the position which both she and Archie Douglas occupied.

There could have been no such public acknowledgment of their marriage, as she had rendered doubly difficult by her rupture with him, and her refusal to accompany him to his friends, and of which, so far as it had concerned herself, she had never thought, since it did not seem to matter to her, dwelling near the village where the marriage had been publicly celebrated, and where it was well known. Whether Archie Douglas had suffered himself to be withheld from telling his family; or whether he had told them, and it had been their policy to seek to hush up the affair, so that it was with their connivance that he was living in the world as a single man, Pleasance could not tell. All she knew and felt with strong conviction was, that the secret must be kept no longer in the interests of justice, that justice which lay so near Pleasance's heart.

Archie Douglas and others must be thought of in the humiliation and misery of the situation. The truth must be told at any sacrifice of the pride of which he had so often accused her, and of the poor peace that was left her.

For Archie Douglas's own sake, to save him from a snare which would grow upon him year by year, and wind about and entangle him — holding him the while in fetters, becoming always the more hateful and maddening — until it should eat into and poison all that was manly and honorable in him. Pleasance would go through fire and water, would subject herself to desperate pains and penalties.

But there were others besides Archie Douglas to whom the permanent, even partial, concealment of his marriage might work grievous wrong and unhappiness. His mother and sister — whether deeply injured by him, or whether guilty of abetting him, must be sufferers.

At that moment it recurred to Pleasance's mind that the name of the girl referred to was Wyndham. That had been her aunt's name, and the consideration made Pleasance pause even then with a curious sense of fatality and retribution. But Wyndham was not an uncommon name in England; and Pleasance's mind was too much occupied with thoughts which agitated her profoundly, to admit of her dwelling on vague possibilities, or on speculations which had to do with the remote tribulations of her girlhood.

When she reached the manor she came without the lamb, and looking so strange to Lizzie's eyes that Lizzie at once forgot the missing animal, and assailed Pleasance.

"What 'a come to you? There be'nt snakes on the moor as in the meador; but be you bitten, Pleasance?"

"No, Lizzie; but I have been making up my mind to go right away to London, no less, before there is a change here. I may hear of something that would suit me," said Pleasance, with a slight tremulousness in her voice. "I should see a little of the world, and I can pay for my fancy, you know," she ended, with an attempt at a smile.

"She d' be seekin' if she can hear tidin's on that thief in the wood, her man, afore she tries summat new, poor mawther; though she 'ont let on about it," said Lizzie to herself, unconsciously shaking her head, while she answered aloud with determined cheerfulness, "Wool! it is no more than nat'ral, and you young and hearty, and with a bit on money to spen'.

You'll get Clem to go about with you, and len' you a han' in need, if so be that he can be got from his scrapin' and fiddlin'. I'll go home a day or two sooner, that's all; but you'll come back, Pleasance?"

"I mean to," said Pleasance, quickly; "where else can I go to?"

"And you 'a got Clem's letter with the places written down; keep it. I 'a seen enough on his croshets and quivers."

Poor Pleasance caught at the chance with its small compensation, though she had supposed that she had ceased to care what the world — her little village world — said; and though she was going for a time out of hearing of its gabble. She knew from the welcome relief afforded her by the hope of the news which Clem had given being confined to herself, with its farther circulation suppressed, that it would still have stung her keenly to have had the slander of Archie Douglas's speedy infidelity, in addition to his desertion, go abroad. It would at once have been caught up and swallowed wholesale, and become the talk of Saxford in her absence, while her errand and its probable consequences would have been enlarged upon in every coarse and grotesque light.

CHAPTER XXXV.

PLEASANCE GOES.

PLEASANCE was so anxious to do what she was called on to do without loss of time, and to avoid all observation in doing it, that she set out the very next day, without going to the village and making preparations, and without speaking to a single soul save Lizzie, in whose charge Pleasance left her few worldly goods, consisting principally of Mrs. Balls's effects.

It was the same season of the year, too, only a little earlier, and in the morning, not in the evening of a fine spring day, such as that of yesterday, or of nine years ago when Anne and Pleasance had arrived in the east country. And as she walked with the rapidity of a fixed intent through the fields to the station, carrying in her hand all the luggage which she took with her in the very old carriage-bag that she had brought to the manor, she could not help recalling that first day, and asking herself was she turning her back on another portion of her life? Yet she did mean, as she had said to Lizzie Blennerhasset, to come back. She could neither see nor desire any other course or refuge, except the path which custom had rendered easy to her, and the home among the homely people whom she knew, and who bore her

some respect, and were not unfriendly towards her.

In other circumstances, Pleasance's sound and well-gifted nature might have eagerly responded to the novelty and exhilaration of such a journey, and risen with elasticity to the anticipation of fresh experience and a fresh world. But she had been only four months ago cruelly taken by surprise and driven desperate. Her rooted convictions and prejudices, her loyal adherence to a chosen standard, and her tender feelings had all been up in arms and in hard conflict, so that the wounds of that conflict must remain long unhealed, and the scars would prove inefaceable. And she still bore a heavy, crushing burden of steadfast opposition to whatever culpable weakness of herself or another might beset her in her self-appointed task.

As it was, Pleasance saw everything with the sedateness and impassiveness, the half-tired, half-hopeless spirit that has only just come up out of the deep waters, and can hardly so much as imagine that there is any safe footing, not to say pleasant path, left for the wayfarers in this troublous journey of life.

Pleasance took her seat in a third-class carriage scantily occupied at this hour with sober, serious working-people going to work a few miles down the line, or to market at the next town. She was herself the most serious of the party, so much so that one of them, a frank woman, asked her pointedly if she had lost a good place, or if she had been sent for home to wait on some deadly-sick relation, or had she got her pocket picked?

When the neighborhood of London presented itself, with its unmistakable increase of brick and lime, extending farther and farther in new and half-built houses into a waste which is neither town nor country, with ancient country tea-gardens left stranded in an advancing suburb, with cemeteries and breweries and a smoke-cloud—the more perceptible on this occasion that the spring day was sinking down in chill greyness after the fashion of spring days—beginning to be hung out like a grim pall over all, Pleasance did rouse herself from her private troubles.

However pressing these troubles might be, this was London, the great city of the modern world, the first look on which was an event in the life of any creature breathing thoughtful breath—any creature, great or small, young or old, care-laden or care-free.

Pleasance had had her dreams of seeing

London for the first time, as most country bred men and women have had theirs from childhood. Not so long ago she had made her plans to be taken there and shown its wonders by a duly qualified cicerone, who would have delighted in his office, and in whom she could have put boundless faith. The plans had broken down, and it was under such auspices as she never could have anticipated that she, like many another gazer, was catching her earliest glimpse of London—was looking at the ugly wilderness of mean houses which, from whatever side a traveller enters, soonest meets his view, and asking herself could this be great London, great in power, knowledge, and benevolence, the biggest, wealthiest, busiest city in the universe?

Pleasance thought, with a stolen sigh, that she had been right to prefer, when the choice seemed offered to her, a country life to a town life, and to judge that the fate of working-people in all the essentials of air and sunshine, space and nature, was infinitely preferable to what life could be in a huge city, to which necessity and higher wages drew them.

Lastly, a great ache and misery smote her with the vivid comprehension that she had come to that London in which he was dwelling at this very time, but in a region far apart from her, and with which she would have nothing to do.

Pleasance arrived at her station dauntlessly, with no protection save her humble independence, her modest dignity, and a little money in her pocket. She had no idea that she ran any personal risk, that her beautiful face could expose her to annoyance, or that the dozen sovereigns, which she had put into a purse, that was stitched into her pocket, might prove to her a snare rather than a safeguard. She did not know a house to go to in the millions of houses in London, since she had no intention of seeking Archie Douglas in his mother's house, or of applying to Clem Blennerhasset in his boarding-house. What she thought of was to ask some respectable man or woman—she had no fear of not meeting or not knowing such when she did meet him or her—to tell her where she could find a quiet inn for third-class travellers where she might “put up,” as she called it, in the mean time.

She was as ignorant of London ways as any foreign girl set down in its thronged and bewildering streets. But intrepid intelligent innocence is its own passport even in London.

Pleasance hit on her respectable man in

one of the railway guards, a circumstance which was so far fortunate for her theory, since in addition to his credited incorruptibility, he was bound by his official duties to help and stand by travellers. "Can you direct me to a quiet inn for third-class travellers where I may get lodgings and will pay my way?" said Pleasance, with that most transparent simplicity of hers.

The man looked at her, thought for an instant, and then called a trusty old porter, who guided her through one or two of the city streets, the noise of which half deafened her, to a comparatively retired back street. There, at the sign of the Yorkshire Grey, was such an old-fashioned inn, as is still the headquarters of some of the carriers' carts which remain on the metropolitan roads.

The place was quiet as Pleasance had wished. It "did" a limited regular business, and was kept by sedate elderly people, a widow and her daughter, punctilious in their line, who, though they laid themselves out for carriers, and were much better accustomed to them than to wandering damsels of any degree, were still not unwilling to admit any respectable guest.

Pleasance had succeeded admirably, considering the chances, even to her instalment in a tidy little bed-room which looked out over an assemblage of roofs to the sky, and outside the window of which there was a box of thyme brought there from a country garden, by a carrier of floral tastes.

Pleasance had nothing more to do than order a cup of tea, and bread and butter, brought to her with an additional offering of watercresses by the staid old landlady herself. When the day was done, she was at liberty to seek what sleep she could find in the excitement of her new surroundings, with the muffled roar of London, and the squalling of back-settlement cats, contending in her ears. She was bound to get rid of her fatigue, and to nerve herself for the arduous undertaking that lay before her.

Though the Yorkshire Grey kept early hours, Pleasance, with her country farmhouse habits, was earlier still, and having dressed and read the lessons which she had learnt to read with Anne at Miss Cayley's, and prayed out of her devout, earnest heart, she was restless for breakfast that she might be stirring. It was not to visit the sights of London — Pleasance's heart was far too full for that. Indeed, with reference to the old plans — old, yet not of a year or half a year's standing — which she had made about London, she

felt rather inclined to grow heart-sick at the thought of the great gardens at Kew, the Crystal Palace, the museums, picture-galleries, and theatres. If it were not to fortify herself against the outcries of such as Lizzie Blennerhasset, she would be tempted not to go near the sights. It was to take some definite step in the fulfilment of her mission, to do something towards freeing herself from being a party to a false concealment, and then to hurry away from London and bury herself once more down in the country, that Pleasance longed.

As soon as Pleasance had breakfasted, she started under the direction of the landlady to walk to the nearest thoroughfare and its first cabstand, when, calling a cab and entering it, she told the driver to take her to some of the fine streets and squares, and past a particular house of which she gave the address. He was then to bring her back to his stand.

Whether the man regarded the order as peculiar or not, he made no demur in obeying it. In the rawness of the morning, while the sun was still fighting a piteous battle with a combination of smoke, fog, and mist, Pleasance was driven by Piccadilly and Park Lane in the first place. She sat and gazed about her with a rush of color to her cheeks, though she was driving there all alone. She marked the entrance to Hyde Park and the Row, where two or three straggling horses were being aired, and where she easily guessed that Archie Douglas must have been riding with his sister and friend, when Clem Blennerhasset saw them. Would they ride there every day, according to the practice of the great folks in novels? But she tried to put away the overpowering vision, with the suggestion which it brought, and to gratify the impulse that had led her there. She could look around and make her observations undisturbed, in the comparative ease and retirement of the cab. It was not to her a shabby ramschackle vehicle given to doubtful freights, drawn by a scarecrow of a horse, and dear at its hire, but as fine and complete an equipage, horse excepted, as it appears to a country child, come to town for its holidays. It would be a privilege to have such a carriage at command for the payment, not of a shilling, but a crown.

Pleasance marvelled and admired, in spite of the asperity which caused her to contrast those hundreds of lordly mansions, not with the hideous dens in the squalid courts of which she had not dreamt, but even with the myriads of mean houses

from which she had shrunk on her entrance into London. She was tempted to think the natural, foolish, short-sighted thought, how could the inhabitants of the one region bear to conceive of the existence of the other? Did they deliberately propose to themselves, like Dives, to take to themselves the good things here, while they left the next world and its chances to their poor brethren?

At last the cabman turned into Grosvenor Square, and Pleasance, sitting far back in the cab and holding her breath, saw an inclosure of large houses with grass and trees in the centre. The door of one mansion was open, and a portly porter, in red breeches and laced coat—the very finest-looking man in point of dress that Pleasance had ever seen—was revealed, already lolling in his oaken chair, with his huge morocco-bound book before him. On the steps of another house two exquisites of footmen were airing their perfection of livery.

The particular house in the square was reached. Pleasance's driver passed slowly, while he looked back at her with a significant motion of his whip, and an idle wonder why the dickens this fine-looking, better sort of working-girl, nursery-maid, or shopwoman wanted to look at this house above all others?

Pleasance, now that she was there, hardly dared to glance out and see the spacious front of the house, the great flight of steps to the closed door, and the verandah with its azaleas and rose-bays. The windows airing the rooms within, were thrown wide, and disclosed glimpses of a rich profusion of satin and lace hangings, tall gilt chandeliers like gold trees with gold flowers, pots on pedestals with more growing flowers, and the gleam of a white statue.

Pleasance was not dazzled and abashed by unusual achievements of masonry and upholstery. But she was an imaginative woman, with the union of pride and humility often found in imaginative people. She could appreciate intensely, in a sense, the accompaniments of wealth and station from which she recoiled, and which she rejected absolutely for herself; while she was more convinced than she had ever been that she had neither part nor lot in such matters.

She was forced to come up to London and tell the truth, though it should bring dismay and disaster into this great house. The son of the house had wandered from his sphere, and in his wilful caprice and deceit, and in her ignorance, had com-

passed such a marriage as became neither of them, and Pleasance must publish the marriage, and go back to her elected portion, though he, as well as she, should thenceforth live lonely in his lot. She would never share it with him, to be an affront to his people, even though she should die at last of the honor—not the happiness, like the lady of Burleigh—and thus free him and all concerned from an incubus.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE ENCOUNTER IN THE PARK.

THE afternoon had turned out a dry, half-bright, half-cloudy, windy March afternoon. Pleasance made her way alone and on foot, guiding herself by the landmarks that she had noted from the cab, to the Park, on the chance of seeing Archie Douglas there. She was feverishly restless to accomplish her object, and she thought that if she could meet him in the Park, and he would turn aside and speak with her, she might tell him in as few words as she could command what her errand was—that it was right, for his honor and for the good of all, that their marriage should be publicly known, however sharp the penalty to him. She could not help it; she would have spared him if she could; and it would be all that she would ever cause him to suffer. She meant that in the long regret which must be the portion of both their lives, since both were alike spoilt, she would ask nothing further of him, and make no other appeal to him.

She found no impediment to her entrance into the Park, though with other foot-passengers she had to run for her life in crossing the path of the high-bred horses pawing and prancing as they dashed into the drive. She walked along the footway, and gazed wistfully, and yet neither enviously nor covetously, but with a certain combined desire and fear in her eyes, as she had gazed at the houses in the western square in the morning, at the carriage-company and the riders. They seemed to Pleasance very numerous, though Easter was not come, and the Park was only half frequented.

Surely among so many she would find the one she sought, and in the solitude which a crowd afforded, she would be able to walk apart with him a few yards, and tell him what she had to tell without their association, or anything unusual in their aspect towards each other, being remarked upon. She wandered up and down the broad path, keeping near the gate for a

greater precaution—not able to divert her attention for a moment to the budding trees or the spring flower-beds of which Clem Blennerhasset had spoken, incapable of taking her eyes from every carriage-party, or even single horseman that entered, without seeing the face she longed, yet dreaded to see—till she grew weary.

The blustering March wind blew about and battered her, beating in her face, taking away her breath, ruffling her hair and disordering her dress. The fine white dust changed her black clothes to grey, got into her eyes and gritted between her teeth. She could not venture to go into a side walk lest she should miss her aim. It did not enter into her head to sit down, while she reflected that here was nothing of the freedom, freshness, and endless variety of a country walk, and thought that the town was a poor exchange for the country to any class. She began to feel pity for the ladies—many of them with pale, delicate-featured faces like what Anne's had been—half-broiling, half-shivering between the bursts of bright sunshine and the keen wind, as they sat in their furs and silks, going the monotonous round in the carriages.

At last Pleasance's watching eyes lit up with a flash of attainment, while she trembled so that she was forced to stand still.

There was the same group in the very order that Clem Blennerhasset had described it, but Pleasance saw only one member—the one by whom she distinguished the whole. Archie Douglas—whom she had last seen in his working-suit on their wedding-day, with his arms stretched out in a final passionate appeal to her—was there clad as a gentleman riding a spirited horse, and chatting smilingly with his companions on each hand.

Pleasance stood waiting among the little crowd of idlers and spectators of various ranks, but principally of men from clubs, barracks, and offices, that gather about the Park railings on a favorable spring afternoon.

The riding-party was very near her, when she took two or three quick steps forward—so blindly that she was within a hair's breadth of striking against one of the lady's horses, causing it to shy and rear.

"Hie there!" "Hallo, you get out of the way," "Hold on, young woman," was shouted in various keys by the bystanders, including a peremptory policeman. But Archie Douglas was yet quicker and more imperative. He leapt from his horse

on the instant, and motioned to the groom a few paces behind him to take the animal off his hands. His face had changed from the good-natured, quickly interested and amused look which belonged to it as its common expression, to an eager flush of excitement and disturbance.

His sister, whose horse had been the one startled, mistook his action. "Why have you got off, Archie?" she called to him as she continued to pat the neck of her restive horse. "There is no need; Lady Alice has come to herself; it was just a jib at that unlucky woman."

The policeman was reminding Pleasance, in a forcible manner, that she was invading forbidden territory, and must keep to her own ground, that of the pedestrians. "You ain't to walk under the 'osses' noses. What do you expect? If you want to cross, there is room enough, if you look for it."

"I don't want to cross," said Pleasance distinctly, in the hearing of all the curious bystanders, prepared to take a lively interest in the altercation and the scene generally. "I have business with that gentleman."

Archie Douglas was acknowledging the business by the energy with which he was getting rid of his horse, and bidding his sister and her friend ride on.

"But what can she seek, Archie?" the matter-of-fact young sister, not to be set aside, persisted in asking. "Is she from Shardleigh? Why does she stop us here?"

"Come away, Jane," said her more tractable companion; "leave Mr. Douglas to settle his business."

But Jane Douglas did not stir.

The ring forming an audience, among whom were some personal acquaintances of Archie Douglas, was rapidly taking in all the bearings of the case. The investigation, passing from Pleasance's dusty common black woollen gown and jacket, and dowdy straw bonnet, to her youth and beauty—when one came to remark it—and to the manifest trouble in her face, was ending in one miserable conclusion.

"Do come away, Jane," urged Miss Wyndham in a low tone, "we are not wanted here;" while she said to herself, "The stupid, stubborn little goose, she will cause a greater *esclandre* where Archie is concerned than anything that has gone before."

The policeman, in the interests of society, was as pressing in his efforts to get Pleasance to move on or off, and leave the Row clear, for other riders were coming up,

to whom the stoppage must prove an impediment. "Come, come, young 'oman, you hadn't ought to think of transacting bizziness here. You must seek the gent, if so be you have anything to say to him, some other wheres, and you and he can speak private."

Pleasance lifted up her head. Instinctively she penetrated the shameful misconception put upon her relations with Archie Douglas. Some painful experience in the class in which she had lived might have taught even her modesty to fear it beforehand; but the apprehension had not occurred to her before. The blood rushed to her cheeks, adding tenfold to her beauty under all its disadvantages. She looked indignantly full in the faces — pitying, condemning, amused — all bent on her; she turned with swift piteous appeal to Archie Douglas.

If he faltered or failed her at that critical moment, she would despise him from the bottom of her heart then and forever; she would know a depth of misery which she had not yet fathomed, insomuch as contempt is an infinitely lower abyss than wrath.

But Archie Douglas, however he might err, was far enough from a coward. He took the one brave step that was open to him, without a second's hesitation. He went up to the policeman and tapped him on the shoulder. "My man," he said, in a clear, audible voice, "you would not come between man and wife?" He looked round on his thunderstruck sister. "Jane," he said in an accent so decided that it sounded cool, "you must know that there are stronger claims upon me than even yours and Miss Wyndham's. But you need not ride home unattended; there is General Protheroe from his afternoon whist," and he indicated a grey-haired officer advancing to salute them with military precision, and in profound ignorance of the scene on which he was about to break in. He was hailed by Archie Douglas. With a steadiness and calmness that only well-read students of human nature could refer to the pitch of excitement, he said, "General, may I ask you to ride on with my sister and Miss Wyndham, and see them home (I think my mother has been expecting a visit from her old friend ever since we came to town). I have to look after Mrs. Douglas."

"Mrs. Douglas! Who? Where?" cried the general, gazing about him in a bewildered manner, and neglecting his courteous assurances of pride and pleasure in the commission summarily entrust-

ed to him. "I thought you meant that I was to take the young ladies to Grosvenor Place, and meet Mrs. Douglas there?"

"So you will, I hope, but there may be more than one Mrs. Douglas," replied Archie Douglas, with a somewhat spasmodic smile, as he drew Pleasance's arm within his, before she knew what he was about, and walked away with her, leaving the liveliest sensation and dismay behind them.

Rica Wyndham broke the spell. "General Protheroe," she said, "don't you think this is not a day for sitting still in the open air for five minutes? I am dying with cold, and even my poor horse is beginning to shiver. Let me have a canter."

The gallant general took the cue with the alacrity and intrepidity of a soldier, and complied at once with the young lady's request — Jane Douglas being under the necessity of riding on with the others, as if they fled from the thrills and shrugs and amazed tumult which the electric shock of her brother's wild words had occasioned.

Almost before the girl could think, the spectators of the scene, with their tell-tale faces, were left far behind. Amidst the familiar features of the park, with their special conventionality, Jane would have been tempted to accuse her eyes and ears of grossly deceiving her, and her imagination of having conjured up an outrageously improbable incident, if she had not retained evidence to the contrary in the continued absence of her brother, and in the sight, when she chose to look over her shoulder, of Evans, the groom, still encumbered with the led horse.

The rapid riding hindered speaking. When the party at last slackened their pace, Rica Wyndham and General Protheroe, though one of them had experienced a sharp disappointment, fell immediately into the polite hypocrisy of speaking on entirely neutral and uninteresting topics.

But Jane Douglas was very young, and, as far as a girl of her position and prospects could be, very new to the world; and she seized the first opportunity, when General Protheroe rode aside for a moment to put his hand on his daughter-in-law's carriage door and exchange a few words with her, to adjure her friend, "What on earth can it mean, Rica? Archie could not be joking in such horribly bad taste — it would not be a bit like him — and he looked quite in earnest."

"I should leave the matter to him, dear, if I were you," replied Rica Wyndham in

a lightly soothing, indifferent tone, admirably assumed. "Let him explain it as he pleases and when he pleases, or let him leave it unexplained. There are circumstances in which curiosity is dangerous and a tremendous blunder, especially on the part of us girls. You are a dear little girl, Jane, and are not supposed to know anything of the world — no more am I, though I am older, and have been out for two seasons. All I know is, that we must be careful to preserve unimpaired the charming bloom of our ignorance."

Jane Douglas was not a fool. She understood that Rica implied that Jane's brother Archie had some secret which it would be no credit any more than it would be a satisfaction for him to divulge.

Jane's heart burnt hotly within her. She was sufficiently trained and tutored not to say straight out to Rica Wyndham that she, Jane, hated Rica for her speech; but Jane did hate Rica at the moment, when, with grave youthful dignity, not unbecoming, she attempted to rebuke her companion.

"You are quite mistaken, Rica, so far as my brother Archie is concerned. He has no secrets from mamma and me — at least," — for there smote upon Jane the recollection that Archie had certainly had a secret from his family within the last few months, but she managed to finish with unabated confidence and sisterly pride, — "I am sure there is no act of Archie's which he might not proclaim before the whole world."

"I am glad to hear it," said Rica Wyndham, with a little additional curl of the fine lips that curled so naturally; "but I think you might be satisfied with having such a paragon of a brother, and not seek to quarrel with me on his behalf. Poor me! I confess I have not very much faith in paragons, perhaps less than in ordinary mortals like my brother Tom, who is good enough as brothers go, but who is certainly not calculated to diminish my unbelief."

From Macmillan's Magazine.

CORRESPONDENCE * BETWEEN SCHILLER
AND THE DUKE OF SCHLESWIG-HOL-
STEIN.

*Edited for the First Time from the Ducal Family
Archives.*

IF, in the noisy, deafening hurry of the
times in which we live, we are able now

* *Schiller's Briefwechsel mit dem Herzog Fried-*

and then to win for ourselves a few quiet hours to turn over the pages of the journals of our fathers and grandfathers of about a century back, we find ourselves in a world which seems more like poetry than reality. Not only do the men and women appear to be of a different race, but a different spirit animates their life, their feelings, their thoughts, their deeds. Just as the Greeks talked of a golden age, to distinguish it from the iron present, so we feel that the men of a hundred years since were made of very different stuff from us. Souls like Goethe and Schiller could hardly breathe in our atmosphere — things which were possible in that time are scarcely conceivable to us. The world has become hard and iron — then it was soft and golden. Men had wings, and faith in the ideal, and, borne aloft on these pinions, they soared above the rugged path of life, their eyes fixed on the clear sky, the superterrestrial, the eternal. We plod on foot through thick and thin, along the straight, dusty highway of our business and calling, and our eyes can scarcely perceive the old bridge over which at length, whether we will or no, we pass into the clear sky, the superterrestrial, the eternal.

If any one wishes vividly to realize what a beautiful world lies buried there, how little, yet how great, is the golden age of a hundred years back, let him go, after a crowded party in one of our largest cities, where we have everything which money can buy, everything but true men — let him go for once to the old fairy town of Weimar. Remembering the magic pictures of its youth, such as he had drawn from Goethe's and Schiller's own description, let him look for the palaces and villas, the bright windows, the flights of steps, with their niches and pillars, for the art-treasures, weapons, natural curiosities, and books, — let him descend into the vault, the richest on earth, where the Duke Karl August rests, with Goethe and Schiller on either side, — and he will be filled with astonishment and dismay when he perceives the smallness and poverty of the stage on which those heroes once acted their part. In this small room Schiller lived, in that bed Goethe slept. Now, no servant would be satisfied with such accommodation. And yet here, where

rich Christian von Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg. Eingeleiten und herausgegeben von F. Max Müller. Berlin, 1875.

Duke Friedrich Christian was the grandfather of the prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg, and it was chiefly due to the exertions of H.R.H. that Schiller's letters, long supposed to be lost, were discovered in the family archives.

everything now seems so small, so quiet, so dull, at one time the waves of thought foamed and sparkled till their dancing motion, in ever-widening circles, beat on the remotest shores of the earth. Here glowed that beautiful and divine spark, delight in life; here high spirits raged; here love revelled; here genius careered, till everyday spirits closed their eyes in alarm, and stood aside; and yet here everything before the sun reached its meridian height, became clear and calm — a "wide, still sea, a happy, glorious sail."

Yes, life was there and then as rich, and sunny, and heavenly as men ever can make it, through themselves, through genius, and art, and love. Shadows and darkness were not wanting even then, for great men cannot always be great, and when they fall, "great is the fall thereof."

Goethe had his cold, repellent hours. He could play the privy counsellor even towards Schiller. But who could triumph more nobly over his own weaknesses than Goethe, when he recognized in the long-avoided Schiller the long-sought-for equal and friend?

Schiller, too, suffered from attacks of narrow-mindedness. Sometimes he longs for Goethe; then, again, he is miserable when near him. At times he rejoiced in the halo of the court; then, again, he mourned over the self-deception which made him see ordinary things in a false radiance. Schiller's mind suffered from Schiller's body; and how truly and touchingly he expresses the consciousness of his own weakness, the sufferings and struggles of his genius, when he says, "How difficult it is for a suffering man to be a good man!"

It is true that Wieland in youth, as in old age, was full of weaknesses; but where do we find now such a delightful old man as he was, bearing everything, ready to forgive even unmerited blame, prizing and praising the old and the past, but at the same time hoping all that was beautiful for the future? How characteristic of him, the favorite of the grandmother, when in his seventy-second year he exclaimed, on the arrival of the grand duchess Maria Paulowna, the bride of her grandson, the hereditary prince of Weimar, "I thank heaven that I have been allowed to live long enough to enjoy the blessed vision of such an angel in human form. With her a new epoch will surely begin for Weimar; she will, through her powerful influence, carry on, and bring to higher perfection, the work which Amalia began more than forty years ago."

Herder was proud, often discontented, perhaps not altogether free from that worst of all human passions, envy; but the old giant mind always breaks through; and where have we now a general-superintendent so ready to recognize the divine afflatus in all poetry, the heavenly spirit of religion, the Godlike in everything human?

No doubt there are still many "beautiful souls" as well as mischievous ladies-in-waiting; but where shall we find a gnome like Mlle. Göchhausen? or where a soul formed of such fine-grained marble as Frau von Stein?

German thrones are not wanting in brave and gifted princesses; but where is there an Amalia or Louisa? We have princes who would be more than princes; but where is the robust strength, the life, the truth, the honesty of a Karl August?

Men dared much in those days. Why? Because they trusted themselves, and, still more, others. They created the greatest from the smallest. The soul still possessed the magic power which raises everything earthly to heavenly, which feels life to be the most beautiful gift of God, that cannot be enough loved and prized, or, as long as it lasts, be enough enjoyed in all its fulness.

In order to estimate this heroic past of the German people at its full value, it is not necessary to depreciate the present more than it really deserves. It is only necessary for the historian to establish the fact that those heroes were of other mould and grain than we are.

Our life has become more quiet, but at the same time more earnest; harder, but also more enduring; we have less kindly light, but also fewer false meteors; less laughter and enjoyment, but perhaps also fewer tears and sighs. Not only the old people, but even the young, and possibly these latter, even more than the former, are grown old with the century. Still, let us hope, in spite of all this, as old Wieland did, for a new youth for German genius, more beautiful even than that which dazzles us in the works of our classic writers. And if we ourselves long for youthful courage and vigor, let us draw refreshment, even in these barren days, from the living fountain of history, which revives us as does the memory of the beautiful dreams of youth, and transports all who desire it into a world where weary souls may find rest and cheerfulness and strength.

It is not a hundred years ago since the Danish poet Baggesen got up a festival, the description of which, whenever we

come across it in the numerous accounts of Schiller's life, always appears as a mere myth. The enthusiastic Dane had, in the year 1790, on his way home from Switzerland, made a pilgrimage to Jena, in order to make personal acquaintance with Professor Schiller. Schiller himself was unwell, and somewhat cold towards his overpoweringly enthusiastic Danish visitor. Baggesen, however, formed a close friendship with Reinhold, and from him learnt the narrow circumstances of Schiller and his young wife. On his return to Copenhagen, Baggesen preached of Schiller, and nothing but Schiller. How he did it we may picture to ourselves when we read how he jumbled up together "our philosophical Messiahs, Christ and Kant, and Schiller and Reinhold." Still, however, he preached on, and found listeners, whom he soon converted to his own faith, and among them the Danish minister of state, Count Schimmelmann, and his wife; but above all others, Duke Frederick Christian of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg. Baggesen was not content to read Schiller's works aloud; he bethought him of a Schiller festival, which should be celebrated in June at Hellebek, a beautifully situated sea-place, a few miles north of Copenhagen, "by the thundering ocean." There the "Ode to Joy" should be sung, and scenes from Schiller's works read and acted; every one should revel in nature and poetry, as they knew how in those days, not only in Germany, but in Denmark.

But suddenly, just as they were starting, the news reached Copenhagen that Schiller was dead, a report which was widely circulated throughout Germany at the same time. Baggesen, overpowered with grief, threw himself into the arms of his wife. But the friends would not console themselves at home, they must reach the "thundering ocean." All the preparations for the festival were made, and, though the skies seemed lowering, and a storm raged, they all started for Hellebek to transform the festival into a funeral feast.

The sky cleared whilst they were on the road, the sea sparkled in the sunshine, the lofty Kullen rose majestically on the Swedish coast, and the friends sat down to feast with sad and solemn feelings. They gradually recovered from their calamity—ministers and poets, with their wives and friends, warmed over the sparkling wine, and when the right moment arrived, Baggesen rose and recited the lost poet's "Ode to Joy"—"Joy, thou beautiful divine spark"—to the assembled friends; musical choirs, hidden in the

bushes, joined in; and, in conclusion, Baggesen added the following two verses:—

SOLO.

Take, dead friend, this friendly greeting!
All ye friends rejoice and sing;
Here in our Elysian meeting,
May his spirit round us cling.

CHORUS.

Lift your hearts and hands in union,
Drink this full and sparkling wine,
Till we meet in new communion,
Thou art ours, and we are thine.

Even this was not quite enough. Shepherds and shepherdesses appeared in ballet dress, and executed a round dance; and all this under the blue sky. They read, they sang, they rejoiced, they wept, and knew not how to separate. The funeral feast lasted three whole days!

Does not this sound like Greek mythology? And yet it is only eighty years ago since ministers of state and their friends could celebrate such a *fête* in the open air. This festival was much ridiculed, and yet we owe to it the most perfect, the richest fruits of Schiller's genius. Schiller was indeed dangerously ill at that time, and even when he recovered his mind was weary to death. He was nearly dying of starvation in the desert of life. It is true that he returned to Jena, strengthened by the Karlsbad, as he calls it; but his sky was overcast with heavy clouds of care, and it seemed as if "Don Carlos" would be the last effort of his genius. Just at this moment arrived a letter from Baggesen to Reinhold, describing the funeral feast of the yet living poet. The letter was shown to Schiller, and convinced him that he, the unfortunate, the self-desponding, was honored and loved far and near. "I doubt," writes Reinhold, "whether any medicine could have done him so much good."

But yet more beautiful and fresh "blossoms as of nectar" were to bloom for Schiller on the distant Danish shore. Baggesen told the minister all that he had heard of Schiller's miserable circumstances, the minister mentioned it to the duke of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg, and on the 27th of November, 1791, a joint letter was sent to Schiller, which whenever we read it fills us with admiration, not only for the generous liberality, but still more the exalted, noble minds, the refined tact, and the warm love of man shown by these two men.

There are plenty of men now who in private make the same use of their wealth.

A large sum was once intrusted to me, in strict confidence, for a like purpose, and I can truly say with a like good result. But where is the duke, where is the minister, who nowadays would write such a letter? And it must not be supposed that this letter was drawn up by some clever private secretary. I give it here for the first time, from the draft in the duke's handwriting, without altering the orthography or style of the original. I will only state that some passages are here given for the first time in their correct form. Thus, for instance, in the first sentence the duke wrote — "the lofty flight of your genius, which stamps many of your more recent works as among the most eminent of all human works." Like a sensible man, he does not avoid using the same word twice or even three times when the same thought has to be expressed as often. Only a schoolboy would imagine something would be gained by substituting another word for the second "works." Yet in printing the letter, either "endeavors," which has no meaning, was used instead of "works," or the word was left out altogether. A paragraph further on has met with still worse treatment. The duke speaks of a respectful hesitation inspired by Schiller's delicate sensibility. He then goes on: "This" (*i.e.* Schiller's delicate sensibility) "would frighten us, did we not know that a certain limit is prescribed even to this virtue of noble and cultivated souls, which it may not overstep without offence to reason." This is clearly thought out, and sharply expressed. Instead of this we read in former editions: "This would frighten us did we not know that a certain limit is prescribed even in virtue to noble and cultivated souls," etc. This is as poor and confused in idea as in expression.

But here is the whole letter: —

Letter from the DUKE and COUNT SCHIMMELMANN to SCHILLER.

(*From a transcript of the rough draft in the duke's handwriting.*)

Two friends bound together simply as brothers and citizens of the same world, address this writing to you, noble man. They are both of them unknown to you, but they both of them honor and love you. They both admire the lofty flight of your genius, which stamps many of your more recent works as among the most eminent of all human works. They found in these works, the disposition of mind, the feeling, the enthusiasm which was the foundation of their own friendship, and they soon accustomed themselves to the idea of looking upon the author as a member of their friendly league. Great therefore was their sorrow at the news of his death, and their tears were not

the least abundant among the great number of good men who know and love him. This vivid interest with which you have inspired us, noble and honored man, will save us from appearing to you as indiscreetly obtrusive. May it also prevent any mistake as to the intention of this letter. We draw it up with respectful hesitation, inspired by your delicate sensibility. This would frighten us, did we not know that a certain limit is prescribed even to this virtue of noble and cultivated souls, which it may not overstep without offence to reason.

Your health, injured by all-too-hurried efforts and work, requires, so we are told, perfect rest for a while, if it is to be restored and the danger averted, which now threatens your life — but your situation, your circumstances, prevent you from giving yourself this rest. Will you allow us the pleasure of aiding you in the enjoyment of this? We offer you, for this purpose, for three years, an annual present of one thousand thaler.*

Accept this offer, noble man! Do not let the sight of our titles move you to refuse. We know what value to set on them. We only pride ourselves on being men, citizens of the great republic, whose boundaries embrace more than the life of single generations, more than the boundaries of one globe. You are only dealing here with men, your brothers, not with haughty grandees, who in making such use of their wealth indulge in a higher kind of pride.

Where you will enjoy this rest must depend on yourself. Here, with us, you would not fail in finding what you need for the requirements of your mind, in a capital which is the seat of government and also a great commercial city, and which possesses very valuable libraries. Esteem and friendship would strive on many sides to make the stay in Denmark agreeable to you, for we are not the only ones who know and love you. And if when your health is restored you should wish to enter the service of our country, it would not be difficult for us to gratify such a wish.

But we are not so selfish and narrow-minded as to make a condition of such a change of abode. We leave this entirely to your free choice. We wish to preserve to mankind one of its teachers, and to this wish every other consideration must be subordinate.

Schiller accepted the offer, and any one who carefully notices Schiller's spirits before and after the receipt of this letter must see clearly that we owe his recovery, his renewed vigor, the fresh development of his creative activity, entirely to the duke of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg and Count Schimmelmann. We do not by this mean to reflect in the least on the conduct of the duke of Weimar or of Schiller's friends, and especially of Körner.

They did what they could, Körner even more than he could. But in everything they did for him Schiller felt the burden of obligation. Here the rescue came as from heaven; nay, better than from heaven, it came from men who loved and honored him, who were personally strangers to him, but from men who were just what he, the poet, had imagined in his Marquis Posa. The gift made him rich, not poor. The burden of gratitude did not oppress him, it only roused and incited him to prove himself by fresh work the more worthy of the love of his unknown friends. "I have to show my gratitude," he wrote, "not to you but to mankind. This is the common altar on which you lay your gift and I my thanks." What Schiller himself felt at this turning-point of his life we hitherto knew principally from his letter to Baggesen, and this, for the sake of completeness, must be reprinted here. It is dated December 16, 1791.

II.

Letter from SCHILLER to BAGGESEN.

JENA, Dec. 16, 1791.

How shall I succeed, my dear and highly valued friend, in describing the feelings which have arisen in me since I received that letter? Astonished and overwhelmed as I am by its contents, do not expect anything collected from me. My heart alone is still able to speak, and even it will be but badly aided by a head as weak as mine now is. I cannot better reward a heart like yours for the loving interest it takes in the state of my mind, than by raising the proud satisfaction, which the noble and unique action of your admirable friends must have afforded you, to the purest joy, by the agreeable conviction that their benevolent intention is perfectly fulfilled.

Yes, my dear friend, I accept the offer of the Prince of H. and Count S. with a thankful heart, not because the graceful manner in which it was made overpowers all other considerations; but because a duty which is above all other considerations impels me to do so. To do and to be that which, according to the measure of power given me, I can do and be, is to me the highest and most indispensable of all duties. But hitherto my outward circumstances have made this altogether impossible, and only a distant and still uncertain future inspires me with better hopes. The generous assistance of your exalted friends suddenly places me in a position to develop all that lies in me, to make myself all that I can become — therefore no choice remains to me. That the excellent prince, while deciding of his own accord to amend that for me which fate left to be desired, yet by the noble manner in which he does it spares me all sensi-

tiveness, which might have made the decision difficult to me, that he allows me to obtain this important amelioration of my circumstances without any struggle with myself, increases my gratitude immensely, and makes me at the same time rejoice at the kind heart of its author.

A morally admirable act like the one which suggested that letter does not derive its worth only from its results; even if it failed entirely in its aim, it would itself remain what it was. But if the act of a large-minded heart is at the same time the needed link in a chain of events, if it alone was wanting in order to make some good possible, if it, the fair offspring of freedom, settles a tangled fate as though it had long been destined by Providence for this very purpose, then it belongs to the fairest phenomena that can touch a feeling heart. I must and will tell you how much that was the case here.

From the birth of my mind, up to the moment when I write this, I have struggled with fate, and ever since I knew how to value freedom of thought I have been doomed to live without it. A rash step ten years ago deprived me forever of the means of living except by literary labor. I had adopted this calling before I understood all it entailed, or perceived all its difficulties. The necessity of pursuing this path was laid upon me before I was fit for it in knowledge or ripeness of mind. That I felt this, that my ideal of literary duties was not restricted within the same narrow bounds in which I was myself confined, I acknowledge as a favor from heaven, which thus kept open to me the possibility of higher progress, and yet in my circumstances it only increased my misery. I saw that all that I gave to the world was unripe and far beneath the ideal that lived in me; notwithstanding all presentiment of possible perfection, I had to hurry before the eyes of the public with immature fruit; in need of teaching myself, I had against my will to put myself forward as a teacher of mankind. Under these miserable circumstances, each only moderately successful product made me feel more painfully how many germs fate had smothered in me. The masterworks of other writers made me miserable, because I renounced the hope of ever sharing their happy leisure, through which alone works of genius can come to perfection. What would I not have given for two or three quiet years, free from all literary work, which I might have devoted to study only, to the cultivation of my mind, to the maturing of my ideas. It is impossible in our German literary world, as I now know, to satisfy the strict requirements of art, and at the same time to provide the necessary support for one's literary industry. For two years I have exerted myself to combine both, but doing so even in an imperfect degree has cost me my health. Interest in my work, and some sweet flowers of life, which fate strewed on my path, concealed this loss from me, till early in this year, I was — you know how? — aroused from my dream.

At a time when life was beginning to show me its full importance, when I found myself just able to join reason and fancy within my mind in a tender and lasting union, when I was girding myself for a new undertaking in the province of art—death threatened me. This danger passed, but I woke to new life, only to renew the conflict with fate, with weakened powers and diminished hopes. Thus the letter which came from Denmark found me. Forgive, my dear friend, these details about myself. They are only to enable you to judge of the effect which the generous offer of the prince and Count S. produced on me. I see myself, through it, suddenly enabled to realize the plans for myself which my fancy had pictured in its happiest moments. I possess at length the long and ardently desired freedom of spirit, the perfectly free choice of my literary activity. I gain leisure, through which I may regain my lost health; and even should this not be, my illness will not in future be increased by the anxieties of my mind. I look cheerfully on the future; and although it should prove that my expectations as to myself were only pleasant deceptions, by which my oppressed pride revenged itself on fate, at all events my perseverance shall not be wanting to justify the hopes which two admirable citizens of our century have founded on me. As my lot does not permit me to act beneficially in their way, I will try to do so in the only manner that is allowed me—and may the germ which they planted develop itself in me to a fair harvest for the good of mankind!

I come to the second half of your wish—dear and valued friend; why cannot I fulfil this as quickly as the first? No one can suffer more than I do, from the impossibility of undertaking the journey to you as soon as you wish. You can judge from the longing of my heart for truly good and noble society which meets with little here to satisfy it, with what impatience I should hasten to the circle of such men as await me in Copenhagen—if it depended only on my own decision. But besides that my still unsettled health would not allow me in the least to fix a time when I could undertake so important a change in my life, and that I must probably next summer again visit the Karlsbad, I am in such a position as regards the duke of Weimar, whose fault it certainly is not, that I do not enjoy more leisure, as obliges me for at least a year to appear as an active member of the academy, however certain I may be that I can never be a useful one. Then he would certainly not oppose my wish to leave the university for a time. Were I but once with you, the genius which presides over all good things would surely settle the rest.

Till then, dear friend, let us be as united as fate allows at a distance. To correspond with you, and rekindle my half dead spirit from your fresh and fiery genius, will be a constant necessity to my heart. Never during my lifetime shall I forget the friendly, the important service which, without this object, you

rendered me on my return to life. Hardly had I begun to get better when I heard of the expedition to Hellebek; and soon after Reinhold showed me your letter. It was like fresh flowers, full of nectar, presented by a heavenly genius to the scarcely revived soul. Oh, I can never tell you what you were to me! And that expedition itself! It was intended for the departed, and the living will never venture to dwell on it. Forgive this long letter, my admirable friend, which unfortunately treats of little but myself. But it may serve as an opening of our correspondence; that you may once for all become acquainted with me, and then the *I* can henceforth be kept out of sight. Forgive me, too, for having without any preliminaries claimed all the rights of a friendship which I ought to try to deserve by a series of proofs. In such a world as that from whence that letter came, other laws are honored than the decrees of petty prudence which rule in real life. All hearty greeting to your dear Sophie from my Lottie and from me, and tell her to be ready to listen graciously to a correspondent who means soon to intrude herself upon her. Like two bright visions, you both floated past us swiftly, but never to be forgotten. The forms have long vanished, but our eyes follow them still.

Ever yours,

SCHILLER.

Whenever I came to read this letter, I always felt what a loss it was that the correspondence between the duke and Schiller was nowhere to be found. It is known that such a correspondence was carried on for a considerable time, and that Schiller's "*Æsthetic Letters*" were first of all composed in letters to the duke. It was said that the whole correspondence had been lost in the fire at the palace of Copenhagen. But the correspondence was carried on even after the fire. What, therefore, had become of these later letters? I sought in vain for information, until at last, when publishing an "*Essay on Schiller*" ("*Chips from a German Workshop*," vol. iii., p. 76), I applied to the duke's grandson, Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, and begged H.R.H. to permit a search to be made for these letters in the archives of the ducal family. Prince Christian, as well as his elder brother, the present duke of Schleswig-Holstein, took the warmest interest in the matter, and I can now present Schiller's admirers with at least a few of the supposed lost letters. Many are still wanting; and it is hoped that here and there letters may yet be discovered. But what has already been found must no longer be kept from the public, and, by permission of the duke, is therefore here published.

The following is the first letter ad-

dressed by Schiller to the duke and Count Schimmelmänn, three days after he had written to Baggesen:—

III.

Letter from SCHILLER to the DUKE and COUNT SCHIMMELMANN.

Allow me to address you together, as my revered friends, and thus to join two noble names in one, in that name under which you have joined yourselves in addressing me. The occasion which prompts me to take this liberty is itself so astonishing an exception to all custom, that I must tremble lest I tarnish the pure and ideal relation in which you approach me by too much regard to accidental distinctions.

At a time when the remains of a serious illness overclouded my soul, and frightened me with a dark and sad future, you, like two protecting genii, stretched out a hand to me from the clouds. The generous offer which you make me fulfils, yes, exceeds my boldest desires. The manner in which you make it frees me from the dread of showing myself unworthy of your kindness, whilst accepting this proof of it. I should blush, if in such an offer I could think of anything but the pure love of humanity, which prompts it, and of the moral good it is to effect. I hope that I can accept as simply and nobly as you give. Your intention is to help on what is good. Could I have any feeling of shame about anything, it would be that you have mistaken the instrument you employ to effect that good. But the motive which permits me to accept, justifies me to myself, and allows me, though fettered by the highest obligations, to appear before you with perfect freedom of sentiment. I have to pay my debts not to you, but to mankind. This is the common altar on which you lay your gift, and I my thanks. I know, most honored friends, that the conviction only that I understand you can perfectly satisfy you; for this reason, and for this alone, I allow myself to say this.

But the great share which your too partial favor towards me has in your generous determination, the prerogative which you give me, in preference to so many others, of considering myself as the instrument of your noble intentions, the goodness with which you descend to the petty wants of a citizen of the world who is a stranger to you, lay me under personal obligations to you, and add to my reverence and admiration the feelings of warmest affection. How proud I feel, that you should think of me in a bond which is consecrated by the noblest of all aims, and which springs from enthusiasm for the good, the great, and the beautiful!

But how far is the enthusiasm, which shows itself in deeds, higher than that which must limit itself to rousing others to deeds! To arm truth and virtue with the victorious power which enables them to subdue the heart, is all

that the philosopher and the dramatic artist can effect—how far different is it to realize the ideal of both in a noble life! I must here answer you with the words of Fiesco, with which he dismisses the pride of an artist: “You have *done*, what I could only *paint*.”

But even if I could forget that I am myself the object of your kindness, that I owe to you the happy prospect of the accomplishment of my projects, I should still be indebted to you in no common degree. An apparition such as yours to me rekindled my faith in good and noble men, destroyed by the numerous examples of the opposite in real life. It is an inexpressible delight to the painter of humanity to meet in real life with the lineaments of that ideal which must exist in his own mind, and forms the groundwork of his descriptions.

But I feel how much I lose in accepting the great obligations you lay me under. I thus lose the happy power of giving utterance to my admiration, and of praising so disinterested and beautiful a deed with feelings equally disinterested. Your generous help will make it possible to present to you in person him whom you have laid under such deep obligations. I see myself placed by it in a position to regain gradually my health, and to bear the difficulties of a journey, and the difference of life and of climate. At present I am still liable to relapses into an illness which prevents the enjoyment of the purest joys of life, and which will leave me as slowly as it came. Among the many sacrifices which it entails upon me, it is not the least that it postpones the happy time when living sight and intercourse will bind me, with a thousand bonds that can never be broken, to two hearts, which now, like heaven, bless me from a distance, and which, like heaven, are further than my thanks can reach. To live in this beautiful future, and in thoughts and dreams to anticipate that moment, will till then be the dearest employment of your deeply indebted and ever grateful,

FRIDR. SCHILLER.

JENA, Dec. 19, 1791.

The answer of the duke, then still the hereditary prince of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg, is in the private possession of a collector of autographs, and unfortunately inaccessible to me. It is dated January 7, 1792.

In the August of 1793, Schiller received another letter from the duke, but this letter, as well as Schiller's answer, are lost. Six other letters, written by Schiller in the course of the winter from Ludwigsburg to Copenhagen, have also disappeared, but there is hope that they may be found. The next letter we have is one from Schiller, of June 10, 1794, as an answer to a letter from the duke of April 4 of the same year, which is in the possession of a collector, and will soon be published. But an earlier letter of the duke's does not appear to have reached Schiller,

and he excuses himself on this point to the duke.

IV.

SCHILLER *to the* DUKE.

MOST SERENE HIGHNESS, — The gracious letter of your Highness to me, of the 4th April of this year, which was inclosed to Counsellor Reinhold, was, on account of the earlier departure of the latter from this neighborhood, despatched to Kiel, and from thence again hither, where it reached my hands only a few days ago. This is the reason, gracious prince, that I am able to answer its contents only to-day.

Your Highness mentions in it a letter to me, which I have never answered. This perplexes me, as I know of no later letter from your Highness to me than the one forwarded after me in August of last year to Swabia. But that this letter was not left unanswered I see from a copy which I kept of my letter, and a series of six other letters which I sent in the course of last winter from Ludwigsburg to Your Highness, containing the continuation of my remarks on the beautiful and the sublime. Therefore either my letters, or that of your Highness to me, must have been lost. The former loss is not very important, the less so as I can replace all my letters from copies; but every line from your Highness to me, which I fail to receive, is a loss which nothing can repay me.

The news of the unfortunate fire in Copenhagen, which reduced the royal palace to ashes, upset me very much, and all the more so, that I felt sure this calamity must touch your Highness nearly. The wise and generous use which you always make of your wealth turns every calamity which you suffer into a misfortune for thousands. But every friend of Denmark, and especially every citizen of the world, must be satisfied with the decrees of Providence, in seeing the good moral effects produced by this physical evil; for the love of a good people for its rulers, shown on this occasion in so splendid a way, is a far greater possession than anything which could fall a prey to the flames. This fine trait in the Danish burghers, and the remarks of your Highness on it, interested me so much that I should like to ask your permission to make public use of the same, for it contains a good hint for all governments, and is a beautiful testimony to that of Denmark.

Your Highness' wish to possess the letters from me that are lost is most flattering to me, and I will lose no time in fulfilling it. How willingly would I, did circumstances permit, give up my whole literary activity, in order to devote myself to the agreeable occupation of communicating my thoughts to you without reserve! Everything that I discover or create should take shape in a letter to your Highness, and in your soul, so sensitive to truth and beauty, I should joyfully store up each creation of my spirit and each thought of my

heart — a happiness for which I have often envied Baggesen.

With sentiments of the purest respect and devotion, I remain

Your Highness' most obedient,

FR. SCHILLER.

JENA, *June 10, 1794.*

The next letter from Schiller, of January 20, 1795, contains the poet's congratulations on the appointment of the duke as minister of instruction in Denmark.

Schiller at the same time asks permission to dedicate to his benefactor in a new and more perfect form the letters he had written to the duke, and which had been destroyed in the fire.

V.

SCHILLER *to the* DUKE.

MOST SERENE HIGHNESS, MOST GRACIOUS PRINCE, — I have with the liveliest sympathy, which I feel for everything affecting the good of mankind, heard of the happy change which has opened to your Highness a sphere of activity so suitable to your great merit and so fitted to your beneficent inclinations. The welfare of many is now in your hands, and your large and noble heart, which from its own free impulse was always acting for the good of mankind, has now received from Providence a public charge, and a worthy sphere for such activity. How highly should I extol the fate of my German fellow-citizens, if it were always committed to the guidance of such a prince; and with what surety might one answer for the fulfilment of all that happiness of the people, which hitherto, alas! is only an idea of the philosopher and a dream of the poet.

The consideration I am bound to show to the delicacy of your feelings does not permit me to enlarge the picture which my prophetic imagination promises itself from the rule of a prince as full of feeling as of philosophic thought. But my heart has spoken in the characters of Don Carlos and Posa, and what I then only dreamt as a poet I here, as the contemporary of Frederick Christian, utter with the firmest conviction that all the good that circumstances can make possible will be realized by you and in your sphere of work.

It has long been my wish to give public expression to the feelings of veneration and thankfulness with which your Highness has in so high a degree inspired me; but I would only do so in a work that should not be unworthy of your honored name. All my powers have long been directed to this work, and unless I utterly fail in carrying out to some degree the ideal which I have set before me, I shall beg your Highness for the gracious permission to crown such a work with your name.

When I began last year to prepare a copy of my letters lost in Copenhagen, I perceived so many imperfections in them, that I could not allow myself to place them again in your

Highness' hand in their first form. I therefore began a revision, which led me further than I expected, and the wish to produce something worthy of your approbation induced me not merely to give a totally new form to those letters, but also to enlarge the plan of them considerably.

Of this new edition a few letters are printed in the volume which I respectfully inclose to your Highness, that I may learn the opinion of a judge before putting the last touch to the whole. May you, gracious prince, perceive in this slight specimen my earnest endeavor to impart to a work, which I venture to address to you, all the perfection possible.

With deepest devotion and veneration, I remain,

Your Ducal Highness' most obedient,
F. SCHILLER.

JENA, Jan. 20, 1795.

The "Æsthetic Letters," which appeared in the *Horæ*, were sent regularly to the duke, and the next letters from Schiller are little more than an accompaniment to them.

VI.

SCHILLER to the DUKE.

MOST SERENE HIGHNESS, MOST GRACIOUS PRINCE,—I ventured a few weeks ago to send in all submission to your Highness the first part of my monthly work, containing the beginning of my "Æsthetic Letters." Allow me now, most gracious prince, to lay at your feet the continuation of this work, to which I can wish no better success than that it may be worthy of your Highness' approval.

I know that higher affairs than these literary occupations now claim your attention; but when your mind, after more important business, looks around for refreshment, the Muses may venture to approach you, and you will find in the enjoyment of truth and beauty a pleasure that is reserved only for the most noble souls.

May I have offered the mind and heart of your Highness something not quite unworthy of you.

With boundless devotion and respect, I remain,

Your Ducal Highness' most obedient,
F. SCHILLER.

JENA, March 4, 1795.

There is said to be a letter from the duke to Schiller of March 10, 1795, in the private collection before mentioned; but the following is the answer to Schiller's letter accompanying the continuation of the *Horæ*:—

VII.

Letter of the DUKE to SCHILLER.

COPENHAGEN, March 19, 1795.

(From the draft in the duke's handwriting.)

I have received the two first parts of the *Horæ*, and the letters accompanying these two

parts. I owe you indeed an apology that I have not till now, dear Hofrath, told you that I had received them; but constant occupations and frequent indisposition have made me through the whole winter an idle correspondent. My thanks, though late, are not the less warm and sincere. They are due to you for the opinion which you entertain of me. May I only in some degree deserve it.

I was delighted to find your "Æsthetic Letters" again in the *Horæ*. But through my ignorance of the terminology, and indeed of the meaning of the critical philosophy, they contain much that is dark to me, which can only disappear by repeated readings; therefore, I would rather at present remain silent as to these letters. In the summer, in the country, with more leisure and fewer interruptions, I shall again take up this study. It is no small pleasure to me to find in your thoughts on what constitutes the wants of mankind so much agreement with my own convictions. Improvement in the circumstances of mankind must originate from man. If this is not the case, every political erection, however beautiful it may be, must soon fall to pieces, and serve, it may be, as a still more convenient refuge for unbridled and wild passions. It depends less on the form than on the spirit through which this form receives life. If this spirit is the spirit of humanity, then improvement will follow, be the outer form what it will. It has fallen to your lot, noble man, to awaken, to sustain, to spread abroad this spirit of humanity, and I hope and expect that your latest literary undertaking, as well as some of your former works, will serve for its advancement. My interest and my wishes will always attend you.

To this Schiller answered by a letter of April 5, 1795, which contains some striking remarks on the difficulties of the German language.

VIII.

SCHILLER to the DUKE.

MOST SERENE HIGHNESS, MOST GRACIOUS PRINCE AND MASTER,—In the letter of the 19th March, with which your Highness honored me, I find the encouraging assurance that the first parts of my new journal were not displeasing to you; that indeed your own convictions accord with the principal contents of my "Æsthetic Letters." I now pursue the work with more courage, and only ask your most gracious permission to send you each new number of this periodical. Your Highness' remarks with regard to the difficulty of style are well founded, and it requires, of course, the greatest care on the part of the author to unite the necessary profoundness and depth of thought with an intelligible style. But our language is not yet quite capable of this revolution, and all that good writers can do is to work towards this goal of a more perfect form. The language of the

more refined society, and of conversation, is still too much afraid of the sharp, often subtle precision, which is so necessary to the philosopher, and the language of the scholar is not capable of the lightness and life which the man of the world is right in desiring. It is a misfortune to Germans that their language has not been allowed to become the organ of refined society, and it will long continue to feel the evil effects of this exclusion.

Should I, however, but succeed a little in helping to spread philosophical ideas in the circle of the fashionable world, I should consider every effort which my undertaking costs me as richly repaid.

With deep devotion, I remain,

Your Ducal Highness' most obedient,

F. SCHILLER.

JENA, April 5, 1795.

On the 9th June of the same year Schiller writes again, sending the duke the fifth part of the *Horæ*, and announcing the sixth, with eleven new "Æsthetic Letters."

IX.

SCHILLER to the DUKE.

MOST SERENE HIGHNESS, MOST GRACIOUS PRINCE AND MASTER, — How greatly do I hope that the *Horæ*, of which I lay the fifth part at your Serene Highness' feet, may not be found unworthy of your further attention. My zeal in collecting good writings wherever they can be found does not diminish, but, rich as Germany is in journals and writers, it is poor in good authors, and in the fresh, healthy productions of genius, and of philosophical minds. I own I never realized this want so much as since the publication of my journal, in which so large and influential a society takes part, and where it is, nevertheless, so difficult always to find something satisfactory to lay before the public. It is indeed to the honor of the nation that it is more difficult to please; but it is to be desired that the cleverness of the authors might answer to these high requirements.

I have employed myself all this time, as far as my health allowed, in continuing my "Æsthetic Letters," and the sixth part, now at the press, will contain eleven new letters. Could I but hope that this entertainment might enliven a few hours to your Highness during your present visit to the country, I should find in this a sweet reward.

With feelings of the deepest devotion and gratitude, I remain,

Your Ducal Highness' most obedient,

F. SCHILLER.

JENA, June 9, 1795.

The sixth part of the *Horæ* is also accompanied by a letter from Schiller, in which he excuses himself to the duke for the free tone, opposed to conventional decency, of Goethe's "Elegies," printed in it.

X.

SCHILLER to the DUKE.

MOST SERENE HIGHNESS, MOST GRACIOUS PRINCE AND MASTER, — It is not without embarrassment that I venture to lay the sixth part of the *Horæ* before your Serene and Ducal Highness.

The "Elegies" which it contains are perhaps written in too free a tone, and perhaps the subject which they treat should have excluded them from the *Horæ*. But I was carried away by the great poetical beauty of their style, and then I confess that I believe they offend only conventional and not true and natural decency. I shall, in a future number of the journal, take the liberty of stating in detail my creed as to what is allowable or not allowable to the poet with regard to propriety. May the continuation of my letters on æsthetic education, of which this part contains a large instalment, be read by your Serene Highness not without interest. In it I approach ever nearer to my goal, and hope that I have unfolded many things which were left doubtful in my former letters.

In the deepest devotion and reverence, I remain,

Your Ducal Highness' most obedient,

F. SCHILLER.

JENA, July 5, 1795.

For the ninth part of the *Horæ* we have again an accompanying letter in Schiller's hand. His hopes as to the successful effects of his periodical are again in the ascendant, and the high aim which he placed before himself and his coadjutors, the union of deep thought, with clearness and elegance of diction, appears to him as not unattainable. His self-reliance is firmer. He will win the approbation of the best people, let the common herd say what it will.

XI.

SCHILLER to the DUKE.

MOST SERENE HIGHNESS, MOST GRACIOUS PRINCE, — Though the numbers of the *Horæ* which have hitherto appeared have often, from their speculative contents, been very tiresome and unproductive, this ninth part, which I humbly venture to send to your Ducal Highness, is perhaps more entertaining. Various philosophical ideas are veiled in it under a free poetical covering, and may perhaps in this form commend themselves to lovers of the beautiful.

After a long separation from the poetic muse, I have again ventured to make some attempts in this realm, and may I have succeeded in reconciling the taste of your Highness, and of the whole cultivated world, to my former metaphysical lucubrations. By every means, in every form, I strive always and ever after the same end — truth. Should I not succeed

in finding her in everything, or in procuring admission for her when found, I can at least hope from a heart like yours for recognition of my good intentions and honest zeal.

With feelings of deepest devotion, I remain,

Your Ducal Highness' most obedient,
FRIDRICH SCHILLER.

JENA, Oct. 5, 1795.

The last number of the first annual issue of the *Horæ* was sent to the duke on the 9th January, 1796, and in the annexed letter Schiller expresses his dissatisfaction with the execution of this undertaking, which he had begun with such enthusiasm. The thought consoles him that he had attempted something good and great; but he does not appear to have made it quite clear to himself that those who seek for the good and the great must not reckon on the applause of the small and the bad.

XII.

SCHILLER to the DUKE.

MOST SERENE HIGHNESS, MOST GRACIOUS PRINCE, — The monthly number which I here humbly send to your Ducal Highness completes the first year of my periodical, and in looking over the finished course, I feel vividly how far what has really been attained falls short of the rightful expectations of good judges.

I am afraid, most gracious prince, that you have found many of our philosophical inquiries far too abstract and scientific, and many of our lighter conversations not interesting enough; but it is not to be attributed to my want of zeal and good will that your expectations of both were not more gratified. The demands of the learned, and the wishes of readers of refined taste, are too often opposed to each other; the former require depth and solidity, which easily beget obscurity and dryness; the latter demand a light and elegant style, which may easily lead to superficiality. The great difficulty of steering safely between the two rocks must in some measure be the cause for the defects in our work.

I confess to you, my gracious prince, that in this periodical I set before myself this aim — with all my might to fight against shallowness of thought and that insipid, lax taste in poetry and art, which have gained ground in our days, and to drive away the reigning spirit of frivolity by more manly principles. My undertaking may fail, but I can never regret having attempted it.

Could I but flatter myself, most noble prince, that the continuation of this journal is not indifferent to you, I should begin the new publication with all the more courage and confidence.

With deepest devotion, I remain
Your Ducal Highness' most obedient,
FR. SCHILLER.

JENA, Jan. 9, 1796.

LIVING AGE.

As yet only one other letter from Schiller has been found. It is dated February 5, 1796, and shows that the prince in this year still sent Schiller the annuity, at first promised for three years only.

XIII.

SCHILLER to the DUKE.

MOST SERENE HIGHNESS, MOST GRACIOUS PRINCE, — The repeated proof of your Highness' gracious sentiments towards me which I received a few days ago, through Privy Counsellor Kirstein, from Copenhagen, renews in me the feeling of deep and great obligation, and recalls vividly to my mind all that I owe to your generosity. As there can be no greater reward to a heart like yours than the conviction of having effected real good, and of having truly attained a noble end, I may venture, without danger of indiscretion, to assure your Serene Highness that your benevolent intentions towards me have not missed their aim. The independence and leisure which I owe till now to your generosity have made it possible for me, notwithstanding my extremely shattered health, to devote my powers steadfastly to one important design, and to effect as much for my own cultivation as the limits of my strength allowed. Without your generous support, I must either have given up this design or sunk under it.

The progress that I have made in the last four years towards the goal which I have before my soul, is more rapid and important than all I had hitherto been able to make, and whom must I thank for this happiness but you, most excellent prince, and your noble friends? I write this with a grateful heart, and the deep feeling of all I owe you will ever live in my soul.

With boundless devotion and reverence, I remain

Your Ducal Highness' most obedient,
FR. SCHILLER.

JENA, Feb. 5, 1796.

Notwithstanding repeated searches in different places, till now no further letters have been found in the archives of the ducal family. I have to thank Professor Goedecke for the information that Schiller, according to his printed diary, sent the following letters to the duke of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg: 1795, August 3, November 6, December 11; 1796, March 11, April 22, May 27, July 4, October 21, November 25; 1797, January 16. The three letters of the duke mentioned before, of January 7, 1792; April 4, 1794; and March 10, 1795, are in a private collection, as well as several other letters from Baggesen and Count Schimmelmann to Schiller, and it is to be hoped they may soon be given to Schiller's admirers.

Schiller died on the 9th May, 1805; and

the duke nine years later, June 14, 1814. His name stands high in the history of Denmark, and will always occupy an honorable position in the glorious annals of his own house. He it was who, when chosen as the successor of Charles XIII., declined the regal crown of Sweden. Little did the noble prince imagine, when, following the dictates of his heart, he gave an annuity to the impoverished Professor Schiller in Jena, that he was thus engraving his own name on the tablets of the world's history; or, what is of far more importance, that his simple generous act would, like a refreshing breeze, quicken the latest posterity to like deeds, that it would continue to produce fair fruit, and, like a grain of corn, spring up to a rich harvest.

So powerful is the influence of an individual, if he will use it, if he will follow the first impulse of his heart, if he has faith in himself and his fellow-men. In my essay on Schiller, written in 1859 ("Chips," vol. iii., p. 76), it was my principal object to prove clearly how Schiller's development as a man and poet was principally determined by the influence of the great minds with whom it was his good fortune to come in contact. Attempts have been made to deny this, and what can one not deny? But Schiller himself felt it, and clearly acknowledged it once, in a letter of November 23, 1800, to Countess Schimmelmann, the wife of the Danish minister. "Whatever of good may be in me," he writes, "was planted in me by a few excellent men: my happy fate brought me in contact with them at the most decisive periods of my life; my friends, therefore, are the history of my life."

The unexpected and generous intervention of the duke of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg marks certainly one of the decisive moments in the development of Schiller's genius, and it is impossible to deny that without this intervention the career of the poet would have been totally different. It is true that a poet is born, but he is also made; he is made by his countrymen who understand and love him. Where love and sympathy are wanting in a people, there poetry flourishes as little as the rose will yield its fragrance without sunshine. In this sense each great poetical work is a national poem. It is quite true that a nation makes no national songs, but it makes the poet, who sings to it out of the abundance of his heart and soul. A national song arises only from a combination of creative thought and receptive understanding; so

does a national literature. The poet is himself the child of his age, and must understand his age and his people; he must have sympathy with the past and the present, and a prophetic insight into the future. He must advance firmly, without looking behind him, but his people must be able and willing to follow, or he will vanish like a shadow, as many a true poet has already vanished.

It was one of the noblest characteristics of the golden age of Weimar that men still professed the art of discovering the beautiful, of overcoming the unlovely. They knew how to enjoy. They loved and praised the beautiful, and because they knew how difficult art is, they did not shake their head at every false note, as men do now, just to prove how true their ear is. How rare the gift of admiring, how difficult the art of praise is, those men do not appear to imagine by whose fault the name of critic has become almost synonymous with that of censorer. When Baggesen and the duke of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg and Count Schimmelmann admired the high flight of Schiller's genius, and wished to give energetic expression to their admiration, there were doubtless witty ladies-in-waiting and literary secretaries of legation in Copenhagen who said, "But think, your Highness, what you are doing. Schiller is certainly very popular in certain classes of society in Germany. But it is in reality only wild students and eccentric maids of honor who rave about him; competent judges consider his works a failure. He is no classical writer, like Gellert or Klopstock; and then, your Highness, his political and religious opinions! He is said to be a democrat, an atheist. Would it not be better to wait, and get more accurate information about the author of "The Robbers"? This is the mildew, which blasts all fresh emotions; whilst honest admiration and sympathy, like spring showers and sunshine, bring out the hidden buds of genius at all points into blossom and fruit. There is no doubt that the duke of Holstein-Augustenburg might have deceived himself. Schiller's spirit might have succumbed to his bodily sufferings, without having produced a "Wallenstein," a "William Tell." But what then? Better be deceived a hundred times in admiration and love, than lose the power of admiring and loving. It is this power in which we are wanting. We are not wanting in objects of admiration, but in the talent of admiring. We have great poets, great artists, great savants, great statesmen,

great princes, but we no longer have a great and generous people.

Schiller and Goethe appear to us now as surrounded by a classic halo. We think it is perfectly natural that such literary heroes should have attracted attention and admiration. But let us only read the journals of that time, and we can easily see that even Schiller and Goethe had to be discovered. Frederick the Great spoke of "Goetz von Berlichingen" as "*ces platitudes dégoûtantes*." Goethe put Schiller's "Robbers" and "Fiesco" in the same class with Heinse's "Ardinghello." And even later, when Goethe and Schiller had formed their literary duumvirate, and tried to exercise a critical dictatorship through the *Horæ*, the educated mob attacked them mercilessly in the German newspapers. It is known that Cotta, the publisher of the *Horæ*, ordered favorable notices of the new periodical in the then influential Jena literary newspaper. It appears to us impossible that a man like Schiller could condescend to such a pitiful action. But so it was, and naturally an undertaking supported by such means came to a miserable end, in spite of Schiller, in spite of Goethe. Schiller complains of the pert, incisive, cutting, and prejudicial style of the criticism directed against him, chiefly by the party of Schlegel. He raves like modern poets about general emptiness, party feeling for the extreme of mediocrity, eye-service, cringing, emptiness, lameness, etc., and naturally receives the same coin in return. I mention all this only to show that when what is truly great has once been discovered, every one can admire it; but that two powers are necessary to everything really great, one creative, the other receptive. The world is still rich; the precious stones are there, but of what good are they, when the fowls only look for grains of corn? Is the sea beautiful to the herring-fisher? Is the desert grand to the camel-driver? Are the mountains imposing to the foot-messenger? What we are wanting in is sympathy, compassion, power of rejoicing and suffering with others. We shall perhaps never learn to be enthusiastic again like the noble duke of Holstein, like Count Schimmellmann, Baggesen, and his friends. But what the present generation can and ought to learn, the young as well as the old, is spirit and perseverance to discover the beautiful, pleasure and joy in making it known, and resigning ourselves with grateful hearts to its enjoyment; in a word—love, in the old, true, eternal meaning of the word.

Only sweep away the dust of self-conceit, the cobwebs of selfishness, the mud of envy, and the old German type of humanity will soon reappear, as it was when it could still "embrace millions." The old love of mankind, the true fountain of all humanity, is still there; it can never be quite choked up in the German people. He who can descend into this fountain of youth, who can again recover himself, who can again be that which he was by nature, loves the beautiful wherever he finds it; he says with Schiller, "For all that, life is beautiful;" he understands enjoyment and enthusiasm, if not by the "thundering ocean," yet in the few quiet hours which he can win for himself in the noisy, deafening hurry of the times in which we live.

F. MAX MULLER.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
A HUMAN SACRIFICE.

I.

"COMPLETELY ruined! Half the rice-fields are foot-deep of silt, and the stream tearing over the meadows, ploughing them into furrows that would bury a buffalo. When I came up from the ford this morning, the paddy-stalks were as tall as my waist, and in another week the crop would have been ready for the sickle; and now there is scarcely a standing reed left in the whole township. I tell you, neighbor Nenko, the village will be brought to starvation."

"And whom have we to blame for that but ourselves?" growled Nenko. "If the gods had got their due, such calamities, I warrant, had never overtaken us. The earth-goddess has asked in vain for a sacrifice. Two cold seasons have come and gone since blood was shed in the meriah grove, and Tari could not but be angry with us."

"Very true," returned Beer, shaking his head gloomily; "all our disasters have come upon us since Kowar bilked the axe and ran off to the jungle. And what amends did we then make to the goddess? Two lives would have been little enough to appease Tari for that insult, and yet, though two seasons have passed away, not a single victim has been tied to the stake. What wonder, then, that the goddess should give us over to the snake and the tiger, and wash our rice-fields down to the plains!"

"Ay, our troubles all began with Kowar's running away. It was only a month

or two after that the plague took our cattle, and that Nobghon and his two sons were devoured by tigers in the wood below the pass. Next year, too, the whole village was laid down with fever, and a water-spout destroyed the early rice; and now comes this flood upon us. It will be well if this is the worst that is in store for us."

"Well indeed! But what good can we expect at the goddess's hands? Did not Tari Pennu shed her own blood that the earth might become hard and fruitful, and produce food for us and our children? and did she not ask us to pay her back again in blood? I say that while that girl walks the village, it is a reproach to our religion and a dishonor to Tari."

"See there," cried Nenko, "how the flood comes foaming down the ravine! The hurling rumble of the stones that are being whirled along deadens even the noise of the thunder. What if the waters were to dam the channel with rock and shingle at that rapid turn there under the war-god's rock? We should be swept down to the plains, houses and all, brother Beer."

"What better does our impiety deserve?" said Beer, with a gloomy shake of his head. "We have taken to living without the gods. How can we ask Tari to do aught for us, if we will do nothing for her? My mind is, Nenko, that unless that girl be speedily sacrificed, worse disasters will befall us."

"Yes, but how are we to persuade the abbaya of this? The old man is as foolishly fond of the meriah girl as if she were his own daughter, and always ready to grasp at any excuse for saving her a little longer. The village wives, too, all love her so well that none of them like to push him. And now he says the English sahibs are against meriahs, and he is afraid of angering them by sacrificing the girl."

"And will the sahibs stand between us and the wrath of the goddess, when she is hungry for blood and denied it? Will they pull out the fangs of the serpent, and draw the teeth of the tiger? Will they save our cattle from disease, and shield our corn from blight? If the sahibs would defend us from Tari's wrath, there might be some justice in their interfering; but till then they must leave us to make our peace with the goddess after the fashion of our fathers."

"What care they?" said Nenko; "they have no knowledge of religion. It is not they whom the holy mother will punish when she is denied a victim; we shall

have to bear the brunt of her anger. It is very well for them to say that human sacrifices are cruel; but how are we to fill the mouths of our children and keep our cattle from harm, if we disobey the law of the goddess?"

"See, that lightning flash that broke right over the meriah grove!" cried Beer, with a shudder, as he clutched the other by the arm. "That spoke the mind of Tari plain enough. She asks for a victim; and may a tiger tear me next time I enter the jungle, if I do not give her one before the new-moon feast pass over!"

"I am sorry for Beena, too," said Nenko; "she has been the daughter of the whole village, and the elder sister of our children. I would almost as soon strike down my own little Joree as see her fall beneath the axe. She is so loving and gentle, and thoughtful for every one's welfare, that it is like cutting our own flesh to give her to the goddess."

"And how can we help it?" said Beer, with a sigh. "The decree is of the mother's making. Is it not now nearly two years since we gave one to Tari? Besides, the girl will be a goddess, and be forever happy and glorious, while our own daughters must drudge at grinding corn, and endure the pains of childbirth."

"Yes, it is her doom; and it were better that she should die at once than ruin overtake us all. See, now, where that big rock, loosened by the water, comes crashing down the ravine like a jungle bull that has been struck by an arrow. Oh, Pidzu Pennu, god of rain! take away your torrents, or in two hours more the village will be washed down the passes."

The speakers, Nenko and Beer, two Khond husbandmen, were standing under the shelter of a cattle-shed, at the end of the village of Taricotta, looking out upon the havoc which a September hurricane was making of their rice-fields and pasture-lands. Taricotta lies in a lovely dingle of the Khond highlands, high up among the Eastern Ghats. In the middle of an amphitheatre of hills, thickly clad with bamboo forest, and studded here and there with tall clumps of *sâl* and *sissu*, the village stands upon a small parterre, slightly higher than the bottom of the valley. Round about, the streams come pouring down from the heights, cleaving the hillsides into wedge-like masses as their channels converge towards the bottom, where the waters unite to form the Tarinulla, or river of Tari, which, breaking through a narrow gorge at the east end of the valley, plunges down the

glens of Boad, and winding its way through the jungles of Duspulla, joins the Mahanuddee as it rolls towards the Bay of Bengal. In the centre of the valley was Taricotta, and spreading out from it on all sides lay the village rice-fields, a low ridge of earth about a foot high marking the bounds of each family's holding. The village itself consisted of two rows of low houses, built of wattle-and-dab, and thatched with grass or rice-straw, all of them of the same size and of the same pattern. Towards the banks of the river, almost on a level with its beds, was a broad tract of rich black meadow loam, that grew crops such as none of the neighboring valleys could raise, and which was at once the boast of Taricotta and the envy of the other Khond communities round about. The only drawback about this land was that its low level rendered it liable to be flooded at unseasonable times; but the husbandmen had been peculiarly lucky in saving their crops until within a year or two back that they had suffered heavy losses; and the wiser heads of the village had no difficulty in accounting for this change in their fortunes.

Until of late, Taricotta had been as famous in the Khond country for its piety as for its prosperity. In no village had the cravings of Tari, the earth-goddess, for human blood been more liberally gratified, as became a place that bore her sacred name. Every year the meriah grove, on the slope of the hill beyond the ford, had been reddened with the blood of one and sometimes more human victims. Every year, when Nobin, the *panwa*, or village weaver, was sent down to the plains to purchase meriahs, a heavy bag of rupees was entrusted to him, and he was charged, for the honor of the goddess and for the credit of the valley, to bring back the finest boy and the fairest girl that money could purchase.

"Why should we deal stingily with our mother?" the abbaya would say, when sitting with the village elders in committee of supply on such occasions. "Has she not done more for us than for any village on the hills? Do not our fields show heavy rice-ears, while those of Tintilkote bear nought but thorns? Have we not cattle in our woods, while the people of Bhoomghur have only tigers? Let us, then, offer to the goddess the best that we can get, and she may give us still more cause to be thankful."

"Ay, ay," the old *janni*, or priest, would mumble through his toothless jaws, "the goddess likes red blood. When the soil

was only soft sand and mud, and would grow nothing, the goddess opened her veins, and where the warm drops fell it grew hard and fruitful. Then she said to the people, 'Even as I have shed my blood to serve you, so with your blood do ye worship me back again!' And when they said, in reply, 'Oh, mother! we are but few, and if we have to spill our own blood for you, even your favor will not make us happy,' the mother said, 'Ye shall buy the children of the stranger, and spill their blood in my grove, and I shall abide with you.' Wherefore, friends, let us obey the goddess, and see, oh weaver! that the men of Tintilkote, or those of Bhoomghur, do not outbid you, and buy the favor of Tari over our heads; but bring home with you such meriahs as shall keep up our repute among the tribes, and gain us grace in the eyes of the goddess."

But the *panwa*'s commission was becoming every year more difficult of execution. Formerly, those who had stolen children to dispose of, or those who through want were compelled to part with their own offspring, would keep them in hand for months until the *panwa* of Taricotta came down to the plains to buy victims for the sacrifice. Then, his only difficulty was in making choice among the numbers that were offered to him. Now, however, the English had stretched out their hands over the hills, and ordered the rajahs to stop the meriah sacrifices, while the people of the plains were forbidden to sell their children, and threats of severe punishment held out to all who dared to disobey. So the *panwa* had gone twice to the plains and come back empty-handed; and the last time he told the village council that he would not go down again although they made a meriah of himself, for the English magistrate sahib had sworn to hang him if he ever came back on such an errand.

In the good old times Taricotta had always been able to keep five or six victims in reserve, lest the goddess should evince any sudden displeasure against the village, but now there was only one left, and the *panwa* had not the faintest idea how others were to be procured. And how was the world, or that part of it at least which the Khonds were concerned with, to go on without meriahs? The villagers talked gloomily of what might be looked for from the wrath of Tari, and how the goddess would most likely take themselves if they could not find her other victims.

Moreover, on the last occasion when the villagers gathered together at the meriah grove, there took place an ominous event such as had never before been known in Taricotta. The proposed victim was the last meriah but one remaining: a tall, handsome, well-made youth, who had been bought by the panwa when an infant, and brought up in the village to be a scape-goat for the sins of its inhabitants. Never had Taricotta made grander preparations for a meriah, for Kowar was a favorite with all the men and women of the village; and the simple people were bent on softening, as they thought, the blow to the victim, by immolating him with as much pomp and ostentation as they could well afford.

Up to the last moment everything had been propitious. Kowar's long locks were duly shorn, and some days after he was led forth in triumphal procession, crowned with flowers and smelling of perfumes, to the meriah grove, where the people fed him with sweetmeats and with their choicest dainties, and worshipped him as one that had been consecrated to Tari, and that was himself soon to become a god. Kowar sat by the stake enthroned among flowers, and bright cloths, and tinsel, and looked around him with the forced calmness of fanaticism, bearing up his courage with the thought of how small were the miseries of his present condition compared with the bliss and glory into which he was about to enter. What cared he for the agony of death? Any man in the village might have to suffer as much when the tribe went down the valley to fight the men of Bhoomghur. And was he not about to become a god at once, a god ever happy and strong, and with the power to bend the creatures of earth to his will? And while other souls must repair to the far-distant Rock of Leaping, whereon sits Dinga Pennu, the judge of the dead, and be dashed by the boisterous waves against its sharp corners before they get a sure footing on its slippery surface, his soul, purified from earthly uncleanness, would at once take to itself a divine substance. Other undeserving souls would be liable to be sent back to this world of probation to be born, blind or lame perhaps, and to undergo another life of toil and sorrow, of cold and hunger. But his bliss would be everlasting. Why did they not strike then? Why should the blow linger that was to free him from the troubles of earth and make him one of the bright gods? But the ritual was long and might not be abridged, and the men of the village,

many of them half-intoxicated with stupefying drugs, were leaping in wild dance round about the stake, brandishing axe and spear and shouting the praises of Tari and the merits of the victim. But what, thought Kowar—as he sat there looking upon a scene which seemed to him more of a wild vision than of an actual reality in which he himself was playing a horrible part—what if all that he had been told were lies, and he was not to become a god after all? Perhaps it was all a make-up, to get the victims to quietly consent to the sacrifice. The worshippers of Boora Pennu, the sun-god, said so at any rate, and why should they not know as much about the matter as the people of Taricotta? The thought that he might have been tricked and deluded with old-wives' tales flashed like a pang of pain through Kowar's mind; and as he roused himself and looked round, the earth seemed to have put on a beauty that he had never noticed before. Was there anything as fair in the heaven that they promised him, as that tamarind grove stretching away up the hill of Loha Pennu, the iron god of war? or could all the music of the gods be a sweeter sound than the dashing murmurs of the streams as they poured down the mountain-sides? And there was Beena, a meriah like himself, standing apart under a nim-tree. What goddess could be more beautiful than she was? And she was weeping—weeping for him too!

"My fathers," said Kowar, suddenly raising his head, "I give my life to save you from the snake and the tiger. I shall be a god, and as ye would wish for my favor then, grant me my last wish."

The men paused in their dance, and the abbaya and the priest went forward to the stake, with low obeisance to the victim.

"Until this day," he continued, "I have always joined in the dances of the village. Loose my hands, I entreat you, for a little, and let me mix in your mirth, with axe and spear in hand, as a man should."

At a request so unusual, the abbaya and the priest looked doubtfully at each other, while all around held their peace.

"His locks are shorn," said the priest at length; "he is in the hands of the goddess. It is with her voice that he speaks, and he cannot be gainsaid."

They loosed Kowar from the stake, and the abbaya put his own axe and spear into the youth's hand, while a great cup of liquor, distilled from the mhowa flower, was handed him to drink. He took his place in the circle; the panwa tuned

his pipe to its highest pitch, and with a loud shout, the dancers set off with wilder gestures and a more rapid whirl than before, Kowar whooping loudest of all. After they had circled the stake three or four times, of a sudden, before any one could stretch out a hand to stay him, Kowar tripped up the two men who stood next him in the ring, plunged through a group of women and children, and before the dancers could collect their senses, had forded the river and was making for the forest. Each man mechanically raised his spear, to hurl after him, but held his hand when he saw the throng of wives and daughters that the wiles of the fugitive had interposed between himself and his intending slayers.

"Chase! chase!" shouted at once the abbaya and the priest; but, before the pursuers had started, Kowar was already lost sight of in the jungle; and though the villagers watched the passes, and hunted for him three nights and days, he managed to outwit them, and to reach the villages of the people of Boora Pennu, the sun-god, who abhor the meriah rite, and refused to deliver up the victim.

A gloom thus fell upon the village of Taricotta, for every one knew that so untoward an event must be the forerunner of evil; and for two years from the time of Kowar's escape, they had no heart to offer another victim to the earth-goddess in the meriah grove.

II.

HALF-A-SCORE of years before, the panwa had come back to Taricotta, bringing with him, among other children for the meriah sacrifice, a girl of such loveliness as had never before been seen in the village or in any of the valleys round about. He had paid for her the value of fifteen bullocks, ten sheep, and seven sets of brass pots, the highest price that Taricotta had ever given for a meriah. He was almost afraid, the panwa said, to tell the village council of his extravagance. But the rice had been plentiful that year, and all the cows had calved, so the elders had ratified the bargain, and took good care that all the country round should know the price which they had paid, if indeed they did not add a few more cattle and sheep, at no greater cost than their own veracity. The girl was put in the patriarch's house, and treated with all the kindness which was considered to be the due of one consecrated to the goddess. No people were kinder at heart than the villagers of Taricotta. It was not their

fault that the goddess delighted in human blood; it was their misfortune that her law compelled them to gratify this cruel appetite. So Beena grew up the daughter of the village; and the thought of the terrible end that was in store for a life so pure, and spotless, and loving, drew towards her the kindly hearts of the simple Khond husbandmen and their wives. Though her home was with the abbaya, in his house in the centre of the village, distinguished from the other dwellings by a great gnarled cotton-tree before the door, under which was held the council of the elders, Beena was as welcome to every home in Taricotta as if she had been a child of the house. Was it not for them, they reasoned, that she was going to lay down her life, that plenty might abound in the village, and their children be kept from the snake and the tiger? Ought they not, then, to soften her hard fate by every kindness that they could show her? And when she became a goddess, would it not be in her power to return their favors to them tenfold? Thus Beena never heard a harsh word from any mouth in Taricotta, and the surliest churl felt constrained to force his face into a smile when he met the meriah maiden. Even the janni, the old priest, who never let his eyes see any other woman or child in the village, could not pass Beena without patting her on the head and blessing her in the name of Tari; and she alone of all the village was permitted to enter his house and put the holy disorder and untidiness that reigned there to rights. Once, when Bhim, the son of Gopal, the herdsman, an ill-conditioned lad who was always in mischief, had beaten the meriah girl, and sent her crying home to the abbaya's, important as was the office which his father held in Taricotta, the youth had been driven forth from the village, with a warning that if he ever again showed his face in the valley, his days would not be long in the land. It was a curious pride and delight that Taricotta took in Beena, the meriah, and the villagers could hardly tell whether they felt more glad at possessing so noble a sacrifice to offer to Tari, or sorry that they must put away from them, by a cruel death, one who had so twined herself round their hearts, and whose presence shed so much love and light upon their homes.

The shadow of the sacrifice that hung over Beena's life had made her from childhood unlike other girls. Other children lived for themselves, or for their mothers

and brothers and sisters, but she lived for them all. Her life, she felt, belonged to Taricotta; and the weals and the woes of the village, its luck and its disasters, all peculiarly affected her in her own person. The village and its inhabitants, the green hills and the clear streams round about, were in a sense her own; for was it not by her blood that the people would thrive and be happy, the fields grow yellow with heavy crops of grain, and the streams provide clear, cool water to refresh the panting cattle in the hot months before the rains? She who was to die for all, ought also to live for all, and need not care much for herself. Her feelings were all those of a woman whose path in life is clearly marked out, not those of a girl whose golden future flutters before her in light and uncertain guise. When Beena played with the other children of her own years, she made herself believe that it was not for her own amusement, but to please them. When there was sickness and death in any house, Beena was there to soothe the sufferers and comfort the bereaved, for was not their distress her own? She shared her own meals with Derah, the childless widow, who had no son to reap her field, and no daughter to pound her rice. She scrambled unharmed through the thick jungles on the war-god's hill—for no tiger would dare to open his lips, or snake shoot out his fangs at a life sacred to Tari—to gather fresh, juicy berries and wild flowers for Nenko's cripple daughter, who was shut up in the hot house, and could get none of these things for herself. The people all knew that she did not do those kind deeds of her own forethought—for what forethought could a girl of her years possess?—but that they came of the impulse of the goddess working in her; and it would have been impious to thwart or contradict her.

Once, when the men of Taricotta went down to the plains below the pass, to fight with those of Tintilkote, and the women accompanied them to carry arrows and gather stones, according to the usual custom, Beena, the meriah, went with the rest. But after the fray began, instead of doing what she could to help the men of her village, like the other women, she sat apart on a bank, moaning and wringing her hands as she witnessed the blood flow and the cruel blows that were struck on both sides. But when the old abbaya of Taricotta, who had been a father and protector to her since she came to the village, was struck down, and she saw his grey

hairs rolling in the dust, while a huge Tintilkote warrior stood with foot pressed upon the old man's breast, and axe uplifted, ready to strike, the fury of a tigress seemed suddenly to seize the girl. She rushed forward, snatched a spear from the hands of a Taricotta man, who was standing dismayed at the downfall of his chief, and before any one could stir for astonishment, thrust it with all her strength into the big man of Tintilkote's breast, who fell down with a groan, scarcely able to believe that any harm had happened to him from such a quarter. Then she had sat down, and taken the abbaya's head in her lap, heedless that the men of Tintilkote were gathering round her with savage threats of vengeance, equally heedless that those of Taricotta, inspired by her example with a sudden accession of courage, had rushed forward with a wild yell, broken the ranks of the enemy, and were driving them from the field, leaving her to chafe the abbaya's grey hairs, and to bathe his wrinkled brows with her tears. So crushing was this defeat, and so many right arms did the Taricotta men bring home with them on their spears, that the Tintilkote heroes had never again taken the field; and the people of Taricotta persuaded themselves still more firmly that Beena was filled with the spirit of the goddess.

The abbaya in whose house Beena had been brought up was a lone man. His wife was dead before Beena had come to the village, and one of her earliest memories was of him coming back from a fight with the men of Bhoomghur, leaving his two brave sons dead on the field. She saw the abbaya stride stoutly through the village at the head of the men, the panwa piping fiercely before him; and but for the firm grasp with which he held his spear, crushing almost the tough bamboo shaft, and the hard way in which his lips and teeth were set, no one could have guessed the wound which that day's fighting had left in his heart. It was not until he came into his own house, and saw how lonely it was, with Sham's sickle hanging upon the wall, and Leanga's huntings-pear leaning against the corner, never more to be used by their old masters, that the abbaya suffered his grief to escape him in a groan of anguish, which was speedily followed by tears and sobs when the little girl stole timidly on to his knee, and putting her small arms about his neck, kissed his great beard and rough weather-beaten face. The abbaya clutched her to his bosom, and then held her back on his knee

at arms' length; and as he looked intently into the deep hazel eyes, full of loving sorrow for his loss, he heaved a sigh from the bottom of his heart as he thought that even of this sole remaining comfort he must soon be deprived by the decree of Tari. From that hour the abbaya had loved Beena as tenderly as ever father loved child.

Until the time came when Beena was the only meriah left in the village, and the difficulty arose about finding fresh victims, the abbaya had been a staunch supporter of the cruel worship of Tari. No one had more loudly condemned the faint-heartedness of the patriarchs of neighboring villages, who had given in to the wishes of the English, and had pledged themselves to sacrifice only buffaloes in future, instead of human beings. The abbaya of Taricotta had never sought to conceal his scorn of such timeservers, and he had been wont to boldly declare that Tari should never be left to thirst for blood in her favorite valley. So long as other victims were available, the abbaya had been firm enough in upholding the meriah sacrifice, but now that there was none left except Beena, it was easy to see that a change had come over him. Who, he now argued, were they that they should set themselves up against the will of the English sahibs—to which all the chiefs in the country, the rajahs and the maharajahs, were compelled to bow? Every village was giving up the meriah sacrifice nowadays, and why should Taricotta get itself into trouble by standing out? True, Tari might be angry with them, but there were other enemies fully nearer at hand who would be as dangerous, if they were enraged. The goddess might blight their crops and smite their cattle with plague, but then the English, if they were displeased, could come up the passes, burn the village and carry away the people to prison, as they had already done in Goomsur, and in Boad; and when grumblers reminded him of how he had once vowed to place his breast before the English bayonets rather than give up the sacrifice to the goddess, the old man could only shrug his shoulders and go away. He had formed no sceptical views regarding the efficacy of the meriah offering. He believed devoutly in Tari, and had little doubt in his own mind that misery would overtake Taricotta if the goddess were denied her due. His pride too was touched that a village which had plumed itself so much upon its piety as Taricotta had, should yield to innovations

which Tintilkote and Bhoomghur had led the way in accepting. It was only his love for Beena that ever made him waver in his duty; and if it had not been her turn to go to the stake, the old man would have unflinchingly kept up the ritual, and have defied the English and their orders so long as his arm was able to wield a spear in the pass in honor of the goddess and of Taricotta.

But now even the men of his own village were turning against him, and the abbaya could not but feel that his footing was growing far from firm. When Kowar ran away from the stake, many of the people had thought that Beena should then have been offered up; and the abbaya had had some difficulty in resisting their demands on the pretence that the propitious season for sacrifice had been allowed to pass over while they were in pursuit of the fugitive. Then next year, when it was noticed that the bamboos in the forest were putting forth flowers,—a certain sign of coming famine and pestilence, as all knew,—they had again pushed the abbaya to consent to the sacrifice of Beena; and though he had promised to make the necessary preparations, it was well known that he bribed the priest to declare that no meriah would be acceptable to the goddess that year. Observant people could not help marking that soon after this statement three of the best haunches of venison killed during the season found their way from the patriarch's to the priest's house; and they knew it was not for nothing that such attention was paid to the janni.

Certain it was at all events that the abbaya was using every possible pretext for putting off the sacrifice of Beena, and the villagers hinted among themselves that he would not be loth to take her altogether out of the hands of the goddess, if he thought that people would put up with such impiety; nay, it was said that he would not be sorry if the English Macpherson Sahib, who down below the Ghats was despatching his agents all over the hills to save the meriahs and keep the people from sacrificing, were to hear about Beena, and send up his men to save her. And thus it was not much wonder though the pious people of Taricotta were displeased with their headman, and apprehensive of what might befall them from the wrath of the goddess.

III.

At the time of Kowar's escape, Beena was nearly fifteen years of age. She was

tall, shapely, and well developed, with massive but finely-moulded limbs, a full bust and squarely-cut shoulders, which carried a lithe, arching neck, and gracefully-set head. But for the liquid depths of her eyes, and the light of love and gentleness that shone out from them, the broad brow from which her hair rose up with a curl that seemed to ask for a coronet to make it lie smoothly down, the firm cheek-bones, the thin lips curving downwards at the corners, and the full bold sweep of her chin, would have stamped her as haughty and imperious; and she might have been so, but for the influence which her consecration to the goddess had exerted upon her nature. There was no woman in Taricotta or in any of the valleys whose beauty could at all compare with that of Beena. Those who had seen the wives of the Boad rajah, whose beauty had been vaunted over the hill country, declared that the prettiest of them was to Beena as an owl to a pea-hen; and Madhwa, the potter, who had once been as far as the temple of Jaganath, far beyond the floods of the Nerbudda, testified that none of the damsels who danced before the god, though they were arrayed in brocade and scarlet, and wore bangles and nose-rings of solid gold, had half the presence and beauty of Beena. The panwa had made a song about her, in which, after he had of course likened her eyes to the lotus, and her face to the full moon, her nose to the sesamum flower, and her lips to the young mango leaf, he soared to the highest flight of which Khond fancy was capable, by comparing the majesty and grace of Beena's walk to the gait of a drunken elephant. And next to the song of the praises of Tari and that about the great fight in which the men of Taricotta slew the abbaya of Bhoomghur and carried off his cattle, this song of Beena was a favorite at all the village gatherings.

When Beena was twelve years of age, there had been a talk among the elders of marrying her to Kowar, who was the handsomest youth in the village, as she was the fairest maiden. It was quite common for the people of Taricotta to allow the meriah victims to marry with each other, for the children that came of such unions were also sacred to the goddess, and saved the village the price of purchasing others. When the matter was first mentioned to Beena, she blushed and hesitated, for Kowar was her favorite among all the young men, but when they told her that her children would be meriahs also, her woman's nature had spoken up strongly.

"Never," she said, with a shudder. "I shall never marry. It is a cruel law. My life is the goddess's, and I yield it cheerfully for you all; but I shall not bring forth little ones for the bloody axe. I shall never marry."

And though Kowar, who had fewer scruples, pressed her sorely until her heart was almost like to break, Beena held fast by this resolution.

When at last it came to Kowar's turn to lay down his life, Beena would gladly have proved her love for him by taking his place at the stake, but the youth roughly said that he no longer cared to live since she would not make him happy in another way. The abbaya, too, who perhaps was not sorry that there would be no one, now that Kowar was out of the way, to divide Beena's love with himself, also chid her for such an offer, and hinted that she might not be so ready when her own time came — a harsh word, repented of as soon as uttered. So Beena had followed the sacrificial procession, not daring to wait to see the death-blow fall, but yet lingering as long as possible within sight of her lover. Bitter pangs of grief seemed to be rending her own breast asunder, and her tears were falling fast as she stood beneath a nim-tree, endeavoring to comfort herself by the thought of how soon she would follow Kowar, and how happy they would be when united together as god and goddess, with children, perhaps, who would be celestial like themselves, and free from all fear of the cruel axe. What next ensued seemed like a dream, and when she had stood for a few minutes with eyes strained after the fugitive until he was lost in the jungle, she threw herself on the ground in a fit of hysterical weeping, conscious only that Kowar had escaped, and that she was impious enough to rejoice at the event.

One evening when the sun was sinking low upon the hilltops and the shadows were creeping down the valley towards the mouth of the pass, changing the bright green shades of pasture to a dark olive color, Beena had strayed far up a glen to gather berries for the abbaya's supper. By the edge of a still pool, which lay black and cool before her, screened by a leafy network from the hot sunbeams, the girl sat in a reverie, mechanically dipping the ends of the flowers which she had gathered in the water. She was thinking of many things, and trying to think the best and the brightest thoughts about everything. She thought how hard and dark was life in the village

below her; how difficult it sometimes was for the people to scrape a subsistence from the soil when the brazen heavens above would not yield one drop of moisture, or the iron earth open its pores to let the green blade come through; and when cattle were perishing with thirst on the pastures, and the men of Tintilkote, or of Bhoomghur, were threatening the village with fire and sword, would she be able to do anything to soften their rough lot when she was slain and had become a goddess? Such a prospect was the chief happiness of Beena's lot. Her fate forbade that she should dream of a long life on earth with blessings of wedded love and delights of children, but her heart still clung to her kind, and her chief pleasure was to think of what she, when a goddess, would do for the earth and its inhabitants, especially for Taricotta, the valley and the people.

Then she began to wonder what had become of Kowar, poor Kowar! who doubtless was pursued by the wrath of the goddess for having cheated her of a life. He too might have been a god, and forever happy with her, if he only had had faith and firmness. But in the heaven of Tari she would still be mindful of Kowar, and try to turn from him the wrath of the goddess. She would hover unseen about him in his wanderings, and scare the tiger from his path, and rouse him as the snake crept near him when slumbering in the shade. She would cause dreams of herself to pass through his sleep, and put visions of her new glory and brightness under his closed eyelids. And even as she was thinking of Kowar, the thick grass rustled on the other side of the ravine, the green boughs parted, and Kowar stood before her in all the vigorous robustness of forest freedom, his cheeks tanned by sun and wind, a keen proud glance in his eyes which she had never marked when he lived in the village. A kilt of dressed antelope skin was round his loins, and carelessly thrown over his shoulders was the coat of a young leopard. He carried a gun in one hand and held up the other to impose caution on Beena.

"Kowar!" cried the girl, springing to her feet with a glad look in her eyes, which soon changed to an expression of alarm as she glanced quickly round her to make sure that they were unobserved. "Kowar," she cried, as she took his hand in both hers, and looked lovingly into his face, "how happy I am to see you, and how often I have thought of you! And have you been well? And oh! Kowar,

how have you saved yourself from the wrath of the goddess?"

"Pah!" said Kowar. "Do not let them stuff your head with silly stories, all made up to get you to let them butcher you in quietness. Come away with me, Beena, and let the people of Taricotta sacrifice some of themselves if the goddess needs blood—cruel devil that she is!"

"Hush, hush!" cried Beena, putting up her hands before his mouth. "Such talk is sinful, and sure to draw down anger upon us. And, Kowar, you do wrong to come here, for the men of the village are enraged at you, and if they knew you were within the valley, they would surround and slay you. Oh! go away while you still may with safety."

"Dogs! what care I for them?" said the young hunter, scornfully. "Let one of them come within shot of me if he values his life. But you are glad to see me, Beena?" he continued, as he leaned his gun against a tree, and put his disengaged arm around the girl. "It was for you only that I ran away. I did not care for death, for I face it every day in the forest when I can get a chance of meeting a tiger. But I saw that you were crying, and I thought that if you cared enough for me to make you weep, life was still worth living for, and so—I ran away."

"And oh, Kowar! I was so glad that you escaped," said the meriah, as her tears began to flow. "When I saw you distance your pursuers and disappear in the jungle, I felt as if Tari had taken me to herself and filled me full of the bliss that belongs to the gods. But, Kowar, I fear for you. The anger of the goddess will seek you out, and her servants are the snake and the tiger. Promise me that you will take care of yourself now; and, Kowar, after—when I become a goddess, I shall always watch over you and guide your steps away from danger."

"You are dearer to me as you are," said Kowar, fondly stroking the girl's soft ringlets. "And I can protect myself as long as I can raise this rifle to my shoulder. See, Beena, how fine a gun I have got! I slew two tigers with poisoned arrows, and took their heads and skins to the magistrate sahib at Berhampore, and got as much money for them as bought this good rifle. And I told him of my escape, and he was glad of it, and gave me a present of powder and shot, and bade me tell him if the people of Taricotta sought to molest me, and he would send soldiers up the pass to punish them. And he will protect

you also, Beena; and you will come away with me, and never go back to the village to be made a meriah of."

"Alas!" said the girl, shaking her head, with a sad smile, "it cannot be. The goddess is powerful, and neither sahibs nor their guns could shield us from her wrath if she raised her right arm against us. And think, Kowar, what might befall you if you perished from her anger. How would your soul show itself to Dinga Pennu, judge of the dead, as all torn and bleeding from scrambling up the hard sides of the Rock of Leaping, it presents itself to him for condemnation, and then be sent back again to the world to be born blind or deformed, to be beaten and abused by stronger men, and to starve upon the scraps which others leave. Oh! Kowar, if you only had faith in the goddess, how happy we might have been together away from this bad world."

"And we shall be happy yet," said Kowar, striving to assume a cheerfulness that he did not altogether feel. "You will come with me, Beena, to my hut in the hills of Boad, far away from any one that would harm you. I have built it for you, and I have planted your favorite flowers round the door of it; and I have kept my finest skins to be a couch for you. Come away, Beena, and come at once, and let us get beyond the Taricotta valley before the people miss you."

Poor Beena! the temptation was a sore one. She was young, and life with love before her was still sweet. Her head had been full of a dazzling dream of celestial bliss, but here was tangible earthly happiness now put in her choice. As she weighed the two, she thought that the latter was not so despicable as she had taught herself to believe. But then the wrath of Tari? Well, Kowar did not seem to have fared any worse from having braved the goddess. But then she must not think of herself. Was it not for the people of Taricotta that she was going to give her life, that they might be made happy, and the valley grow beautiful from her blood? And if she ran away, would not the vengeance of the goddess overtake them also? She might have risked Tari's wrath for Kowar's sake, if she herself could have borne the whole brunt of it. But she could not endure the thought that people should say when a bullock died, "This has come upon us because of Beena," or when crops failed, "We must now starve on account of her ingratitude whose mouth we have so often filled."

"No, Kowar," she said, in a sad but

firm voice, "it cannot be. The wrath of the goddess shall never be drawn down upon Taricotta on my account. The people shall never scorn me, or load my name with reproach."

"As they do mine, I suppose," said Kowar, bitterly; "but what care I? Let them keep outside the range of my rifle if they are wise. But I tell you, Beena, you shall go with me when next I come back; for if you do not I swear by Boora Pennu, the sun-god, that I shall gather a band of the hunters of Boad, and carry you off, whether you are willing or not;" and hearing the voice of some woodmen in the adjoining thicket, Kowar kissed the girl, and disappeared in the jungle. Many more such meetings soon followed, but Beena carefully concealed them from the knowledge of the villagers, and even of the abbaya. In vain, however, did Kowar plead his suit, and beg the girl to fly with him. A fanatic spirit of self-sacrifice had taken hold of the meriah's mind; and she determined to steel herself against the pleadings of her own heart, and to deaden her ears to all the solicitations that Kowar could pour into them.

IV.

ON the morning after the storm the whole village of Taricotta turned out at early dawn, before the sun had as yet appeared above the hilltops, and while the thin blue mists were still hanging like a transparent veil upon the higher portions of the landscape. It was a sorry sight that greeted their eyes as they sought for the rich rice-crop which at that time yesterday had stood yellowing before them, so tall and thick and bending its heavy ears. Long ruts, waist-deep in parts, and broad enough to hold a bullock-cart, had been ploughed through the centre of the fields. In some places both grain and earth had been entirely washed away, leaving nothing but the bare scalp of subsoil. In others great piles of sand, shingle, and boulder had been piled up, among which a few stalks of rice might be seen feebly trying to raise their heads. Where the mould had been deepest and finest, the havoc had of course been greatest; and here and there were little patches of grain left unharmed, looking tauntingly luxurious, as if they had been spared for samples, to enable the husbandmen to realize what they had lost. Not only was their rice ruined for the present year, but they could see at a glance that their meadow land, denuded of its black loam, and covered as it was with shingle and sand, would

never again bear those crops which had enabled Taricotta to brag over all the villages in the hills. And there was the river which had done all this damage, sunk now to its usual insignificance, and with hardly water enough in its pools to swim a duck, looking as it rolled languidly down the valley thoroughly exhausted with its mischievous efforts of the previous evening. It was hard to believe that so small a river could have done so much damage, unless the anger of the goddess had given force to its waters.

So at least it seemed to the villagers, as they looked ruefully at their ruined fields, and their hearts rose in bitterness when they thought how their loss might have been prevented if they had obeyed the orders of Tari. At any spot where the destruction had been particularly marked, they gathered in little groups, and talked in low tones over their calamities and the cause of them.

"When a man thrusts his finger in the fire it is useless to repine at being burnt," said Beer to a knot of villagers who were standing looking gloomily down into the depths of a gully half-full of water, where Nenko's rice-field had been yesterday; "what folly to wilfully disobey the goddess, and then to hope for aught but punishment from her! We have taken the world into our own hands, and this is the way we manage it. I wonder what punishment is next in store for our disobedience. The plague for our cattle and pestilence for our children?"

"The big cotton-tree in the meriah grove was struck last night," said Mahang, the blacksmith, in a low voice. "The lightning has shivered the trunk half-way down, and one of the heaviest boughs lies on the ground, lopped off as clean as I could do it with my axe."

"Oh, ay," said Nenko, bitterly, while a shiver ran through the bystanders at this portent, "that tells us nothing new. We have no need to ask the priest wherefore this misfortune comes upon us. The dumbest head in the village knows that Tari is furious with us for being denied blood."

"That is true," said Nenko; "we are at no loss to know what is the cause of all this trouble. But that is not the question. What we have to think of is, how we are to forestall further judgments. And here comes the man who can best tell us."

As he spoke, the abbaya came along the fields, with a few of the village elders accompanying him. At every few paces he had to pause while some villager pointed out the ruin that had overtaken

his holding, or a pitiful tale of woe and complaints were dinned into his ears. The old man was fully alive to the black looks that greeted him, and he could easily understand that the villagers regarded their misfortunes as a punishment for their having withheld Beena from the goddess, and that they were wroth with him for the hindrances which he had placed in the way of the sacrifice. And worst of all, the abbaya himself felt that he had done wrong, and his temper was cross in proportion as his sense of guilt was strong; but his love for Beena was none the less, or his desire to save her from her doom diminished.

"Ah! my children, this is a sad disaster," said the abbaya, as he came up to Nenko's land; "the rain-god is but a rough ploughman when he yokes to furrow our fields. We must build a *bund* (embankment) at that sharp corner of the river, and then we shall never be so likely to have another mischance of the same kind."

"Though you build a *bund* as high as the hills of Boad, it would do no good," said Nenko, sullenly; "do you think that stone and lime will dam back the wrath of Tari?"

"Well, well," said the abbaya, not choosing to notice the insinuation contained in Nenko's remark, "there are villages in the hills worse able to bear a flood than Taricotta. We have plenty of goods in the village treasury, and we can send the panwa down to the plains to fetch up a long string of *brinjarries* (carriers) laden with rice."

"And suppose Tari lets loose her tigers upon them in the pass?" — "And what shall we do when another and a worse flood comes upon us?" — "When the plague takes our cattle, and the pestilence carries off our children!" — "What is our headman good for?" — "Is it to stand between us and the goddess, with his back turned away from Tari?" — "He wants to keep back the girl from the goddess!" — "That she may run away, like Kowar!" — were the angry exclamations that replied to the abbaya's proposal.

"My friends," said the old man with dignity, "I have been thirty years abbaya of Taricotta, and no one has ever reproached me with having aught in my eye but the interests of the village. If you have anything to say, say it, but respect my office, for in slighting it ye slight yourselves."

Then Beer stood forward as the spokesman of the rest, and told the abbaya how

they all knew that the village had fallen under the anger of the goddess because of blood kept back, that it was now two years since Kowar had fled from the sacrifice, and though a meriah yet remained among them, no steps had been taken to appease the goddess. All these misfortunes had come upon them because of Tari's anger, and the blood of the village, its wives and its children, would lie on the heads of those who stood between her and the sacrifice.

"And who stands between her and the sacrifice?" asked the abbaya tartly; "who but the English sahibs that have forbidden us to have more meriahs? It does not seem much of a gain to make peace with Tari at the price of war with them."

"The people of Taricotta never yet feared to go to the war-field," said Beer with a slight sneer; "if we can get the goddess on our side, I for one will gladly go down the pass to fight them — stay at home who will."

As Beer had probably calculated, the abbaya lost his temper at this reflection upon his courage. "Have your own way," said the old man angrily; "you know well I never failed when there was fighting to be done, and I shall meet the English sahibs as willingly as ever I stood up against the men of Tintilkote or of Bhoomghur. Only should your houses be given to the flames, and yourselves carried off to prison in the plains, after my head has been laid on the ground, you will know whom you have to blame."

That night a meeting of the village council was held under the great cotton-tree before the abbaya's door, and it was unanimously resolved that Beena, the meriah, should be at once sacrificed to save Taricotta from the further vengeance of the incensed goddess; and the priest was ordered to fix the earliest propitious day for the rite. The abbaya presided at the meeting as his duty required him, but he took no part in the discussion, and simply announced the resolution at which they had arrived, and promised that it should be given effect to. The elders then went quietly home to the village, and soon the women and children of Taricotta were sorrowing over the news that the hour of Beena, the meriah, had come.

V.

ALL was still in Taricotta. Even the dogs had gone to sleep and to forget their hunger in dreams that a great day of killing pigs was at hand. Scarcely a jackal disturbed the quiet with his childlike cry.

There was no sound in the valley, but the impatient murmur of the streams as they leaped down the hillsides, or the low moaning of the big trees far up on the ridge, except that now and then the cry of a hungry tiger, jarring horribly on the silence of night, rose up far away down the pass. The people of Taricotta were early bed-goers, and also too staunch believers in the malevolence of devils to stay out of doors after nightfall.

Beena was lying awake looking through the narrow slit in the wall, barred by wooden stanchions, which served for a window in the abbaya's house. There was a great red star resting on the summit of the war-god's hill, and casting a dusky ray into the chamber; and Beena, as she lay looking up to the light, was turning over many things in her mind. She had an instinctive feeling that her time was not far distant, and she tried bravely to sever from her heart all earthly longings, and to fix her thoughts upon the bliss and splendor of the celestial career on which she was destined to enter. She knew that the flood had been sent upon the village because of the wrath of Tari, and she divined that the villagers would take the readiest way of appeasing the goddess by a meriah sacrifice. She noticed also that the abbaya had blessed her that evening with more than his usual affection, and that his voice had trembled when he dismissed her to rest. What else could this mean than that the time for the sacrifice was at hand? The old man's grief, and Kowar's too, would, Beena tried to think, be the only drawbacks to the happiness which she wished to feel at going to Tari, and becoming a goddess. How weak and insignificant was she just now compared with what she would soon be! All that she was good for here was to help the village wives to nurse their babies, to tend sick people, to cry with those that were in trouble, and to gather berries and flowers for the children that were not able to go out into the woods. But how different would be her position when she became a goddess! She would then rest on the light clouds that hung over the valley and fling them for a shade between it and the sun at the hot noonday. She would make the evening airs cool and pleasant, and cause springs of water to open up near the village with borders of green grass and wild flowers growing round them. She would watch over the crops, and turn away the blighting dry winds from them in the hot months when the grass is crackling and the heavy ears of grain bend faintly tow-

ards the earth. She would sow the forest with flowers, and guide the children's feet far away from the nests of snakes when they went into the woods to play. And Kowar—he was rash and over-bold, and she must always hover about his path and keep him from harm! She would like to get a great red star, just like that which was shining into the room, and carry it like a lantern to lighten his way when he was belated in the forest. But should Kowar take home a wife to his hut in the hills of Boad—and Beena thought not without some bitterness that such an event was not impossible—after she had gone to Tari, then Kowar would not want her to look after him—no, no, that would be his wife's duty! And while these thoughts were passing through her mind, the starlight was interrupted, and a face put close to the window said, in a low whisper,—

"Hist, Beena, hist!"

"Kowar!" said the girl in the same tone, and rose, and, casting her garments round her, went softly out of the door.

Kowar was standing by the side of the house in the dim starlight, with his rifle poised upon his arm in case of attack. He had put aside his leopard-skin cloak lest he might have to trust to his speed to save himself; and he now stepped forward and took Beena's hand as the girl came cautiously out.

"Oh, Kowar," she whispered, "why did you venture to come here? If any one should see you the village would be roused, and you would be taken and slaughtered."

"Not while I can raise this rifle to my shoulder," said Kowar proudly. "It will be the life of any man in Taricotta to lay hand on me. But, Beena, you are in danger. Bullal, the hunter, who passed through Taricotta last evening, heard that a day had been fixed for the sacrifice, and that to-morrow your locks will be shorn. Lose no time; if there is anything you wish to take with you, seize it and let us make for the hills of Boad, for we must get outside the Taricotta valley before to-morrow at daybreak."

"Nay, but, Kowar," said Beena, endeavoring to be firm, although she felt much inclined to cry, "I belong to the goddess, and may not desert her service. Shall I turn my back upon the people of Taricotta, and leave those to the anger of Tari who have been my fathers and have fed me since I was a child?"

"Yes, as they feed a lamb for the butchering-knife," said Kowar angrily; "but you owe no debt to them, Beena, for it was not by your own free will that you came to

the village. So come, let us take to the forest. All the hunters in the hills of Boad now call me their captain, and I could soon raise as many men as would make the people of Taricotta stand their distance."

"But not Tari, Kowar; not Tari," said Beena sadly. "Of what avail would all your strength be against the wrath of the goddess? The snake and the tiger are her servants, and she holds the floods and the lightnings in her hands. What would it profit us to purchase a short-lived happiness by displeasing her, and with the certainty before us that her vengeance would speedily follow with tenfold force? We cannot thwart the gods, but they will more than requite us for our disobedience."

"All folly," said Kowar, impatiently. "Look at me. Don't you think that if Tari could, she would harm me because I ran away from her? And what has she been able to do to me? Have I not been the luckiest hunter on all the hills, from Kimedya to Boad? Do not all the other *shikarries* (hunters) give place to me, although I have barely been two years among them? Have I not found favor among the English sahibs, and got presents from them? Does that look like punishment?"

"It may come yet, Kowar," said Beena, with a sigh; "but it shall not, if I can prevent it. When I am a goddess I shall intercede with Tari for you, and I shall always watch over you, and keep you from harm. When you see the blue clouds curling over the valley you will think that I am looking down at you; and you will remember me when the stars come out at night, and say to yourself that Beena is guiding their light down to shine upon you, will you not, Kowar?"

"Beena," said the young man, "do not let them deceive you with idle stories which are only meant to make you submit quietly to be murdered. The English sahibs and the people in the plains know better than us poor jungly beasts, and they say that the worship of Tari is all lies, and the fine tales which are told to the meriahs about becoming gods and goddesses utter falsehoods."

"Kowar," said the girl, with ashy face and trembling lips, "if you love me, do not say such things. Think what a trial I have to go through, and do not destroy the only hope that can give me strength to undergo it."

"Tush," said Kowar; "you will come away with me from this quickly. Get a *chaddar* (cloak) to wrap round you, and let

us be off this instant. If the abbaya were roused, it might be death to both of us, for I would not like to point my rifle at the old man. Come, then."

"Never, Kowar; it cannot be," said Beena, in a low and sad, but firm tone as she shrank back from the grasp which he laid on her arm. "I shall not betray the village. I love the people well; and how can I show my love better than by giving my blood for them that they may thrive. I am Tari's meriah."

"You silly little fool," said Kowar, losing his temper; "if you only knew as well as I do what it is to be tied to the stake, with the cruel, glittering axe flashing before your eyes, you would not want two tellings to take this chance of escape. But come, if you will not go of yourself, I must carry you; and remember, if you scream you will sacrifice my life as well as your own;" and he seized Beena by the waist, and was about to toss her up on his broad shoulders, when a deep voice behind him called out, "Hold!" Kowar quitted his grasp of the girl, and raised his rifle as he stood face to face with the abbaya.

"Put down your gun," said the old man in a low tone. "I fear it not; but I mean you no harm, Kowar. Stand aside, and speak with me a few words."

"Am I free to go, abbaya?" said Kowar, respectfully. "I tell you I will not be taken without fighting by any man in Taricotta."

"You are free to go," said the abbaya. "I swear it by the skin of the tiger, and may the brute devour me if I speak falsely."

Kowar followed the old man apart until they stood under the shade of the great cotton-tree, beneath which the village councils were held.

"They tell me, Kowar," said the old man, speaking in a whisper as if he feared lest the very leaves overhead might learn his secret — "they tell me that you have found much favor with the English sahibs, and that the great lords in the plains listen to your words about what is going on in the hills. Now, Kowar, the sahibs are anxious to stop the meriahs, and if they knew that Beena was to be sacrificed at sunset on the fourth day from this, they would very likely send soldiers to put a stop to the rite. And, Kowar, you are a well-wisher to the village which gave you food for so many years, and you would surely never give information to the sahibs about this. They would be sure to come and stop it, if they knew. That

is what I wished to say to you, Kowar; and now go, and the gods keep your path. You understand me, do you not?" and through the darkness the old man shot a look full of cunning meaning into the youth's face, as he left Kowar standing beneath the cotton-tree.

The hunter remained for a moment looking into the barrel of his rifle, in deep reflection. "By the sword of Loha Pennu, god of war, the old man wants her rescued; and rescued she shall be. I shall go straight down the pass to Macpherson Sahib, and get a party of *paiks* (militia) to stop the sacrifice, and take away Beena. And now for a march down to the hot plains."

"I have not betrayed the village," said the abbaya to himself, as he went back to his couch; "no, I have not betrayed the village. How could I have seized a strong young man armed with a gun? And I distinctly told him *not* to tell the English sahibs that there was to be a meriah sacrifice. No; no one can say that I have betrayed the village," and applying this consideration, with somewhat doubtful success, to the relief of his conscience the abbaya soon composed himself to sleep.

VI.

ON the evening of the fourth day, when the sun was sinking down towards the hills, a procession was formed at the door of the abbaya's house, and with it came every man, woman, and child that was able to travel in Taricotta, all dressed in their gayest holiday attire, their heads and necks garlanded with flowers, and most of the men considerably excited by deep draughts of the mhowa liquor.

All the solemn preliminaries of a meriah sacrifice had been duly observed. The villagers went out in solemn procession, in newly-washed clothes and with perfumed hair, to the meriah grove, and had publicly vowed human flesh to Tari. The priest had gone to the abbaya's house, attended by the village elders, and had caused the panwa to shear Beena's silken locks. The maiden was then clothed in white, and a crown of rare wild-flowers put upon her head, while all the people in the village pressed into the room to worship her, and to present her with sweetmeats and flowers. Beena received them with calm resignation. The terrible position in which she was now placed was one for which she had been educated all her life, and she now fell naturally into it. What perhaps disquieted her most was

that, instead of the warm, loving welcome with which the women and children of the village used to greet her, they now came forward and presented their offerings with reverential and awestruck looks, making her feel as if she were already severed from the rest of humanity. She tried hard to fix her mind upon the glory which awaited her, and which was now so near her reach, and to keep out of her thoughts the terrible ordeal by which it must be attained. Sometimes the wicked words which Kowar had said would flash across her mind, but she firmly dismissed them as impious, and prayed that Tari would strengthen the faith of her handmaiden. Now and then thoughts of Kowar's hut among the hills of Boad would come into her head; but on these she would not dwell, except to think how she would linger about the spot when she was a goddess, and make the fairest flowers and the most delicious fruit grow about its doors, and ward off all wild beasts from its neighborhood. She held out her hands to the little girls who had been her playmates, but though they kissed her when she bade them, it was with solemn, awestruck faces, very unlike the laughing countenances which they would have shown her a day or two before; and Beena began to feel the distance in which her position had placed her from her friends, and to long wearily that it was all over.

Meanwhile the villagers outside held high festival. Many kids had been killed, and large jars of mhowa liquor brewed. Beena could hear the men shouting and dancing half through the night. In truth, they had need to intoxicate themselves, for they all loved Beena so much that but for the excitement of drinking and of their wild dances, they could not have had nerve to persevere in their cruel purpose. Only the abbaya stalked gloomily about the village, taking no part in the festivities, and going to bed a good hour earlier than his ordinary time.

Now all was ready, and Beena the meriah was brought out and placed in a chair, wreathed with flowers, and ornamented with gaudy tinsel. The abbaya, carrying his spear and shield, headed the procession side by side with the priest, the panwa piping shrilly before them. Four sturdy shoulders raised the meriah's throne; and the abbaya led the way up the slope in the direction of the isolated grove, where, as long as they could remember, the villagers had been wont to sacrifice to the goddess. Beena's face was deadly pale, but her eyes which were turned upward

towards the sky were lit up with an enthusiasm which no earthly terrors could quench. Now and then she mechanically joined in snatches of the hymn in praise of Tari, which the villagers sang as they marched along, and her voice rang out in clear, full, and sweet measures like the pipe of a mountain thrush. The women all came behind her weeping secretly, for it would have been accounted of evil omen, if the oblation of the day had been marred by any outward signs of grief. The men also felt nervous, and oppressed with a vague dread, quite different from the wild enthusiasm with which they were usually wont to celebrate the sacrifice.

The grove was reached. The abbaya stuck his spear into the ground, and cast a doubtful glance about him. The chair was lowered, and Beena, with folded hands and eyes firmly fixed upon the skies, walked forward and placed her back against a great white stake, that had been erected in the centre of the grove. The priest and the panwa speedily bound the girl to it, for the abbaya, who ought to have taken the chief part in the ceremonial, did nothing but look moodily on. The villagers gathered round in a semicircle, leaving the priest standing before the victim, and the long ritual of prayers and interrogatories that form the prelude to the sacrifice commenced.

On a small spot of green sward high up on the brow of the hill, and screened by a tall, fern-crested rock from the hot rays of the declining sun, Kowar was lying at full length in the grass. He had travelled that day from his home in the distant ranges of Boad, and he was now resting himself while he ate his frugal dinner of dried flesh and rice-cakes. Besides his rifle, Kowar had stuck a light axe, such as the Khonds use for hand-to-hand fighting, into his belt, and the leopard skin was folded so as to serve for a shield to his breast and left arm.

"It is nearly the time," he said to himself, as he turned on his elbow, and looked up to the sun. "The *naik* (corporal) and his men must have nearly reached the top of the pass by this time, and will be waiting for me to guide them to the meriah grove. These bloodthirsty brutes will get a surprise when we burst in among them. I hope they will show some fight, for there are one or two of them whose skins I would not be sorry to drub."

He rose and taking his rifle in his hand, scrambled a few feet up the face of the rock, and looked down over the tree-tops into the valley below.

"I see them gathering at the abbaya's house," he muttered, shading his eyes with his hands. "There goes Nenko, and there Mahang the blacksmith, and there are crowds of the women. I must be off, and lead on the *paiks* (militia).

"Dear Beena! how happy we shall be when safe in the hills of Boad. She will be timid at first, and will be always in dread of the wrath of the goddess. All lies, utter lies! What has Tari ever been able to do to me, who blackened her face for her in Taricotta? That for her!" and in the exuberance of his spirits Kowar pointed his piece at the sky, and made a motion with his finger as if he had pulled the trigger.

He walked briskly down the forest foot-path leading in the direction of the top of the pass, where was a party of paiks and policemen, which the English commissioner, Captain Macpherson, had readily sent to assist him in rescuing the meriah. His heart was so light that it was with difficulty he could keep from dancing, and he tossed his rifle carelessly about in the air, regardless of the danger of its going off. With eyes uplifted to watch the fall of the rifle, and hands outstretched to deftly catch it by the stock and the barrel, he did not notice that a drowsy snake was basking in the afternoon sunshine on the open path until he had put his naked foot upon a cold fold of its body. With a bound Kowar sprang back, but not faster than the angry reptile had raised its hood, curved back its body and with a hiss of rage planted its poison fangs deep in the fleshy part of Kowar's leg; and then quick as thought, drew back and raised itself on the defensive, with outspread hood and neck swelling and trembling with fury. In another instant Kowar had fired, and the snake after one or two convulsive wriggles lay dead, a headless mass before him on the path.

Then Kowar drew a long breath, and looked first at the snake and then down at his wounded limb. "A cobra, by all the gods!" he cried with a groan of agony, "and I am but a dead man. This must be the vengeance of Tari come upon me at last. But she-devil that she is, I care not for her, and though I have not many hours to live I shall baulk her of another victim. Keep up heart, Kowar, and die like a man with your defiance in the foul face of the delighter-in-blood."

He tied a piece of string round his leg immediately above the wound, which was already beginning to swell, and taking the point of his hunting-knife, he cut out a

bit of flesh round about the puncture made by the poison-fangs, and let the blood flow freely down. He then reloaded his rifle, and set out with weak and uncertain steps down the forest.

"If I could only reach the party," he thought, "and tell them how to make their way to the meriah grove. But I feel that cursed poison working in me, and my legs will hardly carry me much farther. The brutes!—the cruel, hard-hearted brutes!—will murder her; and I so near, and yet unable to raise a hand to save her."

He struggled on with set teeth and shaking limbs, sweating at every pore, and reeling from side to side of the path like a drunken man. At last he leaned heavily against a tree, and tore off some of the bark with his teeth to cool his burning palate.

"Oh, gods!" he groaned, "I can go no farther. Yes, Tari, you have conquered, but take my dying curse and defiance. I feel the cold stiffness creeping over me. Water! water! oh for a draught of water!" And he sank down helpless and shivering at the foot of the tree, and lay in a heap which would have seemed lifeless but for the spasmodic sighs in which he drew his breath.

It was only for a few minutes that Kowar lay there.

"The axe! the axe!" he cried, starting up suddenly. "I see the axe! Hold, I will save her! I say you shall not slay her!" And, springing to his feet with the strength of frenzied delirium, he dashed down through the jungle, heedless of all obstacles, in the direction of the meriah grove, and again fell trembling and breathless on the bare summit of a cliff, from which he could see the place of sacrifice, and the bloody tragedy that was being enacted in it, three or four hundred yards below him.

As he lay there he collected his senses with a desperate effort, and took in the scene that was before him. The janni had finished his litany, and, with the axe in his hand, now stood by ready to strike at the white figure which, bound closely to the stake, seemed as motionless as if already dead. Straining his eyes, Kowar could mark that the abbaya appeared to interfere, but several of the village elders took him by the arm and forcibly pulled him back.

"And now," said Kowar, "one last shot at that demon with the axe, and then I shall lie down and die. My hand shakes and my sight is dim, but I am sure I can strike him. Beena, dear Beena," he cried feebly, raising himself on one knee, "this

is all that I can do for you—yes, all—all!”

He fired, and the bullet struck, not the priest, but the abbaya who had sprung forward to arrest the blow that the janni had raised his arm to strike, and who now fell dead, shot through the heart, over the bloody corpse of the victim at the stake, while a loud cry of sorrow rose up from the valley to the ear of Kowar.

“Beena!” he whispered; “Beena! I am coming—wait for me!” and he fell back dead, his smoking rifle still clutched firmly in his hands.

This was the last meriah that was sacrificed at Taricotta, or in any village of those highlands. When the paiks, impatient of Kowar’s delay, made their way to the meriah grove, they found that blood had been already shed, and the people were standing by looking stupidly at the bodies of Beena and the abbaya, and not knowing what to do next. The flesh of the meriah ought, according to the rite, to have been parted among the householders of Taricotta, each of whom would have buried his portion in his own field, to ensure the blessing of the goddess upon his crops. But this the paiks would not allow, and the bodies of Beena and the abbaya were buried in one grave. The priest and the panwa, with Beer and Nenke and Mahang the blacksmith, were carried off to the plains, and punished with fines and imprisonment by the English magistrates, according to the degree in which each had been implicated in the murder of the meriah. And soon after the English stretched out a firm hand over the hills, so that no one dared henceforth to gratify the taste of Tari for human blood.

From Macmillan’s Magazine.

THE BRIGANDS OF BULGARIAN SONG.

IN the opinion of Sklavonic enthusiasts, the Bulgarians are the most remarkable people on the face of the earth, occupying that place in the history of civilization which is commonly assigned to the Greeks. Orpheus was a Bulgarian, so likewise was Alexander the Great. Certain ballads have come to light, the heroes in some of which are indubitably identical with those of classical antiquity, Orpheus flourishing as Orfen, the Macedonian conqueror as Iskander; and from these ballads a tolerably complete system of mythology might be evolved. The only difficulty is that the

authenticity of the ballads themselves is doubtful, and that it is hard to tell where ancient tradition begins and invention comparatively modern leaves off. The possibility remains that Aristotle was not a Bulgarian after all, and that the original language in which he wrote his “Organon” was not one of the Sklavonic dialects.

Under these circumstances we pass over those Bulgarian songs, which ostensibly abound in mythologic lore, and, as they illustrate the manners and notions of a people towards whom many are now directing their mental eyes, confine our attention to certain popular songs, which, through the medium of the distinguished Sklavonic scholar, Mr. Auguste Dozon, have recently come within the sphere of Western consciousness; the songs, namely, which in the choicest vernacular record the exploits of the Bulgarian brigand. The events recorded in these certainly do not belong to a remote antiquity, and we can hardly suppose that they do not represent to some degree the moral condition of the nation from the midst of which they sprang.

The Bulgarian brigand, according to the lays of his own people, is a ruffian so thoroughly atrocious and ignoble, that it would be hard to find his parallel. We begin by wondering how a poet could be found to record his atrocities with the utmost complacency, as if he were telling the most innocent tale in the world; and hearing that the lays are popular, we marvel at the people to whom they could afford delight. If the Bulgarian brigand made his appearance in a London transpontine theatre, he would certainly be driven from the stage by the unanimous voice of the gallery, rendered more imperious by missiles of orange-peel.

The explanation of his popularity at home is to the effect that, with all his faults, he is not very different in principle from the peasants who listen to records of his exploits. Many of these, it is said, were brigands in their youth, though they have now receded into quiet life, and they regard the depredations committed on the road as good-humored old gentlemen regard the wild oats sown by heedless youth. This explanation, it need scarcely be observed, though it somewhat extenuates the individual atrocity of the brigand, does so by lowering our estimate of the nation.

The account of a “Residence in Bulgaria,” published in 1869, by Captain St. Clair and Mr. C. A. Brophy, is so avowedly in favor of the Turkish government, and of the expediency of leaving it to

work its own way, that the dismal accounts which they gave of the village where they resided, one for nearly three years, the other for eleven months, might naturally lead to the suspicion that they looked on surrounding objects through somewhat too dark a medium. But certainly in all that they say of the brigand, to whom they devote many pages, they are more than borne out by the native poems now before us. He who could paint a Bulgarian robber more black than he is painted by a Bulgarian bard must discover a pigment hitherto unknown.

Something akin to the chivalric spirit occasionally to be found among the marauders of western Europe may be discovered—as the two English residents have pointed out—in the *balkan chelibi*, a “gentleman of the past;” but he is a Turk, generally descended from aristocrats, who were as practically independent as our feudal barons of the olden time. He abhors murder, and is not incapable of generous actions; but it is not of him, nor of any one like him, that the popular ballads treat. Among the *hayduts* or brigands proper, there could not possibly be a Jack Sheppard, inclined to boast that in spite of his manifold breaches of the eighth commandment he never took a life. These rejoice in murder even more than in plunder, and in their latter days their pleasures of memory increase proportionally with the number of families whom they have plunged into utter misery. A Lancashire “rough” vaunting how often he had stamped out the features of a fellow-man with a hob-nail shoe, might find a school of poetry akin to that of the robber-ballad of Bulgaria. A song, expressing the farewell of the brigand Libén to the Ancient Mountain, that is to say, the Hæmus, is a characteristic specimen of its class.* The robber is about to become respectable, marry the daughter of the pope (priest) Nicolas, and retire into private life. The appellation *pallikar*, which is attached to him, is of Greek origin, and frequently recurs in mediæval Greek poetry. It signifies a fighting comrade, in the broadest sense of the term; and probably a member of the prize-ring, if the institution had been familiar, would have been admitted into the category. A lyricist celebrating Robin Hood would possibly have found

an equivalent in “Merryman;” Robert Blueskin would very possibly have suggested “Dolly Pal.” Here is the song:—

On the mountain's top stood the pallikar,
Leading to the forest, shouting his farewell.
To the woods and streams thus outspoke

Libén:

“Hear me, leafy forest,
Hear me, running streams!
Forest, thou rememb’rst well,
Oft I’ve stray’d beneath thy boughs,
Followed by my brave troop of pallikars,
Waving high my crimson flag.
Many mothers I into grief have plung’d,
Many homes were made desolate by me;
Wives I’ve caused to weep, orphans I have

made—

That, amid their tears, they might curse me
all.

Forest, friend, farewell.

To my mother’s home I go,
She’ll betroth and marry me
To the daughter of the pope—
Pope Nicolas.”

Never does the forest speak,
But to brave Libén thus did it reply:—
“Voivode Libén, voivode,
Thou hast stray’d beneath my boughs,
Followed by thy brave troop of pallikars,
Waving high thy crimson flag
On the summits of the mountain old,
When the shade was fresh and cool,
When the grass was soft and green.
Many mothers thou into grief hast plung’d,
Many homes were made desolate by thee;
Wives through thee have wept, orphans thou
hast made—

And, amid their tears, even me they curse.
Yes, me; because of thee.

Until now, Voivode Libén,
Mother unto thee has this mountain been;
The greenwood was thy only love,
Deck’d out with all its foliage,
Rustling lightly in the breeze.
For thee the grass a bed prepar’d;
The leaves thy only cov’ring were,
The limpid streams refresh’d thee;
For thee the birds pour’d forth their song—
Yes, Libén, for thee.

Rejoice, rejoice, brave pallikar!
When thou art glad, the wood is gay;
The streams, the mountains, all are gay.
To the forest now dost thou bid farewell:
Now thou seek’st thy mother’s home,
She’ll betroth and marry thee
To the daughter of the pope—
Pope Nicolas.

In spite of the ruffianism that lies unconcealed at the basis of this wild song, there is about it a certain amount of pathos. If the brigand is pleased with the reflection that he has increased the number of widows and orphans, he, at any rate, loves his forest, and his forest loves him in return. Under very difficult circumstances, love is, at all events, found somewhere.

* Some of the ballads given here have been translated into a sort of rhythm, after a fashion which produces an effect not altogether dissimilar to that of the original. The Bulgarian poet, it should be stated, relies much on accent and knows nothing of rhyme.—O. J.

The fact that — as may be supposed — no Claude Duval is to be found among Bulgarian brigands, may be illustrated by the following effusions : —

Lalcho thus spake out to his pallikars :

"Pallikars, my men of mettle,
I have learn'd that Kerima,
Kerima, the fair-hair'd Turkish lady,
Soon will come this way
With four hundred chosen men,
Nearly all black Asiatics,
With a sprinkling of Arnauts.
Who will dare attack Kerima?
She a golden necklace wears —
Who will take away that necklace,
Plant a kiss upon her throat?"
Not a man came forth to answer
Except the pallikar, young Dimitri.
Then to him spake the other pallikars :
"Young Dimitri, lay no wager
Touching this fair Turk, Kerima,
If thou dost, thou'rt mad, Dimitri.
Thou wilt never match Kerima,
She will make an end of thee."

Young Dimitri made no answer
But put on his choicest garments,
And to meet Kerima sallied forth ;
Greeted her while in the distance,
And when near her kiss'd the border of her dress.

Thus he said unto Kerima :
"Fairest of the fair, Kerima,
I shall die through love for thee,
And into thine ear I would breathe a word —
Pray let thy train go on before."
She was foolish, fair Kerima,
And she let her train go on before,
Let Dimitri come into her carriage.
Then said young Dimitri to Kerima :
"Dearest love, my own Kerima,
Raise that pretty head a little ;
For I fain would kiss thy throat
Just above the golden necklace."
She was foolish, fair Kerima.
Scarcely had she raised her head,
When he struck it from the shoulders,
Then wrenched off the golden necklace,
Stripp'd her of her precious garments,
Booty-laden, left the carriage
And return'd with all his speed to Lalcho,
At whose feet he flung the head.
The pallikars look'd on and were astonish'd
That young Dimitri had deceived
The fair-hair'd Turk, Kerima.

In another ballad, which perhaps tells the same story with a variation, a Turkish lady, likewise named Kerima, is slaughtered under similar circumstances by Boïana, a female brigand of Roumania. The portion of the poem which records the ordeal through which Boïana, on account of her sex, had to pass in order to become a chief, may be fairly quoted : —

From the foot of the White Barrow
Boïana, the Wallachian, cried aloud :

"Mother, mother, sell or pawn
All the silk and linen dresses
That were purchased for my wedding.
Your Wallachian girl, mother, leaves thee now,
To become the chief of seventy pallikars.
Seventy and seven —
I shall be their chief."
All the pallikars consented,
All save one, a surly goatherd —
Boïana then lifted up her voice :
"Hear me, faithful friends and comrades !
Heap together heavy loads of wood,
Light a blazing fire
On it toast a large pogatcha,
In which you first will put a coin of yellow gold,
Share it among all, each must have a part.
He whose share contains the piece of gold
The captain shall become
Of seven and seventy pallikars."
They heaped together loads of wood,
Lit a blazing fire,
Toasted on it a pogatcha,
In which was hid a piece of yellow gold.
The pieces then were handed round
To all the seven and seventy comrades.
To Boïana's lot fell the piece of gold :
Their captain therefore she must be —
But still the goatherd gave not his consent.
So Boïana lifted up her voice :
"Hear me, faithful friends and comrades !
Hang a ring upon the beech-tree ;
We will aim at it all with our bows.
He who sends his arrow fairly through it
Shall be captain of all."
All aimed at the ring hanging on the tree,
None pierced the ring besides Boïana.
But still the goatherd gave not his consent.
So Boïana lifted up her voice :
"Hear me, faithful friends and comrades !
In the ground you will fix nine sabres,
That all may leap over them in turn ;
He who with one leap can clear them
Shall be captain of all."
The pallikars obey'd her orders,
And fix'd nine sabres in a row,
That over them the pallikars might leap.
None of them to leap was able.
Boïana the Wallachian clear'd them all.
And the space of nine sabres more.
She was followed by the goatherd.
Sabres eight he deftly clear'd,
But he stumbled at the ninth.
Boïana was declared the chief,
And conducted all her pallikars
To the summits of the mountain old.

After nine years, Boïana gives a final polish to her glory by perpetrating an atrocity almost identical with that of the ungallant Dimitri.

There are some details in the ballad cited above which are worth notice. The number of Boïana's pallikars, seventy-seven, is as conventional as the number three in ordinary fairy-tales, and a good fighter generally receives wounds to that

amount. The combination, "coin of yellow gold," is not to be regarded as pleonastic. It is a literal translation of the original *jelta jeltitsa*, and corresponds to the English slang, "yellow-boy," and the French slang *jaunet*. The word *pogatcha* is simply a corruption of the Italian *fogaccio*, and denotes a cake of unleavened wheaten flour—say, a large captain's biscuit. It is almost superfluous to remark that the first of the three tests proposed by Boïana is identical with the expedient used by the French to determine the king of a Twelfth-night festival.

We must not rush to the conclusion that the ideal brigand of the Bulgarians is entirely without a conscience. The contrary is shown by a ballad treating of Ivantcho and Draganka, a brother and sister, who together quitted private life that they might enjoy a free existence on the Old Mountain. Ivantcho had complained that since they had taken to the roads not a single *hazna* had passed their way; the *hazna* being the aggregate amount of treasure in hard cash collected by the pachas, and sent with a convoy to Constantinople. This was, of course, a splendid prize, compared to which the old mail-coach, ardently coveted by Dick Turpin and his like, was as nothing. At last it is ascertained that a *hazna* is on the road, and Ivantcho thus addresses his sister, having complimented her on her docility previously shown:—

"Take this bunch of keys, Draganka,
Bring the white tents from the cellar,
In the meadows of the beylik
Thou wilt duly set them up,
Also thou'lt inclose a garden,
Sown with flowers of every kind.
When a convoy is in sight
To the garden thou wilt go,
Gather flowers of every kind,
And these to nosegays thou wilt deftly make.
To every one who passes give a nosegay,
To the standard-bearer two.
Thus the party will be well amused
And thou'lt make them wait for my arrival,
When my head has ceased to ache
And with fire I no longer burn."

Draganka does not object, but she does not like the task imposed upon her, and she hints that her brother might be satisfied with the plunder which he has already acquired, and which handsomely fills ten caverns, and desist from further depredations. She is informed, however, by Ivantcho that the proceeds of the new adventure are to be applied to pious uses. He would build a monastery dedicated to

St. John, a church dedicated to Saint Dragoma, and a stone bridge.

This appeal to her religious feelings was too much for Draganka, and she went forth to obey her brother's orders. But when she met the convoy her former compunction returned, and she yielded to the entreaties of the treasurer, who implored her to let the convoy pass. Pass it did, to the infinite disgust of her brother, who, coming to the spot where he had hoped to acquire a treasure and finding nothing, was wrathful indeed. Nay, so deeply was Draganka moved by his wrath that she retraced her steps, overtook the convoy, slew upwards of three hundred persons, and returned with the booty to her brother, to whom she said:—

"Brother, brother, poor Ivantcho,
Thou art sick, thou soon wilt die,
Yet thou wilt not cease from plunder."

He died before her speech was concluded, leaving behind him—it is expressly stated—all his riches. This reflection seems to indicate some kind of moral, which is, perhaps, to this effect—that it is perfectly justifiable to live but not to die a brigand. Here we have an instance of very grim contrition:—

The leafy forest glows with life,
The mother's heart is filled with grief.
To Stoïan, her son, she says:

"Stoïan, my Stoïan,
Through the summer thou hast taken nought,
Trav'lers pass'd this way the other night,
And for thee the pallikars inquired:
'Tell us, mother, Stoïan, where is he
Young Stoïan, the gallant pallikar?
With him we could seek for booty
At Rila in the mountain old.'"

To his mother said Stoïan:
"Mother, have you not sufficient,
Nine carriages all filled with riches,
A tenth, too, filled with coins of yellow gold?
Surely thou art weary, mother,
Of hiding slaughter'd trav'lers' corpses,
And washing blood-stain'd shirts."

"Only listen, son Stoïan,
Let this summer bring some booty,
Then, long as thou livest, rest in peace."

To his mother spake Stoïan:
"Mother, mother, glorious words thou speak'st,
Let me see the tongue
That can give such wonderful advice."

He deceiv'd his mother,
And when she put forth her tongue,
Straight he cut it from her mouth.
Then he went into the gloomy stable,
Took out three mules, laden with golden coin,
Led them alone unto the holy mountain,
Into the monast'ry of Chilendar,
And there became a monk.

Another mother, who gave sounder ad-

vice to her son Tatountcho, fared much better, though her virtuous counsel was not followed. This excellent lady told her son that his profession as a brigand did not enable him to support his parent, and suggested that he should sell his sabre, purchase a couple of sturdy buffaloes, till his paternal soil, and sow wheat. This advice was strictly followed. Tatountcho for a short time led a life of industry and virtue, but he soon found that in Bulgaria the proverb that "honesty is the best policy" did not hold good. He tried to combine agricultural pursuits with highway robbery, but the sultan, overlooking the former, took notice of the latter only, and despatched three hundred men to decapitate Tatountcho wherever he might be found. The persecuted man met his pursuers boldly, and then made a speech to the goad wherewith he had driven his buffaloes:—

"Goad, blessed goad,
Three days it cost to cut you down,
And three days more to bring you home;
So in return,
From these black soldiers set me free."

This looks pretty, but Tatountcho was as arrant a ruffian as any of his countrymen. Of three hundred soldiers he cut down all but three, and in spite of the entreaties of the trio, and their asseveration that they were the only sons of their respective mothers, he added the three to the others. Wicked man as he was, according to Western notions, he had carried his point, for he plucked the girdle containing a purse from all his victims, and flinging the aggregate booty into the old lady's lap (or at her head) boldly asked if a brigand could not keep a mother.

The immense number of persons whom a brigand, male or female, is enabled to kill single-handed takes away one's breath. People are still alive who recollect a time when one average Englishman was held to be more than enough for six picked French, but the Bulgarian poet betakes himself to hundreds when we were content with units.

The brigand when at home is not a whit more amiable than when abroad on some professional engagement, and it may be doubted whether Mr. William Sykes, ruffian as he was, would willingly have associated with one Koyo, who is celebrated in a ballad of more than ordinary length. This Koyo having been married for several years, and become a prosperous man as a peasant, was so much disappointed at not finding himself the father of a family

that he resolved to begin life anew as a brigand, put himself at the head of a troop, and either gain a rich booty or be knocked on the head. He therefore took an affectionate leave of his wife, Stana, enjoining her to await his return for some years, at the expiration of which she would be at liberty to marry. At the same time he expressed a wish to have a successor worthy of himself, by which he certainly did not set up an unreasonably high standard. After his departure Stana remained a lone woman for seven years and a month to boot, and even then she would not have taken another husband had not her brother, Ougren, insisted on marrying her to his friend Stoïan, so fearful was she that Koyo might return in a dangerous mood in spite of her compliance with his conditions. Nor did her forebodings prove untrue. A few days after the wedding the formidable Koyo reappeared at the head of seventy-seven men, slew Stoïan and his brother, and feasted his troop for three whole days, having first covered Stana with pitch and lit her as a torch to illuminate the banquet. Possibly his countrymen regarded it as a *circonstance atténuante* that his wife's second husband was a *djelep*, that is to say, a person employed to count sheep with a view to the adjustment of taxation. Such an official would be about as popular in Bulgaria as an exciseman among the proprietors and patrons of illicit stills in Ireland. "Stoïan," it may be observed, is a name so extremely common that its recurrence in many ballads by no means implies a reference to the same individual. Here, for instance, is a Stoïan whose end shows that a Bulgarian villain is capable of at least one virtue, once highly esteemed by his fellow-craftsmen in the West, that of "dying game."

Hard was the lot of Stoïan,
On two high-roads they watch'd for him,
And on the third they held him fast,
Then with thick cords they bound his milk-
white hands,

And took him to the dwelling of the pope.
Two daughters had the pope,
A daughter-in-law, named Gula, too,
This Gula, churning, stood
Behind the little garden-gate,
The daughters swept the yard;
And thus to Stoïan they said:
"To-morrow they will hang thee, Stoïan.
At the palace of the sultan,
That his children and sultana
May take pleasure in the sight."

Then said Stoïan to Gula:
"Gula, since they mean to hang me,
Have they sent to the bazaar,
There to purchase needful ropes?"

Then to Stoian said Gula :
 "They have sent to the bazaar,
 Have already bought the ropes."
 Then said Stoian to Gula :
 "Are these comely girls the sisters
 Of thy husband?" She replied :
 "Little, surely, can it matter
 Whether they are friends or sisters."
 Then said Stoian to Gula :
 "Kindly ask the youngest, pray,
 That since they have resolv'd to hang me,
 If she'll deign to wash my shirt —
 Take the knot from out my hair.
 To my thinking, Gula dear,
 When a pallikar is hung,
 He should wear a snow-white shirt,
 And his hair should freely float."

And in the person of the gallant Stoian
 we may take leave of the brigand of Bul-
 garian song. JOHN OXENFORD.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.
 THE LITURGY OF THE JEWS.

BY A JEW.

IN the legislative assemblies and administrative systems of Europe, in the walks of literature and science, art and commerce, Israelites mingle freely with Christians. But take the Jews as a community, and you will find them isolated, exclusive, and frequently narrow-minded. They are possessed of peculiar notions as to what is expected of them in defence of their religion, and even liberal Israelites will often sacrifice their own opinions from this cause. They think it is the proper thing to do as their fathers did before them, even though their fathers may have been obviously unwise in what they did. This "conservatism" on the part of the Jews is driving out of the community its ablest members; it is disintegrating the Jewish nation, for the rising generation of Israelites will know the "why and wherefore;" and, unfortunately, Jewish observances do not admit of sifting criticism. As long as public worship is deemed a necessary adjunct to religious belief, synagogue services will influence the spiritual status of the Israelites. For a man to be looked upon as a good Jew he must conform to the ritual of his people. At the present moment this ritual is the cause of great contention in the Jewish community in England. There is a large and growing party crying out for the modification of the prayer-book, and unless this demand is complied with it requires no great power of prediction to prophesy an unprecedented division in the

Jewish camp. It is with a view of giving a notion of the Jewish liturgy, and the influence it has upon the younger Jews, that I now write. My remarks are the result of patient and respectful inquiry; they are not put forth in any captious spirit, nor are they prompted by any desire to hold up the Jews to ridicule, for the sufficient reason that I am a Jew.

Down to the days of Daniel the Israelites had no book of prayer. In Daniel's time the language of the Jews was corrupted, for they spoke Hebrew with a mixture "in the speech of Ashdod." The task of preparing a book of common prayer was assigned to Ezra the scribe and the "men of the Great Assembly." The Talmud informs us that the Assembly was composed of one hundred and twenty men remarkable for their knowledge of Jewish literature and for their religious zeal, among them the prophets Haggai, Zachariah, Nehemiah, and Malachi, and Hananiah, Mishael, Azariah, and Simon the Just. These men, who wrote during the Babylonian captivity, composed all that which is beautiful and inspiring in the Jewish liturgy, all that which is appropriate and worthy of use now. These compositions are some of them very grand, and can only be fully appreciated by one who understands Hebrew, the language in which they were written. In translation into English they lose a portion of their grandeur; but here is a piece, taken from the ordinary morning prayers:—

Yea, the Most Merciful forgiveth iniquity, and destroyeth not; but frequently turneth aside His anger, and awakeneth not all His wrath. O Lord! withhold not Thy mercies from us; let Thy grace and truth continually preserve us. Save us, O Lord our God! and gather us from among the nations, that we may give thanks unto Thy holy name, and gratulate ourselves in Thy praise. O God! if Thou wilt mark our iniquities, who is it, O Lord, that can stand? Yet does pardon lie with Thee; therefore shalt Thou be revered. O deal not with us according to our sins, requite us not according to our iniquities. Although our iniquities testify against us, O Lord! yet act kindly for the sake of Thy name. O Lord! keep in mind Thy mercy and Thy benevolence, for they are eternal. The Lord will answer us in the day of trouble; the name of the God of Jacob shall be our refuge. Save us, O Lord! The heavenly King will answer us on the day of our calling. Our Father and our King! O be gracious unto us, and regard us; although we are destitute of good works, yet act charitably with us, for Thy name's sake. O Lord our God! hear the voice of our supplications, remember the covenant with our ancestors, and help us for

the sake of Thy name. O Lord our God! hear the voice of our supplications, remember the covenant with our ancestors, and help us for the sake of Thy name. O Lord our God! Thou hast brought forth Thy people out of the land of Egypt with a mighty hand, and hast acquired a glorious name, even unto this day. We acknowledge that we have sinned; that we have acted wickedly. O Lord! according to all Thy righteousness we beseech Thee, let Thy anger and Thy wrath be turned away from Jerusalem, Thy city, and Thy holy mountain; for it is on account of our sins and the iniquities of our ancestors that Jerusalem and Thy people are become objects of reproach to all who surround us. Now, therefore, O our God! attend to the prayer of Thy servant and to his supplications, and cause Thy countenance again to shine upon Thy sanctuary, which is desolate, for Thine own sake, O Lord!

The liturgy of the Jews remained intact for many centuries; and it was not until the Middle Ages, when the full tide of persecution was turned against them, that the ritual became burdened with a number of objectionable compositions, the works of individual persons, and occasioned by particular occurrences. When the Jew's sanctuary was the synagogue, he spent there the greater portion of the day, and sometimes of the night; to mark any particular delivery from the oppressor, to note any more than ordinary calamitous circumstance, a prayer was framed, and ungrammatical and badly composed as it might be, it was introduced into the ordinary service, where it remains to the present day. In addition to this, certain Jews occupying rabbinical positions, and who are known now as poetanim, in order to exercise their ingenuity in the language of their people, wrote a large number of acrostics, serious and humorous poems, short descriptive pieces, mystical sketches of historical events, imaginary accounts of Jewish events, descriptions of heaven, of God, and the angels, and these were also placed in the prayer-book, and ordered to be recited on certain occasions. The poetan who manufactured an acrostic took his own name as the subject, and improved the occasion by giving a tabulated account of his manifold virtues and acquirements. Poems were written in such a way that the initial letters of the lines formed the Hebrew alphabet in regular order. Sometimes these compositions set forth the bounty of God; at other times the particulars of an important event in Jewish history; but sometimes even the poems meant literally nothing. The Creator is sometimes informed of the details of an event

which never occurred, or made acquainted with the virtues of a rabbi, or reminded, as in the example which follows, of what were the component parts of an incense burnt before Him by "our ancestors:"—

The mixture of a perfume of incense was composed of balm, onycha, galbanum, frankincense, of each an equal weight, viz., seventy manehs; myrrh, cassia, spikenard, and saffron, of each an equal weight, sixteen manehs; costus, twelve manehs; the rind of an odoriferous tree, three manehs; cinnamon, nine manehs; soap of carsina, nine kabs; wine of capers, three seahs and three kabs; and if caper wine could not be had, strong white wine was substituted for it; salt of Sodom, the fourth part of a kab; and of an herb called *maengleh athan*, a small quantity, etc.

This is recited every Sabbath in the synagogue. In conclusion, for the present, I give an abstract or two from portions of prayer set apart for certain important occasions, and called Piyutim, likewise found in the prayer-book:—

O deign to hear the voice of those who glorify Thee with all their members, according to the number of the two hundred and forty-eight affirmative precepts. In this month they blow thirty sounds, according to the thirty members of the soles of their feet; the additional offerings of the day are ten, according to the ten in their ankles; they approach the altar twice, according to their two legs; five men are called to the law, according to their five joints in their knees; they observe the appointed time to sound the cornet on the first day of the month, according to the one in their thigh; they sound the horn thrice, according to the three in their hips; lo! with the additional offering of the new moon they are eleven, according to their eleven ribs; they pour the supplication with nine blessings, according to the muscles in their arms, and which contain thirty verses, according to the thirty in the palms of their hands; they daily repeat the prayer of eighteen blessings, according to the eighteen vertebræ in their spine; at the offering of the continual sacrifice they sound nine times, according to the nine muscles in their head; in the two orisons they blow eight times, according to the eight vertebræ of their neck, etc.

Or again:—

In the Assyrian character the Hebrew language and the Egyptian dialect didst Thou cause the Hebrew daughter to inherit Thy law. Thou didst cause the Beth to precede Aleph in the beginning of the creation because the Aleph was ordained from all antiquity for the delivery of the purchase of the first created thing. The world was established with the second letter to inform us that there is a second world, but *Anoché*, "I am," begins with the first letter to show that He is

one, and that there is not a second. He explained it (the law) to His people face to face, and on every point are ninety-eight explanations. The Lord saw and declared it. He prepared it, and also searched it, for those that love and keep it, and taught it sweetly to them. If it is noted backwards its letters form the following sentence, etc.

These are fair specimens of the Piyutim. In the synagogue the minister generally gabbles through one half and skips the rest; occasionally he utters them in recitative, sometimes he sings them; the devout in the congregation read them simply because they happen to be in the book, others ignore them either from indifference to their nature or from knowledge of the fact that they are nonsense.

Now, it may naturally be asked, why is not some effort made to expunge these Piyutim from the Jewish liturgy, which in other respects is grand and simple in the extreme? I answer that an association has been formed in London whose avowed object is the obliteration of these blots; but, though it has been in existence about two years, it has done nothing yet. The reason is that the Jews of this country are placed in a peculiar position with regard to their religious constitution. The government of all our spiritual affairs is in the hands of a body composed of the chief rabbi and two gentlemen who act with him, and these are designated the "ecclesiastical authorities," and hold sway over all congregations following what is called the German and Polish ritual, as distinguished from the adherents of the Sephardic synagogue, who have adopted the ritual established by the Spanish Jews, which differs somewhat from that of the former. If the opinions of the more enlightened members of the Jewish clergy were canvassed, it would be discovered that nine-tenths of them entertain a most unmitigated contempt for the Jewish liturgy as it now stands. But, unfortunately for the Jewish community in this country, the clergy have no voice in the matter, either individually or as a body; and even the chief rabbi, who possesses, or ought to possess, absolute authority in ecclesiastical matters, would not dare to approach the question of reform. The leading and wealthiest Jews are ultra-orthodox, simply, I believe, because of their orthodox traditions; and they rule the ministers, whose tenure of office depends upon their "good behavior." Dr. Adler, the present chief rabbi of the Israelites of the United Kingdom, entirely opposes alterations in or curtailment of the Jewish ritual. He

fears that if he concede a little, his flock will concede much more; and he further supports his maintenance of the present liturgy by an expression of the conviction that mere human beings have no power to effect the modifications desired. But surely what men have done man may undo, and the liturgy is essentially of human institution. To the credit of the Spanish congregation be it said that their liturgy is not disfigured by any absurdities such as I cited the other day; and in their synagogues—there are but three in the United Kingdom—the prayers are of a reasonable and comprehensible character. There is yet another body of Jews, but they are few in number, who are called Reformers, simply because they possess a remodelled service, minus the Piyutim and other objectionable portions of the ordinary prayers, and adhere to the letter and spirit of the Pentateuch only, having nothing whatever to do with the ordinations of the rabbis. But the "Germans" are the great majority, and out of every thousand there can be no doubt that at least nine hundred and ninety would hail the exclusion from the prayer-book of the Piyutim with satisfaction. Still the ecclesiastical authorities are deaf to all remonstrance and entreaty; they have shut their eyes to the defection prevalent in the Anglo-Jewish communion, and refuse to acknowledge the fact that the younger Jews who have been educated at the universities and in mixed schools look upon their liturgy with contempt, disgust, or indifference, and that their marked absence from the services of the synagogue is mainly attributable to the fact that there are portions of the service there celebrated which neither they nor the ministers can understand, in which, for instance, they find anagrams and acrostics whose proper position would be in the "Sphinx" column of a family newspaper. Even some of the most beautiful portions of the ritual were written by rabbis to mark particular events in their own lives. I take the following story from David Levi's edition of the order of service for the Jewish New Year, which gives the reason for the insertion in the liturgy of a really fine prayer, beginning with the words, "We will express the mighty holiness of this day." Rabbi Amnon, of Mayence, was a man of great merit, of an illustrious family, very rich, and much respected at the court of the Bishop of Mayence. The bishop frequently pressed him to abjure Judaism and embrace Christianity, but he was deaf to his solicitations. It happened, how-

ever, that one day in particular, when very closely pressed by the bishop and his courtiers, he, in order to evade their importunity and to silence them for the present, answered, "I will consider the subject, and give you an answer in three days." But as soon as he came out of the palace, and was left to his own reflections, his conscience smote him for the enormity of the crime he had committed in thus seeming to entertain a doubt of the true faith. He went home overwhelmed with remorse, and when meat was set before him he refused to eat or drink; and when his friends came to visit him he refused all consolation, saying, "Alas! I will go down sorrowful to the grave for this deed." On the third day, while he was thus lamenting his imprudent expression, the bishop sent for him, but he refused to go. Having thus refused the bishop's messengers several times, the bishop commanded them to seize Rabbi Amnon and bring him by force. He questioned the rabbi thus: "Why didst thou not come to me according to thy promise, and inform me whether thou didst mean to comply with my request or not?" Amnon answered, "I will pronounce sentence on myself; and that is, that my tongue which uttered the words, and thus caused me to lie, ought to be cut out." The bishop answered, "I will not cut out thy tongue, but the feet which did not come to me shall be cut off, and the other parts of thy body will I also cause to be tormented." He then ordered the rabbi's great toes, thumbs, etc., to be cut off; and after being severely tortured the rabbi was conveyed home in a coffin, Amnon bearing all with the utmost constancy and resignation. Shortly after this event came the New Year, and the rabbi, being brought into the synagogue, composed and recited the prayer beginning "We will express the mighty holiness of this day," to acknowledge that he had justly suffered for the crime he had committed, and earnestly hoped for pardon. After this he suddenly disappeared, for God took him; and in memory of this extraordinary event the prayer has ever since been said in the synagogue on the New Year by all German and Polish Jews.

I will venture no opinion as to the truth of this narrative, but, beautiful as is the prayer, Rabbi Amnon's adventures do not warrant its repetition. Pages could be filled with extracts from the prayer-book of the same kind or tendency. The movement against them is not new; for even in the age when they were composed they were objected to. Among the celebrated

Jews who wrote against them were Ibn Ezra, Maimonides, Jehuda Halevi, Solomon Parchon, Serachia Halevi, David Kimchi, David Abudrahan, Menachem ben Serach, Isaac Dar Sheshet, Nissim, Joseph Albu, Samuel di Medina (Rashdam), Solomon ben Gabirol, and Joseph Karo. Ibn Ezra launched forth much satirical abuse against the Piyutim, and in his more serious objections he says: "A person should not include in his prayers such Piyutim the real meaning of which he does not understand, and should not depend upon the author's original intention, as there is no person that does not err. The Piyutim of Rabbi Eliezer Kakalir especially are very difficult for us to understand, for four reasons, viz.: 1. Because they teem with riddles and similes referring to the writer's age and local incidents of the time; 2. Because they are not all written in Hebrew, but are a mixture of Medean, Persian, Syriac, and Arabic languages; 3. Because even the Hebrew is corrupt and full of grammatical errors; and 4. Because he does not relate facts, but traditions, *midrashim*, etc., and is altogether mystical in his writings."

A very considerable portion of the liturgy is the work of the readers or precentors of the synagogue, called *hazanim*, who, in Talmudical times, ventured to compose prayers and hymns. In post-Talmudical times the *hazanim* continued the practice, but Rapoport argues that their compositions were intended for private and not for congregational use. Whether this assertion be true or not, their compositions were first uttered in the synagogue and are retained in the liturgy. Certain it is that the Jewish people are by no means bound by any enactment, either revealed or unrevealed, to maintain ridiculous passages in their prayer-book; and the ecclesiastical authorities, by refusing to sanction their suppression, render themselves responsible for the consequences which will certainly ensue. The ministers of the respective congregations under the control of the chief rabbi have no power to act independently; but it is a matter which hardly admits of doubt that they are one and all favorably disposed to a speedy reformation of the Jewish liturgy. In conclusion, I may add that, although so many of the younger generation of Israelites are being alienated from their religion by the obstinacy of the "ecclesiastical authorities," they do not adopt any other religion in its place. They may cease to be Jews, indeed, but they do not, for all that, become Christians.

From The Saturday Review.

THE INDIANS OF CANADA.

THE various nationalities comprised within the confines of the British empire are so numerous, and the conditions of their lives so little known, that there is a danger lest the responsibilities attaching to the possession of great power should be overlooked and ignored. Few persons perhaps have ever realized the fact that a population of nearly ninety-two thousand, comprising many distinct tribes and languages, but included under the general name of North American Indians, are subjects of the queen, and, as such, claim the sympathy and interest of Englishmen. Even in Canada, where their presence is more felt, but little is known of their real condition, excepting by the department of the government in whose especial charge they are. It is, however satisfactory to perceive that there is considerable activity in this branch of the Dominion government, that important improvements have been made in the method of dealing with the wilder tribes, and that steps are to be taken to advance the civilization of those who have adopted a more settled life and have devoted themselves to agricultural industry.

The Indian population may be divided broadly under three heads, each numbering about thirty thousand. First, there are those who reside in Ontario, Quebec, and the maritime provinces, the remnants of the tribes who were brought in contact with the original settlers, and whose names have been rendered familiar to us by Cooper's novels. Nearly half of these tribes possess reserve lands or settlements in Ontario, and are making considerable progress in agriculture. About ten thousand are scattered throughout the province of Quebec, leaving the remainder to the maritime provinces. The second division comprises the Indians of Manitoba, the North-west, and Rupert's Land. These consist mostly of wandering tribes divided into wood Indians and prairie Indians—the former subsisting principally by fishing, and the latter by hunting, the buffalo forming their staple food. But little civilization has yet reached them. Missionaries, both Protestant and Roman Catholic, have been at work with varied success for many years, and the Hudson Bay Company has exercised over them a parental sway, which has now been replaced by that of the Canadian government. The third division, of about equal numerical strength, is comprised within

the province of British Columbia, where the Indian population considerably outnumbered the white settlers. These Indians may also be subdivided into the tribes settled on the coast, who subsist by fishing, and those who are possessed of considerable property in cattle, and who occupy the valleys among the western slopes of the Rocky and Cascade Mountains. Unfortunately they are discontented with their present lot; the terms granted to them by the provisional government of British Columbia have been less favorable than that which Ontario and Quebec have conceded to the tribes within their borders, and, as they feel their numerical strength, they are the more urgent in pressing their not unjust claims.

The system of dealing with the Indian tribes which has gradually grown up, and which has worked so far well that no Indian wars have, since the British settlement, devastated Canada, may be said to consist in buying up the native claims, founded on their rights of hunting through the territories required by the settlers, by yearly grants of money or of goods to each chief and family, and by the allotment of tracts of country termed Indian reserves. This property is under the charge of an agent or superintendent, who watches over the welfare of the tribe, protects it from the encroachments of white settlers, and prevents the alienation of the property. Some large Indian reserves may be seen close to the most important cities of Canada, and those who have travelled on the St. Lawrence or the Ottawa will remember the wild and almost waste strips contrasting with the highly cultivated land on either side, and which belong to the remnants of the once famous tribes of the Iroquois and the Algonquins. The last of the Hurons occupy the village of Lorette, near Quebec, whilst the Six Nations partially cultivate a large district in the heart of the most fertile portion of Ontario, in the vicinity of the town of Brantford. All profess deep loyalty to the English crown, and appear generally contented with their condition. Some time must, however, elapse before the habits of the hunter will give place to those of the agriculturist, and even among the most civilized of the tribes many men will be found who for several months of the year leave their homes and seek the excitement of their former life among the more distant forests. The religious tenets of the settled Indians usually correspond with those of their white neighbors; the Indians of

Quebec being mostly Roman Catholics, whilst those of Ontario belong to some among the many divisions of Protestants. Paganism, however, retains its hold over many of the older men, and even in the settlements of the Six Nations some are to be found who profess the faith of their ancestors.

Passing to the second division — namely, the Indians of Manitoba and the North-west — we find conditions of life more nearly resembling those which existed before the arrival of the white men, although even here the approach of civilization has made several marked changes. A section of the savage tribe of the Sioux, which sought refuge in our territory to avoid retribution after the Minnesota massacre, is now established in the partially civilized province of Manitoba, and the men are well reported of by the settlers as sober and industrious laborers. Treaties have been made with the Crees and the Salteaux, their internecine feuds appeased, and reserves, in the proportion of one hundred and sixty acres to each family of five persons, allotted to them on the shores of Lakes Winnipeg and Winnipegosis. Many of these tribes had, until recently, found employment as boatmen on the Red River, and in conveying the stores from York Factory to the inland forts of the Hudson Bay Company; but the introduction of steam on Lake Winnipeg, and the change of route owing to the opening of communication with Lake Superior, had deprived them of their means of livelihood, and led them readily to welcome the settlement of their claims proposed by Mr. Morris, the lieutenant-governor of Manitoba. Along the valley of the Saskatchewan the mounted police force has established law and order, and has been welcomed as protectors by the Assiniboines and the more warlike Blackfeet. East of the Rocky Mountains, Indian affairs appear very fairly prosperous, and seem to warrant some advance in the legislation dealing with these children of the soil. An indication of this change is given in the report of Mr. Laird, the minister of the interior, who announces that the gradual enfranchisement of the Indians will be one of the most important objects of a proposed new act. Care, however, must be taken so to word its provisions that protection may be afforded to those who do not desire to avail themselves of what they may fail to consider an adequate compensation for paternal government.

On the western side of the Rocky Mountains the Indian question will, it is

feared, give more trouble; indeed, if the reports of men who have resided among the tribes are to be credited, an Indian war has only been avoided by the divisions among the Indians themselves. The great grievance, which no amount of presents or subsidies will overcome, lies in the illiberal conduct of the British Columbian government in regard to the allotment of land. Whereas, in the treaties with the Indians of Manitoba, one hundred and sixty acres of land were handed over to each family of five persons, the Indians of British Columbia are only offered twenty acres, and even this small grant has reference merely to new reserves. So deep is the feeling of discontent that two of the tribes have refused to accept their usual annual presents, lest they should appear to waive their claim for compensation for what they regard as an injustice. Three causes have led to this dissatisfaction on the part of the Indians. Since communication with the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains has become more frequent, information has reached them of the better terms awarded to the tribes of Manitoba, and consequently they require similar treatment from the government of British Columbia. Again, the pressure of the white settlers who occupy the more fertile districts, and who, as the dominant race, enforce what they choose to consider their rights at the expense of the Indians, is of course more felt as population increases; and, thirdly, the Indians are becoming aware of their numerical strength, although happily they have not as yet appreciated the strength which union adds to numbers. The question involved is a serious one, not only to the local government and to Canada, but to England, which must be ultimately responsible that no unfair treatment should lead the Indians to take up arms in a cause which, to say the least of it, would have the appearance of being a just one. Happily, both the Canadian and the local governments appear to be aware of the importance of settling the points in dispute. Three commissioners are to be appointed conjointly by the two governments, who will visit the tribes or nations, and determine the extent and locality of their respective reserves. These reserves are to be determined, not by a fixed extent of acreage, but by the requirements and habits of each nation, and they will be increased or diminished according to the variations of the Indian population. The different modes of life of the tribes of the interior who possess horses and cattle, and those on

the seacoast who live by fishing, afford a reason for diverging from the plan in force in the older provinces of Canada, and for adopting a more elastic rule in dealing with their several claims. It is to be hoped that a liberal policy will be agreed upon, and that the scandal of Indian wars which has so long afflicted the frontiers of the United States, and which have even within the last few months been productive of so great disasters, may be averted from the Pacific, as it has hitherto been avoided in the Atlantic and central provinces of the Dominion.

Meanwhile, the presence of the Earl of Dufferin in British Columbia, and his well-known interest in all that concerns the well-being of the Indian tribes, will exercise no unimportant influence over the local government, and will encourage those who regard this great question in a broader view than that presented by the merely temporary interest of a small community. It is in dealing with these and similar matters of more than local importance that the value of the influence of an English statesman, such as Lord Dufferin has proved himself to be, is likely to be felt; and if the result of his visit to British Columbia tends to a satisfactory settlement of the Indian difficulty, as well as the removal of some of the causes of friction between that distant province and the central government, he will have done much to further the true welfare of the Dominion, whose rule embraces so many nationalities with varying and often conflicting interests.

From Nature.

INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF AMERICANISTS.

LAST July there met in the city of Nancy a congress of a somewhat novel kind which, at the time, did not attract very much attention, but which, during its four days' sitting, did a considerable amount of work of varied value. This was the International Congress of Americanists, organized by a society recently formed in France under the designation "*La Société Américaine de France*." The society itself appears to be French, though the congresses are intended to be international in their character, and among those who were members of the last congress (though not necessarily present) were many eminent men belonging to all parts of the world. Among English names we notice those of Dr.

Birch, Mr. Charles Darwin, Mr. Franks, Sir John Lubbock, Mr. R. H. Major, Prof. Max Müller, Sir Henry Rawlinson, Sir Charles Trevelyan, Mr. Trübner, and others. Delegates from various countries were present at the congress, and although most of the papers were by Frenchmen, still a fair proportion were by foreigners, chiefly Americans and Scandinavians. Two thick octavo volumes * contain the proceedings of the congress.

The object of this French society in holding these congresses is to contribute to the progress of ethnographical, linguistic, and historical studies relative to the two Americas, especially for the times anterior to Christopher Columbus, and to bring into connection with each other persons who are interested in these studies. The subscription is only twelve francs, and the council is composed of a certain proportion of French and of foreign members. The president of the Nancy congress was the Baron de Dumast, but at each of the four *séances* for the reading of papers he very gracefully called to the chair a distinguished foreign member to preside over the day's proceedings. During the congress an interesting exhibition of objects relating to American ethnography and antiquities was held.

The subjects with which the congress dealt were divided into three sections — History, Ethnography, and Linguistics and Palæography, though, as might be surmised, many of the papers bore on all these subjects. Though the subjects were thus divided, the congress met as one body each day.

Such as international congress as this, it will be admitted, might do great service to science. The ethnography and prehistoric archæology of America are of the highest importance; they are a prime factor in the great problem of the world's ethnography. If, then, an international American congress were based on well-defined principles, and if its work were conducted in accordance with the universally recognized rules of scientific method, it might give a powerful impulse to the progress of American ethnology in particular, and to ethnography in general. We shall briefly endeavor to give the reader an idea of the value of the contents of the two volumes before us.

Among the first papers is one of considerable length, by M. E. Beauvois, the purpose of which is to prove that the

* *Congrès International des Américanistes. Comptes-Rendu de la Première Session, Nancy, 1875.* (Paris, Maisonneuve et Cie.)

"Irland it mikla," or "Hvitramannaland" of the early Icelandic chroniclers, was a colony founded by Irish missionaries, apparently near the mouth of the St. Lawrence, long before even the Norseman knew anything of America. One cannot but admire the learning, ingenuity, and enthusiasm of M. Beauvois, but the verdict must be the Scotch one of "not proven," with a note that it was scarcely worth while calling together an international congress to listen to a paper of this kind.

This may be regarded as a type, and rather a favorable one, of a large number of the papers read at the Nancy congress, papers whose object was to show the intimate connection which in prehistoric times existed between the peoples of the Old World and those of the New. A paper by Prof. Paul Gaffarel of Dijon, for example, had for its object to show the great probability that the Phœnicians had found their way across the Atlantic to America, North and South, and that in various ways they left traces of their presence behind. This is a somewhat more sober paper than that of M. Beauvois, still the verdict must be essentially the same.

Of course the questions of Buddhists in America and of "Fu-Sang" got their share of attention, with the usual unsatisfactory result. Fortunately there were some solid men at the congress who were able to perceive the utter futility of discussions of this kind. M. de Rosny, for example, had frequent occasion to recall the attention of the congress to its main purpose, and to remind the members that while we knew comparatively so little of the American aborigines and of their remains, it was a waste of time and energy to discuss the civilization of any other country. "Our duty," he said, "is to establish formally, against all the crotchets which have hitherto infested the domain of Americanism, a method. Every hypothesis which is not based on certain proofs is of no scientific value;" and Dr. Dally justly remarked that there is no special "Americanist method," but that there is a scientific method, whose rules are quite sufficient for this new department of science. "No documents," Dr. Dally continued, "are adduced in support of these connections between the Old and the New Worlds; we must, therefore, provisionally consider them as non-existent. All the alleged analogies are only vain appearances. The presumptions are, on the contrary, against the hypotheses of an analogy or a filiation between the religions of

Mexico or of Peru and those of eastern Asia. The solution of the question is that the Americans are neither Indians, Phœnicians, Chinese, nor Europeans; they are Americans." "All these hypotheses," M. de Rosny remarked again, "of Asiatic influences in America are very piquant: it is the proof which is always wanting." What a pity a few men like M. de Rosny and Dr. Dally were not appointed beforehand to decide on what papers were deserving of the serious attention of the congress! However, wisdom comes by experience. The fairly moderate paper on Fu-Sang, by M. Lucien Adam, might have been admitted, as might also that of M. Gravier on the Deighton Rock inscription, but we are sure that all the papers thus admitted could have been published in one-third of the space of these two volumes.

M. Lévy-Bing brought much learning to bear on the Grave Creek inscription for the purpose of proving it to be Phœnician, with the usual unsatisfactory result, we are sure, on all unbiased listeners. Perhaps the most deliberate and cold-blooded attempt to prove an intimate connection between America and Old World civilization was made by Prof. Campbell, of the Theological College, Montreal, in his paper "The Traditions of the Ancient Races of Peru and Mexico identified with those of the Historical Peoples of the Old World." His object is to prove that the Peruvians and Mexicans had "their original home on the banks of the Nile, and that their traditions relate primarily to an early national existence either in Egypt or the neighboring region of Palestine;" and besides various other conclusions, "that there is the strongest reason for finding the affinities of the civilized races of ancient America, not among the Turanian or Semitic, but among the Aryan or Indo-European families of the world." This is rushing to a conclusion with a vengeance, and some of the more sober members of the congress had good reason to animadvert on the "haste to conclude" manifested by many of the Americanists, and the want of patience to wait for more light. An idea of the value of the "facts" on which Prof. Campbell builds his sweeping conclusions may be gathered from the following extracts: "Animal worship prevailed in Peru, and it is worthy of note that flies, called *cuspi* (a word of the same origin as the Semitic *zebug*, the Latin *vespa*, and the English *wasp*) were offered in sacrifice, thus recalling the *Baal-zebug* of the *Phili-sheth*." "In *Manco* I find

the first monarch of universal history, the Egyptian *Menes*, the Indian *Menu*, the Greek *Minos*, the Phrygian *Manis*, the Lydian *Macon*, the German *Mannus*, the Welsh *Menev*, the Chinese *Ming-ti*, and the Algonquin *Manitou* — and so on through endless ingenuities. Is not this comparative philology playing at "high jinks"? and is it not one more striking proof that to trust to language alone in questions of ethnography is to trust to a chain of sand?

While the Baron de Bretton's paper on the origins of the peoples of America contains some suggestions of value, it also, like the one just mentioned, is disfigured by many etymological fantasies. It is quite legitimate to try to show that America may have been in part peopled from Europe, but to base such a theory on arguments like the following makes one almost despair of the progress of scientific method: "The first invaders from whom, according to the tradition of the Toltecs, that people were descended, were called *Tans*, *Dans* (Danes!). Their god, *Teoti*, strongly resembles linguistically the Greek *theos*, Latin *deus*," etc. The temples of this god were called *tescabli*, "a word which comes from Greek *theos* and Celtic *ca-cas*, house." A god, *Votan*, is probably *Wodin*, and *Thara*, *Thor-as* *Asa-thor*. *Azlan*, the supposed original home of the Aztecs, is, according to Baron de Bretton, evidently Scandinavian *Asaland*, country of the *Ases*, of the *Asiatics*, of the *Aztecs* themselves. What answer can be made to such etymological legerdemain?

The Abbé Petitot has been for many years a zealous missionary in the Athabasca-Mackenzie region of North America, and has made some valuable contributions to a knowledge of the geography of that region; not content with this, however, he is eager through the medium of language to prove the unity of origin of the human race. He argues that because certain North American Indian words have a more or less distant resemblance to Chinese, Malay, Tamul, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Japanese, German, English, etc., therefore all these are descended from one common stock. We shall give only one specimen of the abbé's easy-going com-

parisons: English *each*, he tells us, is the same word as Hebrew *isch*. He gives pages of this sort of thing. It is easily done; any ignoramus with the dictionary of a dozen different languages before him could do it. The "Tower of Babel" is the abbé's starting-point in tracing the diversities of human speech.

It seems to us a pity that the reputation of an international congress that might do much good should be endangered by puerilities such as those we have referred to. We hope that in this their first meeting the froth has come to the surface, and that in future meetings means will be taken to prevent middle-age word-puzzles being foisted on the congress.

The two volumes, however, contain some papers of real value; these we have space only to name. Prof. Luciano Cordeiro's (of Coimbra) paper on the part taken by the Portuguese in the discovery of America is of considerable interest, and shows great research. A paper by M. Paul Broca on two series of crania from ancient Indian sepulchres in the neighborhood of Bogota is a model of careful observation and reasoning. M. J. Ballet, of Guadaloupe, has a long memoir on the Caribs, full of information. A paper by M. Julien Vinson on the Basque language and the American languages is able and scholarly and cautious. He shows that in structure and grammar they have many points of resemblance, but that on this ground there is no reason whatever for concluding that they or their speakers have a common origin. Other papers of value are Dr. Cornilliac's on the anthropology of the Antilles, Mr. Francis A. Allen's on the origin of the primitive civilization of the New World, an elaborate paper, the result of great research, and M. Oscar Cometrant's paper on music in America before the discovery of Columbus.

On the whole, we cannot think that these two volumes show that this International Congress of Americanists has done much in furtherance of the object for which it met, and we shall look with interest for the results of the second congress, which will meet at Luxembourg in September, 1877.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume XVI. }

No. 1687. — October 14, 1876.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CXXXI. }

CONTENTS.

| | | |
|---|---|-----|
| I. THE ILLYRIAN EMPERORS AND THEIR LAND. By Edward A. Freeman, | <i>British Quarterly Review</i> , | 67 |
| II. WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH. By Sarah Tytler, author of "Lady Bell," etc. Part XVI., | <i>Good Words</i> , | 83 |
| III. FRANCIS THE FIRST. By the author of "Mirabeau" etc., | <i>Temple Bar</i> , | 96 |
| IV. THE STRATHMORE: LETTER FROM MRS. WORDSWORTH, THE LADY WHO SUR- VIVED THE WRECK, | <i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , | 107 |
| V. LAST CENTURY MAGAZINES, | <i>Fraser's Magazine</i> , | 112 |
| VI. THE JOURNEY OF AUGUSTUS R. MARGARY, | <i>Saturday Review</i> , | 119 |
| VII. EARLY CHRISTIANITY IN FIJI, | <i>Spectator</i> , | 121 |
| VIII. GEORGE SMITH, | <i>Nature</i> , | 124 |
| IX. BRITISH ASSOCIATION, | <i>Athenæum</i> , | 125 |
| X. PROTECTION IN THE UNITED STATES, | <i>Economist</i> , | 127 |

POETRY.

| | | | |
|------------------------------------|----|-------------------------|----|
| MIDSUMMER, | 66 | GOING SOFTLY, | 66 |
| NICHOLAS ST. JOHN GREEN, | 66 | A QUESTION, | 66 |

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

MIDSUMMER.

ALONG the uplands waves the grain
 In golden billows, and below
 Upon a level stretch of plain
 The whitened fields of buckwheat grow.
 The leafy boughs with apples bend,
 The green is on the chestnut-burs,
 The locust-buds their perfume send,
 The breeze now scarce a ripple stirs
 Above the surface of the lake,
 And in the silence of the brake,
 O'ergrown with ferns, the cat-bird screams.
 The brown thrush and the robin sing,
 The air with light is half ablaze,
 And underneath the dazzling beams
 Of the noontide's exultant rays,
 The bluebird spreads his azure wing.

Down where the dusty roads divide,
 The little, old red schoolhouse stands,
 And here upon the shady side,
 The children group in happy bands,
 Let loose at noon. The open door,
 The battered porch, the well-worn floor,
 The row of nails, on which a score
 Of rimless hats are hung by day.
 The grass is trodden by the feet
 Of merry urchins at their play,
 And heedless of the summer heat,
 For life to them is very sweet,
 The intermission glides away.
 Oh gleesome hearts, in after years
 These scenes to you will bring no tears
 When life is not a holiday.

FRANKLIN W. FISH.

NICHOLAS ST. JOHN GREEN.

Died Sept. 8, 1876.

I.

DEAR friend! the ancient elegiac strain
 For death — was death itself and dark despair;
 Each word a sob — the vain lament in vain
 Fell on the careless air!

II.

Better our teaching, though they teach as well,
 How deathless atoms in eternal flow
 Compose the mortal bodies where we dwell,
 And all things high and low.

III.

Can senseless atoms live? forever live?
 And that which animates them ever die?
 Can we — together brought, without our
 leave,
 Then forc'd apart to fly —

IV.

Be *worse* for immortality? Our loss
 Cannot be lasting while He lasts to tell
 What glory shines behind His better cross,
 Who doeth "all things" well!
 Advertiser. GEORGE SENNOTT.

GOING SOFTLY.

SHE makes no moan above her faded flowers,
 She will not vainly strive against her lot,
 Patient she wears away the slow, sad hours,
 As if the ray they had were quite forgot;
 While stronger fingers snatch away the sword,
 And lighter footsteps pass her on the ways,
 Yielding submissive to the stern award
 That said, she must go softly all her days.

She knows the pulse is beating quickly yet,
 She knows the dream is sweet and subtle
 still,
 That struggling from the cloud of past regret,
 Ready for conflict live Hope, Joy, and Will;
 So soon, so soon to veil the eager eyes,
 To dull the throbbing ear to blame or praise,
 So soon to crush reawakening sympathies,
 And teach them she goes softly all her days.

She will not speak or move beneath the doom,
 She knows she had her day, and flung her
 cast,
 The loser scarce the laurel may assume,
 Nor evening think the noontide glow can
 last.
 Only, oh youth and love, as in your pride,
 Of joyous triumph your gay notes you raise,
 Throw one kind glance and word where, at
 your side,
 She creeps, who must go softly all her days.
 All The Year Round.

A QUESTION.

BEYOND the fields with summer glowing
 I see a grave where flowers are growing,
 Where grateful hands are always throwing
 Bright laurels one by one.
 A splendid heart at rest is lying,
 A brave heart, victor in its trying,
 That left humanity when dying,
 A great work grandly done.

Within those fields with sunlight burning,
 His scanty living daily earning,
 A man the fragrant hay is turning
 Into many a heap;
 Slow are the eyes that watch his raking,
 Or idly signs of weather taking,
 The heart to impulse only waking,
 The soul still dumb, asleep.

Which is the death? We are receiving
 New courage from a soul yet giving,
 A blessing from a heart yet living,
 An inspiration still.
 Which is the life? A dull, blind straying?
 A toil no grander thought obeying?
 Heart, live thy best, thy questions laying
 On some far broader will.
 Transcript. MARY G. MORRISON.

From The British Quarterly Review.

THE ILLYRIAN EMPERORS AND THEIR LAND.

THE Eastern shores of the Hadriatic have in all ages borne the character of a border-land. And it is from their character as a border-land that they draw a great part of their charm, alike for him who studies their past and present history and for him who looks on their hills and islands with his own eyes. And they have been a border-land in two senses. They form the march of the two great geographical, political, and religious divisions of Europe. The two great peninsulas which the Hadriatic Gulf parts asunder have a march-land which does not exactly coincide with their primary physical boundary. The north-eastern part of the eastern peninsula, that which is sometimes called the Byzantine peninsula, is closely connected, even physically, with the Italian peninsula which lies on the western side of the gulf. The mountains which part off Istria and Dalmatia from the vast mainland to the east of them are a continuation of the range of mountains which parts off Italy from the vast mainland to the north of her. It is indeed true in one sense that the heights which part off all the three great peninsulas of southern Europe are parts of one range stretching from the Pyrenees to Haimos. But Dalmatia is bound to Italy by a closer tie than this, and Istria is bound to her by a tie closer still. Istria lies east of the Hadriatic; yet, on any theory of natural boundaries, Istria is manifestly Italian. In the case of Dalmatia the connection is not so close and unbroken; yet the narrow, the constantly narrowing, strip of land between the mountains and the sea, though geographically part of the eastern peninsula, has not a little the air of a thread, a finger, a branch, cast forth from the western peninsula. Dalmatia is thus physically a march-land; and its physical position has ever made it the march-land of languages, empires, and religions. It lies on the border of those two great divisions of Europe which we may severally speak of as the Greek and the Latin worlds. The Dalmatian archipelago, a secondary Ægæan with its islands and peninsulas, formed, unless we

except a few doubtful and scattered settlements on the opposite coast, the most distant sphere of Greek colonization in those seas, as it was the latest chosen of all the spheres of genuine Greek settlement, as distinguished from Macedonian conquest. It was through these lands, through wars and negotiations with their rulers, that Rome won her first footing on the eastern coast of the Hadriatic, and thereby found her first opportunity and excuse for meddling in the affairs of Greece. The land through which the Roman had thus made his highway into the eastern lands became, in the days when his empire split asunder, a border-land, a disputed possession, of the Eastern and the Western Empire, of the Eastern and the Western Church. In days when Greek and Roman had so strangely become names of the same meaning, the cities of the Dalmatian coast clave as long as they could to their allegiance to the Greek-speaking prince whose empire still bore the Roman name. In after times they became part of the dominion of that mighty commonwealth which, itself as it were a portion of the east anchored off the shores of the west, bore rule alike on the mainland of Italy and among the islands and peninsulas of Greece. In our own day it forms part of the dominions of a potentate who still clings, however vainly, to the titles, traditions, and ensigns of the elder Rome, but whose geographical position calls him before all princes to be the arbiter, the conqueror, or the deliverer of the lands which still look with fear or with hope to the younger Rome. Dalmatia in all her stages, Greek, Roman, Byzantine, Venetian, Austrian, has steadily kept up her character of a border-land between eastern and western Europe. And if we take into our account the great struggle of the early days of our own century, the short incorporation of Dalmatia by France, the still shorter occupation of some of her islands and cities by England—in days when England did not despise Montenegrin, and even Russian help—the long destiny of this coast as a debatable ground between the two great divisions of Europe is carried on in yet minuter detail.

The Dalmatian coast has thus always kept its character as a march-land between

east and west, and the march-land of east and west has of necessity been also the march-land of rival empires and rival Churches. But these coasts and islands have been a march-land in yet a further sense than this. Their history has made them in all ages the border, sometimes of civilization against actual barbarism, always of a higher civilization against a lower. And if their position has made them the march of the two great divisions of the Christian Church, it has also made them the march of Christendom itself, first against heathendom and afterwards against Islam. A glance at the map will at once show that the Dalmatian land, whose islands and peninsulas and inland seas make it almost a secondary Hellas, must have been from the earliest times the seat of a higher civilization than the boundless mainland from which its mountains fence it off. But here again its position as a border-land comes in with tenfold force. Dalmatia, with all her islands and havens, could never be as Greece, or even as Italy, because she did not in the same way stand free from the vast mainland behind her. That mainland, on the other hand, has been actually checked in the path of civilization by the fringe of higher civilization which has been spread along its edge. Civilization and barbarism have been brought into the closest contact with one another, without either distinctly gaining the upper hand. The barbarian has been checked in his calling as destroyer; the civilized man has been checked in his calling of enlightener. The barbarian has not been able, as in lands further to the east, to force his way through the line of civilization which has hemmed him in; nor has the civilized man been able to force his way over the mountain barrier which has doomed the lands to the east of it to an abiding state of at least comparative barbarism. The old Illyrian became the subject of the Roman; his land became the highway and the battle-field of the Goth; his name and race and tongue were swept away or driven southward by the Slave. The Slave again has been brought into bondage by the Turk. But, during all these changes, the cities and islands, Greek, Roman, Venetian, or Aus-

trian, have remained outposts of civilization, fringing a mainland which has always lagged behind them. And at two periods again, difference of race and language, difference of higher and lower civilization, have been further aggravated by difference of religion. That the land has long been a debatable land between the Eastern and Western Churches is not all. Dalmatia has twice been a border-land of Christendom itself. The Slavonic immigrants of the seventh century were heathens; some of them long remained so. In the tenth century one Dalmatian district, the Narentine coast between Spalato and Ragusa, together with some of the neighboring islands, bore the significant name of Paganian.* The heathen settlements gradually grew into Christian kingdoms, but a later revolution changed those Christian kingdoms into subject provinces of the Mussulman. As once against the heathen, so now against the Turk, Dalmatia became one of the frontier lands of Christendom. At some points the Christian fringe is narrow indeed; at two points it is altogether broken through. The mountain wall whose slopes begin in the streets of Ragusa fences off the land of the Apostolic King from the land where the choice of the Christian lies only between bondage and revolt. And at two points of the inland seas of Dalmatia, one of them fittingly within the bounds of the old Paganian, the dominion of the misbeliever reaches down to the Hadriatic shore itself.

The Dalmatian shore itself is therefore pre-eminently a border-land; but in that character it only carries out in a higher degree the character of the mainland which it fringes. The whole of Illyricum is, and always has been, in some sort a border-land. Its character as such is emphatically marked in the geography of the transitional days of the Roman empire. In that great division into prefectures which formed the groundwork of the somewhat

* The Emperor Constantine Porphyrogennêtos, from whose works, "*De Thematibus*" and "*De Administrando Imperio*," we get the fullest account of Dalmatia and the neighboring lands, as they stood in the tenth century, defines (cap. 30, p. 145 of the Bonn edition) the limits of Paganian with great accuracy. It is the region of the famous Narentine pirates, and takes in the present bit of Turkish territory at Klek.

later division of the empire into East and West, the name Illyricum has two meanings. There is the Illyricum of the east, which has strangely spread itself southwards so as to take in Macedonia, and that in a sense in which Macedonia takes in Greece. There is the Illyricum of the west, which in like manner stretches itself northwards, so as to take in a large part of the lands between the Danube and the Alps. Of the western Illyricum, the Dalmatian coast forms a part; and it should be noted that the line between eastern and western Illyricum is drawn nearly at the point which separates the modern Dalmatian kingdom from the Ottoman province of Albania. That line is not an arbitrary line. The point at which the continuous, or nearly continuous, dominion of Venice stopped is one which is clearly marked in the coast-line. At that point the coast, which so far stretches in a slanting direction from north-west to south-east, turns in a direction nearly due south. North-east of that point, Venice was mistress of the whole coast, save only the dominions of Ragusa and the two points where Ragusa had deemed that the crescent of Mahomet was a less dangerous neighbour than the lion of Saint Mark. In the possession of that coast, the Austrian archduke and Hungarian king has succeeded the two seafaring commonwealths. The dominions of Venice had not always ended at that point. South of it she had at different times held a dominion, sometimes larger, sometimes smaller, both among the islands and on the mainland. Even down to her fall, besides her possession of Corfu and the other so-called Ionian islands, she still kept one or two detached points on the mainland. But the point of which we speak, the point so clearly marked on the map, was the end of that abiding and nearly continuous dominion in which the Apostolic King has succeeded her. That point, once the frontier of the Eastern and Western Empires, is now the frontier of the Slave and the Albanian; that is to say, it is the boundary of the land within which the Slave thoroughly and permanently supplanted the old Illyrian whom the Albanian represents. The same point was, till the foun-

dation of the modern Greek kingdom, actually the end of Christendom along those coasts. And though the birth of that new Christian State makes it no longer the end of Christendom, it still is — for the two points of Turkish coast at Klek and Sutorina are hardly worth counting as exceptions — the beginning of Islam and the end of continuous Christendom. North-west of that point we are still in the borderland of eastern and western Europe; south of it we are undoubtedly in the eastern division. While the Dalmatian coast itself has been as it were an outlying piece of the West thrown out on the eastern side of the gulf, the mainland to the back of it shares, in a less degree, the border character of the coast itself. The whole land along the Danube and its tributaries, from the border of Rætia to the border of Thrace in the later sense, was all Illyricum in one sense or other of that ambiguous word. It has been within them, as a great border-land, that the greatest fluctuations to and fro have taken place between West and East in their various forms; between the Teuton and the eastern Slave; between both and the Magyar; between the Eastern and the Western Church; between both and the pagan and the Mussulman. The old Rome strove hard for the spiritual dominion of the Bulgarian; she won the spiritual dominion of the Magyar. Of this last papal triumph we see the political results at this moment. Magyar and Catholic Hungary, called on by her geographical position to be, as of old, the champion of Christendom, cannot bring herself freely to cast in her lot with her Slavonic and Orthodox neighbours. The Orthodox Slave has sometimes deliberately deemed that the rule of the unbelieving Turk was less to be dreaded than the rule of the Catholic Magyar. The orthodox Slave, placed on the borders of so many political and religious systems, has become the subject, sometimes of the western Cæsar, sometimes of the Hungarian king, sometimes of the Venetian commonwealth, sometimes of the Turkish sultan. His independent being, which once took a form which promised to become the dominant power of south-eastern Europe, is now shut

up in the little principality on the Black Mountain, that gallant outpost of Christendom, where the border character of the whole land and its people, gathered as it were together on the very march of Christendom and Islam, stands out more clearly than on almost any other spot of the Illyrian land.

We may thus set down Illyria as a whole, in all its senses, except perhaps that widest sense of all in which it takes in Peloponnêsos, as being at all times essentially a border-land, and the Dalmatian coast as being the part in which its character as a border-land comes out most strongly. The whole land, and especially the Dalmatian part of it, was a land which had cost Rome much trouble to win, but which, when won, became one of those parts of her dominion which had the greatest share in fixing her own destiny. It was through Illyria that Rome first made her way to Macedonia and Greece. It was in warfare with Illyria that she gained her first Hellenic allies or subjects. In the fourth century the Dalmatian coasts and islands had been studded with Greek colonies. The northern Epidauros, the parent of Ragusa, and the island cities of Pharos and Korkyra the Black, had been planted, some of them, strangely enough, under the auspices of the tyrant Dionysios.* These spots, some of them famous in later times, and even in the wars of our own century, show how far the borders of the Hellenic world had now extended themselves, since the days, better known to most of us, when Epidamnos had been the furthest outpost of Hellas in those lands. In the next century, Skodra on the mainland and the island post of Issa became the strongholds of the Illyrian kingdom of Argôn and Teuta, and Illyrian pirates became the dread of the Greek and Italian ports. One Greek of the Hadriatic islands, Dêmêtrios of Pharos, has won for himself, by a series of treasons, a prominent place in the history of those times. In the interval between the first and second Punic wars, Rome broke the power of the pirate queen. She received Epidamnos, Apollônia, and the elder Korkyra as her allies or subjects, and her ambassadors were admitted within the pale of Hellenic religion and

Hellenic culture by the formal right of sharing in the Isthmian games. Rome thus became a power east of the Hadriatic; but it was not till a later generation, not till Rome was already great in Spain and in Asia, that Illyrian allies or subjects were directly incorporated with her dominion. Things had then changed. Roman protection was fast changing into Roman dominion. Macedonia, once the enemy of Greece, was now her bulwark, and Illyria was the ally of Macedonia. The overthrow of Perseus, the partition of the Macedonian kingdom, carried with it the overthrow and dismemberment of his Illyrian ally, and the kingdom of Gentius, the kingdom of Skodra, became a part of Rome's dominion beyond the gulf.*

It is now that Dalmatia first comes into sight as a land with a distinct being. Dalmatia revolted from the rule of Gentius, to become a separate power, whose conquest was a far harder work for Rome than the overthrow of the kingdom from which it had split off. It was not till after more than a hundred and fifty years of intermittent warfare, warfare in which Roman defeats alternated with Roman triumphs, it was not till after the Christian era had begun, that the last Dalmatian revolt was put down by the arms of Tiberius, under the auspices of Augustus. The whole of the borderland, from the frontier of Italy to the frontier of Hellas, was now admitted to the bondage and the repose of the Roman peace; one part of the land, the Istrian peninsula, was formally taken within the bounds of Italy. The coast was now fringed with Roman cities, admitted to the rights of Roman municipal life, and striving to imitate the mighty works of Rome herself. Pola, under her new name of Pietas Julia, reared her amphitheatre beside her harbor: she crowned her hill with her capitol, and adorned her streets and her forum with the temple of Augustus and the arch of the Sergii. Zara, Jadera, on her peninsula, became a Roman colony, and reared the arch and the columns which still survive among the more stately memorials of later times. Salona, on her own inland sea, with her own archipelago in front of her, with her mountain wall rising above her shores, became the greatest city of the Dalmatian coast, and one of the greatest cities of the

* Black Korkyra, now Curzola, was a colony of Knidos, and Pharos, now Lesina, a colony of Paros. See Strabo, vii. 5 (vol. ii., p. 104). For the help given to the Parians in this colony, and for his own colony of Lissos, see Diodoros, xv. 13. This is Lissos on the mainland, not the modern Lissa, the island Issa which figures in the war between Rome and Illyria (see Polybios, ii. 8, 11; xxxii. 18). Epidauros is not mentioned so early, but its name and the worship of Asklepios speak for themselves.

* The earlier Illyrian war is recorded in the second book of Polybios. Appian has a special book on the Illyrian wars. In him (chap. xi.) we get our first notices of Dalmatia as such: the name is not found in Polybios. There is also a shorter notice in Strabo, which has been already referred to.

Roman world. The land was now Roman ; its chief cities were Roman colonies. In due time all its inhabitants, along with the other inhabitants of the Roman world, were admitted to the name and rights of Romans. And now it became clear that the Illyrian provinces, and the Dalmatian coast-land above all, had received a special and important mission in the history of Rome and of the world.

It was in the second half of the third century that the Illyrian lands began to show themselves as charged with the special work of providing external champions and internal reformers for the empire of which they formed a part. When all distinctions were broken down, when all the men of the Mediterranean lands were alike Romans, when the purple of the Cæsars became a prize open to every soldier who was enrolled in the Roman legions, it was from the Illyrian lands that Rome drew the greatest of her emperors. And it was from the special Dalmatian land that she drew the emperor who was to begin a new order of things, to establish her empire on a new footing, and to leave behind him on his native Dalmatian shore the most abiding monument of Roman magnificence and Roman art. By this time all regard for special Roman birth had long passed away. The feeble tradition of hereditary succession which had once prevailed, and which was one day to prevail again, had fallen into abeyance. No lasting hereditary dynasty had ever been founded. The divine stock of the Julii, the seed of Aphroditê and Anchisês, had been kept on only by successive adoptions which admitted Octavii, Claudii, and Domitii to the rights of the sacred house. The Sabine Flavii lasted but two generations. Under the adopted family which began with Nerva, the bounds of Italy were passed, and the dominion of Rome reached its greatest extent under the Spaniard Trajan. A series of desperate attempts were made to continue at least the name of the Antonines, among princes who neither came of their blood nor represented them by any legal adoption. A fictitious succession was thus carried on till the fall of Alexander Severus and the elevation of the first Maximin. The throne was now open to "every barbarian peasant of the frontier."* So it was till one barbarian peasant found himself so safe upon the throne that he could dare, like Sulla, to lay aside his

power, and even to withstand every prayer which called on him to take the burthen of empire again upon his shoulders. Through the whole of the time when emperors followed each other so fast, and when, amidst all confusions and treasons, so many found their way to the throne by undoubted merit, it was among the barbarian peasants of the Illyrian frontier-land that Rome found her most valiant defenders and her wisest rulers.

The first of the barbarian emperors came indeed from the lands east of the Hadriatic, but from a province which no stretch of geographical license can bring within the limits of the land with which we are dealing. The first Maximin, born in Thrace, sprung, as it was said, of a Gothic father and an Alan mother, finds no place in our Illyrian series. His reign is simply a sign that old distinctions were broken down ; though it would seem that the character of his reign caused a reaction which left its mark in the choice of the more strictly Roman emperors who again followed him for a while. The line of emperors whose places of birth can be placed within Illyria in the wider sense begins more worthily with Decius. His birth in Pannonia brings him, in the laxer geography of the age, within the Illyrian border, and he stands forth as the first of the long line of champions of the Roman dominion against the Goth.* The series which begins with Decius ends with Belisarius and Narses. The long list of the defenders of Rome takes in men from every province and of every race, till in Belisarius the championship has come back, not indeed to the same race, but to the same corner of the world. The work which has been begun by the Illyrian, perhaps by the Roman settled on Illyrian soil, was carried on by the Spaniard and the Vandal, and ended by the Slave and the Persian. But before Rome received her last Illyrian Cæsar, the days came when Valerian was led captive before the throne of Sapor, and when the Roman dominion was split in pieces by those endless pretenders, tyrants in the Roman sense of the word, who, by a somewhat forced analogy, reminded men of the Thirty at Athens. Out of this anarchy and chaos men once more came from the lands between the Danube and the Hadriatic to win again the lost provinces of Rome, and to drive back her Teutonic invaders. The Gothic Claudius won his surname from the first

* Gibbon, vol. i., chap. vii. p. 287. Ed. Milman.

* "Decius Sirmiensem vico ortus." Aurelius Victor, Cæs. 29. "E Pannoni inferiore, Bubaliæ natus." Epitome 29.

great check given to the Gothic enemy on the battle-fields of Dardania and in the passes of Haimos. His fasces and his mission passed to one whom the Illyrian lands might more distinctly claim as their own than either of the two imperial champions whom they had as yet sent forth. Decius and Claudius at least bore Roman names, and boasted, truly or untruly, of Roman descent. But Aurelian, no man doubted, was sprung of peasant blood in the Danubian lands, and drew his Roman *cognomen* from the Roman patron of his father. The exact place of his birth is variously fixed, but all accounts place it at some point or other of the land whose duty as a border-land was then to be the march of the Roman against the Goth.* Whether he was Pannonian, Dacian, or Mœsian, all those lands come within the wide sense of the Illyricum of those days; all come within the march-land of East and West. Perhaps from the banks of the Save, perhaps from a more southern point of the same region, came the man who won back Gaul from Tetricus and Palmyra from Zénobia, who drove back the Alemannic invader from Italy, and who girded Rome herself with the walls which still surround her. But the man who girded Rome with her new walls was also the man who withdrew the power of Rome from the lands beyond the Danube. The Dacia of Trajan was surrendered by Aurelian. The surrender of Dacia and the fortification of Rome were alike signs of the change which had come over the world since Trajan's day. The days of conquest are now past. The victories of Rome are now won only to defend or to secure old possessions, not to annex new ones. When Italy lay open to German invaders, when Rome had again to fight for her being on the old battle-ground of Hasdrubal and Nero,† it was vain to dream of defending Roman outposts on the Dniester and the Carpathians. Rome herself, not the empire but the city, now needed bulwarks for her own shelter. And those bulwarks were given her by the Illyrian who had won his way to the purple from the lowest ranks of her army, and who, on the throne of her empire, could recall the memory of the best worthies of her commonwealth. Aurelian, who had recovered alike Gaul and Syria, joined the laurels of Cæsar to the laurels of Pompeius. Men spoke of

him as a stern and even a cruel prince; yet, in the moment of victory, he could imitate the clemency of Pompeius rather than the cold-blooded cruelty of Cæsar. The conqueror, in the car of the Gothic king, was drawn by his four stags up the ascent to the capitol. But in the triumph of Aurelian, as in the triumph of Pompeius, none turned aside to the right at the point where the ascent began. The magnanimity which had no place in the soul of the divine Julius had a place in the soul of the peasant's son of Sirmium. As Aurelian went up to offer his thanksgiving to the gods of Rome, no captive was led aside to the Tullianum to share the fate of Caius Pontius and of Vercingetorix.

Among the many competitors whom Aurelian had to strive against was one who arose in the Dalmatian land itself. But Septiminius, who perished by the hands of his own followers,* was but the emperor of a moment, not a serious rival, like the ruler of Gaul and the queen of the East. And the Dalmatian land, along with the rest of Illyricum, might well rejoice to have given Rome a prince whose name lives alongside of the name of the later heroes of her commonwealth, and even alongside of the name of the best beloved among her ancient kings. He who traces out the changes which successive ages have wrought in the aspect of the local Rome finds two names which everywhere form his landmarks, the name of Servius and the name of Aurelian. The walls, the gates, the mighty temple of the Sun, were gifts which one great Illyrian left in the city of his empire. We feel that we are drawing near to the times when an Illyrian greater still left monuments no less famous, alike in the city of his empire and in the land of his birth. But, before we reach those days, the Illyrian land had yet to give Rome two more heroes. Aurelian died by the hands of soldiers who were misled by lying tales, and who presently repented of the deed. Then came that strange interregnum which seemed to recall the earliest mythical days of the Roman State.† The throne of Aurelian stood vacant, as legends said that the throne of Romulus had stood vacant. Aurelian had in truth given such new strength to his government that the machine could work for a while after the hand of the reformer was taken away. For a moment soldiers and senators were at

* His different alleged birthplaces are collected in his life by Vopiscus in the Augustan history.

† "Juxta annem Metaurum ac fanum Fortunæ," says the Epitome which bears the name of Aurelius Victor, 35. Cf. Gibbon, vol. ii. chap. xi. p. 25.

* Aur., Vict. Epit. 35. "Hujus tempore apud Dalmatas Septiminius Imperator effectus, mox a suis obtruncatur."

† This is Gibbon's remark, chap. xii., vol. ii. p. 57.

one; for a moment Rome was again ruled by a Roman; in the person of Tacitus the emperor of the army seemed to have made way for the prince of the Senate, the chief magistrate of the Roman commonwealth. But in those days there was work to be done which called for the sword of the emperor rather than for the fasces of the princeps. Aurelian had won back the dismembered provinces, and had cleared Italy of barbarian invaders. But the undying enemies of Rome were still busy on her borders. The German was still threatening on the Rhine, and the Persian on the Euphrates. To meet them, the arms of the warriors of Illyricum were still needed. After the short reign of the Roman Tacitus, Probus, another son of the warlike border-land, won back the Rhenish cities from the Frank, and girded the empire itself with walls, as Aurelian had girded the city. We see indeed that, when Probus found it needful to put a physical barrier between the Frank and the Roman province, the true power of Rome was gone. The Frank was the advancing, the Roman was the receding power. It was no longer a question of adding new provinces to the empire, but of guarding, by whatever means, the provinces which Rome still kept. Still the frontiers had to be guarded, and it was from Illyricum that the men came who guarded them, the men who gained fresh triumphs for Rome, if only in defending her borders. The triumph of Probus, the costly and bloody shows which marked his victorious return, live in the gorgeous rhetoric of the English historian of those times, and form one of the chief of the many memories which gather round the walls and arches of the Flavian amphitheatre. Another military sedition deprived Rome of another champion. But the revolution which overthrew Probus passed on his sword to Carus. Of doubtful birthplace, but boasting of his Roman descent, Carus is, with less certainty than Aurelian or Probus, but still with some probability, enrolled in the number of the Illyrian Cæsars.* As Probus had renewed the fame of Drusus on the Rhine and the Elbe, so Carus renewed the fame of Trajan on the Euphrates and the Tigris. He died, men said, like the mythical Tullus, by the stroke of the thunders of Jupiter; and the reigns of his insig-

nificant sons paved the way for the rise of the man who was to rule the world which his predecessors had won back for him, and to leave his memory forever on the shores of the land of his own birth.

In Diocles, Diocletian, Valerius, Jovius, we have reached the climax of our imperial series. Not greater perhaps in himself than some who went before him, he has left a deeper personal impress than any other name on our list, alike on the polity and on the art of Rome. Alike in polity and in art, his successors carried on his work and applied it to uses of which he never dreamed. But it was from him that the first creative impress came. We speak, and in some senses we speak with truth, of the first Augustus as the founder of the empire. But of the empire as an avowed sovereignty, of the empire which passed on, under so many forms, to the Greek and to the German, who alike boasted of their Roman heritage, Diocletian was the true founder. Earlier princes had wielded the fasces of the magistrate and the sword of the general. It is not absolutely certain whether it was the peasant of Salona who was the first among the rulers of Rome to bind his brow with the diadem which grew into the imperial crown of Charles and Otto. But the glory or the shame belongs either to the peasant of Salona or to the earlier peasant of Bubalia.* But it is certain that Diocletian was the first to organize the complete system of a despotic court and a despotic government. Step by step the first magistrate of the commonwealth had grown into the sovereign of the empire. At the bidding of Diocletian all disguise was cast aside,

* Gibbon decides in favor of the Illyrian Narbona, that is, Narona. *Ναρβώνα* seems to be a mere corruption in the text of Ptolemy; but the form used by Eutropius, "Narbona natus in Gallia," is an equally incorrect form of the Gallic Narbo. But Aurelius Victor (Cæs. 39) speaks of Carus as born "Narbone."

* The Epitomist (35) distinctly says of Aurelian: "Iste primus apud Romanos diadema capiti innexuit, gemmisque et aurata omni veste, quod adhuc fere incognitum Romanis moribus visebatur usus est." But in the Cæsars (39) it is said of Diocletian: "Quippe qui primus ex auro veste quæsitæ serici ac purpuræ gemmarumque vim plantis concupiverit. . . . Namque se primus omnium post Caligulam Domitianumque dominum palam dici passus et adorari se appellarique uti deum." Here the diadem is not distinctly mentioned. But there is a clear allusion to its use, seemingly as something contrasted with the older consular and triumphal ornaments, in the Panegyric of Mamertinus to Maximian (Pan. Vet., ii. 3). "Trabeæ vestræ triumphales et fasces consulares et sellæ curules et hæc obsequiorum stipatio et fulgor et illa lux divinum verticem claro orbe complectens vestrorum sunt ornamenta meritorum pulcherrima quidem et augustissima." So Eutropius (Hist. Miscell., x.; Muratori, i. 70): "Et si imperio Romano primus regię consuetudinis formam magis quam Romanæ libertati invexerat adorarique se jussit, cum ante eum cuncta imperatores ut iudices salutarentur. Ornamentum gemmarum vestibibus calceamentisque indidit." The whole subject is fully discussed by Gibbon, chap. xiii. Even if the diadem had been used before, there is no doubt as to the systematic organization of the despotic system under Diocletian.

and the fact that the Roman world had a master was openly revealed to the eyes of men. Was it in pride, was it in policy, that the son of the freedman decked himself with titles and ornaments which earlier princes of pure Roman, and even of divine, descent had never dreamed of taking to themselves? When we look to the whole career and character of the man, we may be sure that it was not pride but policy which dictated the change. No man ever showed fewer signs than Diocletian of having his head turned by unexpected greatness. There was nothing about him of the insolence of the upstart, nothing of the vanity which delights in the mere show of gewgaws and titles. The latest acts of his life seem quite inconsistent with the notion that he took that kind of delight in the mere symbols of power which has been a kind of madness with smaller minds. Like Sulla, he loved power; but, like Sulla, he could lay power aside. Sulla indeed was the champion, not of himself, not of any dynasty, but of an aristocratic party. In him therefore that love of the external badges of power which distinguishes Cæsar from him would have been utterly inconsistent. Sulla indeed wielded more than royal power; but he confessedly wielded it only for a season, till he could do a certain work; when he had done that work, he laid aside the power which he had grasped as the means of doing it. The case was different with Diocletian. He too, like Sulla, was clothed with power more than royal; but it was a power which, though still veiled under republican forms, was no longer only wielded for a season. Yet the two men were alike in this, that both could calmly and deliberately lay aside power. Diocletian could even deliberately decline to take it up again when he had the chance.* That he could do so seems to show that his assumption of the outward badges of power was, in his position, as much the result of a calm policy as Sulla's contempt of them had been in his widely different position. But Diocletian could not only lay aside power: he could, when he laid it aside, go back to spend the rest of his days in the land where he had dwelled before he rose to power. Augustus, Augustus no longer, could fix his resting-place on the very spot where men might still remember him as the freedman's son. The man who could do this must surely have been far above any paltry delight in feeling the fillet of East-

ern royalty upon his temples, or in having his ears tickled with the sound of *numen* or *æternitas vestra*.

The truth seems simply to be that a man of strong and vigorous mind, who had risen wholly by his personal merit, whose birth and earlier life would not fill him with any special reverence for Roman traditions and constitutional fictions, perhaps felt a real dislike to shams and disguises as such, and at any rate saw that the time was come for shams and disguises to be cast aside. The emperor had practically become master of the commonwealth. Everybody knew the fact. Diocletian simply proclaimed what everybody knew, and proclaimed it by means of those symbols and badges which to a large part of mankind were the most intelligible means of proclaiming it. Pretence was cast aside; reality stood forth avowed. Why then, it may be asked, did he not, while taking to himself the badges of kingly power, also take to himself the kingly title? The first Cæsar had longed for it; why should not Diocletian bear it? Two reasons stood in the way, either of which alone would have been enough. The Romans were by this time well schooled to slavery. They were used to a master, and they felt no unwillingness to acknowledge him as a master. But there is some reservation in all such cases; there is always something, some name, some formula, which the slave himself will not bear. For eight hundred years the Romans had cherished a kind of superstitious hatred for the kingly title; the sound of the monosyllable *rex* was hateful in their ears. They could bow to a lord; they could worship a godhead on earth; but they would not acknowledge a king. That there really was this superstitious dislike to the mere word *rex* is plain from the fact that, while the derivatives of *rex* are freely applied to the belongings of the emperor, the word itself is never applied to himself.* This being so, a wise despot would humor the superstition. While he proclaimed his real despotism in every way that was not offensive to his subjects, he would forbear to proclaim it in that particular way which, whether reasonably or unreasonably, was offensive to them.

But this was doubtless not all. *Imperator, Cæsar, Augustus*, had once been humbler descriptions under which the reality of kingly power could lurk without ostentatiously displaying an unpleasant

* See Aurelius Victor. Epitome 39. Zôsimos, ii. 10.

* For instances, see "Comparative Politics," 161, 449.

truth. The *imperator*, the general of the commonwealth, had veiled his power under the titles of the commonwealth. But the usage of three hundred years had made *imperator* a greater title than *rex*. Kings were plentiful; the chief of every barbarous nation was a king. But there was but one emperor; at least there was but one state which was ruled by emperors. The imperial power might be divided among two or more imperial colleagues; but the title, and the power and dignity which the title implied, was peculiar to the Roman world. A king was chief of a nation; at most he was lord of some defined portion of the earth's surface. But Cæsar Augustus was not the chief of a single nation; he was the lord of the dominion in which so many nations had been merged, the dominion which professed to know no limits but those of the civilized world. Cæsar might rule from the ocean to the Euphrates, and he might be equally at home in any corner of his dominion. A Roman king would have seemed to be shut up within the narrow seat of the Tarquini; he would be at home nowhere but in the old home of Romulus on the Palatine hill.

Salona then gave Rome and the Roman world a lord, a lord who did not shrink from avowing his lordship; but she did not give them a king. And she gave Rome and the Roman world a lord who was the first to grasp the fact of the changed relation in which Rome now stood to the Roman world. The local Rome had become the victim of her own greatness. Now that the whole civilized world was not only Roman but Rome,* now that her outposts were not on the Janiculum and the Pincius, but on the Rhine, the Solway, and the Tigris, the hills by the Tiber were no longer suited to be the dwelling-place of the prince who had to guard those outposts against the Pict, the German, and the Persian. The fact was plain; it was but a short part of their reigns that any of the later emperors had spent in Rome. But Diocletian was the first who ventured openly to act according to the new state of things, and definitely to establish the ordinary dwelling-place of the Roman Cæsars elsewhere than at Rome.† It

may be also that he felt that his avowed despotism would be more in place on some other soil than on a spot like the ancient capital, round which the old republican traditions and memories still gathered. At all events, he saw the real state of the case, and he proclaimed it without disguise. The magistrate of the Roman city stood forth before mankind as the master of the Roman empire. The whole of that empire was alike his; his throne might be fixed in any spot which the interest of the empire, or even the caprice of its master, might dictate. And the spot where his presence was most called for was certainly no longer in the ancient capital. But Diocletian grasped and avowed yet another truth, that the empire had become too vast, its frontier too extensive, its enemies too many and too dangerous, for any one man to do the duty of its guardian. The man who decreed that the Roman state should be most truly a monarchy, was also the man who decreed that it should be a monarchy no longer. The man who was in some sort the founder of the empire, was also the man who took the first step towards dividing that empire in twain. The burthen of ruling the world was too heavy for a single pair of shoulders, and Diocletian chose himself a colleague to relieve him of part of the weary task. Another soldier from the Illyrian land was called to be his fellow-worker. The imperial brethren of this new order of things, Diocletian and Maximian, were, as the voice of the panegyrist told them,* to be as Romulus and Remus, without the jealousy of the royal brethren of the old order of things. From a city of Hellenized Asia and a city of Romanized Gaul, from Nikomèdeia and from Milan, the brother Augusti were, like Roman consuls or Spartan kings, to guard the dominions which the gods had committed to their care. From the gods whom they worshipped they took new titles. The father and founder of the new system, the organizer, the ruler, the devising and ordaining spirit of the empire, took his name from the father of gods and men, and Salona might rejoice when her imperial son was honored, not unfittingly, with the proud name of Jovius. The colleague whom he had called into being, the stout soldier, the arm of the empire while Diocletian was its brain, might well bear the name of the most renowned of deified heroes, and Maximian,

* Mamertinus, Pan. Vet., ii. 13. "Licet nunc tuum tanto magis imperium quanto latius est vetere pomœrio, quidquid homines colunt."

† It is clear that some jealousy was thus awakened in the old capital. This comes out in several passages of the Panegyrics. See ii. 13, iii. 12. So Lactantius, if it be Lactantius (De Mort. Pers., 7), "Ita semper dementabat Nicomediam studens urbi Romæ coæquare."

* This idea is drawn out at great length by Mamertinus, ii. 13, iii. 7. He specially points out "non fortuita vobis est germanitas sed electa."

under the name of Herculus, was enthroned by the side of his Olympian, or rather Capitoline, chief.* Jovius by the shores of the Propontis, Herculus at the foot of the Alps, could better guard against dangers from the east and north than if they had dwelled, like their mythical fore-runners, on the Palatine and the Aventine. The old phrase of the "Gaulish tumult" had won to itself a new meaning in the insurrection of the Bagaudæ,† and the Rhine and the forts beyond it were found to be a feeble defence against the German. Maximian overthrew both enemies, and came back to listen to the voice of the panegyrists in their special home by the Mosel.‡ Yet the long line of threatened frontier needed nearer guardians still. Jovius watched from Nikomêdeia, while Galerius guarded the possessions of Rome on the Danube, or marched forth at the bidding of his father and master to win back from the Persian the provinces which Hadrian had surrendered to the Parthian. Herculus meanwhile watched from Milan, while Constantius kept his court at York, in the island which he had won back from her so-called tyrants.§ Four men, all sprung from the lands between the Danube and the Hadriatic, bore sway over the Roman world, and seemed to bring back the past days of Roman dominion and Roman conquest. Illyria gave the world its rulers;|| and the chief of all, first in rank and fame, the guiding spirit of the councils and armies of his colleagues whom he had created, was he who had come from the special Dalmatian land, and who went back to his old home when the task of ruling the world had become a burthen too grievous to be borne.

To that home let us follow him, to the

* So Mamertinus (ii. 11), addressing Maximian, says: "Etiam quæ aliorum ductu geruntur, Diocletianus facit, tu tribuis effectum." So Aurelius Victor (39) says of the other emperors: "Valerium ut parentem seu Dei magni suspicebant modo." And afterward: "Valerius cujus nutu omnia gerebantur."

† See Aurelius Victor, 39. Gibbon (ii. 117, ch. xiii.) aptly compares the Bagaudæ to the Jacquerie and the revolt of the villains in Richard the Second's time.

‡ Of Trier, as a special home of the panegyrists, we spoke in our former article, "Augusta Treverorum."

§ Carausius, Allectus, and the rest were of course technically tyrants, as Diocletian might have been if he had failed; but it must be remembered that Diocletian and Maximian found it convenient to accept Carausius as a colleague.

|| Aurelius Victor (Cæs. 39) remarks specially: "His sane omnibus Illyricum patria fuit, qui quamquam humanitatis parum, ruris tamen ac militiæ miseriis imbuti, satis optimi reipublicæ fuere." So Mamertinus, Pan. Vet., ii. 2. "Commemorabo nimirum patriæ tuæ in rempublicam merita? Quis enim dubitat quin multis jam sæculis, ex quo vires illius ad Romanum nomen accesserint, Italia quidem sit gentium domina gloriæ vetustate, sed Pannonia virtute?"

"long Salona" of Lucan,* the city stretching so far along the shores of its own inland sea. The old Illyrian fortress, with its Roman suburb greater than itself, with its walls, its theatre, its amphitheatre, its city of tombs without the walls, all that now lies in a mass of shapeless ruin, then stood in all the greatness and prosperity of the foremost city of the Hadriatic coast. The rushing Jader made its way into the gulf on one side of her; in front was the isle of Bua, guarding the entrance of her haven, an Euboia yoked to the mainland by the city and bridge of Tragyrion.† Behind was the height of Clissa, guarding the mouth of the pass which seems to lead from the gentle shore of the inland sea to a wild and unknown land beyond the mountains. At no great distance from this his native city, but on a spot which did not come within sight of it, Diocletian built the house which, when Salona had perished, was to grow into a city in its stead. A rugged hill, a promontory between the gulf of Salona and the main sea, forms one horn of a smaller bay washing one shore of a small peninsula. It forms also a wall between Diocletian's native city and the spot which he chose for his dwelling-place. Fast by the bay, with the high mountain at his back, with the lower hills on each side of him, Diocletian built his villa, his palace, of Salona. The prouder name, the name which savored of the Rome which Diocletian had forsaken, clave to the spot, and the city which in after ages grew up within the *palatium* of Diocletian still bears the name of Spalato.‡ The city of Romulus had become the palace of the Cæsars, and the palace of the abdicated Cæsar became the city which supplanted his birthplace. The splendid remains of that palace, the long portico rising from the sea, the golden gate and its meaner fellows, the pillared court, the temple, the mausoleum, so strangely changed into a church,§ and

* Lucan, iv. 404.

"Qua maris Hadriaci longas ferit unda Salona, Et tepidum in molles Zephyros excurrit Iader."

† The island city of Traù figures as *Τραγύριον* as early as Polybios (xxxii. 18). Constantine Porphyrogenêtos (De Adm. Imp., 29, p. 138) gives a curious description of it by the name of *Τετραγγοριν*.

‡ Constantine, in the same chapter, describes Spalato as τὸ Ἀσπαλίθον κάστρον ὅπερ παλάτιον μικρὸν ἐρμηνεύεται, ὁ βασικεὺς Διοκλητιανὸς τοῦτο ἐκτίσεν: εἶχε δὲ αὐτὸ ὡς ἴδιον οἶκον, καὶ αὐτὴν οἰκοδομήσας ἐνδοθεν καὶ παλάτια. He adds, ἐξ ὧν τὰ πλείονα λατελύθησαν.

§ There can, we think, be little doubt that the metropolitan church of Spalato was really designed as a mausoleum, and not, as it is commonly called, the Temple of Jupiter. Constantine's account is curious,

grouped with it is the noblest bell-tower of its own type, have all been described and engraved and commented on over and over again. We speak of them now simply as part of the work of the great Dalmatian emperor, as the work which he reared in his own land, and which, alone among his works, has survived, in a nearly perfect state, to tell us how great a revolution he wrought in the domain of art, as well as in the domain of polity. Diocletian was a great builder in all parts of his empire, and the cost of his buildings was set down by his enemies among the grievances of his reign.* Among other places he did not forget the ancient capital, and the baths which still bear his name were among the most gigantic works that Rome herself could show. Other buildings at Rome have been more utterly swept away; few have been more cruelly mangled by later architects. But there is reason to believe that Diocletian's work at Rome displayed the same great advance in construction which we can still study in its perfection in his work at Spalato. What Diocletian did in the way of art is the exact counterpart of what he did in the way of polity. In his artistic, as in his political creation, he cast away disguises and proclaimed realities. Hitherto a Greek mask had concealed the Roman body; the arch, the true feature of Roman construction, hid itself behind Greek disguises. In the peristyle of Spalato the arch stands out, for the first time among existing buildings, as the main feature of a great artistic design. It has pressed the slender shafts and gorgeous capitals of Corinth into the service of the great constructive invention of Italian skill.† In the buildings of Diocletian, as in his political constitution, the main feature of the fabric stood out before all men as the

work of one who, whether as builder or as ruler, felt that the strength within him needed no disguise, no fiction, whether legal or artistic.

Spalato is unique among cities. In some sort indeed it may rank as a member of the same imperial series as Trier and Ravenna. All indeed are links in a chain; all are among the memorials, Spalato the eldest among them, of the days when Rome, in her days of seeming decline, was really doing her work among the nations. But Trier and Ravenna were imperial cities, seats of government, homes of the actual rulers of mankind. Men called the house of Diocletian a palace; but it was in strictness a villa, a country house, not the seat of rule, but the home of the man who had withdrawn from ruling. Constantine reigned at Trier; Theodoric reigned at Ravenna; but Diocletian, at Salona, lived in the enjoyment of dignified ease, and bade those who would have had him go back and reign again to look at the cabbages which he had planted with his own hands.* Trier and Ravenna are the memorials of an epoch; Spalato is the memorial of a single man. No emperor ever ruled the world from among the arches of the great peristyle. If the palace was ever the seat of rule, it was at most the seat of local rulers of Dalmatia only. Among the stately columns of its court, under the cunningly wrought cupola of its mausoleum, we think of Jovius, and we think of Jovius alone.

Yet in the home of Diocletian there is another thought which cannot fail to thrust itself on the mind. The man who gave a new birth and a new life alike to the power and to the art of Rome stands branded in history, as history is commonly read, as the most cruel of all the enemies of the faith of Christ. And, though the fact is one which has been not a little colored by partisan writers, yet the fact of Diocletian's persecution is not to be denied. Still there is no doubt that Diocletian himself was not the chief mover in the matter, that the persecution was primarily the work of Maximian and Galerius. It needed much urging on the part of the subordinate emperors before Jovius himself consented even to the first and less severe edict, that which, while treating Christianity as a crime and laying its professors under many disabilities, still touched no

ἐστὶ τὸ ἐπισκοπεῖον τοῦ κάστρου καὶ ὁ ναὸς τοῦ ἁγίου Δόμνον, ἐν ᾧ κατέκειται ὁ αὐτὸς ἅγιος Δόμνος, ὅπερ ἦν κοιτὼν τοῦ αὐτοῦ βασιλέως Διοκλητιανοῦ. Either *κοιτὼν* must mean tomb, or else the word points to some confused tradition as to the real object of the building.

* This point is strongly insisted on by the author *De Mort. Pers.*, 7.

† It is curious to read Gibbon's comment (chap. xiii., vol. ii., 176), on the palace of Spalato, as shown in the splendid and accurate work of Adam. "There is room to suspect that the elegance of his designs and engraving has somewhat flattered the objects which it was their purpose to represent. We are informed by a more recent and very judicious traveller that the awful ruins of Spalato are not less expressive of the decline of the arts than of the greatness of the Roman empire in the time of Diocletian." For this he refers to Fortis, an useful writer in his way, but who looked at the building with the eye of classical pedantry, and saw only decline in the greatest advance that architecture ever made. Gibbon clearly admired; but he seems to have thought that it was the wrong thing to admire.

* The well-known story is told by Aurelius Victor. We have somewhere seen Diocletian, by a cruel confusion with Domitian, represented as spending his leisure in killing flies.

man's life on the score of his faith.* The second and harsher edict, the beginning of the actual persecution, was not put forth until Diocletian had some direct grounds for suspecting the Christians of distinct disloyalty to his throne. No blood was shed by his order, or even with his consent, till his milder edict had been torn down by a zealous Christian, and till he was, truly or falsely, made to believe that the burning of his palace at Nikomêdeia was the work of Christian hands.† Then the persecution raged indeed, and a prince whose rule had hitherto been marked by singular mildness won for himself a name of evil. Even one of his successors could forget the reverence due to a founder, and could, on the bare mention of Diocletian's native land, burst forth into declamations against the wickedest of mankind.‡ Now the persecution of Diocletian is remarkable from two points of view. It would have been in no way wonderful if Diocletian had been a persecutor of his own free will. Both Christianity and religious freedom must grapple as they can with the fact that, as a rule, the bitterest persecutors of the Church were found, not among the worst emperors but among the best. It was under Trajan that Ignatius was thrown to the wild beasts; it was under Marcus that the martyrs of Lyons suffered their torments; it was under Valerian the Roman censor that Cyprian died by the sword of the headsman. On the other hand, under princes like Commodus and Antoninus Caracalla the Church had peace, and even some measure of imperial favor. The days of persecution began when the days of reform began again; Decius was a persecutor as well as Diocletian. The cause of this seemingly strange phenomenon has often been pointed out. Princes who were bent on restoring the old laws and discipline of Rome could not fail to be bent on restoring her religion also. The worship of the gods of Rome was part and parcel of the very

being of the Roman State, and it was deemed that he who was false to Jupiter and Quirinus could not be faithful to the prince who was high pontiff no less than emperor.* Add to this that the peasant-emperor from Illyricum, to whom all that was Roman had the charm of wonder and novelty, no doubt accepted the creed of the empire with far more of living faith than either the patricians or the philosophers of Rome herself. If then Diocletian had from the beginning appeared as a persecutor like Decius, it would have been nothing but what one would have looked for in the ordinary course of things. The wrath of Jovius might have been expected to light in all its fulness on the enemies of Jove.

But we are met by the fact that Jovius was not a persecutor by his own act, that he was driven into persecution by the goadings and artifices of others, and that, in the first instance, against his own better judgment. The inference seems hardly to be escaped that the same far-seeing eye which could pierce through so many prejudices and traditional beliefs could also see the great truth which in after days was grasped by Valentinian and Theodoric, and a glimpse of which had made its way, in some lucid interval, into the mind of the frantic Caius. The saying of this last prince, mad perhaps, but very far from stupid, that those who did not own him as a god were rather to be called unhappy than wicked,† does indeed express, in a ludicrous shape, the same doctrine of toleration which the great Goth or his minister clothed in the guise of a more decorous formula.‡ We are strongly tempted to think that Diocletian, left to himself, fully understood the vanity of religious persecution, directly as religious persecution. We may believe that he would have left Jove to defend his own honor, had he not been made to believe, with at least some show of probability, that those who dishonored Jove were conspiring against the life and throne of Jo-

* Even the author *De Mortibus Persecutorum* (11) is distinct on this head. Galerius works on the mind of Diocletian for a whole winter: "Diu senex furori eius repugnabit, ostendens quam perniciosum esset inquietari orbem terræ, fundi sanguinem multorum; illos libenter mori solere, satis esse, si palatinos tantum ac milites ab ea religione prohiberet. Nec tamen deflectere potuit præcipitiis hominis insaniam." He is only brought round by a direct message from Apollo.

† The story is told by the writer *De Mortibus*. In his account the fire is got up by Galerius.

‡ *Const. Porph., De Them., ii* (vol. iii., p. 57, ed. Bonn). *ἡ δὲ Δαλματία τῆς Ἰταλίας ἐστὶ χώρα, ἐξ οὗπερ ἐβλάστησεν ὁ πᾶντων ἀνθρώπων ἀνοσιώτατος καὶ ἀσεβέστατος βασιλεὺς Διοκλετιανός.* He is more civil in the work *De Administrando Imperio*.

* Aurelius Victor (*Cæs.* 39), who does not mention the persecution, who indeed does not mention Christianity at all, unless it lurks under the words, "supplicis flagitiosi cujusque," says of the reign of Diocletian, "veterrimæ religiones castissime curatæ." The motives of the persecution are clearly put forth in the last edict of Galerius. He sought "juxta leges veteres et publicam disciplinam Romanorum, cuncta corrigere, atque id providere, ut etiam Christiani, qui parentum suorum relinquerant sectam, ad bonas mentes redirent." Presently he complains that "tanta eosdem Christianos voluntas invasisset et tanta stultitia occupasset, ut not illa veterum instituta sequerentur." (*De Mort. Pers.* 34.)

† The story is told in *Merivale*, v. 411.

‡ See our former article on the Goths at Ravenna.

vius. Diocletian might have despised personal danger no less than the dictator Cæsar; but the man who had organized the imperial system anew could not brook aught that struck at the power or dignity of the imperial throne. What Galerius urged in fanaticism Diocletian at first withstood through policy, and afterwards accepted through policy. Diocletian's persecutions of Christians had in truth not a little in common with our own Elizabeth's persecutions of Papists. To Roman Catholic doctrine and ceremony Elizabeth seems to have had no theological objection whatever; nor does she seem to have been at any time inclined to religious persecution as such. But the Papist often was, and might always be said to be, a conspirator against the queen and her kingdom. She had heard mass without scruple at two periods of her life, and she would most likely have had no kind of scruple against hearing it again. But when the mass had become the badge of Popery, and Popery had become the badge of disaffection, then the religious act was itself made a crime, a crime which brought on the criminal, not the penalties of the spiritual guilt of heresy, but those of the temporal guilt of treason.

Such a persecutor then was Diocletian, a persecutor not from fanaticism but from policy, a persecutor who would not have interfered with Christian doctrine and Christian worship, if he had not been made to believe that the organization and the objects of the Christian society were inconsistent with the safety of his empire. And, at least while sojourning, whether in the flesh or in the spirit, on Dalmatian ground, we may be allowed to think that somewhat hard measure has commonly been dealt out to the mighty one of Salona. God forbid that we should defend or palliate persecution in any man or in any age. But let even justice be done. Trajan was in some measure a persecutor; Marcus was so in a far greater measure. Yet Christian writers do not let the fact of their persecutions interfere with a general admiration for the character of Trajan; with a more than general admiration for the character of Marcus. Surely any excuse that can be found for the mild philosopher, in whom we might have looked for some fellow-feeling for a moral system so nearly akin to his own, applies with tenfold force to the peasant-soldier who had risen to the throne by the sheer force of his personal greatness. If, in the case of Trajan and Marcus, merit of other kinds is allowed to be set in the scale against

the guilt of persecution, we may fairly ask, at least while we stand on his own ground, that the same judgment of charity may be extended to Diocletian also.

Thus much, and no more, may we venture to plead in mitigation of the dark stain which rests on the fame of the man who withdrew from the rule of the empire to which he had given a fresh life to seek for rest in his chosen home by the Dalmatian shore. And withal the triumphant faith might boast that, even in his lifetime, the work of Diocletian was undone. The counsel of Jovius, the arm of Hercules, could not avail to root up the creed which was before long to be pre-eminently the creed of their own empire. Diocletian, like Julian, might have said with his dying breath, "Galilæan, Thou hast conquered." For ten years the Sulla of the Church had withdrawn from persecuting and from ruling. For ten years he had paced that stately gallery which looked forth on the sea, the hills, the islands, which had been familiar to the eyes of his childhood. For ten years he had gazed on the matchless peristyle of his own rearing; he had prayed to the gods of Rome in the temple on his left hand; he had looked — with what faith or hope we cannot guess * — on the cupola on the right, girt with surrounding columns, where his own ashes were to rest. In the course of those ten years another emperor, sprung, if not from his own Dalmatia, at least from Illyria in the wider sense, had arisen at once to finish and to undo his work. Constantine had come to cement yet more firmly his fabric of despotic rule; but he had come also to take the faith which Diocletian persecuted into close partnership with the polity which Diocletian founded. He had come to take his great artistic invention as the model of new temples of that hated faith, to supply the place of its earlier temples which Diocletian had swept from off the earth. In those ten years Constantius had reigned in our own island, and Constantine had gone forth from York to Trier, and from Trier to Rome. The persecutor Maxentius had fallen by the Milvian bridge, and his mighty basilica by the Sacred Way had learned to bear the name of his conqueror.† The persecutor Galerius, he who had goaded the unwilling Diocletian to deeds

* Sulla in his retirement looked forward to a paradise, and that not a sensual one; how much more might Diocletian.

† Aurelius Victor, Cæs. 40. "Cuncta opera quæ magnifice construxerat [Maxentius], urbis fanum atque basilicam, Flavii meritis patres sacravere."

of blood, had confessed his error, and had joined with Constantine in proclaiming toleration for the Christian faith, in asking Christian prayers for the safety of the empire.* All this Diocletian lived to hear of: he lived too to see his order of succession set aside; he lived to see his images overthrown:† according to some accounts, he lived to receive yet deeper wounds in his dearest relations. It is certain that the daughter of the abdicated emperor, herself the wife of his successor, that Valeria in whose honor a province had been named,‡ was persecuted and put to death by the successive malice of Maximin and of Licinius. Certain it is that the man to whom so many princes owed their greatness lived to be treated with scorn by men who owed all their power to him, and to ask in vain for a milder treatment of his own guiltless child. But there seems no need to add the tragedy of his wife to the tragedy of his daughter, and it would seem that the last act of the drama was delayed till after Diocletian's own death.§ The manner of his death is uncertain; but there is at least no need to believe that the halls of Spalato beheld the end of their founder by his own hand.|| As far as we can see, the first rites of mourning within the mausoleum of Jovius must have been the rites which were paid to the memory of Jovius himself. And, when he had passed from earth, the highest honors of his own creed still followed him. Never before, so the men of his time remarked, had a pri-

vate man — and Diocletian at Spalato had again become a private man — been enrolled among the number of the gods.*

The empire to which Diocletian had given a new life passed to Constantine and his house. The last persecution and the peace of the Church came alike from Illyrian hands. And, unlike as was the work of the two on earth, the complying polytheism of Rome placed Constantine no less than Diocletian among the objects of its worship. The elder Constantius, before he reached imperial rank, had practised the art of government in the Dalmatian province, and the name of his son Dalmatius would seem to mark an abiding love for his former dwelling-place. And now, in the hands of Constantine himself, the arts which Diocletian had planted by the Dalmatian shore were to make the artistic conquest of Rome and of the world. The palace of Spalato was no longer the dwelling-place of even an uncrowned Augustus; but the forms of its peristyle, the columns of Greece taught to support the arches of Rome, were now reproduced, as trophies wrested from a fallen faith, on the Cœlian hill, on the site of the gardens of Nero, and beyond the walls of Aurelian. The forms of Diocletian's palace were now used to show how vain was Diocletian's boast that he had swept away the faith of Christ from among men. The peristyle of Jovius is the immediate artistic parent of the churches of St. John Lateran and of St. Paul without the Walls.† As we stand among the columns of Spalato, the likeness to a Christian basilica is so strongly forced upon the mind, that it is hard to believe that they always were as they still are, pent in by no wall, covered by no roof. Both the two great forms of Christian architecture are alike trophies won from the enemy. Wherever we see the round arch, from Rome to Kirkwall, we see the spoils of the court of Jovius. Wherever we see the pointed arch, be it at Palermo or at Westminster, we see in the same sort the artistic creation of the Saracen, barren on its own soil, but taught to bear the loveliest of fruit on Christian ground.

But the part of Illyria, of Dalmatia, of

* De Mort. Pers., 34. "Juxta hanc indulgentiam nostram debebunt deum suum orare pro salute nostra, et reipublicæ ac suæ."

† De Mort. Pers., 42. Constantine destroyed the pictures and images of Maximian. "Et quia senes ambo simul plerumque picti erant, et imagines simul deponerentur amborum."

‡ Aurelius Victor, Cæs. 40. "Cujus gratia provinciam uxoris nomine Valeriam appellavit." She was married to Galerius, and the province called after her was part of Pannonia.

§ There seems no reason to doubt the story told by the writer De Mortibus, 39, 40, 41, 50, 51, how Valeria, the daughter of Diocletian and widow of Galerius, on refusing to marry Maximin, was persecuted by him and banished to the deserts of Syria, that Diocletian's intercession for her was fruitless, and that she was at last put to death by Licinius, which must have been after Diocletian's death. But we see no reason to think that her mother, Prisca, the wife of Diocletian, was involved in the same fate. The writer indeed says in chap. 51, "Comprehensa cum matre pœnas dedit." But this is surely explained by the words in chap. 40: "Erat clarissima femina . . . hanc Valeria, tanquam matrem alteram diligebat, cujus consilio negatam sibi suspicatur [Maximinus]." It is this adopted mother who was the partner of her sufferings; the wife of Diocletian, if she was alive, would surely have been safe at Spalato.

|| According to the Epitome, 39, "Morte consumptus est ut satis patuit, per formidinem voluntaria." So Eutropius. The author De Mortibus makes him die for grief at the destruction of his statues; but stories of death by poison are always doubtful.

* This is the remark of Eutropius, Hist. Miscell., x. (Muratori, i. 70.) "Contigit igitur ei, quod nulli post natos homines, ut cum privatus obiisset, inter divos tamen referretur." He had just before said, "Diocletianus privatus in villa quæ haud procul a Salonis est præclaro otio senuit."

† In both these churches the columns support arches throughout. In the old Saint Peter's the main range of columns supported an entablature, as in Santa Maria Maggiore, but the smaller ranges supported arches.

Salona, in the history of the Roman world, was not yet over. The house of Constantine passed away; but another Illyrian house—for Valentinian was of Pannonia—stood ready to step into its place. It was again from the lands between the Hadriatic and the Danube that the champion came who was once more to check the German from his palace at Trier, and to carry the Roman dominion within our own island further than Agricola himself had carried it. And if Valentinian himself, in his equal dealing between Christian and pagan, between Catholic and Arian, might seem a forerunner of Theodorich and Akbar, his son was to serve the new faith much where Constantine had served it but a little. Gratian refused to be pontifex maximus—some said that, in that case, Maximus might be Pontifex; he took away the altar of victory from the Roman senate-house, and some said that in her wrath she forsook the Roman eagles. The house of Valentinian was merged, by female succession, in the house of Theodosius; but now an imperial marriage brought back the crown once more to an Illyrian born. The name of Placidia carries us back to Ravenna; but her second husband, Constantius, the successor of her nobler Goth, came from the same land, and had risen to honor by the same paths, as Claudius and Aurelian.* But before Illyricum had thus given Rome a third Constantius, more akin to the first than to the second, she had already begun to show her character as a border-land between the two great divisions of the empire. In the partition of the provinces between the sons of Theodosius, Illyricum in the wider sense was divided between the two, and the exact extent of the borders of each became a subject of dispute, if not between the two puppet emperors themselves, yet at least between their ministers. And the land showed its border character in another way. It was the marching-ground of Alaric, as he passed to and fro between the great cities of the elder world, in those inroads when men deemed that Athênê and Achilleus scared him from the walls of Athens,† but when neither god nor hero nor Christian saint could scare him from the walls of Rome. Before long, a glimpse of independent being was given to the Dalmatian land. Instead of giving Cæsars to Rome and Ra-

venna, she was for a moment ruled, if not by her own Cæsar, at least by her own patrician on her own soil.

The dynasty of Valentinian, as continued by Theodosius, the dynasty of Theodosius as continued by the later Constantius, had not died out before Dalmatia, as a land, held for a time a more important place than she had ever held since the Roman conquest. Marcellian, patrician of the West, flits like a shadow across the confused history of the fifth century. He appears as the ally of either empire, as the friend of Aëtius and Marjorian, as the foe of the vandal at Carthage, as the victim of allies whom his discerning enemy affirmed to have, in slaying him, used their left hand to cut off their right. But he concerns us as the lord of Dalmatia, who in the land of Diocletian, most likely in the house of Diocletian, brought back again the worship which Diocletian had lived to see, not indeed proscribed, but brought down from its exclusive place of power. Marcellian, says one of the fragments from which his history has to be patched up, was in faith a Greek.* Now that the Greek, like all other subjects of the empire, knew no national name but Roman, the name of Hellên was used only in the sense in which we are familiar with it in the New Testament, to mark a votary of the falling heathen creed. It is said that, before his day, the palace of Jovius, with no Augustus to dwell within its gates, had already been put to meaner uses. As the entry in the *Notitia Imperii* is commonly understood,† it had become a manufactory of female weavers; but we can hardly conceive a prince who ruled over Dalmatia fixing his throne anywhere else but in the house of Diocletian. And Dalmatia was yet to give one more emperor to Ravenna. When Marcellian died, his nephew Nepos still kept his hold on his Dalmatian lordship. From Dalmatia he crossed, by the authority of Zeno, to supplant Glycerius on the western throne, and to cause his deposed competitor to exchange the imperial throne of Ravenna for the episcopal chair of his own Salona. Among the ruins of that city we still trace the ground-plan of a basilica and a bap-

* So says Olympiodôros (p. 467, ed. Bonn). Ἰλλυριός ἦν τὸ γένος, ἀπὸ Ναῖσου πόλεως τῆς Δακίας; that is, Aurelian's Dacia, south of the Danube.

† See the well-known story in Zôsimos, v. 6.

* The story of Marcellianus or Marcillinus comes from the fragments of Priscus, 156, 157, 218. Prokopios, Bell. Vand., i. 6. Damascius ap. Photius, 342, ed Bekker. It is from this last writer that we get the proverbial saying, which is also applied to the death of Aëtius, and the singular description of Marcellian as *Δαλματῶν ἦν χώρας αὐτοδέσποτος ἡγεμὼν*, "Ἕλληγ τὴν δόξαν."

† "Procurator Gynæcii Joviensis Dalmatiæ Aspalato," is the entry in the *Notitia Occid.*, chap. x., p. 48.

tistery, the see of the second ex-emperor whom Salona received after a voluntary or constrained abdication. Strange indeed is the contrast between Diocletian withdrawing of his own will, and Glycerius withdrawing at the bidding of his conqueror. Stranger still is the difference between the Church trembling under the edicts of Diocletian, and the Church whose great offices had risen to such a height of wealth and secular power that a bishoprick might be used to break the fall of a deposed emperor. But the Italian reign of the last Dalmatian emperor was short and stormy. When Orestes marched against Ravenna, Nepos again sought shelter in his own land, and then died, by the intrigues, so men said, of the fallen competitor whom he had so strangely turned into his neighbor and spiritual pastor.* But this was not till the first empire of the West had passed away. Nepos, in his Dalmatian home, lived to see the patrician Odoacer dwelling in the palace of Ravenna, in name the lieutenant of the single emperor at the New Rome, in truth the first of the Teutonic lords of Italy.

Of the end of this separate Dalmatian principality of Marcellian and Nepos we have no record. But the border-land of eastern and western Europe soon again plays its part in the great strife by which Italy and Rome were won back to their allegiance to the translated Roman dominion. Dalmatia passed under the rule of Theodoric, and, when he was gone and the Gothic kingdom had lost its strength, it was the first part of his dominions to come again under the imperial power. The capture of Salona by Mundus was the first success, its loss was the first failure, of the imperial arms in the great strife between Goth and Roman.† Won back again to the empire, the city played its part as the great haven of the Hadriatic through the whole of the Gothic war. It was from Salona that Narses set forth on that last expedition which was to bring that last long struggle to its end.‡ Taken and retaken, half ruined and restored, Salona still kept its place among the great cities of the earth, and men in after times believed that the circuit of its walls had once taken in a space equal to one half of the extent of New Rome.§ The sixth

century in truth seems to have been a time of special prosperity for the cities of the eastern Hadriatic shore. But it was the last bright day before the final storm fell upon them. The revolution was at hand which was wholly to change the face of the world south of the Danube, and to give those lands settlers who have formed the main part of their inhabitants down to our own day. In the sixth century the Slaves began those incursions into the lands east of the Hadriatic, which were carried far to the south of the Dalmatian border, which for a while caused Peloponnêsos itself to be spoken of as a Slavonic land.* While the armies of Justinian were going forth to win back provinces in Africa, and Spain, and Italy, the Slavonic invaders were traversing the eastern peninsula at their will, and carrying the fear of their presence to the gates of Constantinople.† In the next century the policy of Heraclius gave them a permanent settlement in the lands where they still dwell;‡ and from that day the Dalmatian cities have been what they still are, outposts of Roman Europe, fringing the coast of a Slavonic land. But with the Slave came the more terrible Avar, and the seventh century beheld the fall of two of the ancient cities, the rise of two of the modern cities, which stand foremost in the history of the Hadriatic coast. Jadera, Diadora, Zara — such are the various forms of the name — lived through the storm. But long Salona became a forsaken ruin, and the old Hellenic Epidaurós was more utterly swept away from the face of the earth. For the homeless refugees of Salona a shelter stood ready hard by their own gates. They had but to cross the gentle hill which forms the isthmus of what we may call the Jovian peninsula, and the house of Jovius stood ready with its walls and gates, at once to take the place of the fallen city.§ As Salona fell, Spalato arose; the palace gave its name to the city, and itself became the city, as it still remains, within the almost untouched square of Diocletian's walls, the largest and most thickly inhabited part of the modern town. The peristyle of Diocletian became the piazza of the new city: his mausoleum became the metropolitan church of the new archbishopric.

* Const. Porph., De Them., ii. 6, ἐσθλαβώθη πᾶσα ἡ χώρα καὶ γέγονε βάρβαρος. Cf. De Adm. Imp., 49, 50.

† See, among other places, Prokopios, Bell. Goth., iii. 29, 38.

‡ Const. Porph., De Adm., Imp. 29, pp. 128, 129. The imperial geographer's etymology is of the very strangest.

§ Ibid., p. 141.

* So says the fragment of Malchos in Phôtios, p. 5. The whole story examined in the articles "Glycerius" and "Nepos" in the "Dictionary of Biography."

† Prokopios, Bell. Goth., i. 5.

‡ Ibid., iv. 26.

§ Const. Porph., De Adm. Imp., 29, pp. 126, 141.

And between the two buildings, a thousand years after the days of Diocletian, arose the great bell-tower which first strikes the eye as the voyager draws near to the bay of Spalato. Separated as it is by so many ages from the works of the first founder, it still shows, in artistic forms which so strangely harmonize with the buildings on either side of it, how deep and lasting was the impress which the genius of that founder stamped on all later works of the building-art.

For the fugitives of the fallen Epidauros no such shelter stood ready. They had to seek a home for themselves, and to call into being a wholly new dwelling-place of man. Raousion, Ragusa, the city on the rocks, the city of argosies, now rose into being; and, by a strange turning about of names, a faint memory of Epidauros is kept up under the name of Old Ragusa. The history of Roman Dalmatia may now come to an end. The maritime cities still clave to their old allegiance to the empire, but they clave to it only as Venice did on the opposite coast, as Naples did on the further sea. The land was now Slavonic; the old Illyrian was driven southward to press upon Epeiros and upon Attica; the Roman survived only in the scattered outposts of the maritime cities. It is not the Dalmatia of Diocletian or Marcellian of which the imperial geographer gives us the most minute of his topographical pictures. The Dalmatia of Constantine Porphyrogennêtos is the Dalmatia which has gone on ever since. His description opens many passages of varied and stirring, if somewhat puzzling history, in which Slavonic, Hungarian, Venetian, and Turkish rulers dispute the possession of the border-land of East and West. On that history, so deeply connected with the events of our own day, we cannot now enter. Our subject is the Dalmatia of the emperors, and the Dalmatia of the emperors in truth comes to an end with the fall of Epidauros and Salona.

E. A. FREEMAN.

From Good Words.

WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH.

BY SARAH TYTLER,

AUTHOR OF "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

AN UNWIFELY WIFE.

ARCHIE DOUGLAS did not speak till he had taken Pleasance out of the park gate

close to them. Then he asked her, in a voice the agitation of which he could no longer restrain, to what place he should direct the cab which he was about to call, as they could not speak together in the public streets.

Pleasance, in addition to her other sources of distress, had become painfully conscious that she had been wrong in approaching him in the park, and that he might have cause to reproach her for acting as she had done. She told him her address without resistance or reservation, and suffered him to put her into a cab and to enter it after her.

When they had driven off he leant forward and said, "Pleasance, is Mrs. Balls dead? Have you come to me?" and his voice was tremulous with feeling.

If Pleasance had cared to read his meaning, it might have been plain to her that her empire—widely removed from each other as she, as well as others, saw the two—could be restored by a single word. He was ready to forgive all the wounds inflicted on his pride and his love by her former obstinate rejection of him and of his penitence for having deceived her, and by her spurning the advantages which other women would have prized.

But Pleasance did not speak the word. She said, sadly yet firmly, looking down because of the anguish that tugged at her heart-strings when her eyes met his, while she remained resolute not to put upon him a burden that he could not bear, or subject herself to a trial which she should not know how to suffer, "I have not come because I wanted you, Archie, I have not come to stay."

He was repelled and thrown back upon himself. It seemed to him from her words that she was there in sheer perversity to expose their unhappy position, and to thwart and torture him.

"Then what is your business with me?" he asked, leaning back and folding his arms to endure, while his whole tone and manner changed in her estimation to those of the grand seigneur—a change which appeared to put a world of different experiences, different motives, different passions and prejudices, between him and Pleasance.

"Is our marriage known to your people?" she asked him, with the simple, courageous directness which nothing could daunt or turn aside, though her heart might be broken. "I can understand that it was a great mistake for you as well as for me; but, unfortunately, that does not help us to put an end to it, and since that is true,

the whole truth should be told. Don't you think so?"

She spoke quietly, so dispassionately as at once to chill and exasperate him.

"To stoop to concealment would not only be a great error which would increase every evil a thousand fold," she was remonstrating strongly, yet in a manner not entirely removed from that elder sister's or mother's fashion in which she had often spoken to him in happier circumstances — "it would be terribly unjust to others."

"To whom we are to serve as a warning, I suppose," he spoke with sharp irony. "Did you never think," he demanded, while a flush came over his face, "how you wrought to shame me, as you are doing this day?"

"No, no," she cried, in an agony of denial.

"Yes," he affirmed, with stern indignation. "Did you never consider how cruelly hard, well-nigh impossible, you made it for me to tell of the marriage to the friends to whom you would not accompany me, when we had quarrelled and parted on our very wedding-day?"

"Still, if it had to be told," she said.

"You may rest satisfied," he exclaimed, with the passionate scorn of himself and her into which he had worked himself. "To-night the foolish story will be over all London — all London that knows anything of me, and nothing of you."

He was thinking, while he spoke, of what had been to him the unapproachable attractions which had won him — ay, and which he was angrily conscious at this moment were as powerful as ever to subdue him.

"The concealment is at an end," he assured her; "but whether the end has been brought about with any regard to me and my share in the misfortune — whether I might not have been consulted, or even warned, as to the mode of the announcement — whether there might not have been some respect paid to my duty to my people, which would have led me to prepare them for the blow that must come unexpectedly upon them — I leave you to judge."

She listened half wistfully, half shrinkingly, to his hot taunts, and then she half rose. "Let me go," she implored him. "We are only making ourselves more miserable. Contention between us can do no good, and is horrible. I thought we might have both seen what was for our mutual good — the best that can be for either of us — and consented to part, in a sort, friends. Since that is not to be — and

perhaps we had better never have met again — let us part now."

"So be it," he said moodily, motioning her back to her seat. "I shall rid you of my company, if this is all that you have come up from the country to say to me, after a whole quarter of a year has passed. Can it be," he cried, a new and more heinous offence suggesting itself to his excited imagination, "that you could suspect because I kept silence, driven to it by your own conduct, that I should be false to such vows, however fruitless? Have you grossly insulted me by believing that of me? Base enough to be even criminal — was that what you thought me?"

"No, so help me," she pledged herself solemnly and despairingly. "It is idle speaking, if you doubt my word," for he had made a gesture of incredulity; "but I did not believe it for an instant — I could not believe it, and I knew that, if the time ever came that you could be so miserable as to commit a great sin, it must have been your having had to do with me, your having suffered yourself to be beguiled into an acted lie, that could have tempted and driven you to the awful fall."

So far from being propitiated, the bare idea sent him nearly beside himself. "Pleasance," he said, uttering her name with fierce emphasis, "you have paid me back well for my error in imagining that you would be, after all, pleased to find that I had many advantages to lay at your feet, while I gloried, poor fool! in laying them there. In return, you have conceived me capable of such villanous treachery as it might drive mad the most miserable wretch bearing the name of man, only to be accused of."

"Oh! don't you see that we must part?" was all that she said in answer to his violence, writhing, and wringing her hands.

"As you will," he said, in sullen resentment, giving the driver a signal to stop, and then, as he opened the door, and was about to step out, half-blinded, into the tumult of the city, he realized that he was leaving her there unprotected, and far from her country village, with its familiar scenes and faces.

He turned round with his white, contracted face, from which the pleasant youthfulness had vanished, and said stiffly, "I am bound to see after your safety. You may think little of such an obligation, but as I am a man and gentleman, it weighs upon me."

She hastened to give him what relief

she could. "I am quite safe in a respectable inn close to the North-eastern Railway, which will take me home," she assured him eagerly, with a mixture of *naïveté* and sense. "You may inquire, if it will be a satisfaction to you," she added quickly.

It was as if she had said, "You are aware of the terms on which we stand. Our mutual inclination now, as well as your assurance when we parted, that you would not force me to fulfil obligations that I had entered upon without my knowledge, and to which I had no mind, will prevent you from attempting to alter these terms."

He bent his head, and leapt out on the pavement, disappearing the next moment among the passers-by, while the cab took Pleasance within sight of the Yorkshire Grey.

There entered into the old carriers' inn the most utterly jaded guest that Mrs. Tovey, the old landlady, had ever beheld return from sight-seeing. She refused all refreshments too, and shut herself into her little room, causing Mrs. Tovey and her daughter, who were knowing in their respectability, sundry qualms lest they should have been mistaken, after all, in their conclusions. They feared that this fine, open-faced, quiet-spoken country girl, who called herself simply Pleasance Douglas, though she wore something like a marriage-ring on her finger, might prove to be one of those reckless outcasts, who carry bottles of laudanum in their travelling-bags, manage to kindle charcoal in strange bedrooms, or slip out and contrive to throw themselves over one of the city bridges, and are brought back hideous, dripping heaps to await inquests.

But Pleasance merely sat down on a chair, and took off her bonnet to lighten her aching head, which she hung, as she clasped her hands on her knees, and moaned to herself.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE REPORT TO MRS. DOUGLAS.

"OH, mamma, something dreadful has happened!" cried Jane Douglas impetuously, and without any preparation, entering her mother's private sitting-room in the house in Grosvenor Square.

Mrs. Douglas's room was marked by studied simplicity, and some elegance in the white muslin of its draperies, the number of fine water-color paintings by good artists in water-colors, Frederick Walker, Fripp, and Thomas, which adorned it, and the perfume of lily of the valley and vio-

lets which pervaded it. To the daughter of the house it was the dearest, prettiest room in it, just like mamma herself, who was so true and kind, while yet thoroughly refined and very clever, far, far cleverer than Jane, and almost — Jane thought — than Archie. Yet Archie had taken his degree with fair credit, and had even been a prizeman one proud year, down at dear old King's, while he was considered a reading man, if only in a desultory, and not in a strictly classical fashion.

Jane herself, as she stood there in her riding-habit, was not at all like Archie, and was not so pretty for a woman as he was handsome for a man. Jane was like her father, the son of the Cumberland dalesman, the great manufacturer. Her complexion, instead of being dark, was very fair, with somewhat dead-colored flaxen hair of that shade called *gris cendré*, to which the French are partial. Her face had a certain squareness, her very teeth were square in their slight projection over the nether lip. It was a face that showed honesty and affectionateness with some character and will — yet to be developed, but had little that was *spirituelle* or imaginative. Any claims to beauty which Jane Douglas possessed, depended on the high-bred look of her perfect training, and on the attraction which *gris cendré* in hair has in itself to a considerable section of the community, in addition to the delicately fair complexion which usually accompanies it.

Mrs. Douglas, as she came into the room before Jane had time to speak to her again, was like her son, except that she was little for a woman, while he was at least middle-sized for a man. She had been a very pretty woman, with a dark, fine little face, bearing unmistakable marks of an impressionable and intellectually fanciful nature — and his not merely in the quick dark eyes, but in the sensitive mouth, with its short upper lip, the small peaked chin, the clearly-cut but slightly up-tilted nose with its flexible nostrils, the delicately pencilled flexible eyebrows, and the waviness and silkiness of the dark hair.

Mrs. Douglas, though she had a grown-up son and a daughter ready to come out, and though she had suffered from bad health — indeed perhaps because of that bad health — was still young-looking. For that matter she was one of those women who, never having owed anything to fresh and brilliant tints, and who retaining slenderness of figure, delicacy of outline, and

above all susceptibility of temperament, never do look old, and preserve far on in life the dainty, fascinating, personal charms. Doubtless this abiding youthfulness and mature loveliness were enhanced in Mrs. Douglas's case, by the fact that she was scrupulous in remembering the strict tale of her years, and the dignity of that advanced stage of matronhood which reckons a grown-up son and daughter as its chief treasures. She dressed in an exquisitely quiet, sober fashion, with lace hanging about her head, softly matching the few streaks of grey in her hair, and shading her throat, and in gowns of rich, soft stuff — silk, or cashmere, black or grey or lilac, smoke-colored or heather-colored. Her ornaments, which supplied all the brilliance that the still sparkling eyes and speaking features lacked to relieve the low tone of the picture, were rarely any other than a diamond-set locket containing her husband's hair, a bracelet with her children's portraits, and sapphire and opal rings, each, as she would tell, a cherished souvenir.

"You look heated, child, sit down and rest while you can," said Mrs. Douglas, in her sympathetic, slightly plaintive tones.

"Mamma," burst out Jane once more in her distinct, abrupt, rather highly-pitched, though well-modulated voice, "something terrible has happened."

"Good heavens, child, what? Nothing to your brother?" cried Mrs. Douglas, with a gasp, sitting down on the nearest seat, her hand on her heart, and growing very pale.

"I have frightened you, mamma," said Jane, remorsefully; "there is nothing wrong with Archie — with his health at least."

"What is it, then?" asked Mrs. Douglas, beginning to recover voice, breath, and color. "My dear, I thought you had more sense," she could not help adding, expecting to hear some cock-and-bull story of a girlish misadventure.

"Well, but, mamma, it is dreadful," persisted Jane, very seriously; "wait till you hear. Just as Archie and Rica and I had turned into the park on our ride, a woman came up so suddenly that she startled Lady Alice. Archie got down in an instant, I thought because he imagined that I was not able to manage for myself, but it seems the woman had business with him. A policeman wished to send her out of the middle of the Row, when, oh! mamma, Archie flew forward and prevented it, and called her his 'wife,' and 'Mrs. Douglas,' and went away with her, send-

ing us on with General Protheroe, who came home with us. Rica asked him to come in, but I could not, and I was so thankful when he refused."

Mrs. Douglas had sat astounded, confounded, till Jane's last words, when she exclaimed with energy, —

"Impossible, Jane, you are speaking nonsense. Archie may have said something frank and familiar, he is — well, peculiar in his ideas, dear fellow, and apt to be too confiding, and to think all the world as single-hearted and enthusiastic as he is himself. He may even have said something which sounded to you very friendly, for I am afraid he is rash and imprudent, and has encouraged absolute intimacy in unsuitable quarters; but, 'wife,' or 'Mrs. Douglas,' never, Jane, never."

"Indeed, indeed, mamma, I am not mistaken," Jane was not to be shaken in her testimony; "of course I thought my ears were deceiving me, or that I must be going mad, but I looked round and saw everybody with the same expression. And Rica heard it, too, you can speak to her, mamma."

"You must be wrong — you cannot fail to be wrong," said Mrs. Douglas, with gathering agitation, clasping her hands tightly together. "Did you know the woman? Was she young or old? What did she look like?"

"I hardly saw her, but I am sure she must have been a young woman, else she could not have stepped out so quickly, or ventured so near the horses' feet. I have an impression she would have been nice-looking, only she was very shabbily dressed, much more shabbily than Cobbes" (naming her mother's maid) "would have walked out."

Mrs. Douglas, in spite of her declared unbelief, could not restrain a groan. And where was the use of restraint, if Jane had heard what she believed she had heard? and more than that, she would never be put past believing that she had heard it?

"My poor, unhappy boy, if he has got into any miserable entanglement, such as I dreaded for him, so soon as I heard of his mad adventure, what can be done?" lamented his mother openly. "He has not been like himself since he came back and we went abroad. I have noticed his restlessness and his uncertain temper, very different from his old elastic spirits and cheery good-humor."

"But, mamma, it cannot be anything really bad," remonstrated Jane, "not in Archie. He has always been so good and

kind. You remember that his tutor said there was not a steadier, more blameless young fellow in his college, and we were so proud because we knew that it was true. And when he is the head of the house down at Shardleigh, with so many people looking up to him and flattering him—I know they do, because they flatter me sometimes, so that they must flatter Archie ten times more—he is not a bit spoilt. Mamma, when I asked Rica what it could possibly mean”—Jane paused, and her fair complexion flashed scarlet with the culminating injury of the day—“she made me furious. I understood what she meant, though I have not even had Rica Wyndham’s two seasons out—that Archie had done something wicked and shameful, which it was not for his sister and for other girls to hear. Mamma, how dared she say such a thing of Archie?” cried Jane passionately.

“My dear, you are worth a thousand Ricas,” said her mother, taking her daughter’s hands, drawing her face down and kissing it with a tender sigh. “Rica Wyndham is, for her age, the incarnation of worldliness. I could not understand what attraction, except that of reverses, drew Archie to her!” exclaimed Mrs. Douglas with a momentary shade of satisfaction rising to the surface of her speech, speedily to sink down again in her trouble. “But to learn a lesson from these worldly people, we must speak no more of this incredible, wretched story till I have talked it over with Archie. I must speak to him face to face on the subject; it is far too terribly serious a matter to be passed over.” She admitted, in a degree, the depth of her fear, even while she clung to her profession of incredulity. “There is no help for it.” Mrs. Douglas sighed and twisted the rings nervously on her taper fingers, while she looked round almost with timidity for the help that was not to be found.

“Why should you not speak to him face to face?” inquired the much bolder, unsophisticated girl; “it must be much the best plan, and what Archie would like best. If you had any fault to find with me, anything to call me to account for, I should greatly prefer you to speak to me myself, and at once.”

“There is a difference,” alleged Mrs. Douglas, half impatiently, half with a faint smile on her tremulous lips. “Archie is a young man, and the master of Shardleigh, as you say. He is his own master, though he is also my son, and he has already asserted his right to take his own

way in what he was so possessed as to regard his duty, poor, fatherless, romantic, imprudent lad,” observed his mother in a low parenthesis, in which there was a singular mixture of admiration and pity. “A young man will not brook to be taken to task like a girl; and the master of Shardleigh, though Archie is hardly conscious himself of the effect of his position upon him, is still less likely to bear being called in question and censured.”

“But, mamma,” urged Jane, returning to the charge, “even if Archie has been dreadfully foolish and wrong—since he ought to have consulted you—in marrying far beneath him, and in taking his wife from a humble station, to which, to be sure, papa once belonged, although it will be a great trial to us, and perhaps very disagreeable for a time, still it is not so very, very wrong, and beyond remedy. It is not as if he had done anything really bad, after which we should never have held up our heads again.”

It will be seen from this speech that Jane Douglas was still, and that more from character than age, not beyond the stage of an *enfant terrible*. In fact her honest, matter-of-fact brains were undisturbed by imaginative anticipations and comparisons. She had already cudgelled out the conclusion that, as mamma herself must have made in her day a decided misalliance, except, indeed, in the matter of the fortune which papa had acquired—still, if money made the chief difference between Archie’s case and that of his parents, then Jane, who had all her life been reaping the benefit of that money, as well as of her mother’s gentle descent, could not see that Archie had been so much more guilty than his elders.

“My dear Jane, you know nothing about it,” said her mother hastily, with her vexation beginning to get the better of her indulgence. “How should you, when you are a mere girl? I wish you would not say anything more to me about this matter. I know that you cannot help feeling keenly interested, and I appreciate your fidelity to your brother, my love; but you must leave me to meet him now. That is a trial enough in itself, and until I have got it over I cannot bear to discuss the subject even with you.”

Thus dismissed, Jane went to her own room, greatly perplexed, and a little aggrieved and hurt; for she, as well as Archie, had been spoilt. It was hard for her to realize that there were at last to be secrets even more momentous than Archie’s strange adventure among work-

ing-men, between the three who had once formed a united household; and also that her mother could dispense with her daughter's sympathy and support in a question that concerned both of them so nearly.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

TALKING TO ARCHIE.

IT would have been a trial for any mother to meet her son and require from him the explanation that Mrs. Douglas had to require from Archie. It was a special trial for Mrs. Douglas, because she was, with many good qualities, always impelled to a cautious, vacillating policy. She had managed in this manner to lose her authority over her son, and even to shake his respect for her, while she had retained his affection. Yet she was like him in many respects, particularly in her love of giving pleasure, and her shrinking from giving pain.

Mrs. Douglas was not intentionally double-minded or hypocritical, but she had the misfortune to have stronger sympathies than principles. She was carried away by her impulses a great deal farther than she had fixed convictions to confirm her progress, and thus she was continually falling a victim to reaction, secretly retracing her steps, and seeking to balance her advances.

When she, the youngest daughter of a poor county family, had consented to marry a *nouveau riche* in the person of the great manufacturer, already the squire of Shardleigh, she had said with some amount of truth that she was not making a mere *mariage de convenance*. Her heart was in it. She was proud of the independence and energy which had enabled her husband to make his own fortune and found a family. She delighted in his plain, unaffected manliness.

Mrs. Douglas had enjoyed so much of a heart as to feel all this. But still it remained a fact that no woman had a livelier sense of the advantages of long descent and of generations of culture. She would never have renounced them for the sake of her husband, or become the wife of Archibald Douglas, the manufacturer, had he not also been the squire of Shardleigh.

And after Mrs. Douglas was the mistress of Shardleigh, though she avoided the bad taste of trying to sever her husband abruptly from his old business connections, and to set him at variance with his old friends, she made her delicate health, with the frequent necessity for her

wintering abroad, the excuse for withdrawing him more and more from trade and manufactures. She contrived that he should see less and less of the Lancashire comrades and their wives, to whom she had always been, when she did meet them, perfectly gracious. She had by no means relished, though her husband had lived in blissful ignorance of the dislike — which its entertainer had been too much of a woman even to venture to own in so many words to herself — the stories that Mr. Douglas had been in the habit of refreshing himself and regaling his children, by telling them. He had loved to dwell on his primitive early home, his mother riding to market with her farm produce, and his own boyish ventures in trading.

In accordance with her inconsistent character, Mrs. Douglas had at first admired and encouraged in her son the gracious sentiment of common brotherliness, the large development of charity, and that strain of a romantic, chivalrous temperament, which had led him to indulge in dreams of enterprise, and especially of reform for the old sinning and erring, but always hopeful and always to be rescued world.

She had drawn back when she saw, too late, the extreme direction in which Archie's tendencies were leading him — not to disquisition in Parliament, not to the trial of an allotment system, not to the furtherance of co-operation in trade, not even to the foundation of a Utopia; but to the absurd radicalism of establishing a practical acquaintance with men's needs and penalties, so as to enlighten himself by personal experience, and to establish a claim on his neighbor's confidence. And it was precisely where his mother stopped short that Archie Douglas went far beyond her.

To a woman like Mrs. Douglas the apprehension that Archie had clenched his alliance with the people by a low marriage, so utterly rash and ill-advised that even he recoiled from making it known, foreboded a terrible misfortune.

Yet she was sufficiently a good woman to have one comfort, though she had not acknowledged it to Jane — poor Janey! who was so presumptuous and silly in counting the cost. In her inmost heart she was proudly, almost tearfully, grateful for the knowledge that her boy, however fanatical and unfortunate, was out of the category and beyond the comprehension of a woman of Rica Wyndham's type. He was what his tutor had indicated as

pure-minded as his sister; he could look his own mother in the face where every other woman in the world was concerned. This consciousness was a thing to be devoutly thankful for, while it was also a thing to be taken for granted in relation to Archie. But it existed somehow so deep down in her nature, and so far apart from ordinary worldly considerations, that she could not bring it up and dwell upon it so as to be reassured by it.

That reference which Jane had thrown out in the innocence of her heart to her father's origin had done no good. Mrs. Douglas knew, none better, that with all her husband's attainments, with all the man's large liberality of heart, which nobody had been more ready to grant than she, and in spite of the extraordinary business talents which had given him a special kind of distinction and power, she had always had to contend with the results of his early disadvantages.

If Archie had been so left to himself, so possessed as to take, in the madness of the moment, a low-born, low-bred wife, who would compromise him for the rest of his days, that wife could not be compared to his father. There was little chance of redeeming qualities being found in her. And Mrs. Douglas was not singular in this condemnation of Pleasance unseen and unheard.

What could Mrs. Douglas conjecture with regard to her son's choice, of which he was already ashamed, but that she had been, at the best, some barn-door beauty — coarse, rude, and hopelessly ignorant and narrow-minded?

In addition to every other source of trouble, Mrs. Douglas was hampered and stultified by the peculiar relations existing between her and her son. She had always been on terms of familiar affection with him, yet at the same time she had long accustomed herself to deal with him in all grave concerns by deputy. She would employ such friends as Mr. Selincourt — and her winning ways enabled her to command many allies in the most unlikely quarters; or she would appoint Mr. Woodcock, the confidential family lawyer, to remonstrate with Archie on his eccentric theories and practices. She had very seldom, from his boyhood, taken it upon her to tax him with an offence, and bring him to confess and make the best of it, as she now proposed to do. Her usual line of conduct had been induced partly by an uneasy semi-consciousness that Archie penetrated what was false and hollow in herself, partly by the exaggerated impression

which she, a squire's daughter, held of the importance of her son's position as the young squire of Shardleigh, so that she could only treat him as a queen-mother would treat a reigning prince. But it had now become impossible to call in even the most honorable and trustworthy of councillors.

After Mrs. Douglas had given directions that her son should come to her immediately on his return to the house, her sensations, bodily and mental, were not to be envied. She sat growing chiller and chiller under her apprehensions, in her pretty, pleasant room which the sun had ceased to visit for the day, and where she had prevented a servant's coming to put fresh coals on the fire when she was about to hear Jane's story, so that the fire had been suffered to go out, and Mrs. Douglas could not have it rekindled lest Archie should enter in the middle of the process. Cold, watching, and trepidation were severe trials upon Mrs. Douglas's delicate organization, which had been cared for and petted in turn by parents, husband, and children.

Archie came straight home from his short interview with Pleasance, and went directly to his mother's room, when he was told that she wished to see him, as if he had been the most tractable son in England.

He knew, without the request which had been made to him, that she must have heard something, and she knew that he must be so far prepared. That was some relief. There was no room left for finessing and going about the bush, to bring him of his own accord to the point. She might have been prompted to that, but it would have required an exercise of self-control and tact to which she felt she was at this moment unequal.

It was sufficient for mother and son to look into each other's pale, agitated faces. Mrs. Douglas gave up the elaborate programme which she had been striving to arrange, and addressed the culprit with a tender reproach in place of a guarded accusation.

"Can it be, Archie, that you have been in trouble, and your mother has not known it?"

He was sensibly touched — all the more so that he had just been wounded and stung to the quick by what he regarded as the obduracy rather than the infatuation of Pleasance.

"It is true, mother, that your kindness, however much I may have tried it, has never yet failed me," he said, speaking as

much to himself as to her, sitting down on the couch beside her, even leaning his aching head for an instant caressingly against her shoulder.

"And it never shall fail you, Archie," said Mrs. Douglas, in one of her fervent asseverations. "But to enable me to help you, you must tell me what has happened."

"I mean to tell you all that there is to tell, and no thanks to me when I cannot withhold it any longer," said Archie directing a passing sarcasm against himself, "but don't press me too much, particularly as neither you nor anybody else can help me."

"Don't say so, my dear boy, only let me hear the truth. I am sure of the truth from you," she hastened to add, when she observed him wince, "and we shall see what can be done."

"Nothing can be done," he said again, gloomily. "When I went off to see for myself what working-folks were like," he began his story in haste, and with undisguised bitterness, "I went so far as to marry a working-girl without your knowledge. We were married in Saxford church, down in Suffolk. Selincourt saw it. He walked in by chance, just after the ceremony, which he left me to publish. But don't break your heart, mother," he interrupted his statement sardonically, and as if he were affording grim compensation for the ejaculation of distress which Mrs. Douglas could not restrain at this confirmation of Jane's account, and of her own worst fears, "she will not trouble you; she will have nothing to do with you and me — I have seen the last of her."

Mrs. Douglas drew back for the second time this day shocked and appalled. She had thought that the utmost which she had dreaded from Archie's extraordinary notions had come upon her, but she found that there might be more terrible evils to follow.

The solution of the difficulty which occurred to her, though it might eventually restore Archie's freedom, would be dearly bought, and was what Mrs. Douglas had not bargained for.

"Has it come to that?" she asked, scarcely knowing what she said in her dismay and grief, "that you have married a woman whom I cannot speak to, and whom you can never own? Oh! Archie, my poor, lost boy, you who were so good, how could you be so left to yourself?"

He started up in a passion of denial.

"Mother, are you out of your senses? or do you want to drive me out of mine?"

She was the nearest to perfection of any woman I ever knew. It was because she was too good for me that she gave me up. Mother, why are such good women pitiless in their intolerance?" he asked half wistfully, half wrathfully.

"His foolish infatuation is not extinguished, after all," thought his mother pityingly, and with a shade of scorn for which she might forgive herself, since it was very painful to her. Still she owned the sense of a hideous burden removed from her. His good name, the name of his father and Jane, which she, too, bore, would not be dragged through the mire. Nevertheless the strait remained a grievous and disastrous strait.

"I cannot understand you, Archie," she preferred to say in a safely ambiguous and — though she did not intend it — in a colder protest.

"I mean," said Archie impatiently, almost savagely, "that she, a working-woman, has no wish to be a lady — the less so that her father was a gentleman, since she had an awful experience in her youth of what a lady can do. She does not covet, she absolutely rejects, the distinction which such as you would grudge her. She married me as a working-man. It was without her knowledge and against her will that I sought to raise her to my position. She will not consent to be raised. She cannot pardon my presumption, and the deception of which I was guilty."

It was an extraordinary story, and Mrs. Douglas, who might have listened to it, and had a word to say for it, had it concerned any other than Archie, at once set on it the seal of disbelief which it was likely to receive from men and women of the world. Poor Archie! he was doubly taken in; he was just the fellow to have his confidence thoroughly abused. Of course the girl had known what she was about, and had seen through any flimsy disguise which the young squire of Shardleigh could think to assume.

Mrs. Douglas caught at the chance — something to break the blow, something to give time, a reprieve which might, she could not tell how, in the chapter of accidents, end by proving a deliverance.

She had already, while she was awaiting her son, taken the resolution, that if the suggestion of Archie's having made a secret low marriage should prove true — Mrs. Douglas knew only too well how fast such a disparaging rumor with regard to a young man in Archie Douglas's position spreads and establishes itself in London — then she would employ once more the excuse of

her delicate health, to give up for the present season the idea of bringing out the only daughter, for which she had been detaining Archie, against his inclinations, in town. He had been wishing to break loose and go down on his own account to Shardleigh, or to start off again to the ends of the earth, for anything that she had been able to discover. She had learnt the secret of his discontent. As it was, she would go down to Shardleigh herself. Jane was young, her coming out might very well be delayed, she would not mind it; anything would be better than for her to make her entrance into society with a cloud hanging over her brother.

In the mean time the cloud might pass, at least the story would grow stale. It was all very sad and painful, and doubly distressing when one considered how brilliant Archie's prospects had been!

Here was the opportunity for diplomatic temporizing which came so naturally and was so dear to Mrs. Douglas, not so much from inherent falseness as because she was radically weak in her cleverness.

Therefore Mrs. Douglas did not urge on Archie what, even according to her conception of the case, would have been the manliest and wisest course, reconciliation with his wife. She did not offer to become a mediator between them, with the end in view of supporting him by countenancing his wife, and making the best that was left to be made of a bad business. She acquiesced—all the more unjustifiably because in her ignorance and prejudice she had taken up an entire misconception of the facts—as if it were incontestable that his wife would not assume her place, and that he was parted from her.

Mrs. Douglas's solitary suggestion was, "If there is such incompatibility between you and the girl you have made your wife, as to require your separation, something must be done for her. You have given her your name, she cannot be allowed to go on working for her support, it would not be consistent with your honor, Archie."

"She is welcome to all I have, for that matter, but I do not see how she is to be got to take a fraction of it. You do not know her, mother," he said brusquely. He was secretly in a rage with his mother for not contradicting him, for not reminding him that marriage was binding and sacred, for not enjoining on him at least to try to be reconciled to Pleasance by all patient efforts to remove or lessen the obstacles between them, although he could not conceive that Mrs. Douglas's doing so would have been of any avail. In the

middle of his indignation also, there was a strange tormenting sense of absurdity in the idea, that his mother should be solemnly begging him to make a provision for Pleasance, because she bore his name, and because it would not befit his duty and dignity to leave her to her own resources, and to let her want. And all the time he would have laid his whole possessions at her feet, and she would not listen.

"Archie, don't you think that you had better send for Mr. Woodcock, confide all to him, hear what he will say, and get him to make some arrangement?" Mrs. Douglas said farther, anxiously and earnestly.

Archie was disappointed in his mother, but he had known what he had to expect, and the disappointment was not very deep. Besides, it was swallowed up in a greater disappointment. He was a little contemptuous as well as disappointed. "You may send for whom you please," he said ungraciously turning on his heel like the spoiled lad he had been, and putting a hasty end to the discussion which was gall and wormwood to him, "you may make what arrangement you think fit, I shall not interfere. There is her present address," and he put down a card on which he had written it, "only remember that she is not to be molested, or forced into any course that she does not choose, for any consideration with which I have to do."

There was nothing that his mother could have liked better, after the catastrophe which had befallen Archie, than this arrangement. "My dear," she said, with affectionate emphasis, "I shall do the very best I can for you, since you trust me in this sad affair. I shall not only seek to do what is becoming on your part" (forgetting that he had just forbidden her to consider him), "I shall strive to judge what is best for the poor young woman's welfare. You hear that I am not blaming her, Archie."

"Better not, mother," he turned when he was at the door to say sternly, "for this is not merely the ordinary story where both parties are to blame—only the man is the more to blame; all the blame is mine."

CHAPTER XL.

MR. WOODCOCK'S ROVING COMMISSION.

MR. WOODCOCK was not an old family servant of the Douglasses, seeing that the great manufacturer had raised himself, and hereditary family servants were inadmissible in what was only the second generation. In a sense Mr. Woodcock was a

servant to no man; he was a well-born, well-bred old lawyer, who was on perfect equality with all save the very highest of his clients. His father and grandfather before him had been law agents to the former owners of Shardleigh; and their valuable familiarity with its resources had rendered the agency an heirloom of the firm which every new proprietor was likely for his own sake to acknowledge.

Archie Douglas's father had gladly availed himself of Mr. Woodcock's assistance, and had been on cordial terms with him. Thus the agent had a double interest in Archie, who had grown up under his own eye, and to some extent under his guidance, both as the son of his friend and as the young squire of Shardleigh.

Mr. Woodcock had a sort of fatherly regard for both of the young Douglasses, but upon the whole he was fondest of Archie, though he put most dependence on Jane. He had also a considerable liking for Mrs. Douglas while enduring some amount of provocation from her, and while retaliating by laughing at her civilly and in his sleeve—processes of which the lady was naturally unaware.

Mr. Woodcock, in appearance hale, handsome, white-haired, and ruddy—more like a country squire himself than a city man—was an acute, practical, elderly gentleman, just turned sixty. He was not without a recollection of youthful aspirations of his own, which had not been strictly confined to the law-courts; and he had a humorous side to his nature, equivalent to an assurance of some amount of large-heartedness, however well kept in hand. He had heard many queer stories from clients in his day, and was prepared to receive any addition to his store without experiencing or expressing much surprise or emotion of any kind. It did cut him up a little that young Archie Douglas was the black sheep in this case; but Mr. Woodcock had already been in possession of premises which, according to his judgment, ought to have prepared him for the catastrophe.

Mr. Woodcock sat in Mrs. Douglas's room in the house in Grosvenor Place. He had been brought there for a very special private interview, and had heard her version of the story without interruption.

"So my friend Archie has gone and done it?" he asked, rather in a tone of regretful assent than as raising an objection, sitting nodding his head in distinct, emphatic nods.

It was a significant circumstance of the generation and of the people that neither

Mrs. Douglas nor Mr. Woodcock entertained for a moment the slightest suspicion of Archie's perfect sincerity in his marriage, however little satisfaction he might have derived from it, and however reluctant he might have shown himself to make it known. All the reference which Mr. Woodcock made to this point, was, that he should communicate with Selincourt, and take a run down to the parish of Saxford, in order to see that the marriage was duly attested, for where a man like Douglas of Shardleigh was concerned, his lawyer must be particular.

"Well, madam," Mr. Woodcock was saying, (he had an old-fashioned habit of addressing a lady as "madam"), "we might have expected it since those days when he would come off his pony in crossing Shard Common, to let the young village beggars have a ride; and above all since that outbreak a few months ago, when he would play Christopher Sly in a reverse fashion all his own. He has been badly bitten with philanthropy, and has had a pretty strong tinge of Christian socialism from his birth."

"But what is to be done?" asked Mrs. Douglas, concealing her impatience and annoyance at the old lawyer's coolness and apparent disposition to philosophize over the disaster under the languor which her delicacy of health and the effects of the blow she had received warranted.

"I should say this plunge would cure him," answered Mr. Woodcock promptly, not without a sardonic twinkle in his eye. "There will be no more of even political see-sawing. He will be henceforth as stout a Tory, if there be such an animal left, as you, madam, can desire."

"Oh, what do his political opinions signify now?" Mrs. Douglas was driven to protest, in plaintive vexation. "It is the *fiasco* which the poor boy has made of his personal affairs that is the misery. Is it not hard when our boy's prospects were so brilliant, were they not? that he should contrive to mar them frightfully, and he barely five-and-twenty?"

"He has not done his prospects any good, certainly," admitted the adviser, still with professional wariness. "I am not at all sure that he has not earned his experience not to meddle in other people's affairs or to mix separate interests, at much too high a price."

"You may say so," said poor Mrs. Douglas, with a groan. "He might have married into any of the best families in the country; he had everything in his favor, everything to recommend him; or he

might have remained single, at least while he had us to make a home for him at Shardleigh. It is grievous to think that his very singleness of heart and generosity — what made him so much better and dearer than other young men — have led him so far astray, and left him so easy a prey."

"The result is not a contradiction, but rather in natural sequence. My dear Mrs. Douglas, you are no worse off than your neighbors — I mean, of course, your neighbors who have highflying sons; only in Archie's case I should have expected the punishment — the rue, if you will have it so — to have taken a different form. I did think that he had sufficient brains and heart to cause him to make such a bargain as he could and would stick to, for better, for worse — and that, being what he is, his bargain would have stuck to him. My humble opinion agrees with yours so far, that what you call his goodness — and I have no reason to suppose that he is not the honest, hare-brained enthusiast we took him to be — should have been to this extent his safeguard. I cannot understand, and I confess I like least of all, this rapid mutual revulsion between the pair. I should not mind, as a lawyer, hearing the young woman's version of the story."

"That is just what we wish you to do," said Mrs. Douglas, eagerly; "that is, we shall be thankful if you will have the goodness to go to her, and see if she will come to terms — if she will consent to any arrangement that will be for Archie's credit and comfort — all the credit and comfort that are left to him, poor fellow. I am sure you will do me the justice to believe that I am very sorry for the young woman who has taken so mistaken a step."

"You will excuse me, madam, for doubting whether, when the Rubicon is passed, there can be any arrangement save one, that is for Archie's abiding credit," said Mr. Woodcock plainly. "I am sensible that it is my office to be a go-between, a 'redder,' as they call it in Scotland," allowed Mr. Woodcock, with a shrug of his shoulders, "but if the redder is to come between man and wife, I should prefer to speak to the man first. You will forgive me again, Mrs. Douglas, but I must trouble Archie with regard to my credentials."

"By all means," said Mrs. Douglas, with a courteous deference to the lawyer's scruples that would have concealed from most people a shade of stiffness in her consent. "Come back to dinner, and talk to Archie afterwards. You are privi-

leged, and you have my authority to speak to him on the subject; but I am afraid that even you will find it a difficult and disagreeable task."

"Where is the task worthy of the name that is not both difficult and disagreeable?" demanded the old lawyer, rising gallantly to the encounter.

"She is utterly incapable of any stage-mother's villainy," reflected Mr. Woodcock, when the interview was at an end. "I have always thought her a good sort of woman and mother, so far as warring instincts and influences would let her. She is a production of high civilization and of a certain amount of liberal, even kindly sentiment, grafted on class exclusiveness and self-indulgence. The best thing about her is that she makes no pretence of cynicism. But just because she is what she is, with a shaky moral backbone, and beset by a tendency to subtlety and finesse, she is not to be trusted in so delicate a matter. But there is more than Archie's credit to be considered — ah! she spoke the truth, the lad had fine prospects, which, if he could but have been sufficiently immoral to think chiefly of himself, he might have escaped making ducks and drakes of. There is the future of the property to think of. Even his sister's welfare is implicated; but no. I doubt that poor Archie, having contrived to make a low marriage — he should know best, and he is doing what he can to prove that he has found it disgraceful — has severed the close alliance with his sister. It will be the duty of her guardians, of whom I am one, to separate brother and sister in time to come. I am not sentimental, but I remember them as two pretty children, of whom Douglas was as proud and fond as most fathers are silly enough to be. And he used to hug himself on their being boy and girl, and such a pair of friends as the four or five years between them permitted — Archie would look after Jane, and see that she was not put upon; and Jane would soften and sweeten Archie, as if the softening and sweetening were not likely to be on the other side, when Jane has the father's fibre and Archie is the mother in ideal with a man's ballast. And here is the end of it, that they should be forbidden each other's presence, and hardly know each other by the time they come to die."

It was on the day after the scene in the park that Mr. Woodcock dined in Grosvenor Square for the purpose of "tackling" Archie on his delinquency, and trying to arrive at a clearer comprehension of it.

Already the vague sense of something terribly wrong brooded mysteriously over those quarters of the house where no direct intimation had been given of the nature of the wrong. It was simply identified with the young master and a woman who, according to Evans the groom's tale, had made up to Mr. Douglas when he was riding with the young ladies in the park. The servants, headed by Mr. Debree, the elderly butler, and Mrs. Ramsay, the middle-aged housekeeper — both of whom had something of Archie's mother's mingled pride in, and pity for, him, as a fine fellow with a screw loose — united, with their solemn curiosity, much compassion for Archie and strong condemnation of his visionary foes.

Archie sedulously avoided his mother and sister. Mrs. Douglas, in her turn, shunned Jane, who would seek farther information, and would suggest the most outrageous line of conduct, such as the family's immediately adopting its strange daughter-in-law (Jane remained ignorant of the discord between Archie and his wife), and her becoming Jane's pupil. Then, perhaps, at some distant date, Archie's wife would grow so tamed and civilized that she would reward them all, and be another pet of mamma's. Mamma was very willing to have pets, and very good in making allowance for them. And she had such a nice estimation of the little which she knew of the virtues and sacrifices of those lower ranks so far removed from her. Jane concluded that her mother loved them for the sake of her father, because he had been a man of humble birth, and had built up his own fortune — facts of which his widow must be naturally proud.

Rica Wyndham showed herself the least affected by the pervading agitation, and behaved with great self-command. She represented the social proprieties, looked and spoke as if nothing were happening, and overcame the awkwardness of being a third party in a house which is in the half-smothered spasms of an unconfessed domestic crisis. She proved the advantage of the presence of a competent outsider who can play the world to perfection, and compel the actors themselves to an equally well-bred and desirable restraint over themselves — nay, to an obligatory keeping up of the ball in the intercourse of life.

Rica Windham had never looked better, or shown to greater social advantage than she did at the dinner, where there was only Mr. Woodcock to pay much heed to

her, and he noticed her rather with the critical acumen of a student of humanity than with an overflowing regard for the genus of which she formed a striking specimen. She had a good, middle-sized figure, only slightly disfigured as yet by too great an inclination to *embonpoint*; a complexion of creamy whiteness, contrasting well with her black eyes — those half-shut eyes which seem singularly divided between sleep and laughter — silky black hair, and very delicately-pencilled black eyebrows. Her features were rather small, but very pretty, including a small aquiline nose and clearly cut and curved mouth, with the corners inclining upwards. But the distinction of the face was, that it was that of a *moqueuse*, who not only took the world as she found it, and bore its rubs with remarkable philosophy for so young a woman, but who found much to laugh at in its most unpleasant contradictions. Those who knew her best said that there was a proud and passionate nature underlying the sunny, rippled surface; but the depths were rarely stirred. Doubtless Rica was one of the women who judge that strong feeling is neither becoming nor wholesome, and who deliberately cultivate a gay and light-hearted indifference.

At this dinner Rica was taking her diversion, and making her own out of Mrs. Douglas's melancholy rallies, anxiously elaborate forbearance, and excessive gentleness in conversation. She was amusing herself with Jane's silent, breathless absorption, and her impulsive, mute appeals to Mr. Woodcock, her father's friend, who had always been specially friendly to her, and who was called in like a physician, and would surely set this horrible embroilment right by approving of and supporting her plans. Rica was rather enjoying in a half contemptuous way Archie's spasmodic firmness and his fitful efforts to back her in maintaining the flippant raillery in which he had indulged with her lately, and from which nothing was sacred.

Poor Archie Douglas! Rica reflected. He was not mawkishly sentimental and pale to boot, in his goodness, like his mother, or, like his sister, a very green goose. She revenged herself when he pulled her up suddenly for one of her flights. It had been a laughingly supercilious estimate of something or other — the last gallant adventure in travel, the last high attainment in art, the last story of noble self-devotion and faithful toil, which were to be their own reward, such an incident as would have kindled Pleasance Hatton's cheeks and eyes with a

sympathetic radiance. And Rica said to him in an undertone, "You had better bite me, and make a short end of me."

He was forced to bite his own lips instead, to redden, and say, laughing back to her, that he hoped never to see the end of her, that she could not be *de trop*, etc.

That irksome nonsense came to an end with the withdrawal of the ladies; but, unfortunately, Archie was only released from Scylla to encounter Charybdis. He knew what would come when he and Mr. Woodcock were left to look at the flowers in the epergne, to trifle with the nut-crackers, and to pass the wine.

Archie Douglas was manly enough in many respects, but he felt as if his punishment was more than he could bear, and that he could hardly endure what he had brought upon himself. In addition to every other source of rebellion, from the element of boyishness in Archie, he had got it into his head that Mrs. Douglas had dealt unfairly with him in setting Woodcock at him, and in not finishing off the matter herself, particularly when it could come to nothing among them.

Mr. Woodcock was a very different man from Mr. Selincourt, but he too bore in mind that Archie Douglas was his own master and the master of Shardleigh. He waited for a little time, to let Archie have the chance of introducing the business himself, in his own way, and when he would not avail himself of the opportunity, then Mr. Woodcock was valiant to make the plunge necessary to break the ice.

"Archie," he said, looking into his glass to spare the young man, "your mother has consulted me, and given me leave to speak to you. It seems you have committed a very imprudent act, got yourself into a shocking mess, in short."

"I suppose I am not the first fellow who has got himself into a mess without the help of a lawyer," said Archie, defiantly looking his senior in the face.

"No, nor will you be the last," said Mr. Woodcock, returning the look, "but I have always found it the best thing in these cases to dismiss generalities and stick to particulars. I put it in this way to you, my friend Archie. I do not wish to pry into your affairs, but if my experience can be of the least use to you, it is a pity that you should not avail yourself of it. Here is my view of the matter," he went on, thinking to make confession easier to his listener. "You began by putting yourself into a difficult, and I must say a false, position. Your excited fancy was caught

by some girl's face which struck you as fairer in its rustic simplicity than beauty adorned in the most orthodox fashion. Without more ado, rather set on flame by the idea of social objections, and despising all ulterior consequences, as you semi-poetic fellows are prone to do, you set yourself to woo and win your peasant nymph. Having succeeded in your object, you found that your pearl of dew was — well, but a drop of ordinary rain-water after all. She was, in all probability — excuse me, Douglas, I am bound to speak out — very ignorant, perhaps a little stupid and silly, even coarse, poor thing. She fretted, bored, and affronted you, and so you had a quarrel, and went your different ways. All very well, at least not altogether ill, had you been merely lovers, but unfortunately you were a great deal more. If a man has simply made a great mistake in the contract, he is bound to bear the consequences of his shortsightedness, and he is not the only, generally not the chief sufferer. The evil may not be irremediable — with youth, there is a tolerably wide scope for hope, thank God; but even if the error were beyond compensation, who should pay the penalty but the original offender?"

"You are altogether wrong. There are more things in the world than even you dream of in your philosophy, Woodcock." He spoke in a tone of such bitter mockery that it fairly silenced his adviser.

There was a pause, and when the family friend spoke again, it was much more formally and briefly. "Am I to understand that your separation from your wife does not admit of a reconciliation?"

"It does not," said Archie, "since it lies with her, and not with me."

The admission confirmed Mr. Woodcock in his suspicion. "At the same time you propose to admit the marriage, and do not seek to have it annulled, if that were possible?" he asked again, stiffly.

"It is not possible," declared Archie, sternly — "it is not possible from your own showing; however sorely the man or the woman may repent of it."

"Then I conclude that you are prepared to make a provision for the woman to whom you have given your name, and from whom you do not desire to take it. She cannot be left to herself or to other people for her support in the future. Her maintenance is not only your obligation, it will be your wisest course to give her an interest in living peaceably and decorously apart from you."

"You may give her Shardleigh if you like, and if she will have it," broke in Archie.

This speech, with its impulsiveness and lavish generosity, was much more like the Archie of old, and it softened Mr. Woodcock, who was beginning to harden against the culprit sitting in youthful haggardness and wretchedness opposite him.

"Softly, my dear boy, that is out of the question. But there is the old dowager house down at Stone Cross, that is far enough away from Shardleigh and the rest of you, and is a quiet place. She might occupy that with a suitable allowance."

Mr. Woodcock could get nothing farther out of Archie than to let his wife have what Mr. Woodcock would, or rather what she would take. Archie would enter into no particulars, and vouchsafe no explanation.

From Temple Bar.

FRANCIS THE FIRST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MIRABEAU" ETC.

C'EST luy qui a grâce et parler de maître,
Digne d'avoir sur tous droit et puissance,
Qui, sans nommer, se peut assez connoître.
C'est luy qui a de tout la connoissance,
De sa beauté il est blanc et vermeil,
Les cheveux bruns, de grande et belle taille;
En terre il est comme au ciel le soleil,
Hardi, vaillant, sage et preux en bataille,
Il est benin, doux, humble en sa grandeur.
Fort et puissant, et plein de patience,
Soit en prison, en tristesse et malheur
Il a de Dieu la parfaite science,
Bref, luy tout seul est digne d'être roy.

Such is the glowing picture — I have omitted its extravagances — drawn by Marguerite de Navarre of her brother Francis in his youth. And it is, perhaps, little exaggerated, for he was undoubtedly the handsomest and most chivalrous prince, as well as one of the finest men in Europe, of his time.

The tradition of Agnès and the court of Charles the Seventh [says Michelet] set then in the form of a romantic legend, enveloped Francis the First. His governor, Artus Gouffier, was the son of Charles the Eighth's governor, who in his early youth had been valet de chambre to Charles the Seventh; thus the child was cradled in these remembrances of *la Dame de beauté* and the court of King René, of the soft and wandering life, passing from château to château, which these kings lived. Add to this the eternal story of Italian affairs, when Gouffier had followed Charles the Eighth and Louis the Twelfth, Fornoue,

Agnadel, and Ravenna, the beautiful women coming to meet the conquerors, the pleasures of Naples. This paradise was the king's if he knew how to retake it. The whole adorned by Boiardo, Roland, Angélique, "*Les dames, les combats, les nobles cavaliers.*" This is what the complaisant governor recounted to his pupil in those long rides among the interminable windings of the Charente, or following the eccentric course of the deceptive Loire.

Louis the Twelfth dying without issue in 1515, the crown devolved upon young Francis, then Duc d'Angoulême, as first prince of the blood. He had just entered his twenty-first year, and the whole nation was filled with hope, and eager expectation of a glorious reign. His assumption of the title of Duc de Milan revealed his intention of following the Italian policy of his two predecessors. To secure the alliance or neutrality of the surrounding powers, was his first care. The archduke Charles, who, although only fifteen years of age, had already assumed the government of the Netherlands, received his overtures with favor, and the renewal of the treaty with England, by which he engaged himself for the million crowns promised by the late king, secured the good-will of Henry the Eighth. With the old wolf, Ferdinand, he was not so fortunate; neither, as a necessary corollary, with his adherent, the weak-minded Maximilian. To the Venetians he promised the recovery of their former possessions in Lombardy; Leo the Tenth declared his intention of remaining neutral, but almost immediately ranged himself upon the side of Spain; and soon afterwards, Henry showed symptoms of disaffection to his cause.

Full of ardor, burning to emulate those deeds of arms of De Foix and other great captains, over which he had pored and even wept, no obstacle nor opposition appalled him. He gathered together a large and well-disciplined army and the most formidable train of artillery that France had ever possessed, and started on his expedition. The Swiss guarded the passes of the Alps; but he, marching by a new route, avoided them and descended upon Milan so unexpectedly and rapidly, that Colonna, who was at table when the French arrived, demanded in astonishment whether they had dropped from the stars.

On the 13th of September, 1515, was fought the famous battle of Marignano, one of the greatest victories ever achieved by French arms. Within two hours of sundown the Swiss unexpectedly commenced the attack, with such resistless violence that the French could scarcely

withstand it. Far into the darkness of the night raged the slaughter, until the confusion obliged a cessation. But with the first dawn of day it recommenced. During the interval, the French troops had been re-arranged, and were now more than a match for their assailants. Francis, plunging into the very thickest of the fight, performed prodigies of valor. The Swiss mercenaries, who had won so many engagements that they were considered invulnerable, lost twelve thousand of their best men. The old captain, Trivulsio, who had been through the Italian wars of the previous reign, said that all the battles he had ever witnessed had been but child's play to this, for it was a battle of giants.

After the victory, there was acted a scene that has been frequently pictured both by romancist and painter. It was a momentary flicker of the expiring flame of chivalry. By the side of the king had fought Bayard, the last of the heroes, with all the mightiness of an ancient paladin, and all the romantic courage of a knight-errant. So impressed was Francis by his prowess, that kneeling before him, he begged to be knighted by the sword that had performed such wonders. And there, with all the army looking on, Bayard performed the ancient ceremony, and vowed never to draw that sword again except against the infidel.

The entire submission of the Milanese followed of necessity so overwhelming a victory; that of the Genoese quickly succeeded. And after an interview with Leo, at Bologna, in which the presentation of ecclesiastical benefices within their kingdom was formally ceded to the kings of France—a privilege which thereafter greatly affected the social and religious life of that country—Francis returned to Paris crowned with laurels.

Peace being now established for several years, and his ambition and love of glory being satisfied for a time, he was free to indulge in that love of magnificence and that patronage of art with which posterity has chiefly associated his reign.

It is a strange contradiction that under this monarch, who was above all *the* king of the Renaissance, much of the ancient spirit of chivalry, which had been dormant during three reigns, should have revived so brilliantly, although, like the Gothic of the preceding generation, a little over-weighted with ornament. Never was fabled knight of King Arthur's court more deeply imbued with its fantastic poetry than this Francis; but the subtle and resistless spirit of the age was yet more

LIVING AGE.

VOL. XVI.

787

potent, and carried him in an opposite direction. Nor was he the only *preux chevalier* of his time; Bayard, that model of knighthood, who might have held an honored place at the Round Table, still lived. There was the gallant De Lorges, whose bravery was put to such a cruel test. Francis kept lions at Fontainebleau, and loved to see them fight. One day De Lorges and his mistress were present at one of these combats; she let fall her glove, purposely, into the arena when the beasts were at their greatest fury. Without a moment's hesitation he rolled his cloak about his left arm, brandishing his sword with his right, sprang in and showed so determined a countenance to the lions that they dared not attack him, picked up the glove, and restored it to the lady amidst the applause of the spectators. But she was justly punished for her barbarity, for he took leave of her upon the spot, saying he wished no longer to be counted among the gallants of one who had exposed him to such a peril for a mere caprice.

The disruption of the feudal seigneuries and the consequent breaking up of the isolation and independence of the old *noblesse*, the increase of the central power, which gradually concentrated all favor and authority into the gift and hands of the king, brought all the ambitious young nobles to court, since it was there alone they could now look for advancement. The splendor with which the new monarch surrounded himself, and that desire for luxury which had been growing at a prodigious rate since the first invasion of Italy, gave an intense impetus to this movement, and month after month the numbers of the old mediæval castles that were given over to the owls and the winds, or to the care of a few aged domestics, not sufficiently presentable to swell the train of the seigneur, increased throughout the land. The rudely-garbed provincial was quickly transformed into the elegantly-accounted courtier with his silken coat and hat, doublet, breeches and shoes slashed in various colors, a rapier at his side, and an engraved ring upon his finger, his hair *

* Previous to the time of Francis, the French nobles had worn their hair long; the cause of this change of fashion forms a curious chapter in the history of modes. On Twelfth Day, or *le jour des rois*, the court being then at Romorantin, the king was informed that the Comte de Saint-Paul, following an ancient custom, had made in his house a king of the bean. Upon which Francis gathered about him all his courtiers and informed them that he should place himself at their head and lay siege to the count's house to dethrone this king. Saint-Paul, made aware of his coming, prepared for his defence, and caused his

and nails cut short and his beard worn long. If he were handsome and gallant he might hope to be taken under the protection of some noble lady and provided with employment at court, a post in the army, or even a benefice in the Church, for since the disposal of its patronage had come into the hands of the king such was frequently bestowed upon laymen.

It was at the Château d'Amboise, which Charles the Eighth had rebuilt in the Italian style, that Francis held his court in the earlier years of his reign. He did not care for cities, but loved to blend the splendors of his palace with the natural beauties of the woods and fields. It was a court of romance, the joyous life that Boccaccio drew, with much of the wild extravagance of Ariosto, a realization of those boyish day-dreams by the Charente and Loire. But although its headquarters were at Amboise, this joyous court was never stationary, but was always *en route*:

Like a moving romance [says Michelet] a Pantagruelian pilgrimage, the whole length of the Loire, from château to château, from forest to forest. Everywhere the chase and the deafening horn. Everywhere the grand banquet beneath the trees for some thousands of guests. Then all disappeared. The poor envoys of the king of Spain never knew where or how to join the king of France. He rose very late, as did also that other king, his mother. They came in vain in the morning, the king was asleep. They returned later; the king was on horseback, far away in the forest. The evening was too pleasant; business to-morrow. The next day he was gone; the court was *en route*; the envoys would find some belated servitors who told them hastily the king slept ten leagues from there.

King Francis [says Brantôme] having chosen and formed a troop, which he called *la petite bande*, of the ladies of his court, the most beautiful and gentle, and whom he loved best, often stole away from the court and went away to other houses to hunt the stag and pass the time, and there he would dwell thus retired, eight days, ten days, sometimes more, sometimes less, as it pleased his humor.

But mingled with this Arcadian life were fêtes as gorgeous as those of Louis the Fourteenth. There was one of notable

people to bring within doors a large number of snow-balls, and gather together all the apples, eggs, and other things that would serve for projectiles, they could find. The assault commenced, but very soon the besieged had exhausted their ammunition; in the excitement of the moment some one snatched up a burning log from the hearth and cast it through the window. It fell upon the king's head, inflicting a severe wound. The physician found it necessary to cut his hair close to his head. From that time he allowed his beard to grow. A few weeks afterwards every pretender to fashion, whether of court or town, appeared with beard and cropped head.

splendor at the baptism of the dauphin, and the marriage of Lorenzo de Médicis, Duc d'Urbino, with Madeleine de la Tour, the heiress of the Comte d'Auvergne. Leo had been solicited to be sponsor to the prince, and had sent his nephew, Lorenzo, to represent him. The ceremonies were splendid. The great court of the palace was covered by a vast awning, under which assembled all the flower of the French nobility, all the great dignitaries of the Church, the ambassadors of all the foreign courts, and many foreign princes. At the supper every course was brought in to a flourish of trumpets, and between each there was a ballet performed by seven companies of demoiselles dressed in the costumes of Germany, Italy, and Spain, and beating time to their steps with tambourines. There were jousts on horseback and on foot, and a sham siege, for which an elaborately-constructed fortress made of wood had been raised.

But all other fêtes were as nothing when compared with the ever famous Field of the Cloth of Gold. Maximilian being dead, Francis became a rival candidate with Charles for the imperial throne, and desiring the alliance of England, invited Henry to meet him near Calais. The interview between the two monarchs took place upon a great plain between Ardres and Guines which divided their territories. The ground was covered with tents, the principal of which were adorned both within and without with cloth of gold. The nobles of the two nations vied with each other in the splendor of their appointments. "Several there," says an old historian quaintly, "carried their forests, their meadows, their mills upon their shoulders."

Henry had constructed for himself a vast palace of wood and glass which glittered in the sunshine like the prolusion of a Crystal Palace; it was divided into four compartments, and covered with a cloth painted to represent freestone. Within was a spacious court with two fountains, from each of which flowed wine, water, and hippocras. The entire edifice had been brought over from England in pieces that were joined together by pegs, but neither stone nor mortar was employed. Francis's palace was no less splendid and ingenious than that of his brother monarch. He had caused to be constructed beside a building in the form of a Roman amphitheatre, three tiers in height, and a pavilion sixty feet square, covered on the outside with cloth of gold, and within with blue velvet embroidered with *fleur de lis*, but a high wind destroyed this last and

carried it away. Midway between the two camps was erected a tent which in the richness of its ornaments surpassed all the rest, and it was here, after many diplomatic delays, mounted on horseback, the two sovereigns met and embraced one another with every demonstration of affection. When the articles of the treaty were read and signed, Francis expressed a desire to entertain his kingly brother; but Henry, who seems to have been suspicious throughout, was not willing to confide his person to the keeping of the French without due precautions, and proposed that while he dined with the queen of France at Ardres, Francis should be received by the queen of England at Guines; thus they would have been hostages for each other. But Francis, full of impulsive generosity, grew impatient of these Machiavellian precautions, and resolved to put an end to them in a manner that shamed the less chivalrous monarch. One morning, accompanied by only two gentlemen and a page, he presented himself at the Château de Guines and demanded of the governor, "Where is the chamber of my royal brother?" "Sire, the king is not yet awake," was the reply. "That is no matter," replied Francis. And being conducted to the royal bed-chamber, knocked at the door, entered, and walked to the king's bedside. Greatly moved by this generous confidence, Henry exclaimed, "Brother, you have done the noblest thing that ever one man did to another, and shown me the great confidence I ought to have in you. I am your prisoner and I pledge you my faith." Then they made an exchange of splendid presents, and when the English king rose the French king insisted upon acting as his valet and assisting him to dress. The next morning Henry took horse, unattended, to the Château d'Ardres, in imitation of his visitor, and performed the same attentions to his brother of France.

All this may seem very silly stuff to the nineteenth century, but nevertheless it is full of meaning as another momentary revival of dying chivalry.

Then followed jousts and tourneys, but they were mere gorgeous spectacles, bearing the same relation to the tournaments of feudalism as a stage representation does to the reality. Fighting had come to be regarded rather as a disagreeable necessity than the pleasure of life, the value of which seems ever to increase with the progress of luxury. Besides courtesies and fighting there were feasts and entertain-

ments of the most splendid description which lasted many days.

But, alas, all this kingly cordiality was as evanescent as the pageants that celebrated it; the next year Henry concluded an alliance, offensive and defensive, with the emperor against France. Francis had so impoverished both himself and his nobles by these extravagances, that upon the breaking out of the war he found himself without the means of equipping or feeding his troops, and was obliged to resort to the most oppressive imposts to raise money.*

It was Francis who commenced that infamous institution, the royal mistress, the curse of France during so many generations. He was twice married, first to Claude the eldest daughter of Louis XII., a *mariage de convenance*; she was a princess of religious and retired habits, who bore him three sons, Francis, Henry, and Charles, and four daughters. Her many virtues procured for her the title of *la bonne reine*. The contempt of her husband and the hatred of her mother-in-law, probably shortened her life; she died in 1524. His next wife was Eleanor of Austria, the sister of Charles V., and the widow of Emmanuel of Portugal; she fell in love with him during his captivity in Madrid. This was another political marriage, and her life was no happier than that of her predecessor; the tyranny of the queen-mother, and the insolence of the favorites, drove her from the court, while the enmity and the wars between her husband and brother were unceasing afflictions to her.

It must be confessed [says Brantôme] that before him (Francis the First) the ladies came but little to court, and only in small numbers. It is true that Queen Anne† commenced her court of ladies greater than other preceding queens, and without her the king, her husband, cared but little for them; but King Francis coming to reign, considering that all the decoration of a court was the ladies, wished to increase them more than was the ancient custom. . . . Very often have I seen our kings go into the country, into the towns and elsewhere, and there dwell and make merry for

* The entire revenues of the crown amounted under this reign to about 5,600,000 livres, and the expenses of his ordinary household absorbed more than one third of this sum, and such festivities as that of the Field of the Cloth of Gold must have still further decreased the residue. The nobles in return for exemption from taxation were still obliged to serve the king at their own expense in time of war; but the decay of feudalism, and the employment of trained mercenaries, had rendered war an infinitely more costly business to kings than it had been in the old times.

† The queen of Louis the Twelfth.

days together without bringing any ladies with them, but we were so lost, so disconsolate, when for eight days we dwelt apart from them and their beautiful eyes, that they appeared to us a year.

Up to this period woman had been a mere "breeder of sinners," playing no part in the great business of life, since nature had unfitted her for the life of fighting and turmoil by which she was surrounded; but with the advent of luxury, and softer and more elegant manners, her influence rose; and an influence not of good, but of evil, it became for France.

To the old romantic devotion of knight-errantry now succeeded that elegant, sensual gallantry which endured until the Revolution. It was the legitimate successor of chivalry, refined of the rudeness of its progenitor — *and the heart*. Gallantry, to use an euphuistic phrase, seemed the sole employment of the court, and those who were not inclined to it found but little favor in the king's eyes. His three sons gloried in having mistresses, and their father, far from blaming such errors, would scarcely have acknowledged them as of his race had their manners been severe. "I have heard tell," says Brantôme, "that the king greatly desired the honorable gentlemen of his court should never be without mistresses, and if they were he considered them coxcombs and fools."* It was the *fashion* of the time, and before that omnipotent power, vice, virtue, and decency have ever been mere names.

The king never stirred abroad without being accompanied by a train of demoiselles. Even when he went to meet the pope at Marseilles he was accompanied by *la petite bande; les filles de joie*, as he styles them in an old document, wherein he authorizes his treasurer to pay them twenty golden crowns each. In his youth, according to the testimony of Brantôme, his amours were indiscriminate and often vulgar, but after a time a favorite sultana became paramount, influencing not only his domestic life, but every department of the state. "Women made all," says an historian of the period, "even the generals and captains." This is their first

* The following anecdote will better illustrate the shameless immorality of the age than pages of description. Bonnivet, the admiral, who was a lover of the Comtesse de Châteaubriand, dared to lift his eyes to the king's sister, the princess Marguerite. He invited the king and the court to his château. They came. In the night, by means of a trap door, he introduced himself into the princess's chamber, and began to plead his passion in a very violent manner. His face bore next day the marks of his reception. Yet he does not appear to have in any way lost the king's favor by this infamous attempt.

appearance in state affairs; the Countess de Châteaubriand and the Duchess d'Etampes were the mothers of Montepan and Pompadour.

But a more evil feminine influence even than that of the mistresses was exercised by the Duchess d'Angoulême, the queen-mother, a beautiful, clever, but infamous woman. Her intrigues were shameless; her furious passions wrought infinite mischief; her overbearing insolence drove both the queens from court; her avarice was insatiable; she lost the king Milan by appropriating the soldiers' pay, and thereby causing a revolt among the Swiss mercenaries. This was but the sequel to an even worse deed. When Lautrec, the commander, returned to France, the king overwhelmed him with wrath, and demanded the cause of the disaster. "For eighteen months," replied Lautrec, "the men-at-arms have not been paid." Francis, astounded at hearing such an assertion, called the Sieur Semblançay, the secretary of finance. "Did you not receive four hundred thousand ducats to send to Italy?" "Assuredly," he replied, "but the queen-mother imperiously demanded the entire sum, and upon her acquittance I delivered it." The acquittance, however, was not to be found; it had been stolen by a creature of the duchess's in the service of Semblançay. The latter was thrown into prison, and a suit commenced against him which lasted two years; he was ultimately convicted of having wrongly administered the finances of the kingdom, and sentenced to death. And this man had grown grey in the service of four kings!

This affair gratified two passions of the queen-mother — her avarice and her hate. Lautrec was a brother of the Comtesse de Châteaubriand, of whose influence she was furiously jealous, and to discredit her relations was to injure her. Besides which, he had, it was said, talked too freely of the duchess's amours. He was a man of undoubted abilities, but stern and arrogant, and he had done much by his conduct to disgust the Milanese with French government. Charles and the pontiff, both at hostilities with France, taking advantage of this sentiment, the imperial troops, under the command of Prosper Colonna, entered the Milanese territory. But for the mutiny of the Swiss, in consequence of the non-arrival of their pay, Lautrec could have made head against them; as it was, Milan fell into their hands, and Genoa soon afterwards shared the same fate. About the same period, Henry of En-

gland, actuated by the counsels of Wolsey, who was in the pay of the empire, on some contemptible and frivolous pretext, declared war against the man to whom two years previously he had sworn eternal friendship. An army, under the command of Surrey, invaded French territory, but effected nothing. In the next year Venice, which had hitherto been Francis's ally, finding his cause in Italy desperate, entered into the league against him. Thus did the unfortunate monarch find himself alone, and encompassed by enemies. It was now the dauntlessness and power of his character shone forth, and instead of shrinking back within the defensive, he daringly resolved to march into Italy, and attack his enemies in their strongholds.

But not even yet was the sum of his misfortune complete. He had already begun his march towards Lyons when he received intelligence that the Constable de Bourbon* was in league with Charles, and had promised to aid the imperial troops to invade France as soon as the king had crossed the Alps. The naturally frank and generous character of Francis is admirably displayed in his mode of acting upon this warning. He at once started for Moulins, where the constable, who had pretended illness to excuse his absence from the army, was then lying, and told him unreservedly all he had heard; upon which Bourbon protested his innocence in such solemn terms that Francis accepted his pledge, and refused to have him arrested, as more cautious councillors advised. Immediately afterwards the traitor fled, and the king was doomed to bitterly expiate his too credulous trustfulness. Not considering it safe to quit his territory, he gave up the command of the invading army, thirty thousand strong, to Admiral Bonnivet, and by fortifying all frontier towns, and arresting all suspected persons, entirely defeated the conspiracy. This king certainly displayed considerable

genius by the manner in which he kept all Europe, and even domestic treachery, at bay.

The brief and rapid wars of the feudal ages had been succeeded by those slow and strategic operations which made the military art until the appearance of Buonaparte. Bonnivet, who had been selected to command the army, not on account of his abilities, which were mediocre, but because of his known hatred to Bourbon, which was a pledge of his fidelity, and of the king's friendship for him, was outgeneralled and outnumbered, and at Biagrasa was totally and irretrievably defeated. It was on that field fell the Chevalier Bayard, the last of the knights of chivalry. That same year Charles invaded France, entering through Provence. But still the masterful genius of the king was equal to the occasion, and the imperialists, decimated by disease and famine, were compelled to retire back into Italy.

It was now that Francis's good angel deserted him, and rashness and evil counsel ruined all his glory. He had still a magnificent army under his command, and with this he resolved once more to invade Milan. To this course he is said to have been determined by the persuasions of Bonnivet, who represented conquest as certain and easy. He had become enamored of a Milanese lady, and was desirous of revisiting her; hence his assurances. Upon such trifles hang wars, the lives of thousands, and the fate of great empires.

Again Milan opened her gates, and Sforza and the imperialists retired before the invaders. But instead of pursuing and destroying them, as he might have easily done, Francis, by some strange error of judgment, sat down before Pavia, a strongly fortified and well-garrisoned town, and sent half his army to make a descent upon Naples. For three months he laid close siege to this place, and reduced it almost to the extremities of famine; the imperialists were scarcely strong enough to attack him. But the vigor and self-sacrifice of Bourbon, now in the imperial forces, came to their aid; he pawned his jewels, took a journey into Germany, and with the proceeds raised twelve thousand mercenaries. With these reinforcements the enemy advanced towards Pavia. The unanimous advice of the French council of war was to retire, and decline a battle. There was only one dissentient voice, that of the fatal Bonnivet, who urged the disgrace of retreat. Again the king listened, because, probably, it harmonized with his

* The queen-mother, who had always been jealous of the Bourbons, on account of the partiality shown by Anne of Brittany, the queen of Louis the Twelfth, for that branch of the royal family, had poisoned the mind of her son against the constable. His merits had never received their due reward, and he had been treated with uniform coldness and suspicion. But upon the death of his wife, the duchess, enamored of his fine person, formed the idea of marrying him. Not only did he repel her advances, but treated them with scorn and ridicule. From that hour she swore his destruction, and commenced by instituting a lawsuit to deprive him of his estates, which she claimed partly for herself, partly for the king. It was then he opened negotiations with the imperial court which promised him the hand of the emperor's sister, Eleanor, who afterwards became the queen of Francis, together with Provence and Dauphiné, which he was to rule under the title of king.

own feelings. He had sworn to take Pavia or perish, and with that romance and that strange echo of the olden time which ever and anon broke in upon the soul of this man of the Renaissance, he held that it would be an eternal shame to him to break it.

On February 24, 1525, was fought a fatal and renowned battle. The troops on both sides were splendid. The first advantage was with the French, but the treacherous and mercenary Swiss, worthy forefathers of the brigand innkeepers of to-day, who were forever betraying those who trusted them, and whose every vice and virtue were absorbed in the greed for gold, at the critical moment deserted their posts. The day was lost. But the king fought with the heroism of a knight-errant. Wounded severely, thrown from his horse, he fought on foot and killed seven men with his own hand. One by one the officers and nobles who had gathered round him were slain, and he stood alone, and though almost fainting with exhaustion, still wielded his terrible sword. Thus he was found by a follower of Bourbon's who entreated him to throw down his arms, but he would have died rather by the hands of the Spanish soldiers who were attacking him than have yielded to his traitorous subject. And so he would have fallen, had not Lánnoy, the Spanish general, come up at the time, and to him he delivered his sword. The Spaniard took it, knelt and gave him his own, saying: "It does not become so great a monarch to remain disarmed in the presence of a mere subject of the emperor."

Here again we hear the noble and sweet voice of the olden time, so soon to be forever silenced in the hell-born war of creeds.

Ten thousand men fell in this engagement, and two weeks afterwards there was not one French soldier within the length and breadth of Italy. "All is lost save honor," wrote Francis to his mother, whom he had appointed regent in his absence. It was now that the nobler side of the character of the woman who had been the root of all the mischief displayed itself. Spite of all she had done, she loved her son. She gathered together the remnants of the army that had found their way back, made new levies, and assembling the nobles at Lyons, exhorted them to stand by their country in this terrible extremity. She also appealed to the Tudor, who, frightened at the prodigious success of Charles, lent a ready ear to her pleadings; and what was more important,

Wolsey, disappointed of the papal throne, which the emperor had promised him, was filled with revenge against his cajoler.

Most harshly and rigorously did Charles treat his royal captive, and the conditions of freedom he proposed, including as they did the surrender of Burgundy, Provence, and Dauphiné, were so monstrous, that Francis passionately drew his dagger, and pointing it at his breast, exclaimed: "It were better a king should die thus!" While the mother was working with heart and brain within his kingdom to procure his release, the sister, Marguerite d'Alençon, afterwards so famous as Marguerite de Navarre, made a journey into Spain to intercede for the captive, and bring him the comfort of her affection. There was a wondrous romantic love between this brother and sister, of which there is scarcely any parallel. He was in her eyes a god rather than a man, an idol, an incarnation of all that was physically and mentally glorious in creation; this passionate worship might be understood during the days of his youth, but even during his last years, when disease and excess had distorted his form and rendered his features coarsely repulsive, he was still her demigod, glorious as ever; her eyes could see no change. When she arrived in Spain, —

She found her brother [says Brantôme] in so piteous a state that, if she had not come, he would have died; so much better she knew his constitution and complexion than did all his physicians, and treated him and caused him to be treated, as she understood him, so well, that she cured him. Thus the king often said that without her he would have died, and that he owed her that obligation which he would always remember, and would love her, as he did, unto his death.

Marguerite was young, beautiful, learned, and talented, and all these gifts she set to work to procure his liberation.

She spoke to the emperor so bravely [to again quote Brantôme] and so honestly also, upon the bad treatment he had used towards the king, her brother, that he was astonished; remonstrating with him upon the ingratitude and felony he, a vassal, used towards his lord on account of Flanders,* then reproached him with the hardness of his heart, to be so little piteous to so great and good a king, and that using him in that fashion was not the way to gain a heart so noble and royal as that of the king, her brother, and so sovereign; and should he die of his rigorous treatment, his death would not remain unpunished, having

* The kings of France claimed seigniorial rights over Flanders.

children who some day would grow up and would signally avenge it.

This bravery, far from angering the gloomy and austere Charles, fascinated, enamored him. He softened the rigors of his captive's imprisonment, made love, but without result, to the fair pleader, and would have married her could he have won her consent. Yet, nevertheless he became more moderate in his terms, moved thereto also by the alliance of England with France, and the growing jealousy of Europe of his power. Yet let us not rob sweet Marguerite of her meed, for she did more to effect her brother's liberation than all other causes.

On January 14, 1526, after nearly one year's captivity, Francis signed the treaty of Madrid, whereby he gave up the Duchy of Burgundy to Charles, renounced all claims upon Italy, promised to restore the constable to his estates and honors, marry the emperor's sister, Eleanor of Portugal, etc., etc., and his two sons were to be given up as hostages for the fulfilment of the conditions. Before putting his hand to the document, he secretly, in the presence of his councillors, made a solemn protest against it as wrung from him by tyrannous and foul means, and as such it should be considered null and void. It was but a specimen of the political conscience of the day, but nevertheless it is the barrier which divides the chivalrous king of his youth from the debauché and tyrant of his age. The sages of Europe, however, never believed he intended to observe such stipulations, after the cruel and ungenerous treatment he had received, and they were right. Now came "the holy league" of France, England, Venice, Florence, Milan and the pope — who had absolved Francis from his oath — the success of the imperialists, the sack of Rome, the death of the constable, the rout of the French army before Naples, mutual exhaustion on both sides, and the treaty of Cambray, wherein Francis paid two million crowns for the ransom of his sons, renounced all sovereign rights over Flanders and Artois, and all Italian claims, while Charles on his part ceded his pretensions to Burgundy. Once more during these events we hear the fierce voice of the Middle Ages rising from the tomb. Charles, by his ambassador, denounces the French king as a base violator of the public faith and a stranger to honor and integrity; upon which Francis by his herald, gives the emperor the lie and challenges him to single combat. Charles accepts the defiance; but the age for such

summary settlements of political differences has passed away, and the meeting never takes place. Nevertheless, Robertson dates the rising of duelling, which was carried to such terrible excesses during the remainder of the sixteenth and the greater portion of the seventeenth century, from the countenance which this kingly indiscretion gave to such encounters.*

The sufferings he endured both in body and mind during his Spanish captivity seem to have blighted all Francis's great powers, to have extinguished his fire and energy, and, above all, that self-confidence so indispensable to success. Thereafter we find him continually violating the most solemn treaties and obligations; eternally warring against the empire, but irresolutely, shiftily, blunderingly, and quite overshadowed by the ever-expanding genius of his great rival.

But let us leave these miserable wars, minute accounts of which may be found in any history, and return to that inner life of the court wherein lay all the springs of action. The queen-mother had conquered her old rival in the king's confidence, the Comtesse de Châteaubriand † — whose empire was lost from the time of his captivity — by providing another sultana for her son's pleasure, in the person of Anne de Pisseleu, one of her maids of honor. This lady, grateful to her patroness, was content to leave politics to her greater wisdom, and to rule only the pleasures of her royal lover. She loved splendor of all kinds, she loved poetry and poets, paintings and painters, she loved the society of

* It must be borne in mind that the single combats of the Middle Ages were sanctioned by law, were solemn appeals to the god of justice, and totally differed from the private duel.

† The following romantic and tragic story is told by one of the old chroniclers concerning this lady. The Comte de Châteaubriand, not desiring that his wife should be seen at court, kept her a captive in an old château in Brittany. Francis, who had heard her spoken of, brought her to court by a stratagem. She appeared at Amboise, and everybody was dazzled by her beauty. The king no sooner beheld her than he was fascinated. But on his return from Spain he had forgotten her in the attraction of other beauties. The countess, unable to endure this disgrace, returned to her husband, who since her flight had shut himself up in his château. No sooner did she return than he again made her a prisoner in a chamber hung with black; he permitted her to see no one except her daughter, a child seven years old. Soon afterwards this child died, and from that hour the count gave himself up to thoughts of vengeance. One day six men masked and two surgeons entered her chamber, seized her, opened her veins, and then left her to expire.

Such marital executions were common occurrences in those days; but Brantôme, who gives numerous instances of such in his "*Dames Galantes*," makes no mention of this, and even mentions the countess as being at court after the date assigned to her murder. The story, however, has been generally received.

the learned, and inclined towards the Protestants. Francis married her to Jean de Brosse, one of the accomplices of Bourbon, who by this marriage got back his forfeited estates and a duchy into the bargain, on condition he never claimed his wife and kept away from her. It is the first example of those mock nuptials which the fourteenth and fifteenth Louis carried to such perfection. Truly this Francis was a wonderful hand at inventions. What a debt of gratitude succeeding kings owed him! So Mademoiselle de Pisseleu became Duchess d'Etampes.

The old life of *fêtes* was by no means interrupted by the costly and desolating wars; the troops were unpaid, the treasury drained, but there was always money forthcoming for splendors and pleasures. The Chateau d'Amboise became too small to contain the ever-swelling court. In the depths of a wild forest was an ancient dwelling that had been occasionally used by the kings of France as far back as the twelfth century. This was Fontainebleau, and this was the spot chosen by Francis for his new palace. The old Gothic building was demolished, and with it an adjacent monastery and seventeen houses; and upon the ground they had covered, under the superintendence of an Italian architect, and by the hands of a host of Italian, Flemish, and French workmen, arose a gorgeous pile of the Renaissance. Italy was ransacked for painters, sculptors, and decorators of all kinds to adorn the new palace, and among them came the great Benvenuto Cellini. It was here he executed some of his most beautiful works, his great silver statues of Jupiter, Vulcan, and Mars, and that gold salt-cellar of which he has left so wonderful a description in his memoirs that it is worth transcribing to give an idea of the works executed for this court:—

It was of an oval figure, and in size about two-thirds of a cubit, being entirely of gold, and admirably engraved by the chisel. I had represented the sea and the earth both in a sitting posture, the legs of one placed between those of the other, as certain arms of the sea enter the land, and certain necks of the land jut into the sea. I put a trident into the right hand of the figure that represented the sea, and in the left a bark of exquisite workmanship, which was to hold the salt: under this figure were its four sea-horses, the form of which, in the breast and fore feet, resembled that of a horse, and all the hind part from the middle that of a fish; the fishes' tails were entwined with each other in a manner very pleasing to the eye, and the whole group was placed in a striking attitude. This figure was sur-

rounded by a variety of fishes of different species, and other sea animals. The undulation of the water was properly exhibited, and likewise enamelled with its true colors. The earth I represented by a beautiful female figure, holding a cornucopia in her hand, entirely naked, like the male figure; in her left hand she held a little temple, the architecture of the Ionic order, and the workmanship very nice; this was to put pepper in. Under this female figure I exhibited most of the finest animals which the earth produces, and the rocks I partly enamelled and partly left in gold. I then fixed the work on a base of black ebony of a proper thickness; and then I placed four figures in more than mezzo-relievo; these were intended to represent Morning, Noon, Evening, and Night. There were also four other figures of the four winds, of the same size, the workmanship and enamel of which were elegant to the last degree.

He also invented exquisite models for the gates and fountains, which, however, were never executed, full descriptions of which are contained in his memoirs.

But the great Florentine, who was independent and somewhat rough in manner, offended the Duchess d'Etampes by not inviting her with the king to see these models, and from that time she gave all her favor to Rosso and Primaticcio, rival artists. To appease her he wrought a golden cup of exquisite workmanship, and carrying it to her lodgings begged her waiting-woman to procure him an interview.

Upon acquainting her lady with my arrival, and the present I had brought [to again quote Cellini's "Memoirs"] the latter answered disdainfully, "to tell him to wait." Hearing this, I armed myself with patience, and continued in suspense till she was going to dinner. Perceiving that it grew late, hunger provoked me to such a degree that, unable to resist its cravings any longer, I gave the lady a hearty curse, and going directly to the Cardinal Lorraine, made him a present of the cup, begging him to stand my friend with the king, and prevent me from being deprived of his good graces.

Cellini soon became disgusted with the treatment he received and went back to Italy, leaving the ornamentation of the palace to Rosso and Primaticcio, artists infinitely inferior to himself.

Quand verrons-nous quelque tournoi nouveau?
Quand verrons-nous par tout Fontainebleau
De chambre en chambre aller les mascarades?
Quand ouïrons-nous, au matin, les aubades
De divers luths mariés à voix?
Et les cornets, les fifres, les hautbois,
Les tabourins, violons, épinettes,
Sonner ensemble avecques les trompettes?
Quand verrons-nous comme balles voler
Par artifice un grand feu dedans l'air?

So, regretfully, wrote Ronsard when all this magnificence had passed away.

These fetes formed the models of those supposed to have been invented a century afterwards by *le grand monarque*. In reading a description of the festivities which welcomed a visit of Charles the Fifth we find the original of those fantastic devices given in honor of La Vallière. When the emperor entered the forest of Fontainebleau there suddenly sprang forth from every bush and covert crowds of heathen gods and goddesses, fauns, satyrs, dryads, hamadryads, naiads, who danced around him to the sound of hautbois. Then there were masquerades in which the dancers appeared in the guise of wild beasts, vultures, eagles, griffins, and sea-monsters. In all this we find a strange jumble of the old and the new, of the Gothic and neo-classic.

Another novelty of the reign of Francis the First, which vastly influenced the society of his posterity, was the introduction of churchmen to court. Before this bishops and abbots had resided in their bishoprics and abbeys, scarcely acknowledging any other authority than that of the pope. But the concordat changed all that. Benefices were no longer confined to those in holy orders, and abbeys and priories were indiscriminately bestowed upon men of all conditions whom the king wished to reward. This brought the first *public* corruption into the Church. "Not that I have heard say," writes Brantôme, "nor read that before there were more good people or better livers, for in their bishoprics and abbeys they were as debauched as the military." Rabelais, who ought to have known, was decidedly of the same opinion.

Jean du Bellay, Bishop of Bayonne, who had Rabelais for secretary, was one of the gayest of ecclesiastics, the favorite of princesses and all the ladies of the court; he visited England, and was one of the most assiduous gallants in the train of Anne Boleyn, one of the most skilful hunters in the forest of Windsor. In 1536, Francis confided to him the defence of Paris and the lieutenant-generalship of Champagne and Picardy, and he fulfilled his trust right well. There were several such prelates in this court.

Francis was a munificent patron of art and literature, but it is possible that ostentation had as much to do as taste with this predilection. He would have gathered all the genius of the world at Fontainebleau. Leonardo da Vinci died in his arms, and some of the greatest of the

Italian artists were in his pay. It was fortunate for the intellectual growth of France that she was governed at this period by such a prince, one who suffered himself to be carried forward on the crest of the great tidal wave of civilization, and did not sink beneath it; he was a worthy contemporary of Pope Leo, those two sovereigns alone,—for the brutal Tudor was too deeply sunk in sensualism, the bigot Charles in blood and fanaticism, to give any help to the great work,—those two alone brought the Renaissance to perfection. Those who would study and understand this epoch, must turn to the pages of Rabelais, for there they will find its every aspect reflected as in a mirror: its grossness and licentiousness; its intellectual vigor, too frequently degenerating, however, into the verbiages and hair-splitting pedantries of the schools; its strange incongruities, the result of the great upheaval of ideas; its scepticism and superstition, the product of effete forms of religion. Spite of the desolating wars that cast a shadow upon this reign, it wears an aspect of unclouded brilliance, of Arcadian peacefulness, when contrasted with the darkness that followed, the horrors of that war of creeds that raged with unmitigated ferocity during the remainder of the century, paralyzing all intellectual growth, transforming men to worse than wolves and tigers, for God has created no brute so frightful as the bigot, be he Catholic or Protestant.

Towards the close of this reign, we hear the first mutterings of the storm. Francis vacillated for some time between the two religions; he was drawn towards the reform by his sister Marguerite. But the prejudices of the nobles and the mass of the people, the ties he had formed with the Médici, the example of nearly all Europe, made up an overwhelming counterpoise in favor of the elder creed. Had the question come before him more prominently in his earlier days, he might have decided otherwise, but his once daring energy was gone, exhausted by reverses of fortune and by that horrible disease which for ten years slowly ate away body and mind. The first persecutions were brought about by the offensive zeal of certain Protestants, who affixed opprobrious reflections upon the Catholic faith against the church-doors. They courted their doom, it was a terrible one—the stake. The massacre of the Vaudois, however, was a horrible act, which casts an eternal stain upon this king's name. Nevertheless we have many instances of

his toleration; he saved Louis Berquin, one of the most learned men of the age, and a Protestant, from the flames, although the parliament had doomed him; and, among others, he protected Clement Marot and Rabelais, both enemies to the Catholic Church.

The last ten years of his life present a melancholy spectacle of decaying vigor. Upon the death of his mother and the departure of his sister for Navarre, — her marriage was said to have been insisted upon by the favorite, who was jealous of her power, — the Duchess d'Etampes held undisputed empire. But not to be envied, but rather to be pitied, was she, spite of her brilliant position, as companion, minister of pleasure, and nurse to this king, grown loathsome, and morose, and tyrannous in temper. In 1536, the Dauphin, Francis, a strange, melancholy, abstemious youth, died, poisoned by some water he had drunk after playing a game of tennis. Several persons were arrested, and put to the torture; the deed was reported to have been committed by agents of the emperor, but the uselessness of such a crime, which could have been instigated only by a desire to disturb the succession, the king having two other sons, quite exonerates him. The probabilities are, that it was brought about by Catherine de Médicis; she hated the prince as the obstacle which stood between her and the crown; she was jealous of his popularity, and she was well known to be on terms of close intimacy with those most deeply suspected of the deed. In fine, she and her husband were the only persons who could possibly profit by it.

Nine years afterwards, he lost his third and favorite son, Charles Duc d'Orleans, who, in his rash and chivalrous spirit, most resembled himself, and who forfeited his life by an act of stupid bravado. The plague had suddenly appeared in the camp; everybody was in consternation. To show his fearlessness, he went and lay upon the beds whence they had just removed the plague-stricken corpses. Immediately afterwards the symptoms of the disease appeared in him. He died the victim of his own folly.

During the last years, the Duchess d'Etampes, especially after the death of Louise de Savoie, the queen-mother, plunged deeply into political intrigues.

Finding herself without friends, and the king's dissolution approaching, she entered into a clandestine correspondence with the emperor, and even betrayed to him the secrets of the State. Francis knew he had a traitor about him, suspected his queen, every one except the Duchess. But she gained nothing by her perfidy; after his death she sank into such obscurity that not even the date of her demise is known.

There was one loving heart, through those years of sickness, that wept and prayed for the dying king — his sister Marguerite. She had long since become the wife of the discrowned king, Henri d'Albret, and made her little court at Navarre the home of poets and artists and learned men; it was also a refuge for the persecuted Protestants — she herself was accused of heresy because in a book of hers entitled "*Le Miroir de l'Ame Pécheresse*," she "had *not* spoken of saints and purgatory"! In such sweet companionship, and in the exercise of her own rare abilities, she might have been happy but for the ever-approaching death of her beloved brother.

Whoever will come to my gate [said Marguerite] to announce the cure of the king my brother, such a courier, be he weary, worn out, covered with mire and all unfit, I will kiss and throw my arms around his neck as the most proper prince and gentleman of France, and should he be without a bed, and not able to find one to rest upon, I would give him mine, and sleep rather upon the ground for such good news as he would bring me.

The fatal moment came at the beginning of the year 1547. Francis was but fifty-three years of age, but for the last ten years of his life he had been regarded as an old man.

Little can be added to what I have already pictured of the character of this monarch. He was a representative man of the age in which he lived, and was imbued with all its virtues and all its vices: frank, chivalrous, generous, a lover of arts and letters; politically false, ungrateful, lascivious, and sensual. Had he not been rivalled by the superior genius of Charles the Fifth, he might in all things have anticipated Louis the Fourteenth, as he did in so many. Yet, take him for all in all, there are few kings of France I should be disposed to place before him.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE STRATHMORE: LETTER FROM MRS.
WORDSWORTH, THE LADY WHO SUR-
VIVED THE WRECK.

LETTER, MRS. WORDSWORTH TO HER
DAUGHTER.

THE CHILDERS, *Feb. 18, 1876.*

DEAREST F—, I daresay you never expected to see my handwriting again; but I suppose I must be the veritable bad halfpenny, and of course have turned up once more. We are now on board the ship "Childers" of Liverpool, on our way to Rangoon.

I will begin my story from the poor ship Strathmore. We had rather a tedious voyage. I was sick the whole way, and if the sickness stopped, I had nausea. I could not eat—I loathed everything; and when we got to the line, "low fever" set in. In short, I thought I should never reach New Zealand, though Captain M'Donald showed great skill in medicine, and was exceedingly kind and attentive. On one occasion, curiously enough, he jokingly threatened that if I did not get better soon he would land me on the Twelve Apostles,—little thinking then, poor man, how soon his words were to come true.

Miss Henderson, the lady who occupied the other berth in my cabin, and who, with her brother, was going to New Zealand to join their father, always tended me with the greatest kindness and gentle care during my long illness. On the 30th of June, the very night before we "struck," I felt rather better, and got up to join the other passengers in a game at cards in the saloon. I had generally slept badly hitherto, the fever always returning in the night; but on this occasion, being more fatigued than usual, I slept soundly, till bump! bump! bump! I was knocked violently backwards and forwards in my berth. I thought, "Surely that is a curious motion;" but, determined not to be easily alarmed, I endeavored to compose myself. To my horror there then followed a crunching and grating sound which could not be mistaken. I said to Miss Henderson, "Oh! surely there is something wrong."

We got out of bed, and had just lit our lamps, when Charlie and Mr. Henderson came to our cabin. Mr. Henderson never spoke; but Charlie said in very quiet tones, "Mother, the ship has struck, and is quickly settling down. You have not time to dress—only a moment to put on what you can." They left us; we never

spoke. I helped the poor child to dress; she was pale and trembling, but quiet and collected. I did not take time to dress myself fully, merely putting on my dressing-gown and the tweed tunic you bought me. My sealskin jacket was unfortunately locked up, so I huddled on my warm shawl, and tied up my head warmly. This took us about three minutes, at the end of which time Charlie and Mr. Henderson again appeared. I took your brother's arm, and we went into the saloon, Miss Henderson and her brother following. Charlie, bethinking himself of some useful things he had forgotten, left me in the saloon in order to get them from his own cabin. Thinking he remained too long, I followed him, and begged him to come at once, for I had heard the captain from the poop call aloud in an agonized tone, "Now then, come!" But whilst I had been waiting for him, I had run back to the cabin and got my rosary, which I put round my neck, and seized a pair of blankets. We made our way to the companion-hatch, but it was partly fastened up, so I was forced to drop my load of blankets, and creep through the small aperture which was left. Arm in arm, and followed by Miss Henderson and her brother, we walked to where some sailors were endeavoring to launch a boat. Charlie noticed to me that generally in shipwrecks the first boat launched is lost; and though I heard "Sails's" voice cry out, "I'll shoot any man who gets in before the women," I said to Charlie, "Don't go in that boat; remember wherever we go if there is not room for you there is not for me." He replied, "No, mother, we will live or die together."

We passed the Joselyn boys. Percy, the eldest—a fine fellow—I heard say to his younger brother, "We will stick together, old boy, whatever happens." I saw poor Captain M'Donald at the rigging, and would have spoken to him, but I knew he was a broken-hearted man, and, like myself, preparing for eternity. I had not the least hope of being saved. Just then I heard Mrs. Walker, who unfortunately had got separated from her husband and child, ask Charlie to look for him, but he did not hear her; he was considering how I could be got into the port lifeboat. "Can you get on the bridge, mother?" he asked. I said "Yes"—though it was a place I dared not have attempted in daylight on a calm day. I got into it, I know not how. Charlie, and a sailor named Jack Wilson, pulled me up into the boat by the hands. The

moment I was lifted from the quarter-deck a sea swept over it, some of the water splashing on my face. That sea washed Miss Henderson from her brother's arms down to the main deck, and so the poor child was lost. Her brother told me afterwards that all she said to him was, "Oh Tom! we did not think it would end this way."

In the mean time the sailors were doing everything to have the boat ready, on the very slight hope of her floating clear of the ship, which we thought then was rapidly settling down. We sat awaiting our fate. A few farewells were exchanged. I said good-bye to my dear boy, and a pang of anguish went through me for his young life, so soon to be taken. It passed in a moment, and we were preparing ourselves as well as we could to meet our God when, wonderful to relate, a heavy sea came sweeping along over the poop, carrying everything with it to destruction; but instead of dashing our boat to pieces, or tumbling it from the beams on which it stood down to the deck, it caught it up and miraculously floated us between the main and mizzen rigging into the sea. I thought at the time we were going quietly into eternity. I felt Charlie's grasp tighten, and with a prayer on my lips I think I almost was gone. We had hardly breathed when Charlie suddenly almost threw me from him, and wrenching an oar out, shouted, "Saved! saved! by a miracle. Up, lads, and keep her off the ship!" It was pitch dark, in the dead of a winter night. We had few clothes, and the boat having been stove in on its passage across the deck, we were sitting almost up to our waists in water. Huge sprays washed over our shoulders; and so, surrounded by breakers and sharp rocks, we did not know which way to turn for safety. By dint of hard labor, and great caution, we managed to keep clear of every obstacle, and the boat was constantly baled to lighten her, but with little success. Indeed, had she not been a splendid lifeboat we should very soon have sunk. I sat silent in my corner, trying to comfort and warm poor Spencer Joselyn, who had hurt himself jumping into the boat. Percy, poor fellow, fell short in his leap, and was drowned. Charlie gave me his coat to hold whilst he pulled an oar, and I think that £155, which was in a pocket-book that he had saved, must then have been lost by dropping out of one of his pockets into the water in the boat, and then being baled overboard.

We beat about all night, not knowing

where we went, afraid of being drifted out to sea without food or water. "Breakers ahead!" and "Land, ho!" was the cry all night. Once, in the grey of the morning, we got a glimpse of the ship. She was leaning over a good deal, and looked very helpless and forlorn, and so sad. A little after day broke I was the first to see another boat. I gave a joyful scream, and the second mate, Mr. Peters, with some passengers and sailors, came to us and towed us to land. When we came to the landing-place I gave up in despair, for I saw nothing but a high perpendicular rock before me, impossible almost for a goat to find footing on. You know I am not very clever at climbing at the best of times, but weak and ill, stiff with cold and dripping wet, I felt I had no life in me, and could not do it. I said, "Charlie, I can't do it; you must leave me." "Nonsense," he said; and one of the seamen, Jack Wilson, added, "If there is anybody to be saved you will be." The sailors who had already mounted the rock soon managed to lower a rope with a loop in it, in which I sat, and was pulled up, assisted by Charlie and young Mr. Keith on either side. I was stunned with cold, and almost fainting, so that it seemed only a few minutes to me till Charlie came with the reeking-hot skins of two albatrosses and wrapped my feet in them. Oh, how delightful it was! Some one knocked down a white pigeon, which was cooked on some sticks and given to me. I thought I had never tasted anything so good. Mr. Peters, who all along had behaved with great presence of mind and gallantry, had been backwards and forwards to the wreck and brought off several boatfuls of people. He also picked up some wine, spirits, etc.—in fact all that was portable and useful. It soon got dark, and we were obliged to move higher up the rock, where a slight tent was erected and a plank was placed on the rock for me to lie upon. Some of the sailors covered me with their coats, but they were taken from me during the night by some of the passengers, and then, oh the agony I suffered in my limbs! Mr. Keith and Charlie had to move my feet and hands, and when I could bear it no longer I went outside and sat by a small fire they had lit. Black Jack gave me his own stockings, which were warm, for I had none,—the crew were all so kind to me.

The next day Mr. Peters brought the remainder of the survivors from the rigging of the wreck. The noble captain had been washed overboard shortly after Miss Henderson and the man at the helm, a

bright-eyed little fellow called Darkey on account of his gipsy-like complexion, who was washed away from his post with a part of the wheel in his hand. He had refused to leave it till the word to save himself was given; but the captain never lived to give it. There was a very interesting newly-married couple called Mr. and Mrs. Riddle. Mrs. Riddle had waited for him for eight years, and the poor man was frantic at the prospect of losing his young wife. A Mrs. Mobile, another young married woman, behaved with great heroism at the wreck. At all times a merry, laughing creature, and kind to every one, she tried hard to save the lives of some of the children, but without success. She was heard to ask, "Is there no hope?" "None." Then throwing her arms round her husband's neck, she said, "I will die with you."

To return to the island. Next day Walter Smith, the sailmaker, and Mike O'Reardan, an A.B., brought me a suit of manly garments — Mike giving me the shirt from his back. Trousers, my flannel petticoat, and a "monkey-jacket" completed my outfit; but either the trousers were curiously made or else I was, for we did not get on well together. I kept them though, and they were most useful to Charlie afterwards.

I will now only give you a few incidents of our island life, as Charlie is writing a full account, which you will receive with this letter. I was very near death several times; had it not been for Charlie's constant care and tenderness I should really have gone — it was such a long time of suffering and endurance. The eggs saved my life twice, and there was a little of the famous "Redheart rum" put away for the use of the sick by Mr. Peters, which did me incalculable good. I felt I could not last long. One morning, the 21st January, I awoke quite cheerful and bright, saying, "Charlie, I've seen *the* ship" (we never dreamt of any but the one that was to take us off). In the afternoon, as Charlie went out of our own little "shanty," he shouted, "Sail, ho!" and immediately ran towards the flag-staff. I sank on my knees at the entrance, and wept tears of joy. Soon I saw the ship turn towards our island, and then I began to prepare. Charlie came back to give me one or two articles of his apparel, that I might look somewhat more respectable, for my wardrobe was reduced to a flannel shirt and petticoat much the worse for wear, and (what I considered very grand) the polonaise you bought me — everything as well

as myself black, greasy, and smelling horribly fishy, though we did not notice it at that time. What moments of delight were these! We first hurried to one side of the island, then to another, scrambling over rocks, holes, and slime — no easy matter. At last we arrived at our old landing-place. I could get down to a certain part of the rock in safety, but from there I had to be lowered into the boat in a "bowline." To the uninitiated this bowline looks a very carelessly-made knot, but it is strong notwithstanding.

When I was hanging above the sea, I heard "Sails" shout out, "Don't scrape her; rather throw her into the water;" but I meekly expostulated that I rather preferred being scraped. Poor "Sails" was ready to jump in for me, being half stripped; and the last thing I clung to on the island was his smooth fat neck. I hung in mid-air, and when the boat rose on the swell I was lowered into Captain Gifford's arms and placed safely in the boat. The ship was a whaler named the "Young Phoenix," Captain Gifford. Charlie, Mr. Peters, "Sails," and two invalids came off with us at the same time. Captain Gifford congratulated me on my fortitude. He said some men had to be helped, and would scarcely come at all. Long before we reached the ship I was sick, of course. Captain Gifford insisted on my staying in the boat, and it was hoisted up with me on board. The first moment that Captain Gifford saw distressed people on the island, rightly judging they could not all be got off the rock that night, he had thoughtfully provisioned the boats, even to tobacco. I was taken down-stairs and met by an "angel," as she seemed to me, with such a fair, tender face — a tall, slender woman, like a lily, in her fresh cotton gown. She took me dirty, wretched, sick, in her arms, and immediately got a tub of water to wash me, for I could do nothing, I was so ill and weak. She washed, clothed, and fed me with the tenderest gentleness. The best of everything was given me. A bed was arranged on a sofa, with pillows, sheets, and blankets. For seven months I had thought it a luxury to get a flat stone to sit on, and had hardly ever lain down without my feet in a pool of water; and now, surrounded by every comfort, I did not speak or think, but could only lie and wonder, and thank Almighty God for his mercy. Next day the sickness wore off, and I was able to enjoy the nice little American dainties she brought me. I think she herself scarcely ate anything whilst we were on board, she

was so delighted. She had said to her husband when he was going for us, "Bring me a woman," she was so home-sick, poor thing! — having been at sea a considerable time already, with no prospect of seeing home for many long months. Five happy days we stayed on board bound for the Mauritius, though the captain, by thus taking us out of his way, was losing a fishing-season, a serious matter for a whaler, and he had not been very successful already. Curiously enough, not long before, he had picked up the crew of a deserted vessel numbering about thirty, so far as I can recollect. On the fifth day a ship hove in sight. We "spoke" her, and her captain agreed to take twenty of us. I preferred stopping; but the second mate, Mr. Peters, and most of the passengers, went with her. She was the "Sierra Morena." I was exceedingly sorry to part with Mr. Peters, who had all along proved so kind to me. In the afternoon of the same day, as Captain Gifford and I were comfortably chatting in our small "sanctum," José, the little steward, came down with the news that there was another sail on the "lee bow." Up went the captain on deck; and I, very sorrowful, was preparing to get ready to be transhipped, when I was told not to stir till we learned more particulars. In the mean time I saw the captain's wife busily employed packing up a whole lot of her best things for me to take; but I would only accept from her a change of commoner ones, as she had previously given me a very handsome rep wrapper, and various other articles, including a waterproof, and lovely shoes and stockings. Such shoes! She is a full head taller than I, yet her feet are smaller, and mine, you know, are not very large. Besides, though she does all work on board of the vessel, her hands are small and beautifully white. We signalled this ship as we had done the other, and it was arranged that the remainder of us, twenty-four in all, should go on board the new vessel. We were without exception exceedingly sorry to part with our American friends. Mrs. Gifford cried when I left her, and would scarcely let me go; and Captain Gifford at the very last said, if I had the least objection to going, that Charlie and I could remain with them, and they would be very glad to have us. However, we went away; and the last I saw of Eleanor Gifford leaning over the side with a kerchief round her head and a tender, half-sad look in her eyes, recalled to my mind the sweet face of my vision on the island. All honor to the American

flag. We should most likely have been on the island now but for their humanity. Captain and Mrs. Gifford are pure Americans; and if I am able in other years when they return to New Bedford, I shall almost dare cross the ocean to see them once more. Captain Gifford is as tall for a man as his wife is for a woman. He has the rather long face of the American, but he is very handsome. They had a very fine harmonium on board, but I was too weak to use my feet to blow, so I sat wrapped in a blanket on her knee, she using her feet and I playing. The "Young Phoenix" will go to the Mauritius in about six months, where Mrs. Gifford will stay some time for a rest. She would have made her visit then had we gone on with them.

Had you seen me at first you would not have known me. I was a perfect skeleton; my eyes sunken and hollow, with a wild burning light in them horrible to see; my skin white and like a dead person's, my hands transparent, my hair short, and my figure gaunt, tottering, and with a dreadful stoop. For the first three months on the island I could not walk a yard without assistance, even through the shanty. It was all rock and slippery stones, and the least wind blew me down. When I got a little better, Charlie would take me out a few yards and I returned myself. If no one was about to give me a help, I generally crawled on my hands and knees. Afterwards, when we got to our own little hole on the other side of the island, I got rather stronger, and was able and proud to go to the spring for water, escaping with only two or three falls. You never saw such an uncompromising place. On my way to the well I passed through crowds of penguins without fear. I think they were surprised at my appearance.

But to return to the "Childers" (the ship we are now in): she belongs to Liverpool, and is commanded by Captain M'Phee, who is very kind to me. The living is good; plenty of nice vegetables, delightful bread, and eatables of all kinds, and lots of preserved fruits and jams. If you have any nice home-made, I can tell you they will suffer in comparison. Since the first day, I have never been sick, and have an enormous appetite. The consequence is, I am getting fast like myself, and my bones are quite getting covered. I had no idea they were so small. Captain M'Phee gave me a curtain (Dolly Varden print) to make a skirt of — a fancy blue shirt for a boddice, and his own white linen coats for jackets. My constitution

is entirely changed. Before, I was always seasick, which is not the case now; and when I crossed the line before, I never perspired — the result being that I felt the heat exceedingly; but now I am in a constant bath, and so have neither red face nor suffering. Charlie looks and is well and firm now. From the effects of the exposure and bad feeding on the island, his hair had got quite flaxen, which didn't suit him at all; but now it has nearly recovered its original color. One day on the island, when food was scarce and hunting hard, he was quite worn out and burst into tears. Poor fellow! I felt that more than anything that happened to me. He has shown himself a grand fellow, cool and steady in danger, with all his wits about him. Such tender care he took of me too, never making a fuss about what he did! You would have thought he had been the only one shipwrecked before. All the others were extravagant and wasteful with clothes, string, etc. He got many out of a difficulty by supplying a little of the latter commodity, and at the last he was the only one with a lashing for carrying his birds. He won the respect of all, especially the sailors, with whom he was a great favorite. In the evenings, when the day's work was done, I would amuse Charlie by telling him all the little stories I could remember about his own, your, and even my childhood, which took back our minds to home, and never failed to interest, however often repeated.

Some of the men were great favorites of mine. Walter Smith, or "Sails," as we always called him, was a gem in his way. He would knock down his enemy one minute, and the next risk his life for him, and when he had a friendship it was to the death; he was always so generous and kind — so were they all. The three apprentices were very fine lads. Frank Carmichael seemed a little delicate, but Ned Preston and Harold Turner were more robust, and capital hunters. On Christmas-day Harold brought me three eggs out of five that he had buried for himself when the eggs were plentiful. I shall not forget such a generous action. There are many other little anecdotes I might tell, but it would make my letter too long; however, there is one I must not forget. John Evans, A. B., or "Old Jack" as we called him, one day when food was very scarce, brought me a small duck roasted, which he had been lucky enough to kill and get cooked. Though starving himself, he freely gave me this delicacy, and insisted on my taking it. It requires

a person to be under similar circumstances in order to appreciate such self-sacrifices as I have mentioned. As for Mr. Peters, I think him the *beau ideal* of an officer. On the island he did not belie the good opinion that the poor captain had of him. He never spared himself in any work. In danger he was cool-headed, and nothing seemed to turn him away from doing what he thought was right. I am afraid you must think me very confused in my head, judging from my letter. First I am on the island; then on board the whaler or "Childers," and then back to the island again; but I have written this letter from day to day, and put down just whatever ideas came uppermost. So to go back again to the "Childers." The crew here are all blacks, some rather handsome. They are a very merry lot, and, when work is done, fond of a little music or dancing. We have had very squally weather. The ship has to go where there is wind, which makes my heart beat — in fact I shall be more or less terrified till I get on solid ground again in Old England. We hope we will not be very long before we reach Rangoon. It would be rather awkward landing in a strange place without a *sou* in our pockets, but I suppose somebody will have pity on us till we get money. Oh, I am thoroughly sick of the sea! No more going to the seaside in summer. I am bringing home quite a valuable book of receipts which the steward has very kindly given me — quite Yankee notions, and very good ones too. I mean to be no end of a cook when I get home. I have studied the theory on that desolate island in our grim solitude. At present everything is "I wonder" to us. I wonder what you and Richard are doing where you are, and what everybody is thinking about us. I felt so sorely for you not knowing what had become of us. I am thankful I was not at home, the suspense would have driven me crazy. I hope dear old friends are all well both in England and Scotland. I shall not write more than this one letter, so please send it to my sisters, and all our relations and friends who may be interested.

After such a long ramble, fancy us being landed at Burmah, of all places! With the exception of two rings and the rosary Mrs. Dycer gave me, I have not a relic of my past life. Even when I thought I was going to the bottom, I regretted our lovely picture of your dear father (a life-size painting of my husband when a boy, with his favorite pony — the figure by Sir Henry Raeburn, and the animal by Howe). However, we have ourselves, and it has been

Almighty God's will that we should lose the rest. Once I had a delightful dream of your kitchen at Bebbington, full of lovely clean clothes airing before the fire. It was quite a treat to me, squalid, ragged, and cold as I was. I only slept about three nights in the week — my bed was so hard and uncomfortable. It is almost worth being shipwrecked to experience so much kindness. Captain M'Phee is very kind. His family live in Liverpool, and his wife often goes with him. I would not like to be a sailor's wife. I was always afraid of building castles in the air about seeing you again. I scarcely dared think of you. Frank Carmichael, one of the apprentices, and I were wondering whether any masses were being said for us on All Souls' Day. By the by, you had better write to his mother, and tell her he is safe, and behaved like a man at the wreck. Her address is ——. I shall have so much to hear when I get home — all good news, I trust. I would like to forget all the hardships and disagreeables of the last seven months; but I trust I shall never forget all Almighty God has done for us, — our life and preservation on the island was all a miracle. Fancy living all that time on a barren rock, with a little rank grass on it, not even brushwood! The men knew I had a daughter, but I had never said what like you were. Mike dreamt of you, and to my amazement gave me an exact description of you — hair a shade lighter than mine — even to your rapid walk and short steps. I hope the ship we come home in will go to Liverpool. Love to my sister, brothers, and all kind friends. Oh how I weary to be at home again! We are such queer-looking figures here, with as few clothes as we can possibly do with, lazy and weary — the sea is such a dreary, monotonous life. I can't think how any one can choose it. Charlie is quite satiated with his experiences of it. If it were not for home-sickness, I think I would like to have a peep at Indian life. To-day it is nearly a calm, what little breeze there is being in the wrong direction. We sighted Sumatra two days ago. My life here is this: get up at seven, bath, etc.; breakfast at eight; and then, after having worked everything there was to work, and read everything there was to read, a little writing is all I can do. I expect this erratic mode of writing will account for some of the rambling. Dinner at twelve; sleep an hour; then after that the heat is simply intolerable. Tea at five; go on deck to see the sun go down. Walk and sit on deck till nine or so. A glass of *eau sucrée*,

and go to bed. Ah! it is tiresome. Bed, indeed! *Our* ideas of bed are usually associated with thoughts of rest; but on the "Strathmore" we had fleas, on the whaler cockroaches, in this ship we have a pleasing variety of rats. The fleas and rats I don't mind; so much so, that the rats run all over me at night in a friendly way. I merely give them a slight shake and weak shoo! I will never recover my figure, my back is so bent and weak; the salt bathing is doing it *some* good. How I wish I was steaming away to England! I expect you will all be very much astonished when you get our telegram. Unless anything very exciting happens, I will not write any more till we are sailing up the Irawaddy.

When people are dead, a great many virtues are generally found out about them unknown before. I trust ours will be remembered now, even though we are unromantically in life. Ill though I was, I felt I *couldn't* die on that desolate island. But I must not abuse it. I daresay we were healthier there than we should have been on a more favored island. We are now in the Andaman Sea. It is as calm as a lake — scarcely a breath of wind. How lovely the sunsets are! and the moon and stars, how dazzling and brilliant! Lightning playing about all night. People at home have no idea of lightning or rain; here it comes in sheets, not drops. I am in great pain with rheumatism all down my spine and right side, and such dreadful throbbing at my heart. I can hardly breathe.

24th March.—Arrived at Rangoon; people most kind. Just going to post. With love from both.—Your affectionate mother,
FRANCES WORDSWORTH.

From Fraser's Magazine.

LAST CENTURY MAGAZINES.

THE extraordinary development of periodical literature in recent years is a very notable feature of modern civilization. By some this phenomenon is regarded as an unhealthy symptom of our intellectual condition, indicating an age of superficial culture and much fragmentary and aimless reading. But, whatever may be thought of it, the fact itself is undeniable. At the present time, according to the "Newspaper Press Directory," upwards of six hundred and thirty magazines are in course of publication, representing a most heterogeneous aggregate of thought and opinion, or of what passes for such. All political par-

ties, every sect and section of a sect, every little coterie of opinionists — nay, almost every trade and profession — has its special organ in the periodical press. Conservatives and Liberals, Churchmen and Dissenters, engineers and botanists, spiritualists, antiquaries, grocers, milliners, hairdressers, and a hundred other fractions of society are all represented. By the aid of previous numbers of the same directory we learn that a large proportion of these journals — probably one-half of the whole number — have come into existence during the last twenty years.

It is curious to turn from such a state of things to the prolonged and feeble infancy of magazines. In nearly all respects — in number, in ability, in circulation, in moral tone, and in the general character of the contributions — the two periods afford a remarkable contrast. There were for many years practically only three journals of the magazine species, strictly so called. These were the well-known *Gentleman's Magazine*, originated by Cave in 1731, the *London Magazine*, established the following year, and, after an interval of seven years, the *Scots Magazine*, begun in 1739. There were other literary ventures, no doubt — “Monthly Chronicles,” “Mercuries,” and the like, but, except the three just named, none of them survived beyond a very few years. The professed object of the original promoters of these publications was a very humble and modest one. It appears to have been little else than to give a monthly summary, in a convenient form, of the more important articles (often very unimportant) contributed to the newspapers of the day — what would nowadays be called “the spirit of the press.” In the introductory chapter to the first volume of the *Gentleman's Magazine* the design is thus rather awkwardly stated : —

This may serve to illustrate the Reasonableness of our present Undertaking, which in the first place is to give monthly a View of all the Pieces of Wit, Humour, or Intelligence daily offer'd to the Publick in the Newspapers (which of late are so multiply'd as to render it impossible, unless a man makes it a business, to consult them all), and in the next place we shall join therewith some other matters of Use or Amusement that will be communicated to us.

The contents of the magazine and its two companion journals exactly corresponded to this for many years. Of what is understood now as “original articles” there were very few examples, and the chief dependence of the editors was on borrowed assistance. The comparative

difficulty of filling a magazine in those days is half comically, half pathetically bewailed by Lloyd, the friend of Cowper : —

While duly each revolving moon —
Which often comes, God knows, too soon —
Continual plagues my soul molest,
And magazines disturb my rest ;
While scarce a night I steal to bed
Without a couplet in my head ;
And in the morning when I stir
Pop comes a devil, “Copy, sir !”

Southey adds : “During eighteen months he had continued to fulfil his monthly task, though at length in such exhaustion of means and spirits that he seems to have admitted any communication, however worthless or reprehensible in a worse way.” The journal edited by Lloyd was called the *St. James' Magazine*.

As time rolled on, however, and the undertakings prospered, one or two regular contributors became attached to the respective staffs. Chief among those — a host indeed in himself — was Dr. Johnson, whose engagement by Cave for his publication proved a valuable accession. So early as the close of 1734 we find him writing to the publisher suggesting improvements in the poetical department of the magazine. From his remarks it may be inferred that the quality of the contributions was then very poor.

“By this method,” he says, after describing his own plan, “your literary article — for so it might be called — will be better recommended to the public than by low jests, awkward buffoonery, or the dull scurrilities of either party.”

It was not, however, till four years afterwards, in 1738, that Johnson's connection with the journal formally began. At this time the largest portion of each issue was occupied by the summaries of the borrowed articles referred to, known as the “Weekly Essays and Disputes.” Many — indeed, most — of these communications were ridiculously short, seldom exceeding a page, and sometimes not more than a column or half a page. In one number of the *London Magazine* we counted in the table of contents sixty-four articles in thirty-seven pages.

The papers themselves — and the remark is also applicable to many of their own early articles — were, in the main, poor and ineffective. Little discussions on manners or the minor morals, on dress, fashion, and the relations of the sexes, recipes for various ailments, hints on household management, moral essays of the

debating-society kind; these, with the interchange of personalities between political writers, include the bulk of the articles then thought worthy of reprinting. They are, it need scarcely be said, infinitely inferior to that series of essays which has delighted many generations of English readers, of which the "Spectator" is the best known type and representative. There was one important and obvious difference. In the latter case the writers were essayists proper, not newsmongers, and, further, the contributions were throughout, or nearly so, in the "Spectator" class of journals, the work of a few hands, authors of eminence and genius. Such men as Steele, Johnson, Addison, and Savage were certainly not to be compared with the mob of hack writers who then flooded the newspapers with their puerilities and personalities.

Of the remaining available space three or four pages were generally devoted to poetry, or what passed as such in that age. There are many lovesick and monotonous epistles to Celia, Lavinia, and other fair ones; sundry imitations and translations of the classics, decidedly better in quality; odes to envy, melancholy, and the rest, varied occasionally by an apostrophe to a bee, or a favorite spaniel, or the month of May; and much other mediocre versification. The debates in Parliament formed also an important item in the list of contents. The series of articles of this description furnished to the *Gentleman's Magazine* under the title of "The Senate of Lilliput" was Johnson's best-known contribution to that journal. His reproductions of the speeches must have been often very free versions, for Boswell remarks that "sometimes he had nothing more communicated to him than the names of the several speakers, and the part which they had taken in the debate." Generally, however, the monthly Parliamentary article was founded on the notes of Guthrie and others. Some readers may possibly not be aware of the obstacles existing at this period to the publication of the discussions in Parliament, when fictitious names and other expedients were resorted to in order to avoid prosecution. The disguises were of various kinds, often of an anagrammatic character. In the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for example, *hurgo* stood for lord, and *Hurgoes Hickrad*, *Castroftlet*, and *Brustath*, represented Lords Hardwick, Chesterfield and Bathurst, while in the *Clinabs*, or Commons, we have such barbarous disguises as *Snadsy*, *Gandahm*, *Feauks*, *Pulnub*, for Sandys,

Windham, Fox, and Pulteney. *Degulia* did duty for Europe, *Blefuscu* for France, *Dancram* for Denmark, and London and Westminster were known as *Mildendo* and *Belfaborac*. In the *Scots Magazine* the names of the speakers took a classical form. Sir R. Walpole was *M. Tullius Cicero*, the Earl of Halifax *M. Horatius Barbatius*, and so on. Afterwards, when Johnson found that people believed the speeches to be genuine, he resolved to write no more of them, considering that he was thereby being accessory to the propagation of falsehood.

A chapter of casualties is usually added, and notices of the preferments and promotions for the month, ecclesiastical, civil, and military. There is also a page or more of births, marriages, and deaths, with lists of new books, bankrupts, and (strange to modern ears) captures at sea, prices of grain (not at Mark Lane, but at Bear Key, the then market) and stocks, bills of mortality, etc., etc.

From this brief inventory of contents it is obvious that to many readers, especially in the country (and the circulation was large in the provinces), these journals would serve very much the purposes of the modern newspaper. In many cases, probably, the monthly number would be the chief medium of communication with the outer world. And the change is worth remarking that not only have magazines now ceased to supply news, but some newspapers even, so-called, confine themselves to criticism and discussion.

In looking over these records of our grandfathers' time many curious peculiarities come to light. In matters of taste and public interest, in the use and meaning of words, in the spelling of many words and places, and in various other literary fashions, there are things worth a passing notice, and often suggestive of the social changes which have since passed over society. Orthography, to begin with, presents many variations from the present practice. The following are examples taken at random: ambergreece, head ach, grainery, conveyers, goal always for gaol, rhadishes, hypocacuanæ, tyger, burrows for boroughs, or, as the Scotch have it, burghs, waste instead of waist. A whole series of words have double l's, besides other peculiarities, such as sollicitors, sallad, sellery, collyflower, and the like. In the names of places there are also numerous differences — Air for Ayr, Eaton for Eton, Killichranky, Petersburg always without the prefix "St.;" Turkey, Paisly, and such words without the penultimate letter;

Ifordcomb, Spittlefields, and, more singular still, an instance of Wight Isle instead of the Isle of Wight. Orthography, as all students know, is a very weak point in all books more than a century old. In many works of the seventeenth century the same person's name is frequently spelt in three or four different ways.

The disuse and change of meaning of various words is a noticeable feature. There is, among others, billiard *mast* for cue, *author* instead of editor (of a magazine), *composure* for composition (an author's latest composure), and *canal* as in the following sentence: "Permit me through the canal of your magazine to make some remarks," etc. "Iller" we find as a comparative to ill, equivalent to worse. In measurements foot is apparently used in the singular and plural indifferently. Thus, something is said to be ninety-two foot in front and one hundred and thirty-two foot in depth. Overset is always employed for upset or overturned, and in the *Scots Magazine* there is the word *machine* in the slang sense as a term for a conveyance, a use of the word common in the north, and usually supposed to be modern. "Trap" is the English equivalent. "The Works of William Shensstone, Esq., with Decorations," is an example of an obsolete signification of the latter word.

The mode of inserting the marriages and deaths of wealthy people is amusing to a more reticent age. In their impertinent references to the private affairs of the persons mentioned these notices remind one of an unpleasant feature of American journalism. The following are ordinary specimens of this species of public gossiping:—

Mr. John Wilks, jun., an eminent distiller of Clerkenwell, to Miss Hope, of 10000*l.* Fortune.

John Clark of Stratford in Essex, Esq., married to Mrs. Westfield, relict of Mr. Westfield, an eminent Grocer, of 30000*l.* Fortune.

Mr. Walcot, worth 3000*l.* *per annum*, to Miss Dashwood, a 12000*l.* Fortune, niece of Dr. King, Master of the Charter-House.

"Eminent" is a favorite epithet. Besides eminent statesmen, generals, artists, we hear of an "eminent" grocer, an "eminent" butcher. In stating the amount of the "fortunes" the sign for pounds, it will be observed, is always put *after* the sum, not before. The young and reverend gentleman who figures in the next extract deserves a place among "the posterities," and we have pleasure in passing his name and example on to another century:—

The Rev. Mr. Roger Waind of York, about 26 years of age, to a Lincolnshire Lady upwards of 80, with whom he has 3000*l.* in money, 300*l.* *per annum*, and a coach and four during life only.

Sometimes the singularity takes the form of vagueness of detail, as in the following notice of a birth, where there is neither date nor locality:—

The Lady of the Lord Viscount Limerick, about this Time, brought to Bed of a Son.

There are some obituary items, curious in their way:—

Mr. Horne, an eminent banker and chief lamplighter to His Majesty, a place of about 600*l.* *per annum*.

The connection between banking and lamplighting is not very obvious.

Mrs. Tuckey of Leicestershire, aunt to Mr. Tuckey, of Five-Foot Lane, Southwark, a noted Hog-Butcher. She was possessed of upwards of 3000*l.* *per annum*, which she has left to him and his family.

Mrs. Newton, a Maiden Lady, vastly rich, in Queen Square.

Obituaries suggest a passing allusion to the extraordinary number of centenarians, and something more, whose deaths are inserted.

It is, of course, highly questionable if all that are mentioned as living so long beyond the allotted span were really as old as they are said to be. Mortality was relatively much greater (from fifty to sixty per cent.) than now, but that might co-exist with particular individuals attaining an unwonted age. On the other hand, there was no proper or efficient system of registration of births, and there is a strong tendency in many old people to exaggerate their age. In the *Scots Magazine* for January 1760 eight deaths are recorded of persons alleged to be over a century, their ages being respectively 121, 105, 104, 101, 104, 100, 115, 111. The probabilities are that a large majority of the cases are not authentic, and that the producible proof of their correctness would not be accepted as sufficient by any one qualified to judge of the value of evidence. In February of the same year there are five instances of abnormal longevity, nearly all perfect antediluvians in years. The youngest is 102, and the others range to 105, 111, 116, 127. In March there are three about one hundred, and in April six are inserted, all, however, on the Continent. In June 1739 there is an entry of the death of a Scotch woman in St. Margaret's Workhouse, Westminster, at the incredible age of 138,

and in November of the same year another case appears from Ireland where the alleged age is 135.

Nothing occurs to us as more forcibly illustrated by the magazine literature of last century than the great change that has taken place in public taste and ideas of public propriety. There are occasional articles, both in prose and verse, in all of these journals which, were they published now, would be thought shocking; indeed, no periodical would dare to print them. This, of course, does not necessarily imply that the morality of that age was so much worse than our own. It is an evidence rather of coarseness of manners than of greater actual criminality. Swift's indecencies, some of the worst of which are here reproduced at length, were bad enough, certainly, even in the grosser atmosphere of the time, but any similar production now would imply a much lower standard both of taste and morality. Another form in which this comparative indelicacy of manners and sentiment manifests itself is the insertion of medical cases such as now only appear in strictly professional publications. In many of those the most painful and loathsome details are given with the utmost minuteness and at great length. It may be considered as a palliation, however, that these early magazines, as has been already mentioned, besides their more general and legitimate functions, included in their scope both the professional journal and the newspaper of the present day. Some of the names given to various diseases are odd-looking. There is "asthma and tissick," "head-mould-shot," "horse-shoehead," and "water in the head," "white ives," "chincough" for whooping-cough, and scrofula is known only by its old designation king's evil, or more frequently and laconically "evil." An impressive commentary on the comparative immunity of later times from the ravages of small-pox is also furnished by these tables. Out of 30,811 deaths in the London bill of mortality for 1740 not less than 2,725—about one in eleven—are caused by this scourge, the most fatal disease on the list with three exceptions—convulsions, whatever that meant, consumption, and fevers of all kinds collectively. Other years show corresponding results. Vaccination, it will be remembered, was not general until the beginning of the century. The population of London in 1740 was probably about six hundred and thirty thousand. Macaulay gives nearly five hundred and thirty

thousand in 1685, and in 1801 (first census) it was 876,594.

Under the head of "Casualties" in the same bill of mortality (1740)—and it is not very exceptional—there are some dismal details. Thirteen persons were executed in the metropolis, and this appears to be about the average annual number. At the same rate there would be now, according to population, about sixty or seventy executions in London every year. Fifteen are registered as "starved," seventy-eight (infants) were "overlaid," ninety-seven died from excessive drinking, fifty-five were found dead, and the same number committed suicide. The total London "casualties" for the year number four hundred and sixty-two, a frightfully large proportion, considering the population, of deaths resulting from other than natural causes.

This period, as we gather from the monthly lists of new books, was an age of pamphlets and small trumpery publications. A large proportion of them were mere ephemera—threepenny and sixpenny tracts. Nor is this superfluity of petty literary effort difficult to account for. The attempts at verse, or the moral or political essays which in another century might be accepted by an editor, appeared in the form of cheap separate *brochures*, and lived their little hour, or, mayhap, never lived at all. The bulk of them were doubtless poor and worthless, many we know were highly scurrilous, and some were probably even worse, if we may form an opinion from their very equivocal titles. A dreary catalogue of trifles it is, relieved at long intervals by some work which has come down to posterity. Here is one possessing more interest in 1875 than it did in 1732: "Acis and Galatea, an English Pastoral Opera, in three acts, set to music by Mr. Handel;" or in another department, "The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman." Of the latter there seems to have been several imitations, or "apes," as the phrase then was. Another notable entry about 1755 is as follows: "Some Account of a Dictionary of the English Language, by Samuel Johnson, A.M., in two vols. folio, 580 sheets."

We find, in 1760, that in response to a petition of the magistrates of Crail, a small town in Fife, the General Assembly appointed a collection in all the churches in Scotland in aid of the funds for repairing the harbor of that ancient burgh. The "dissidence of dissent," it is needless to say, was then unknown. In the same

volume we notice, thus early, the medical repute of a district since become famous — the Malvern Hills. An "extraordinary instance of the efficacy" of the Malvern waters in the cure of an inveterate skin-disease is the subject of a lengthy communication from a Dr. Wall of Worcester to *Mr. Urban*.

The record of a "miracle" below has considerable humor and an unexpected ending: —

By the Paris A-la-main we are told that they write from Mocon, near Nogent, upon the Seine in France, that as a couple of men were digging a grave in the churchyard there, they turned up the head of a dead person, which they threw upon the grass; but it had not lain there long ere it was perceived to move. The fellows went in a very great hurry to acquaint the parson of the parish, that a saint had been interred in the very place where they were at work: whereupon the parson went immediately to the spot, and was so surprised at the prodigy when he saw it, that he cried out, *A miracle! A miracle!* as did also the rest of the spectators; and not being willing to stir from so precious a relick, he sent for his crucifix, his holy-water bottle, his surplice, his stole, and his square cap, and caused all the bells to be rung, to give notice of it to the parishioners; who assembling together in great numbers, he ordered a dish to be brought, wherein he put the head, covered it with a napkin, and carried it in procession to the church. The people had great disputes by the way upon account of the several claims of affinity to the sacred skull: but they were soon pacified; for when the head was arrived at the church, and placed upon the high altar, while *Te Deum* was singing upon the occasion, just as they came to that verse, *The holy church throughout the world doth acknowledge Thee*, &c., a mole leaped out of the head; upon which discovery of the cause of its motion, the parson put a stop to *Te Deum*, and the inhabitants went quietly home.

The references in these journals to the current political questions of the time need only be mentioned here in the most cursory way. In the early numbers we find much violent discussion regarding such topics as the character and work of William — the repeal of the Septennial Act — the famous Spirituous Liquors Bill, or the Gin Act as it was popularly called — the unhappy differences in the royal family; and farther on there is abundance of equally combustible matter. The inquiry into the administration of Walpole, the reform of the calendar, and the rebellion of 1745, are the most prominent subjects during these later years. The persistence, variety, and bitterness of the attacks on Walpole are something wonderful. There

are diatribes in prose and in verse, in essays, in dialogues, in Parliamentary speeches, in letters to the editor — in every possible form of invective. He was the "grand corruptor," the "insolent tyrant," the "political pimp" of the age. The change from old to new style, mainly due to the influence of Lord Chesterfield, provoked a great deal of amusing commentary and animadversion.

The following letter is a fair sample of the pleasantries occasioned by the "lost eleven days: —

How is all this? I desire to know plainly and truly! I went to bed last night, it was *Wednesday, Sept. 2*, and the first thing I cast my eye upon this morning at the top of your paper was *Thursday, Sept. 14*. I did not go to bed till between one and two: have I slept away eleven days in seven hours, or how is it? For my part, I don't find I am any more refreshed than after a common night's sleep.

They tell me there's an Act of Parliament for this. . . . That the bench of bishops should agree to it is, I confess, an astonishment to me. What do their reverences intend to do about *St. Enurchus*? Who he was I don't know, nor, I suppose, you nor they neither; but that's neither here nor there; you'll find him in your Prayer-book: look into the calendar, and his name stands right against the 7th of September. I don't know whether I'm right awake, but if I am there's no 7th of September this year.

He had also lost his intended wife, who had promised to marry him on the 10th of September: —

A fine affair, sir, that a man must be cheated out of his wife by a parcel of *mockmaticians* and *almanack-makers* before he has her; a new sort of divorce truly. But, however, it is by Parliament.

Going back to August 1732 we find an "Account of the Designs of the Trustees for Establishing the Colony of Georgia in America." The advantages likely to result are pointed out in rather a rose-colored fashion, but it is worthy of observation that the one great source of the future wealth and prosperity of the province is, as yet, undreamt of. Silk, wine, oil, drugs, and other articles are included in the list of probable productions, but *cotton* is not once mentioned. Thirty years, even, after that date, however, the whole cotton trade of the Manchester district did not exceed 200,000*l. per annum*. The following resolution of the "Committee of Trade" at Norwich in 1736 is also interesting in this connection, and looks like a foreseeing of the great future extension of the infant industry.

Experiment having been made by some of the principal woollen manufacturers of this city of cotton yarn spun here, it is very probable, if they proceed on that manufacture, that this city will be as famous for *cotton* as it is for *worsted stuffs*. Resolved, therefore, that a subscription be made for raising a sum of money to be given to such person as shall produce to the Committee of Trade, at the Guildhall in this City, on *Midsummer Day* next, the best piece of stuff, twenty yards long and one broad, weaved of cotton wool and linnen yarn, within this city; and to encourage workmen to excell in weaving cotton stuffs, resolved, that a guinea be given to the journeyman or person who shall weave the piece so judged the best, as aforesaid.

Norwich at that time was the third city of the empire, and a place of much wealth and distinction (the Martineau family settled here on being driven from France), but she was not destined to realize the patriotic wishes of her citizens in becoming the cottonopolis of the country. That honor passed to Manchester, a small town then with a population of less than twenty thousand.

As a pendant to this, reference may be made to a letter which we find in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1742 on the Scotch linen trade, where it is mentioned that the quantity of *linen* annually imported from Holland was about thirty-two millions of yards! In a previous letter there is an elaborate attempt to show the superiority of the Scotch linens to those of Holland, and the propriety of course of supporting the home manufacture. Four years after, in 1746, with the view of promoting this industry, the British Linen Company was established, now known, however, not as a manufacturing concern, but as one of the great joint-stock banks of Scotland. The extracts below are from the *Scots Magazine* of 1746:—

George II. &c. Whereas James, Earl of Lauderdale, and several other Noblemen and Gentlemen, have, by humble petition, represented unto us, That the linen manufacture of G. Britain, through our encouragement, has within a little time made such progress as to equal in quality the foreign linen manufactures; that by the increase of this manufacture many thousand families, which otherwise would be a burden on the publick, are employed in it, without detriment to any other . . . And whereas the petitioners have likewise represented that, if we would incorporate them by a Royal Charter, divers persons would be disposed to subscribe considerable sums for promoting so beneficial a manufacture: Know ye, therefore, that we, for us, our heirs, and successors, do, by these presents, grant, constitute, declare, and appoint,

That said James, Earl of Lauderdale, and William, Earl of Panmure, &c. &c.

One of the provisions in the charter is to the effect that no Papists, or persons not subjects of Great Britain, are eligible for any office in the company, and every officer in the company, from my Lord Duke of Argyll downwards, must take the oath of supremacy and allegiance.

Another clause shows from what small beginnings the present great establishment, with twelve hundred partners, seventy-two branch banks, and eight millions of deposits, has grown:—

That Ebenezer Macculloch and William Tod, merchants in Edinburgh, be Managers for the Company, under the Court of Directors, *quamdiu se bene gesserint*; that in the warehouse at Edinburgh there be four officers, or servants, viz. a Book-keeper and Accountant; two Staplers, to give out the yarn, receive the cloth, &c.; and a Porter; with salaries not exceeding 150*l.* in whole; and that none of the Company's officers or servants take any fee, reward, or present from those who deal with the Company, or keep a publick-house for retaling liquors, or be concerned in retaling merchandise, or in taking pledges for money lent.

The severity of the repressive measures for putting down disaffection in the north extended even to sumptuary matters, as will be seen from a clause in the act for disarming the Highlands immediately after the Rebellion of 1745:—

And it is further enacted, That from and after the 1st of August 1747, no man or boy within Scotland, other than such as shall be employed as officers and soldiers in the King's forces, shall, on any pretence whatsoever, wear or put on the cloaths commonly called *Highland cloaths*, that is to say, the plaid, pliebeg, or little kilt, trouse, shoulder-belts, or any part whatsoever of what peculiarly belongs to the Highland garb; and that no tartan, or party-coloured plaid or stuff shall be used for great coats, or for upper coats; and if any such person shall, after said 1st of August, wear or put on the aforesaid garments, or any part of them, every such person so offending, being convicted thereof by the oath of one or more witnesses before any court of justiciary, or any one or more justices of peace for the shire or stewartry, or judge ordinary of the place where such offence shall be committed, shall suffer imprisonment, without bail, during six months, and no longer; and being convicted of a second offence, before a court of justiciary, or at the circuits, shall be liable to be transported to any of his Majesty's plantations beyond the seas for seven years.

A "maiden assize," it will be observed, had a more limited meaning in 1732 than it has now:—

The Assizes ended at *Worcester*, which prov'd a Maiden Assizes, none being capitally convicted; and the Sheriffs, according to custom, presented the Judges with white Gloves. Three were cast for Transportation.

Of purely literary matter there is exceedingly little to record. The most noticeable perhaps is a series of articles copied from the *Grub Street Journal*, on Dr. Bentley's unfortunate edition of *Milton*. The writer severely criticises the presumptuous and chimerical emendations of the great philologist. Another eminent name is suggested by a notice of a marriage which appears in June 1736:—

June 3, Edward Gibbon, Esq., of Putney, Member of Parliament for Petersfield, to Miss Porteen.

These were the parents of the historian. With one more literary waif we conclude these desultory notices. It is a modest advertisement in the *Gentleman's Magazine*:—

At Edial, near *Litchfield* in *Staffordshire*, Young Gentlemen are Boarded and Taught the Latin and Greek Languages by SAMUEL JOHNSON. T. H.

From The Saturday Review.

THE JOURNEY OF AUGUSTUS R. MARGARY.*

A PIONEER'S record of travel through such an unknown country as the heart of China, extending over four months, must have procured an enthusiastic welcome for its author had he returned in safety as Lieutenant Cameron did from central Africa. A double interest is attached to this work from the unfortunate death of the author at the hands of a band of murderous Chinese. The exact circumstances of the murder may probably never be known, though Mr. Grosvenor's mission can be trusted to do all in its power to ascertain whether the attack was the result of premeditation and hatred or of panic and chance. The biography of Mr. Margary is short and simple. A son of an officer of high rank in the engineers, who was attached to the Bombay presidency, he was educated at a private school and at Brighton College, and entrusted to the care of relatives, like so many other chil-

* *The Journey of Augustus Raymond Margary, from Shanghai to Bhamo, and back to Manwyne.* From his Journals and Letters, with a brief Biographical Preface. To which is added a Concluding Chapter. By Sir Rutherford Alcock, K.C.B. London: Macmillan & Co. 1876.

dren of Anglo-Indian officials. He seems by all accounts to have been a lad of strong affections, great liveliness and intelligence, and undoubted pluck. His connection with Mr. Austen Layard, our minister at Madrid, enabled him to obtain a nomination to the diplomatic service and to go out to China as a student interpreter. The supporters of competitive examinations, if they read this diary, may feel a qualm when they learn that Mr. Margary all but missed entrance into the diplomatic service, seeing that it was not until his fourth attempt that he could pass the prescribed test. However, at Pekin, Chefoo, and Shanghai he very soon made up for lost way, and in a short time was able to speak Chinese fluently and correctly, discoursing with local magnates, and even comprehending provincialisms of pronunciation and phraseology. In August 1874, to his evident surprise and gratification, he received instructions from our minister at Pekin to undertake a journey right through the south-western provinces of China, and so meet a party which, under the command of Colonel Browne, was to start from Rangoon to Bhamo in order to open out a route for commerce between Burmah and the Chinese Empire. The remaining facts are few and soon told. In less than five months he accomplished this journey, joined Colonel Browne at Bhamo, started again eastward with the mission, and was cut off, when a little ahead of the others, in the neighborhood of Manwyne. He was not then thirty years of age. That Englishmen should wish to know something of his last adventures is perfectly natural and proper, and the present volume, which is intended to satisfy that desire, is made up of a short biographical notice, of extracts from his letters and his diary, and of a concluding chapter from the pen of Sir R. Alcock, in which that accomplished diplomatist discusses the value of these expeditions, and the chance of their creating new and profitable channels for commerce. Criticism of the diary and letters in a mere literary point of view would be out of place. We shall only remark that two or three of the ordinary incidents of his journey have been needlessly told twice over. A little judicious revision, for instance, would have avoided the repetition of a meeting with a Pekin magistrate (pp. 167 and 173), and of a day's sport after waterfowl, in which he was obliged to divest himself of his gaiters and boots (pp. 301 and 306). But these slight blemishes are due to the compiler; and there is a manliness, a cheerful spirit,

an inherent vigor which was never overcome by sickness and debility, a tact which conquered the prejudices of a strange and a suspicious population, a quiet self-reliance, always combined with deep religious feeling unalloyed by either priggishness, cant, or superstition, that ought to commend this volume to readers sitting quietly at home who feel any pride in the high estimation accorded to men of their race at Yarkand or at Khiva, in the heart of Africa, or on the shores of Lake Serikul. If the success of a resolute young Englishman, slenderly equipped and forced to depend on his own resources, on this his first venture, could be any indication of future triumphs, Mr. Margary, had he lived, would have certainly attained a high rank amongst diplomatists and explorers. Whether the government were justified in deputing him, or in organizing the Burmese part of the expedition, is a question which Sir R. Alcock discusses at some length, and which we shall not fail to notice presently. But a summary of the incidents of this diary must take precedence of such speculations.

The real interest of the narrative begins where the writer, after passing Chinkiang, Nankin, and Kinkiang, left friends and English civilization behind him at the city of Hankow. Here he had to procure a boat, to hire servants, and to make his arrangements for a supply of money. It seems tolerably clear that the Tsungli Yamen, or Chinese minister at Peking, and the native viceroy at Hankow, acted with perfect good faith and honestly gave directions to the officials on the route to minister to the security and comfort of the English representative. Mr. Margary's credentials, his knowledge of the language, and his bearing and tact generally stood him in good stead. But every now and then he was treated with incivility, and at meals, levees, and toilet he was mobbed by crowds of inquisitive and impertinent villagers. The same inconveniences, it may be remembered, were experienced by the Russian, Colonel Prejevalsky, in his Mongolian and Tangutan tour. Rudeness, however, was by no means the rule. Incidentally but repeatedly we have mention of marked respect at the hands of local magistrates; of mandarins who knelt before the foreigner, called him Tajin or Excellency, and provided him with sumptuous repasts, in which his preference for ducks and mutton over pork was duly consulted—of servants sent to welcome him two days before he arrived at a certain city of which the pre-

fect, an old soldier, told him long stories about campaigns against the Miaotsze and the Mussulmans; and of the viceroy of Yunan, who proved himself "an almost unexpected friend and ally throughout." Nor can we gather that the renowned Le Hsieh Tai, once a brigand and afterwards a general, inspired him with any distrust. In fact, no one can carefully read this diary without coming to the conclusion that its very sad termination was what, humanly speaking, there was little ground to expect. In such undertakings the main difficulties come first, and they had been all surmounted. Mr. Margary had not only made his start, but had completed his share of the programme. Alone and unsupported, with only four servants, with neither Mahomedan orderlies or Seikh Jemadars as his bodyguard, he had gone through vast provinces and populous cities without incurring serious peril, and with no more inconvenience than the impertinences of lads who called him "foreign devil," or of mobs who screamed and shouted, while he had ample proofs that the high officials were not ill disposed to his cause. After he had exchanged a greeting with Colonel Browne and his party, and when things were not unpromising, he was suddenly cut down by some Chinese, instigated, it seems to us quite possible, by wild Kakhyan chiefs. It may really turn out that this murder, instead of springing from premeditation or any deep design, was due to panic, or to the idea that an outrage committed off-hand on an unprotected traveller would, after all, be not unacceptable at Peking. In any case, it is clear that Mr. Margary was in less danger amongst pigtailed mobs and screeching schoolboys than when almost in reach of an escort of Sikhs.

The particulars carefully noted of the general appearance of the country must tend to disperse the halo with which imperfect information or ignorant credulity has invested the Celestial Empire. Wide tracts were covered with original jungle-grass. The country in many places was thinly inhabited, and the inhabitants were poorly clad. Arable land had been thrown out of cultivation. The tea-plant grew wild, in hedges, to the height of eight or ten feet. There was a great want of decent roads, especially over some of the worst passes. It is fair to state that, against these pictures of desolation or backwardness, we have notices of fine pasture grounds, of lovely and picturesque scenery, of rice-cultivation in irrigated fields, of fruitful valleys, of cities where

there were inns for travellers, and of coal-mines worked by private persons. An opinion is hazarded that the province of Szechuen might consume a large amount of British produce, such as piece goods, crockery, and cutlery. The climate, on the whole, was not unpleasant, although there were days when mist and damp predominated, and the thermometer sank to forty-two at sunrise. Lucifer matches excited envy, and a certain well-travelled Chinese gentleman thought there was no sight in the world equal to Piccadilly with its double row of gas lamps. This intelligent traveller would have commanded the approval of Dr. Johnson. The final impression left on our mind is that, if eastern China is ever to be commercially developed, the best chance of success lies in the fine tact, temper, and perseverance of men like Mr. Margary. And this brings us to the topic discussed by Sir R. Alcock, who evidently has made up his mind that our political proceedings on the eastern frontier of our Indian dependency have not smoothed matters or predisposed the Chinese in our favor. We were wrong, it seems to him, to send Major Sladen in 1868 to Momein, and to attempt at that time an alliance with the Mahommedan chief of the Panthays. Neither was the connection established with the ruler of Yarkand by the two missions of 1870 and 1873 at all judicious or happy. In short, according to Sir R. Alcock, it is the old story of pioneers and traders who come only to see and write, and remain to build forts and annex provinces. The thing has been done so often, in spite of our repeated protestations of good faith and integrity, that we are distrusted all over the untrodden or unexplored East. We have to "trade and negotiate weighted with this heavy burden of distrust and suspicion." A pile of piece goods is supposed to hide a six-pounder; harmless cutlery is but the forerunner of destructive breechloaders and savage bayonets; and unpleasant documents relating to the cession of lands may lurk under the disguise of innocent treaties which merely allow English agents to reside, and British merchants to come and go in foreign cities. We agree, to a considerable extent, with these comments, and would further have enthusiastic Chambers of Commerce take to heart the limited estimate formed by this writer, than whom few are more competent, about the value of any trade between China and Burmah. It is very easy for presidents and delegates of manufacturing bodies to bring pressure

on a secretary of state, to ask troublesome questions in Parliament, and, with a lofty indifference to responsibility for failure or to mere expense, to urge that wild tribes must be disarmed, and that roads and telegraphs must be constructed in order that Manchester and Huddersfield may find a new market. But travellers, whether formally accredited or not, go at a certain risk. Slenderly provided with men and materials, they invite outrage and attack. Amply escorted, they are an offence to local self-importance and a standing menace to national pride. At any time diplomacy may be invoked and action must be threatened, because some Englishman has been insulted or murdered in strange places which no one but an American missionary has ever seen. But these remarks apply to the principle of such expeditions, and not to intrepid Englishmen who go wherever they are told. No suspicion of the hollowness of traffic in eastern China, no belief in the impolicy of the statesmanship which hands over our military or political credit to the selfish representations of interested dealers, must cause us to withhold our tribute of admiration from young Englishmen such as Mr. Margary, who in their lives and deaths have shown that they can unite the courage of the soldier with the training of the civilian.

From The Spectator.

EARLY CHRISTIANITY IN FIJI.

ONE of the most extraordinary and at the same time best-ascertained facts in the history of Christianity is the sudden completeness of its victory over some savage tribes. The great paganisms of old were very slow to yield to its influence, the great paganisms of to-day, Hindooism and popular Buddhism, yield their converts one by one, and Mahommedanism may be said to be unimpressionable, but a savage creed — a creed unsupported by a philosophy or an explanation of the Cosmos — yields every now and then utterly, finally, and at once. The Russian pagans became Christian in a day. No relic of any African creed, though many of African practice, can be found among the negroes of the American Union, though they have been there scarcely a century; the whole population of Hawaii became Christian in ten years; the ruling race of Madagascar adopted Christianity, as it were, at a blow; the Karens of Pegu offered themselves for baptism at a pace which alarmed missionary

consciences, and one tribe at least of India — the Coles — came over in whole villages at a time. One would have expected that conversions so sudden and based upon such a slight extent of knowledge would have been imperfect, and no doubt one change has occasionally been followed by another — the Hovas, for instance, having apostatised and repented, and an entire Christian village in Canara proclaiming itself Mahommedan by sound of drum — but, nevertheless, the “conversion” has very often been found to be in one way singularly complete. The ancient supernatural fears which one would suppose to last longest are all gone. A Polynesian that minute converted will chop up an idol, or cut down a sacred grove, or bid outrageous defiance to a visible and as it were, demonstrable hell, in the shape of a lake of volcanic fire, without an apparent twinge of fear. The Karens become in an hour, in their relation to the powers of the air, altered beings, and the Coles defy their old deities with a serenity that modern sceptics have never displayed. A scene of this kind, of almost unequalled picturesqueness and even grandeur, has just occurred in Fiji, and, as it happens, is described by the governor, Sir Arthur Gordon, in a letter to a private friend. Sir Arthur Gordon is perhaps the most noteworthy man now in the colonial service, — a man, we fear, of domineering temper, who accumulates dislikes on himself as other men accumulate money, but for all that, a God-fearing, just, and able man, who thinks the poor and weak ought to have justice, and will sacrifice not only his time but his comfort in the effort to insure that they do have it. His testimony is beyond all doubt, even if it were not backed, as in this instance it is, by independent story: “I wish I could give you some evidence, and he relates this extraordinary idea of the intense picturesqueness and curious events of this last month. One I must tell you. The Christian army was encamped round Bukatia, a very strong place, a vast mass of rock rising somewhat like the Acrocorinthus, above the river and the plain. This town had never been taken, and was regarded as impregnable by the cannibals. The oracles of their gods are shouted aloud by the priests speaking as in the gods’ name, and this night an oracle was declared. The moon shone on the white river-mists, and threw the great black shadow of the rock far over the plain. Out of the stillness, from the very top of the rock, rang out the hoarse cry of the priest, audible nearly a

mile off, ‘Fire is unknown to my house in Bukatia.’ With one accord the whole beleaguering host shouted out in slow and measured tones the reply, ‘Wait till tomorrow!’ And the next day Bukatia was taken and the devil-temple burnt.” Another narrator mentions the spontaneity of the reply, its defiant tone, and, rolling as it did from the lips of fourteen hundred men, suddenly moved to the same triumphantly defiant ejaculation, its marvellously startling effect. No description we have ever read in history or in fiction has more about it of dramatic grandeur — the grandeur of intense surprise — and none excites a deeper sense of bewilderment. Here were fourteen hundred criminal savages converted, as it were, but yesterday, all born pagans, trained cannibals, habitual murderers — there is no story in Dante more horrible than Jackson’s history of his life in Fiji, — and they, under circumstances that might have moved old Christians to awestruck emotion, hurl into the air at night and with a bloody battle before them, open defiances to the gods whom they had been bred since childhood to adore.

We believe the explanation to be in a certain incompleteness, or rather incomplete completeness, of the Christian victory, which explains many similar scenes in modern story, and much that has perplexed students in the early history of our creed. The Christian Fijians in adopting Christianity have not adopted, or indeed learned, all its ideas; have not risen — as, indeed, how should they rise all at once? — to the conception of an impersonal God, working by immutable laws, or laws mutable only at his will, — or indeed to the idea of the distance, so to speak, of the Deity at all. All they have embraced is the idea that he is, and is good — that he, this God of the all-powerful and intelligent white men, who lives above but near, is willing to receive them also, to be their protector and their sovereign friend, more especially, as they are taught, when in any human extremity they need a helper and an ally. They embrace that idea intensely, with the directness and the anthropomorphic tendency natural to such natures; and having embraced it, lose instantly all fear of their old gods. They are a little people with a grand ally. They do not disbelieve in the old deities, in the way of disbelieving their existence, do not inquire into their nature, but simply despise them utterly, as the servants of a baron might despise him when accepted into the service of a great king. The

Christian Fijians did not doubt, as we read their conduct, that the oracle had spoken, did not question that they were defied, and defied by a god; but instantly, simultaneously, in the name of their new allegiance, sent back the answering and defiant shout, — “Wait till to-morrow!” “*In te domine speravi, non confundar*,” is their thought, and this not in the spirit of resignation, but in the spirit of one who relies implicitly on an all-powerful ally, sure to take up his own quarrel and give them victory. The speed of their conversion makes no difference to the fulness of their belief. They have got this central idea firmly, as firmly as those Jews had it who, believing all the while that Baal was somewhat, hewed down his priests in the name of their own stronger as well as more legitimate Deity; as firmly as the early Christian doctors, who, believing that Jupiter and the rest were potent evil beings, loaded them with every form of insult and defiance. It is the scene on Carmel, where perhaps only Elijah rose above this state of mind, if even he did, — the scene in the Mecca Holy of Holies when Ozza and Lat were hewn down, — repeated in our own century, and among minds even less developed than those of the Jews or the Koreish. We do not say the Fijian chiefs have not imbibed also something of the faith of Christ and the spirit of his teaching. The evidence seems to show that they have, that they have at least comprehended that vengeance, the massacre of the unresisting, is not for his servants — except, of course, when it is necessary to support Turks — but it was not out of Christianity, but out of a new allegiance to a God mightier and more friendly than their gods of the day before, that they thundered back that defiance. That faith is their stronghold at first, just as it is the stronghold of low-caste Hindoos or blacks of western Africa, who, embracing it, under Mussulman teaching, start up in a day from feeble slaves into brave, resolute, and, above, all, self-respecting men. It is the complete transfer of allegiance which is the cause of the completeness of the Christian victory, and of course, though the allegiance is rarely changed again, backslidings on any other point are not only possible, but almost certain. There must have been many such instances among our Scandinavian forefathers since Olaf, in identically the same spirit, defied Thor; and one instance, strange to bizarrerie, has occurred

among our own kings. The most interesting figure in Norman history, the Red King, in whom the wild force of will which marked the whole line of Rollo seemed to have risen almost to insanity, had for sole creed this notion of allegiance; and knowing nothing of loyalty except under its feudal form, held that God was his suzerain, with duties towards *him*. Mr. Langton Sanford, in his splendid sketch of the man, the best of many fine sketches, says: —

I have no doubt that he believed thoroughly in the existence and power of God, — beyond this he probably believed nothing. He had a thorough hatred and contempt for all the human apparatus of religion, and was disposed to stand on his own rights as king and man even against Deity itself. He acknowledged that he was responsible to God, if to no one else; but he had also a curious feeling of the responsibility of God himself to certain paramount rules of justice and injustice, to which they both owed allegiance. Perhaps he regarded God as his *suzerain*, just as he himself was the *suzerain* of his great nobles, and they again the immediate lords of their own vassals. But his *suzerain* must not do him wrong, any more than *he* ought to do wrong to that *suzerain*. This may sound very like impiety to many, but to Rufus it probably really meant something very different, though doubtless he took a malicious but foolish pleasure in enunciating it in the most offensive form, in order to horrify both clerk and layman. He looked upon virtue or abstinence from vice as a sort of feudal *aide* due by him to God as his suzerain, and to be withheld if he had cause of grievance against him, and had renounced temporarily his allegiance, as it was to be evaded as much as possible in the ordinary state of things. When during a severe illness he was led through the fear of death to choose an archbishop, he chose the one who appeared to be forced on him by the hand of God, and whom he regarded as the nominee of his irresistible suzerain; but he resented the necessity and the imposition all the same, and when the danger was over, and the zealous but injudicious archbishop urged on him to live more in conformity with the will of God, his strange creed broke forth in the startling rejoinder, — “Hear, bishop, by the holy face of Lucca, the Lord shall find no good one in me for all the evil he has inflicted on me!”

We greatly fear that had the oracle proved right, and the Christians been defeated, a good many of the Fijians would have felt, at all events till further instruction had reached them, very much after the fashion of the Red King.

From Nature.

GEORGE SMITH.

THE untimely death of Mr. George Smith at the early age of thirty-seven, is a loss that can ill be repaired. Scholars can be reared and trained, but hardly more than once in a century can we expect a genius with the heaven-born gift of divining the meaning of a forgotten language and discovering the clue to an unknown alphabet. The marvellous instinct by which Mr. Smith ascertained the substantial sense of a passage in the Assyrian inscriptions without being always able to give a philological analysis of the words it contained, gave him a good right to the title of "the intellectual picklock," by which he was sometimes called. The pioneer of Assyrian research, and the decipherer of the Cypriote inscriptions, he could be all the less spared at the present moment, when a key is needed to the reading of those Hamathite hieroglyphics to which the last discoveries he was destined to make have given such an unexpected importance.

Mr. Smith was born of poor parents, and his school-education was consequently broken off at the age of fifteen, when he was apprenticed to Messrs. Bradbury and Evans to learn the art of engraving. While in this employment he often stole half the time allowed for dinner for visits to the British Museum, and saved his earnings to buy the works of the leading writers on Assyrian subjects. Sir Henry Rawlinson was struck with the young man's intelligence and enthusiasm, and after furnishing him with various casts and squeezes, through which Mr. Smith was led to make his first discovery (the date of the payment of tribute by Jehu to Shalmaneser) he proposed to the trustees of the Museum that Mr. Smith should be associated with himself in the preparation of the third volume of the "Cuneiform Inscriptions of Western Asia." This was in 1867, and from this year Mr. Smith entered upon his official life at the Museum and definitely devoted himself to the study of the Assyrian monuments. The first fruits of his labors were the discovery of two inscriptions, one fixing the date of a total eclipse of the sun in the month Sivan or May, B.C. 763, and the other the date of an invasion of Babylonia by the Elamites in B.C. 2280, and a series of articles in the *Zeitschrift für Ägyptische Sprache*, which threw a flood of light upon later Assyrian history and the political relations between Assyria and Egypt.

In 1871 he published "The Annals of

Assur-bani-pal," or Sardanapalus, transliterated and translated, a work which involved immense labor in the preparation of the text and the examination of variant readings. This was followed by an excellent little pamphlet on the chronology of Sennacherib's reign and a list of the characters of the Assyrian syllabary. About the same time he contributed to the newly-founded Society of Biblical Archæology a very valuable paper on "The Early History of Babylonia" (since republished in "The Records of the Past"), as well as an account of his decipherment of the Cypriote inscriptions which had hitherto been such a stumbling-block and puzzle to scholars. The Cypriote syllabary as determined by him has been the basis of the later labors of Birch, Brandis, Siegismund, Deecke, Schmidt, and Hall.

It was in 1872, however, that Mr. Smith made the discovery which has caused his name to be a household word in England. His translation of "The Chaldean Account of the Deluge" was read before the Society of Biblical Archæology on the 3d of December, and in the following January he was sent to excavate on the site of Nineveh by the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*. After unearthing the missing fragment of the deluge story, he returned to England with a large and important collection of objects and inscriptions. Among these were fragments which recorded the succession and duration of the Babylonian dynasties, a paper on which was contributed by the discoverer to the Society of Biblical Archæology. It was in connection with these chronological researches that Mr. Smith's invaluable volume on "The Assyrian Eponym Canon" was written for Messrs. Bagster in 1875. Shortly afterwards he again left England to continue his excavations at Kouyunjik for the trustees of the British Museum, and in spite of the difficulties and annoyances thrown in his way by the Turks, he succeeded in bringing home a large number of fragmentary tablets, many of them belonging to the great Solar Epic in twelve books, of which the episode of the deluge forms the eleventh lay. An account of his travels and researches was given in his "Assyrian Discoveries," published at the beginning of 1875. The remainder of the year was occupied in piecing together and translating a number of fragments of the highest importance, relating to the Creation, the Fall, the Tower of Babel, etc. The results of these labors were embodied in his book, "The Chaldean Account of Genesis."

The great value of these discoveries induced the trustees of the museum to despatch Mr. Smith on another expedition in order to excavate the remainder of Assur-bani-pal's library at Kouyunjik, and so complete the collection of tablets in the British Museum. Mr. Smith accordingly went to Constantinople last October, and after some trouble succeeded in obtaining a firman for excavating. He set out for his last and fatal journey to the East in March, taking with him Dr. Eneberg, a Finnic Assyriologue. While detained at Aleppo on account of the plague, he explores the banks of the Euphrates from the Balis northward, and at Yerabolus discovered the ancient Hittite capital, Carchemish — a discovery which bids fair to rival in importance that of Nineveh itself. After visiting Devi, or Thapsakus, and other places, he made his way to Bagdad, where he procured between two and three thousand tablets discovered by some Arabs in an ancient Babylonian library near Hillah. From Bagdad he went to Kouyunjik, and found, to his intense disappointment, that owing to the troubled state of the country it was impossible to excavate. Meanwhile Dr. Eneberg had died, and Mr. Smith, worn out by fatigue and anxiety, broke down at Ikisji, a small village about sixty miles north-east of Aleppo. Here he was found by Mr. Parsons, and Mrs. Skene, the consul's wife at Aleppo, and a medical man having been sent for, conveyed him by easy stages to Aleppo, where he died August 19th. He has left behind him the MS. of a "History of Babylonia," intended to be a companion volume to his "History of Assyria," published by the S. P. C. K. last year.

Mr. Smith's obliging kindness was only equalled by his modesty. Shortly after his return from his first expedition he was showing the present writer some of the tablets he had found, when a lady and gentleman came up and asked various questions, to which he replied with his usual courtesy. They thanked him and were turning away when, hearing his name pronounced, the lady asked: "Are you Mr. Smith?" On his replying, "That is my name, madam," she exclaimed, "What, not the *great* Mr. Smith!" and then, like the gentleman with her, insisted upon having "the honor" of shaking hands with the distinguished Assyriologue, while the latter crimsoned to the roots of his hair. His loss is an irreparable one to Assyriology, even beyond his powers as a decipherer, as his memory enabled him to remember the place and nature of each of

the myriad clay fragments now in the museum, while his keenness of vision made his copies of the minute characters of the tablets exceptionally trustworthy. It is distressing to think that he leaves behind him a wife and large family of small children, the youngest of whom was born but a short time before his last departure from England.

A. H. SAYCE.

From The Athenæum.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

At a meeting of the British Association the president, Sir W. Thomson, in his opening address, said:—

Six weeks ago, when I landed in England after a most interesting trip to America and back, and became painfully conscious that I must have the honor to address you here to-day, I wished to write an address of which science in America should be the subject. I came home, indeed, vividly impressed with much that I had seen, both in the Great Exhibition of Philadelphia and out of it, showing the truest scientific spirit and devotion, the originality, the inventiveness, the patient, persevering thoroughness of work, the appreciativeness, and the generous open-mindedness and sympathy from which the great things of science comes. I wish I could speak to you of the veteran Henry, generous rival of Faraday in electro-magnetic discovery; of Peirce, the founder of high mathematics in America; of Bache, and of the splendid heritage he has left to America and to the world in the United States Coast Survey; of the great school of astronomers which followed Gould, Newton, Newcomb, Watson, Young, Clarke, Rutherford, Draper, father and son; of Commander Belknap and his great exploration of the Pacific depths by pianoforte wire, with imperfect apparatus supplied from Glasgow, out of which he forced a success in his own way; of Capt. Sigsbee, who followed with like fervor and resolution, and made further improvements in the apparatus by which he has done marvels of easy, quick, and sure deep-sea sounding in his little surveying ship "Blake"; and of the admirable official spirit which makes such men and such doings possible in the United States Naval Service. I would like to tell you, too, of my reason for confidently expecting that American hydrography will soon supply the data from tidal observations long ago asked of our government in vain by a committee of the British Association, by which the

amount of the earth's elastic yielding to the distorting influence of the sun and moon will be measured; and of my strong hope that the Compass Department of the American navy will repay the debt to France, England, and Germany so appreciatively acknowledged in their reprint of the works of Poisson, Airy, Archibald Smith, Evans, and the Liverpool Compass Committee, by giving in return a fresh marine survey of terrestrial magnetism, to supply the navigator with data for correcting his compass without sights of sun or stars. In the United States telegraphic department I saw and heard Elisha Gray's splendidly worked out electric telephone actually sounding four messages simultaneously on the Morse code, and clearly capable of doing yet four times as many with very moderate improvements of detail; and I saw Edison's automatic telegraph delivering 1,015 words in fifty-seven seconds; this done by the long-neglected electro-chemical method of Bain, long ago condemned in England to the helot work of recording from a relay, and then turned adrift as needlessly delicate for that. In the Canadian department I heard "To be or not to be . . . there's the rub," through an electric wire; but, scorning monosyllables, the electric articulation rose to higher flights, and gave me passages taken at random from the New York newspapers:—"S.S. Cox has arrived" (I failed to make out the s.s. Cox); "The City of New York," "Senator Morton," "The senate has resolved to print a thousand extra copies," "The Americans in London have resolved to celebrate the coming fourth of July." All this my own ears heard spoken to me with unmistakable distinctness by the thin circular disc armature of just such another little electro-magnet as this which I hold in my hand. The words were shouted with a clear and loud voice by my colleague-judge, Prof. Watson, at the far end of the line, holding his mouth close to a stretched membrane, such as you see before you here, carrying a little piece of soft iron, which was thus made to perform in the neighborhood of an electro-magnet in circuit with the line motions proportional to the sonoric motions of the air. This, the greatest by far of all the marvels of the electric telegraph, is due to a young countryman of our own, Mr. Graham Bell of Edinburgh, and Montreal, and Boston, now a naturalized citizen of the United States. Who can but admire the hardihood of invention which devised such very slight means to realize

the mathematical conception that, if electricity is to convey all the delicacies of quality which distinguish articulate speech, the strength of its current must vary continuously, and, as nearly as may be, in simple proportion to the velocity of a particle of air engaged in constituting the sound! The Patent Museum of Washington, an institution of which the nation is justly proud, and the beneficent working of the United States patent laws, deserve notice in the section of the British Association concerned with branches of science to which nine-tenths of all the useful patents of the world owe their foundations. I was much struck with the prevalence of patented inventions in the Exhibition; it seemed to me that every good thing deserving a patent was patented. I asked one inventor of a very good invention,— "Why don't you patent it in England?" He answered,— "The conditions in England are too onerous." We certainly are far behind America's wisdom in this respect. If Europe does not amend its patent laws (England in the opposite direction to that proposed in the bills before the last two sessions of Parliament), America will speedily become the nursery of useful inventions for the world. I should tell you also of "Old Prob's" weather warnings, which cost the nation \$250,000 a year. Money well spent, say the Western farmers, and not they alone. In this the whole people of the United States are agreed, and though Democrats or Republicans, playing the "economical ticket," may for half a session stop the appropriations for even the United States Coast Survey, no one would for a moment think of starving "Old Prob;" and now that eighty per cent. of his probabilities have proved true, and General Myers has for a month back ceased to call his daily forecasts "probabilities," and has begun to call them indications, what will the Western farmers call him this time next year? But the stimulus of intercourse with American scientific men left no place in my mind for framing or attempting to frame a report on American science. Disturbed by Newcomb's suspicions of the earth's irregularities as a timekeeper, I could think of nothing but precession and nutation, and tides and monsoons, and settlements of the equatorial regions and melting of polar ice. Week after week passed before I could put down two words which I would read to you here to-day, and so I have nothing to offer for my address but a review of evidence regarding the physical conditions of the earth; its internal temperature; the

fluidity or solidity of its interior substance; the rigidity, elasticity, plasticity of its external figure; and the permanence or variability of its period and axis of rotation.

As a result of this review, he found that certain reasonings which he had published regarding precession and nutation in a rigid shell filled with liquid were wrong. He had now worked out the problem rigorously, for the case of a homogeneous liquid enclosed in an ellipsoidal shell; and had obtained results, which were absolutely decisive against the geological hypothesis of a thin rigid shell, full of liquid. But interesting in a dynamical point of view as this problem of Hopkins's is, it cannot afford a decisive argument against the earth's interior liquidity. It assumes the crust to be perfectly stiff and unyielding in its figure, and this of course it cannot be, because no material is infinitely rigid. But may it not be stiff enough to practically fulfil the condition of unyieldingness? No, decidedly it cannot. On the contrary, were it of continuous steel and five hundred kilometres thick, it would yield very nearly as much as a solid globe of indian-rubber, to the deforming influences of centrifugal force and of the sun's and moon's attractions. The supposition of a crust of such thickness as would be consistent with the actual amounts of precession and nutation, with a liquid interior, is disproved by observations of the tides, which show that there is no such flexibility in the shell as this supposition would require. The investigations of Adams and Dalaunay had shown that there was an apparent acceleration of the moon's mean motion, possibly due to a real retardation of the earth's rotation by tidal friction. Newcomb's subsequent investigations in the lunar theory have, on the whole, tended to confirm this result; but they have also brought to light some remarkable apparent irregularities in the moon's motion, which he believes to be really due to irregularities in the earth's rotational velocity. If this is the true explanation, it seems that the earth was going slow from 1850 to 1862, so much as to have got behind by seven seconds in these twelve years, and then to have begun going faster again, so as to gain eight seconds from 1862 to 1872. So great an irregularity as this would require somewhat greater changes of sea-level, but not very much greater, than the British Association committee's reductions of tidal observations for several places in different parts of the world allow us to admit to have possibly taken place.

From The Economist.

PROTECTION IN THE UNITED STATES.

A PROLONGED and rather unprofitable controversy has been carried on in the *Times* as to the limits to which protection in the United States is likely to be carried, and the probable consequences, in the long run, of the system which the manufacturers of America have built up. Captain Galton, who has lately been visiting the Philadelphia Exhibition, was greatly impressed with the astonishing results there displayed of the progress of the manufacturing industries of the Union within the past twenty years. It is stated by Captain Galton, and confirmed by other witnesses, that the advance upon what was possible before the Republican party came into power, and protection was accepted as the official doctrine of the American government, is almost beyond belief. It is certain that at Philadelphia the representation of American industry outshone the inadequate exhibition of English and other European manufactures, and it is probably true that the mechanical genius and the commercial instincts of the American people, working in combination, have actually approached, and threaten to equal, the most admirable industrial efforts of the Old World. Captain Galton goes so far as to assert that British manufacturers have hopelessly lost their hold upon the markets of the United States. Other observers go further, and picture the disastrous consequences of the removal of protective duties in America, which will bring American manufactures into ruinous competition with us, we are told, in the open markets of the rest of the world. We think that all these apprehensions are either absolutely unfounded or grossly exaggerated. They point to an unsteadiness of conviction in the minds of the industrial classes in England, which would be dangerous were there ever to be — which is quite possible — a foolish democratic outcry among the English working-classes. Such fears may possibly do some good by making our manufacturers perceive the truth — already sufficiently obvious — that the industrial supremacy of this country cannot be preserved without continual efforts to improve the quality and cheapen the cost of manufactured articles; but they are much more likely to do mischief by suggesting impracticable or ultimately ruinous remedies.

What is the actual state of the case in the United States? American industries have vastly improved in the character of their products, and as this improvement

has gone on under a protective system, those products have, by degrees, forced themselves upon the American markets to the exclusion of European commodities. Protection made the latter artificially dear, and as in time the American manufacturer began to produce something which could fairly stand comparison with the European, and which, though costly also, was not so costly as the European article, weighted with the duty, had become, the state of things came about on which Captain Galton looks with admiring amazement, and the representatives of some English industries with undisguised dismay. But what has been the result to the American manufacturers themselves? They may command their own home markets, but they do so at something approaching to an absolute loss. Protection has been followed by excess of competition and by over-production, almost unparalleled, it is said, in the history of trade. To this is attributed the present prostration of the leading American industries. This would not seem to furnish any very striking arguments in favor of the protective system; but the fears of the manufacturers, who write in doleful language to the *Times*, use the very failure of the system as a proof that having done the maximum of mischief to English industry in one way, the policy of the United States will now be turned about, and will do us equal or greater injury in the opposite direction. It is argued that the American manufacturer, unsuccessful as he has been in making large profits of late years, has succeeded at any rate, in doing two things — in beating England and Europe out of the American markets, and in placing American manufacturers, at least, on a level in point of excellence with those of Europe. The latter fact, we are assured, will be proclaimed to the world by the Philadelphia Exhibition, and the world will be ready to receive the information eagerly. But the American manufacturers, already able to lower their prices by the diminution in the rate of wages, will be still more relieved by the operation of the late crisis, which has transferred factories and machinery into new hands at a comparatively trifling cost. The manufacturer who has come into possession of his buildings and plant at one-fourth of the original outlay, and who pays workmen forty per cent. less than he would have been obliged to pay them four years ago, is plainly so much the better able to enter into competition on the ground of cheapness as well as of quality.

Why, then, should he not compete abroad as well as at home? Why should not American manufacturers challenge the supremacy of English in the markets of continental Europe, of the East, and even of our own colonies? This prospect, it is said, is tempting the American manufacturers to the side of free-trade. They find that the tariff which doubtfully protects them at home, for prices artificially raised are devoured by competition and over-production, prevents them from entering into anything like equal rivalry with England abroad. This conviction, according to some shrewd observers, has given the death-blow to protection, and free-trade will soon, we are told, be the accepted policy of the American government. Then we shall find that America will step forward as a formidable competitor in every foreign market, and if we do not take care we shall find it hard to hold our own.

By all means let us take care, but, in truth, if we cannot hold our own in the conditions stated, we deserve to be beaten. The course of events indicated is precisely what we have always contended the question of the tariff in the United States would develop. There, as elsewhere, we felt certain that the over-impatience of consumers against high prices would never make free-trade a political question of the first order; but that when the producers themselves began to feel the system pinch them the solution would soon be reached. If it should be, we have no fear of the industrial pre-eminence of England. Granting that the Americans have made progress astonishingly in the last twenty years, we have the traditions and the habits of a period ten times as long, and our national energies have not assuredly lost their elasticity and adaptive power. It is absurd to suppose that the present "shrinkage" in the value of American factories and machinery can be taken as a permanent element in the competition between the manufacturers of the United States and those of the Old World, and still less justifiable is it to count upon the recent fall in wages as a lasting deduction from the burdens on American industry. As yet the Americans have never been able to stand up before us in the open field of competition, and the conclusion that they will be able to do so, because under protection they have improved production and got the command of their own markets, is a wholly illegitimate inference.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume XVI. }

No. 1688. — October 21, 1876.

{ From Beginning,
{ Vol. CXXXI.

CONTENTS.

| | | |
|--|---|--|
| I. THE REALITY OF DUTY: AS ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MR. JOHN STUART MILL, | <i>Contemporary Review</i> , | 131 |
| II. THE PHILOSOPHER'S PENDULUM: A TALE FROM GERMANY. By Rudolph Lindau, | <i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , | 147 |
| III. ULSTER AND ITS PEOPLE, | <i>Fraser's Magazine</i> , | 159 |
| IV. THE BAYREUTH PERFORMANCES, | <i>All The Year Round</i> , | 167 |
| V. SOCIETY IN ITALY IN THE LAST DAYS OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC. By J. A. Froude, | <i>Fraser's Magazine</i> , | 171 |
| VI. A DRIVE IN DEVONSHIRE, | <i>Spectator</i> , | 180 |
| VII. DOLLS, | <i>Spectator</i> , | 182 |
| VIII. THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE. By George Mac- donald, author of "Malcolm," etc., | <i>Advance Sheets</i> , | 185 |
| IX. THE POPE'S DAILY LIFE, | <i>Westminster Gazette</i> , | 191 |
| P O E T R Y. | | |
| ANTIPAS, | 130 | IN MEMORIAM, 130 |
| POETRY, | 130 | THE HOUSE IN THE MEADOW, 130 |
| STANZAS WRITTEN IN OCTOBER, | 130 | FROM THE ITALIAN, 130 |
| MISCELLANY, 192 | | |

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, *remitted directly to the Publishers*, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage*.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

ANTIPAS.

AND who was Antipas? and where dwelt he,
The martyred "faithful," honored of his
Lord?

Had he, as men count honor, high degree?
Or was he nurtured at a peasant board?
Vain questions these: the inspired words
afford
His crown and claim; he perished gloriously.

And many a deed shall wither with time's
scroll,

That shook the earth—and many a name,
whose sound
Went forth triumphantly from pole to pole,
Shall drop into oblivion, unrenowned,
When he, thus briefly chronicled, is found
In heaven's high registry, a victor soul,

Needs not for entrance there the laurelled
crest,

The distant battle-field, and trumpet's din,
Nor history's sounding page; the sealed breast
Hides man's true history, whose worst foe's
within!

In daily conflict with the legion sin,
Souls may the martyr's crown and triumph
win,

Unknown on earth, unhonored, and unblest.
MRS. G. G. RICHARDSON.

POETRY.

"And they heard the voice of the Lord God walking
in the garden in the cool of the day."—Genesis iii. 8.

AH, the most ancient time,
When God and man were friends,
And earth was rounded with a summer clime,
And the dull doubt that lends
Sorrow to life was all a thing unknown.
Before those hours had flown
God walked at eventide thro' Eden's shade
And spoke to man, and man was not afraid.

Cannot that time return?
Is it not here, for those
Who from the strong still work of God can
learn

His grandeur of repose?
A day with him is as a myriad years,
A tear outweighs the spheres,
And as he walked 'neath Eden's mystic tree
In the cool eventide he walks with me.

Athenæum.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

STANZAS WRITTEN IN OCTOBER.

THE leaves are falling all around—
Reluctant, waveringly they fall;
The river has a moaning sound,
The redbreast's notes are low and small.

With boding croak and flagging wing,
The rook sails slowly o'er the lea;
Time's annual shades are gathering,
And winter's coming step I see.

Each falling leaf 's a moral page;
Time's myriads thus are trodden low;
Each season of our pilgrimage
Has voices warning as we go.

We hear, but heed not, nature's knell;
We see, but mark not, time's decay;
We cling to pleasure's flowery spell,
Till every leaf has dropped away.

MRS. G. G. RICHARDSON.

IN MEMORIAM.

FAREWELL! since never more for thee
The sun comes up our eastern skies,
Less bright henceforth shall sunshine be
To some fond hearts and saddened eyes.

There are, who for thy last, long sleep,
Shall sleep as sweetly nevermore;
Shall weep because thou canst not weep,
And grieve that all thy griefs are o'er.

Sad thrift of love! the loving breast
On which the aching head was thrown
Gave up the weary head to rest,
But kept the aching for its own.
1867.

R. J.

THE HOUSE IN THE MEADOW.

THEY sat at peace in the sunshine
Till the day was almost done,
And then at its close an angel
Stole over the threshold stone.

He folded their hands together,
He touched their eyelids with balm,
And their last breath floated outward,
Like the close of a solemn psalm.

Like a bridal pair they traversed
The unseen, mystical road
That leads to the beautiful city,
Whose builder and maker is God.
LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

THE past is not,—the hues in which 'tis drest
Fond memory supplies;
The future is not,—hope-born in the breast
Its fancied joys arise;
The present is not,—like the lightning's gleam
Its brief illusions seem;
This is the life allotted unto man,
A memory,—a hope,—a fleeting moment's
span.

Spectator.

C.

From The Contemporary Review.
THE REALITY OF DUTY:

AS ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF
MR. JOHN STUART MILL.

MR. MILL'S autobiography was written in order to let posterity know how his education was conducted and his intellect formed. To those who share his opinions it is interesting as showing what he desires to show. To others it is hardly less so, as exhibiting (on their view) a struggle of human nature against the adverse bias of a powerful theory and an elaborate training. It is in this point of view that I desire to examine it, so far as it relates to the history of Mr. Mill's moral sentiments, and some of the philosophical tenets which grew out of them.

His account of his childhood is like nothing else in the world. Remembering the nature of the man, our first wonder is to find him so much of a manufactured article. In general, influences which go to make up character are complex and heterogeneous. The varied discipline, the pleasures, the pains, the quarrels and attachments of family and school, chance companionships, chance adventures, chance books, sicknesses, mishaps, escapades and their consequences, combine beyond possibility of analysis to make the boy what he becomes. But the boy John Stuart Mill was the creation of a single force, applied by a single mind to a responsive material. His history, according to his own representation, is the history of paternal discipline applied relentlessly, unceasingly, exclusively of other influences, from the cradle, and with a definite and inflexible purpose. It is evident that, clearly to understand Mr. John Mill, you must first understand his father. I abridge the son's account of him, retaining where I can his words:—

Respecting the creation and government of the universe, he believed that nothing positive could be known. Only he held that the prevalence of evil in this planet was a conclusive proof that its author could not be at once absolutely good and absolutely powerful. But he thought that as the world had grown older its conception of the Deity had grown worse and worse, till in Christianity it reached the *ne*

plus ultra of wickedness, and had no small effect in demoralizing the world. These opinions he taught his child, warning him at the same time that they could not be prudently avowed.

With regard to morals, he believed (with Bentham) that the exclusive test of right and wrong was the tendency of actions to produce pleasure and pain. But in pleasure he had scarcely any belief. "He was not insensible to pleasures, but he deemed very few of them worth the pain which in the present state of society must be paid for them." The pleasures of the benevolent affections he placed high in the scale of enjoyment. "But he never varied in rating intellectual enjoyments above all others, even in value as pleasures, independently of their ulterior benefits." On the whole "he thought human life a poor thing after the freshness of youth and of unsatisfied curiosity had gone by." Passionate emotion (pleasurable as it unquestionably is) he despised as a kind of madness (pp. 43-49). It would seem, however, that he was able to laugh heartily (p. 102).

Feelings, as such, he considered to be no proper subjects of praise or blame. Right and wrong, good and bad, he regarded as qualities solely of conduct—of acts and omissions,—there being no feeling which may not lead, and does not frequently lead, either to good or bad actions; conscience itself, the very desire to act right, often leading people to act wrong. Consistently carrying out the doctrine, that the object of praise and blame should be the discouragement of wrong conduct and the encouragement of right, he refused to let his praise or blame be influenced by the motive of the agent. He blamed as severely what he thought a bad action, where the motive was a feeling of duty, as if the agents had been consciously evil-doers. He would not have accepted as a plea in mitigation for inquisitors that they sincerely believed burning heretics to be an obligation of conscience. But though he did not allow honesty of purpose to soften his disapprobation of actions, it had its full effect on his estimation of characters. No one prized conscientiousness and rectitude of intention more highly, or was more incapable of valuing any person in whom he did not feel assurance of it. But he disliked people quite as much for any other deficiency, provided he thought it equally likely to make them act ill. He disliked, for instance, a fanatic in any bad

cause as much or more than one who had adopted the same course from self-interest, because he thought him even more likely to be practically mischievous. (Pp. 49, 50.)

"All this," says Mr. John Mill, meaning the paragraph which I have quoted at length, "is merely saying that he in a degree once very common but now very unusual, threw his feelings into his opinions." It is in fact, however, saying very much more. And what it says is very material in the formation of his son's character. It says that pushing to its legitimate results the philosophy of Mr. Bentham, which he adopted, he valued his fellow-creatures not according to any conception of intrinsic dignity, nobility, purity, elevation, or tenderness (whatever meaning may be attached to these words), but like a watch or a spinning-jenny on account of their tendency to produce pleasure, and in proportion to that tendency. Ordinary moralists would impute to a man who tortured others for his own personal amusement or advantage, an intrinsic baseness, which would not attach to one who tortured them because he was seriously though wrongly convinced that the good of the world or of the man himself required it. Mr. Mill refused to admit of intrinsic differences, and disliked the zealot more than the knave "because he thought him more likely to be practically mischievous." In valuing a horse we ask whether he can do our work. If he cannot, we do not care whether it is because he is vicious or because he is blind. Mr. Mill estimated his fellow-men as he would have "priced" a hack. A blunder, or habit of blundering, would have been to him as odious as a lie or a habit of lying, provided he thought it likely to do as much harm. To this dethronement of the moral instincts, much of the son's peculiar character is traceable.

If these instincts, instead of being indiscriminately poured forth upon mankind, were confined to some intellectual or other aristocracy, I cannot help thinking that they would be recognized as bearing somewhat the same relation to moral philosophy that genius does to learning—say that musical genius does to a knowledge of thorough-bass. Even in the fields which

science affects to cover, there exists by its side a prophetic subtlety which outstrips the lagging methods of reason, and, with a tact beyond analysis, detects a harmony or discord which philosophy has to accept at its hands and account for at its leisure. And on ground where science can scarcely find a footing (as among first principles or the construction of a musical melody) it is generally supposed that intuition reigns supreme and furnishes the very data on which science has to plant its foundations. Here and there a person is to be found, who with a correct ear has scarcely a tinge of musical taste. Such a person, if also a mathematician, can understand and apply the laws according to which music performs its office; and can appreciate, no doubt, with a certain satisfaction, the fact that this or that composition is an application of these laws. But the sweetness, the elevation, the pathos, the majesty, the playfulness—that indescribable thrill which may be all or none of these—the whole range of various enjoyment which music is capable of furnishing over and above the sense of uniformity to law—all this is to him simply inaccessible. He may tell you as long as he likes, and tell you truly, that he is a better musician than you are. But not the less are you privileged to enter a sphere of experience—the experience that beauty is beauty—to which he can no more attain than a beast to the comprehension of Euclid. I do not examine how closely this applies to a man who closes his mind to the appreciation of intrinsic moral excellence, and measures the nobility of a human character (as I understand Mr. James Mill to have done) by the probable utility of the motives which constitute that character. Thus much is at any rate plain—that he excludes himself from a world of feelings which in some respects constitute knowledge, and which give life and value to knowledge which they do not constitute. He puts from him that affectionate admiration of what is called beauty of character which affects us in actual life apart from consideration of results—that tranquil reverence or buoyancy of heart which is called up by certain great poetical representations only because they are what they are. This whole field of refreshing, con-

soling, inspiring experience was closed to Mr. James Mill, possibly by his nature, certainly by his theories; and what was closed to him, was in a great measure closed to the son, to whose being he gave the color of his own. Characteristically enough, "he was no great admirer of Shakespeare, the English idolatry of whom he used to attack with great severity," and if he advised his son to read that author "it was chiefly on account of the historical plays" (p. 16).

My father's moral inculcations were at all times mainly those of the "*Socratici viri*," justice, temperance (to which he gave a very extended application), veracity, perseverance, readiness to encounter pain, and especially labor; regard for the public good, estimation of persons according to their merits (*i.e.*, the probable results of the motives by which they were governed), and of things according to their intrinsic usefulness, a life of exertion in contradiction to one of self-indulgent ease and sloth. . . . These and other moralities he conveyed in brief sentences uttered as occasion arose of grave exhortation or stern reprobation or contempt. (P. 47.)

He had his theory of praise and blame. But in his practical teaching we hear nothing of praise or encouragement, but only of "grave exhortation, or stern reprobation or contempt." This omission of what is amiable from his discipline is hardly less significant of his character than the omission from his moral code, not only of such virtues as humility, modesty, and chastity, but also of courtesy, sympathy, pity, gratitude, personal affection, in short, of all the great and small things which constitute love, which is drily replaced by "regard for the public good."

"It will be admitted," says the son, "that a man of the opinions and the character above described was likely to leave a strong impression on any mind principally formed by him, and that his moral teaching was not likely to err on the side of laxity or indulgence" (p. 51). Certainly it did not so err in regard to his first-born, who must have been a model of industry and obedience.

Between the ages of eight and twelve "I was continually incurring his displeas-

ure by my inability to solve difficult problems" in the differential calculus and other portions of the higher mathematics, "for which he did not see that I had not the previous knowledge" (p. 12). After twelve, "of all things which he required me to do there was none which I did so constantly ill or in which he so perpetually lost his temper with me" as reading aloud Plato and Demosthenes (p. 23).

"I was always too much in awe of him to be otherwise than extremely subdued and quiet in his presence" (p. 34). "Both as a boy and as a youth, I was incessantly smarting under his severe admonitions on the subject" of want of alertness (p. 37).

With this exhibition of the relations between son and father we are not surprised to be told that —

The element which was chiefly deficient in his moral relation to his children was that of tenderness. I do not believe that this deficiency lay in his own nature. I believe him to have had much more feeling than he habitually showed, and much greater capacities of feeling than were ever developed. He resembled most Englishmen in being ashamed of the signs of feeling, and by the absence of demonstration starving the feelings themselves. If we consider further that he was in the trying position of sole teacher, and add to this that his temper was constitutionally irritable, it is impossible not to feel true pity for a father who did, and strove to do, so much for his children, who would have so valued their affection, yet who must have been constantly feeling that fear of him was drying it up at its source. This was no longer the case later in life, and with his younger children. They loved him tenderly, and, if I cannot say so much of myself, I was always loyally devoted to him. (Pp. 51, 52.)

In short his relations to the man who formed him seem to have been strangely like those which Mr. Fitzjames Stephen considers appropriate to the Creator of all things as conjecturable by reason.

If it be further asked, "Can you love such a Being?" I should answer, Love is not the word which I should use, but awe. The law under which we live is stern and, as far as we can judge, inflexible, but it is noble, and excites a feeling of awful respect for its Author and for the constitution established in the world which it governs, and a sincere wish to act up to, and carry it out as far as possible. If we

believe in God at all, this, I think, is the rational and manly way of speaking of him. ("Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," p. 311.)

The element "Abba, Father," is alike wanting in the two cases, and the son does not make light of it.

I do not believe that fear, as an element in education, can be dispensed with, but I am sure that it ought not to be the main element; and where it predominates so much as to preclude love and confidence on the part of the child to those who should be the unreservedly trusted advisers of after years, and perhaps to seal up the fountains of frank and spontaneous communicativeness in the child's nature, it is an evil for which a large abatement must be made from the benefits, moral and intellectual, which may flow from any other part of the education. (P. 53.)

There is something strangely pathetic in this cry of sorrow and sympathy. The father who "did, and strove to do, so much for his children" — so seriously alive to the obligation of making the most of the extraordinary mind for which he found himself responsible — so capable of honest pride in the expanding genius which he was fostering, and which promised to occupy the exact sphere of utility which he could best understand; the son earnest, obedient, devoted; yet both alike cut off from the opportunities of improvement and enjoyment which circumstances so bountifully offered to them by the imperious and unsympathetic nature of the father, issuing in a certain acrid irritability, and hardened by a theory which dried up the specific affections by teaching that the advantage probably derivable from a human being is the gauge of his intrinsic value. Mr. James Mill took the same hard pains with his son that some game-keepers would with a valuable pointer; and this was the result of treating a sensitive human being like a dog.

Nor was there anything to qualify this dismal outlook. Of Mr. Mill's mother we are told nothing. It is to be inferred that there was nothing to tell. His younger brothers and sisters he was required to teach, and he found it very disagreeable — "not a good moral discipline." From boys of his own age he was carefully kept apart, lest he should be corrupted by them. In matters of religion he had been taught to believe that all theologies were bad, and that nearest him the *ne plus ultra* of wickedness. So that as far as the development of his affections was concerned, his father was a terror to him, his mother a blank, his brothers and sisters were

bores, he had no companions, no play, and no God.

What desolation! And yet he tells us that his childhood was a happy one. It must have been a singular happiness — one in which the play of the affections, the enjoyment of sport, the interchange of childish sympathies, and the aspirations of childish fancy were absent, and which was based on the delight of expanding intellect — the growing love of labor — the triumphant conquest of successive fields of knowledge, — soon also a rising consciousness of intellectual power, and at last perhaps a noble desire to apply that power to useful purposes and the acquisition of legitimate eminence.

Under these conditions his education went on. It was the conscientious determination of his father that he was to be a "thinking machine" capable of unparalleled performances, and animated by the motives most likely to produce benefit to mankind. To this end he was elaborated day by day — almost hour by hour. What was effected, if truly related, was almost miraculous. So were the industry and sagacity which Mr. James Mill brought to his task — an industry which must have absorbed every spare moment of his time, and a sagacity not less remarkable because occasionally misled by his overbearing exigency, and throughout limited by his arid conceptions of human nature.

Born in 1806, John Mill had begun Greek before he was three years old; at seven he was reading dialogues of Plato, including the "Theætetus," "which last dialogue, I venture to think, would have been better omitted, as it was totally impossible I should understand it." Then he took Latin in hand, reading all that is to be read — an incredible list of authors. At twelve he embarked on logic — scholastic and Aristotelian. At thirteen he went through "a complete course" of political economy. At fourteen he finished his education in France, and then started, "I may fairly say, with an advantage of a quarter of a century above my contemporaries."

And now came one of the crises of his intellectual life. His father had already educated him in Benthamism. He now "put into my hands Bentham's principal speculations as interpreted on the Continent, and indeed to all the world, by Dumont, in the '*Traité de Législation*.' The reading of that book was an epoch in my life, one of the turning-points in my mental history."

It was natural. Mr. Mill's nature was

preparing itself for an outburst. His sympathies, impulses, susceptibilities, affections had been starved or discouraged. He had become a machine for absorbing knowledge and pursuing argument. Objects of love he had none, and for an object of veneration the strange mixture (in the ancient sense) of "the Stoic, the Epicurean, and the Cynic," which he called father. And yet, within his critical and unrelenting intellect lay an ardent moral nature, hungry for food. And thus, while in Bentham's unsparing butchery of every form of sentimental morality he seemed to find a complete philosophy, in his penetrating application of the greatest-happiness principle to practical life, he found an object for his moral aspirations.

What thus impressed me was the chapter in which Bentham passed judgment on the common modes of reasoning in morals and legislation, deduced from phrases like "law of nature," "right reason," "the moral sense," "natural rectitude," and the like, and characterized them as dogmatism in disguise, imposing its sentiments upon others, under cover of sounding expressions which convey no reason for the sentiment, but set up the sentiment as its own reason. It had not struck me before that Bentham's principle put an end to all this. The feeling rushed upon me that all previous moralists were superseded, and that here indeed was the commencement of a new era in thought. (Pp. 64, 65.) . . . When I laid down the last volume of the "*Traité*," I had become a different being. The "principle of utility" understood as Bentham understood it, and applied in the manner in which he applied it through these three volumes, fell exactly into its place as the keystone which held together the detached and fragmentary component parts of my knowledge and beliefs. It gave unity to my conception of things. I now had opinions, a creed, a doctrine, a philosophy; in one among the best senses of the word, a religion, the inculcation and diffusion of which could be made the principal outward purpose of a life. And I had a grand conception laid before me of changes to be effected in the condition of mankind through that doctrine. (Pp. 66, 67.)

Here then we find Mr. Mill in possession of a creed and an object of practical devotion. The real mental crisis in his life cannot be appreciated without clearly conceiving what that creed and practical object were. It is in some degree caused by their collision—or rather by the discovery that one did not support the other.

I begin with the creed. As far as the present subject is concerned, all men, I suppose, agree that every act of the human will must be founded on some desire; and that the most frequent object of that de-

sire is perhaps the acquisition of some pleasure, including in that the avoidance of pain, and embracing every form of enjoyment, high or low, present or future. But most of us believe that it is possible to desire other things than pleasure, even in this extended sense. It is supposed possible by some persons, and in some degree, to desire the happiness (or indeed unhappiness) of others, posthumous fame, success, moral excellence, or, in the case of religious men, the glory of the God in whom they believe—for itself, and independently of any pleasure reflected back from it. It is supposed that human beings are capable of making, to a certain extent, sacrifice of known pleasure, absolute as far as it goes, not because the pleasure of that sacrifice is greater than its pain, but because they deliberately choose something else rather than their own personal greater enjoyment. It is said, for instance, that an old Irish countess, when urged on her death-bed to make restitution of a large amount of ill-gotten land, rejected absolution on those terms, and died saying that "it was better that an old woman [herself] should howl for a thousand years in purgatory than that the Butlers should lack land." Most people would imagine that this old countess's sentiment was not dictated by the desire for her own greater enjoyment, but that the prosperity of the Butlers was to her a particular and final object of desire, to which she was ready to make a large and uncompensated sacrifice of her own comfort. Possibly she died with the satisfaction of thinking that the importance of the Butlers was saved. But the vulgar opinion would be that the prospect of this transitory personal pleasure was insufficient to account for a sacrifice so tremendous; which therefore would be ascribed to a deeper and more overpowering motive—a passionate family devotion. The desire (on this view) is not due to the prospect of personal gratification, but the personal gratification, if any, is the consequence of the supposed accomplishment of the desire. The pleasure would not be there unless there was the desire to begin with. So if a man does or does not betray a comrade on the rack, it is generally supposed, not that he is at the mercy of a balance of conflicting agonies, present or future, moral or physical, but that he is between an agony on the one side, and on the other a particular desire, incorporated in a determination to save his friend. Nor at this point is it material to inquire how he came to have this desire. If the de-

sire is substantial and self-sustaining, so as to furnish a motive of action independently of the prospect of pleasure, then the acquisition of pleasure is not the only motive of which human nature is capable.

At the next step, however, the history of desire *does* become material; for, as the world appears to itself to see that these and the like actions are not explicable by the hope of present pleasure, so it refuses to believe that they can in all cases be accounted for by the ghosts of pleasures that are past. Granting that a miser's love of gold is referable to the associations which attach to it as an instrument of pleasure; granting that human life is studded with the pleasures and pains of such associations; granting, further, that motives arising from association are often latent, and therefore discoverable (like selfishness) when we least expect them—granting all this, it remains the fact that many men, even among those who seriously tax their intellects to discover the source of their feelings, are led to the belief that as desire may exist in the mind independently of present or future pleasure, so it may arise without connection with any past pleasure, and, in particular, that a man may desire absolutely and in itself—"because he does," as children say—to be and do good. Believing in particular objects of desire, they believe further that some of such objects are more noble and excellent than others, and that men are capable of pursuing these objects on account of their excellence, not merely on account of the pleasure derivable from that excellence by way of self-satisfaction or otherwise, nor by way of mere senseless habit as a miser loves his gold, but for the sake of that excellence itself. They also believe that the evidence of this real and intrinsic excellence lies in a certain internal and authoritative approval or admiration, the proof of which is in itself—clear to those who see it—incommunicable to those who do not—an approval sometimes taking the form of an infallible appreciation of axiomatic truth (as in recognizing the excellence of truth, justice, and benevolence), sometimes that of a fallible instinct (as in a disgust at all that is called unnatural); but in all cases apart from and claiming precedence over pleasure. And finally, they believe that the choice between excellence (say) and pleasure, or between other particular motives which can be reduced to no common measure or logical comparison, is, at least in certain cases, effected by an inscrutable and self-sustained power called free-will.

This view of human nature, when carefully examined, is encumbered with much that is puzzling, all which is summarily swept aside by the Benthamite theory of man.

According to Mr. Bentham, it is impossible that a man can be really actuated by any other motive than that of securing pleasure or avoiding pain. And it is his single duty, in the only rational sense of the word, so to form his own disposition and govern his own conduct, as to secure as much as possible of one, and avoid as much as possible of the other.

Before a theory of this nature such words and ideas as "moral sense," "right reason," and "natural rectitude,"—or, I add, such as "conscience," "moral dignity," or "natural decency,"—do indeed fall like docks and nettles before the scythe of the mower. And it was by the keen completeness with which Mr. Bentham applied his weapon to the relentless demolition of all that rests on intuitive approval or disapproval that he captivated the youthful intellect of Mr. John Mill.

To say that pleasure is the only possible object of desire, is to say that nothing can be desired except in proportion as it seems to be pleasurable. Some persons (including eventually, as we shall see, Mr. John Mill) have shrunk from this inevitable conclusion. But Mr. Bentham was not one of them. His catalogue of pleasures, indeed, included the most exalted as well as the most despicable. But he utterly repudiated the notion that one pleasure is made better or worse than another by being exalted or despicable, if only the quantity is equal.

Benevolence, truth, justice, chastity, and the rest, are only valuable when, and so far as, they conduce to the interests of those whose interests are in question; that is, as I understand, the interests of an individual if he is considering the matter by himself and for himself—the interests of a community when they embrace his own, and when, therefore, he finds himself forced to a collective consideration of profit and loss.

As this statement of Bentham's fundamental dogma may not be universally acknowledged, I subjoin a few passages from his "Introduction to the Principles of Morals and Legislation," quoting from an edition published in 1823, which may be taken therefore to represent his opinions at the period on which we are engaged. The italics are Bentham's.

The treatise opens as follows:—

Nature has placed mankind under the gov-

ernance of two sovereign masters, *pain* and *pleasure*. It is for them alone to point out what we ought to do as well as to determine what we shall do. On the one hand the standard of right and wrong, on the other the chain of causes and effects, are fastened to their throne. They govern us in all we do, in all we say, and in all we think. Every effort we can make to throw off our subjection will serve but to demonstrate and confirm it. In words a man may pretend to abjure their empire, but in reality he will remain subject to it all the while. (Chap. i., § 1, p. 1.)

Pleasure being thus, in the general, our only sovereign master, it becomes requisite to frame a principle of valuation for the comparison of particular pleasures. Their value, he says, must depend exclusively on the following considerations:—

1. The intensity of the pleasure.
2. Its duration.
3. Its certainty.
4. Its propinquity.
5. Its fecundity (or its tendency to produce more pleasures).
6. Its purity (carefully explained to mean its non-liability to produce subsequent pain).

And lastly—

7. (When the interests of many persons are in question) its extent—or the number of persons who will share it. (Chap. iv., §§ 2, 3, 4, pp. 50, 51.)

It will be seen that every element of value (except perhaps the questionable one of propinquity) turns on mere quantity—to the exclusion of every form of sentiment or other heterogeneous idea. This it is that gives Bentham the logical completeness in which he delights, and which he drives home with a genuine pleasure in his own paradox.

A motive [he says] is substantially nothing more than pleasure or pain operating in a certain manner.

Now pleasure is in itself a good—nay, even setting aside immunity from pain—the only good. Pain is in itself an evil; and indeed, without exception, the only evil, or else the words good and evil have no meaning. And this is alike true of every sort of pain and every sort of pleasure. It follows, therefore, immediately and incontestably, *there is no such thing as any sort of motive that is in itself a bad one.*

And, to avoid all possibility of misapprehension, he adds, in a note:—

Let a man's motive be ill-will; call it even malice, envy, cruelty; it is still a kind of pleasure that is his motive; the pleasure he takes at the thought of the pain which he sees, or expects to see his adversary undergo. Now even this wretched pleasure—[Why wretched?

It may be in the highest degree intense, certain, immediate, and fruitful in expectation of similar pleasures]—even this wretched pleasure, taken by itself, is good. It may be faint, it may be short, it must be at any rate impure—[Why so, as far as the individual is concerned?—yet while it lasts, and before any bad consequences arise, it is as good as any other that is not more intense. (Chap. x., §§ 9, 10, pp. 169, 170.)

The same sentiment, at bottom, is expressed in the “Deontology” compiled by Dr. Bowring from Bentham's MSS.:—

The talisman of arrogance, indolence, and ignorance is to be found in a single word, an authoritative imposture, which in these pages it will be frequently necessary to unveil. It is the word “ought” . . . If the use of the word be admissible at all, it “ought” to be banished from the vocabulary of morals. (“Deontology,” vol. i., pp. 31, 32.)

I do not say that this is philosophically consistent with all that Mr. Bentham and his disciples may say elsewhere. That is their affair. But it is unequivocal—as unequivocal as an unparalleled ability for plain-speaking can make it, and cannot be taken in a non-natural sense without destroying that incisive coherency which constitutes the attractive force of Benthamism.

And how is it that such a creed—I will not say can be made the foundation of a religion, but—can be made consistent with one, with a religion “in one of the best senses of the word”—of a religion “the inculcation and diffusion of which could be made the principal outward purpose of a life,” and would thus supply an object of practical devotion? An answer, if it did not suggest itself, would be suggested by the sequel of Mr. Mill's history.

However we may explain the fact, men in general certainly have hearts. And I should like any one who is in this respect *unus multorum*, to ask himself one question, “Could any evidence on earth persuade me to believe, and to act on the belief of two propositions—first, that I have not the power, and therefore am under no obligation, to pursue any other object than my own greatest enjoyment; secondly, that this enjoyment is to be found in a course of unflinching treachery, injustice, and cruelty?” Let any honest man, who is not tied hand and foot to a philosophical creed, try to imagine himself endeavoring to accept such a conception of things as a practical rule of conduct, and he will, I think, see before him an imperative impossibility of doing so—an impossibility invulnerable to logic, not

sufficiently explained by habit; but even if so explained, still, in fact, positive and ineradicable.

Now I have not the slightest doubt, indeed the fact is evident, that many utilitarians are men of elevated and tender characters; and though capable, like their neighbors, of yielding to temptation, are as incapable as their fellow-men of adopting falsehood and ferocity as a rule of life. The practical conclusion which inevitably follows from the two foregoing premisses is as abhorrent to them as to any one else. So, as their philosophy will not allow them to deny the major premiss (that pleasure is the only good), their nature makes it an article of faith to deny the minor (that vice can be true happiness). They justify personal virtue by assuming, with a confidence which, if God is not and conscience is only a fantasy, I do not quite comprehend, that a man will find his own happiness in devoting himself to that of others. This *concordat* between the nature of a utilitarian and his philosophy can, by a certain not very convenient stretch of language, be called a "religion." It makes it possible for a high-minded man, on the platform of selfishness, to embrace practically a noble course of life, justified ostensibly by a philosophical deduction (which I do not desire to scrutinize too closely), but based in reality on that deep sense of goodness and aspiration after it which religious men identify with religion, and which compels those who deny its authority on paper to find in practice some excuse for obeying it.

It was in this sense that Mr. Mill extorted what he called a religion from Benthamism. He found in it a career which satisfied at once his philosophy and his nature—his philosophy because it was pleasant, his nature because it was lofty. His stunted affections and his nascent aspirations were struggling for an outlet. He had been taught to seek this in public spirit. And Bentham seemed to show him to what great and interesting purposes that public spirit might be turned.

Some years of happiness followed. But in his full career of Benthamist usefulness he found himself sharply arrested by something within.

From the winter of 1821, when I first read Bentham, and especially from the commencement of the *Westminster Review*, I had what might truly be called an object in life, to be a reformer of the world. My conception of my own happiness was entirely identified with this object. The personal sympathies I wished for were those of fellow-laborers in this en-

terprise. I endeavored to pick up as many flowers as I could by the way; but as a serious and permanent personal satisfaction to rest upon, my whole reliance was placed on this; and I was accustomed to felicitate myself on the certainty of a happy life which I enjoyed, through placing my happiness in something durable and distant, in which some progress might be always making, while it could never be exhausted by complete attainment. This did very well for several years, during which the general improvement going on in the world, and the idea of myself as engaged with others in struggling to promote it, seemed enough to fill up an interesting and animated existence. But the time came when I awakened from this as from a dream. It was in the autumn of 1826. I was in a dull state of nerves, such as everybody is occasionally liable to; unsusceptible to enjoyment or pleasurable excitement; one of those moods when what is pleasure at other times becomes insipid or indifferent; the state I should think in which converts to Methodism usually are, when smitten by their first "conviction of sin." In this frame of mind it occurred to me to put the question directly to myself, "Suppose that all your objects in life were realized, that all the changes in institutions and opinions which you are looking forward to could be completely effected at this very instant, would this be a great joy and happiness to you?" And an irrepressible self-consciousness distinctly answered, "No!" At this my heart sank within me; the whole foundation on which my life was constructed fell down. All my happiness was to have been found in the continual pursuit of this end. The end had ceased to charm, and how could there ever again be any interest in the means? I seemed to have nothing left to live for. (Pp. 132, 133, 134.)

At first he hoped that the cloud would pass away. It did not. It seemed to grow thicker and thicker. His favorite books ceased to charm him. Great examples had lost their power over him. He did not love any friend sufficiently to confide in him. His father could not have understood him. His distress was not respectable in his own eyes. His achievement of precocious distinction had exhausted the resources of vanity and ambition, and thus selfish and unselfish pleasures (a more unmitigated Benthamite would have said self-regarding and extra-regarding) had alike ceased to please. He went about hardly remembering what he did; and his state during the "melancholy winter of 1826-1827" was one of such "dry, heavy dejection" that he began to question the duty of living, and thought he could not bear such a life for more than a year.

Viewed in the light of the current moral philosophy, his case was an exceedingly

curious and interesting, but also an exceedingly simple one. With all the impetus of enthusiasm he had struck on a rock not laid down in the Benthamite charts. It was the corner-stone of the adverse philosophy, and the whole fabric of the "religion" which had been found for him trembled at the shock.

Observe his case narrowly. It was not that human happiness having been, in fact, accomplished under his eyes, he unexpectedly found that it failed to give him pleasure; but that, placing the idea of this happiness before his mind, with all the license of expectant imagination, he found that he had ceased to desire it. Word it how he will, this is a true representation of his posture of mind. He did not find the water bad, but he had ceased to be thirsty. He was confronted by the perception that the pleasures of benevolence were beyond his reach unless he had an antecedent desire for the happiness of his fellow-creatures. And this, if true, is the contradiction and refutation of the cardinal principle which gives method and completeness to Benthamism.

But even if the end were worthless, could not the chase be continued for its own sake?

A fox-hunter does not cease to enjoy hunting because he ceases to desire the death of the fox. May we not pursue human happiness for the mere excitement of the game without caring whether the object of our pursuit is venison or vermin? Mr. Mill's answer rose from depths which his philosophy had not sounded, and was in the negative. An instinct which he did but imperfectly recognize told him that in this case at least the chase was a mockery unless the end had a substantial hold on the mind. "*On ne badine pas avec l'amour*," as a sentimental French play says. The benevolent sympathies are noble with a self-sustained nobility, and authoritative in virtue of that nobility—or they are nothing. If they are seen to be a mere amusement they cease to be even that. In real truth that sovereign compound of love and duty which is inadequately called conscience presented itself to him; and without knowing what it was he was appalled by it—appalled for six whole months. He saw it, but not, he thought, within him. Once apprehended, it terrified him by its absence from his own heart, though in truth he had all his life long been taught that he had no business to expect it there.

There are men who would not have been so terrified—men to whom the cynical

"*bon estomac, mauvais cœur*" is a sufficient recipe for happiness. But John Mill was not among them.

He was not apparently an amiable youth, but his history shows him capable of passionate personal attachment, and a nature capable of strong affections will always seek an object for them. He was also an egotist. He could hardly have been otherwise. An object of his father's unremitting attention, and debarred from the penetrating discipline of boyish companionship, what could he think of but himself and his performances? Mr. James Mill, indeed, who to a philosopher's familiarity with the laws of human nature joined a philosopher's ignorance of that nature itself, seemed to suppose that he could check the inevitable risings of self-complacency by unsympathetic severity, which, as a wiser mother would have told him, could only drive it inwards. Finding himself twenty-five years ahead of his contemporaries, what prospect could he brood over but that of coming importance? Nursed in a philosophy whose claim to attention was that it reduced all motives to the prospect of personal pleasure, what could he consistently believe in but his own interests? The self-sufficiency which under these circumstances was almost unavoidable, shows itself in the gravity with which he pronounces those wrong who thought him a conceited boy, and in the intellectual Pharisaism (for it cannot be called less) with which he pronounces ordinary society unworthy of him (p. 228). But egotist as he thus became, he was susceptible—highly susceptible—to the idea of disinterested devotion to an object. At the bottom of his nature the yearnings of affection and the sense of duty lay hidden in unsuspected strength.

No doubt they had been kept under by a vigorous practical pedantry. To most children praise and blame are not only reward and punishment—they open the conception of a moral world—a world in which desert is real and admiration legitimate; in which certain acts are not only beneficial but "good," others not only inexpedient but "naughty." Not so Mr. James Mill. "In psychology," says his son, "his fundamental doctrine was the formation of all human character by circumstances, through the universal principle of association, and the consequent unlimited possibility" of improvement by education. Accordingly, as we have seen, praise and blame were to him mere instruments for the formation of expedient characters, by an arbitrary association of

pleasurable ideas with expedient actions. They were to man what carrots or sticks are to a horse or an ass — engines of manufacture, not revelations of truth. It was this carrot and stick discipline to which Mr. John Mill was subjected, and which he accepted dutifully as flowing from that perfect wisdom of which up to this time his father had been the representative. But after all, humanity is ineradicable. A vigorous moral nature may be distorted, but it cannot be quite repressed. And Mr. Mill's mental disturbance was the insurrection of such a moral nature against a discipline which had given no object to his affections, and a philosophy which refused him a conscience. The *concordat* which had for some time furnished a *modus vivendi* between nature and philosophy had broken down; the understanding that his nature would submit to a selfish theory if his philosophy would justify an unselfish practice was for the moment torn up. Reversing the usual trials of youth, the dogmas of pleasure were face to face with the instincts of duty, and he had to choose between them.

All this, however, which to a commonplace observer is evident, Mr. Mill was by no means prepared to admit to himself. Indeed, if he had, he must have almost begun his philosophy anew. But neither was he altogether disposed to shirk the question which had been sprung upon him. He accepted conscientiously the obligation of explaining himself to himself in his own and his father's calculus — that is, without adopting the hypothesis of conscience as an independent motive power.

My course of study had led me to believe that all mental and moral feelings and qualities, whether of a good or a bad kind, were the results of association; that we love one thing and hate another, take pleasure in one sort of action or contemplation, and pain in another sort, through the clinging of pleasurable or painful ideas to these things, from the effect of education or of experience. As a corollary from this, I had always heard it maintained by my father, and was myself convinced, that the object of education should be to form the strongest possible associations of the salutary class; associations of pleasure with all things beneficial to the great whole, and of pain with all things hurtful to it. This doctrine appeared inexpugnable; but it now seemed to me, on retrospect, that my teachers had occupied themselves but superficially with the means of forming and keeping up these salutary associations. They seemed to have trusted altogether to the old familiar instruments, praise and blame, reward and punish-

ment. Now I did not doubt that by these means, begun early and applied unremittently, intense associations of pain and pleasure, especially of pain, might be created, and might produce desires and aversions capable of lasting undiminished to the end of life. But there must always be something artificial and casual in associations thus produced. The pains and pleasures thus forcibly associated with things are not connected with them by any natural tie; and it is therefore, I thought, essential to the durability of these associations that they should have become so intense and inveterate as to be practically indissoluble, before the habitual exercise of the power of analysis had commenced. For I now saw, or thought I saw, what I had always before received with incredulity — that the habit of analysis has a tendency to wear away the feelings: as indeed it has when no other mental habit is cultivated, and the analyzing spirit remains without its natural complements and correctives. The very excellence of analysis (I argued) is that it tends to weaken and undermine whatever is the result of prejudice; that it enables us mentally to separate ideas which have only casually clung together; and no associations whatever could ultimately resist this dissolving force, were it not that we owe to analysis our clearest knowledge of the permanent sequences in nature; the real connections between things not dependent on our will and feelings; natural laws, by virtue of which, in many cases, one thing is inseparable from another in fact; which laws, in proportion as they are clearly perceived and imaginatively realized, cause our ideas of things which are always joined together in nature, to cohere more and more closely in our thoughts. Analytic habits may thus even strengthen the associations between causes and effects, means and ends, but tend altogether to weaken those which are, to speak familiarly, a *mere* matter of feeling. They are therefore (I thought) favorable to prudence and clearsightedness, but a perpetual worm at the root both of the passions and of the virtues; and, above all, fearfully undermine all desires and all pleasures, which are the effects of association — that is, according to the theory I held — all except the purely physical and organic, of the entire insufficiency of which to make life desirable no one had a stronger conviction than I had. These were the laws of human nature, by which, it seemed to me, I had been brought to my present state. All those to whom I looked up were of opinion that the pleasure of sympathy with human beings, and the feelings which made the good of others, and especially of mankind on a large scale, the object of existence, were the greatest and surest sources of happiness. Of the truth of this I was convinced, but to know that a feeling would make me happy if I had it, did not give me the feeling. My education, I thought, had failed to create these feelings in sufficient strength to resist the dissolving influence of analysis, while the whole course of my intel-

lectual cultivation had made precocious and premature analysis the inveterate habit of my mind. . . . And there seemed no power in nature sufficient to begin the formation of my character anew, and create in a mind now irretrievably analytic fresh associations of pleasure with any of the objects of human desire. (Pp. 136-139.)

Pleasures of sense he saw had a real foundation in our nature; and accordingly the most searching analysis could but establish their substantial character. But then they were wholly insufficient for the happiness of a human being. Moral pleasure—pleasure in the happiness of others, was, to a man who was susceptible of it, the surest source of happiness. But then analysis showed that the happiness of others was at bottom no affair of ours; and under the solvent force of this demonstration all our happiness must evaporate, unless in early life, the trick (so to call it) of taking pleasure in doing good had been too firmly fastened in the mind, as an invincible prejudice, to be affected by any intellectual exposure. To him the exposure had come before the prejudice was inveterate. The truths of analysis had taken root, and it was no longer possible “in a mind now irretrievably analytic” to create fresh associations of pleasure with beneficence. To one who believes that moral phenomena revolve round conscience, the explanation itself is a curious spectacle. It is like the lucubration of a Ptolemaic astronomer, trying to impose upon an audience of Copernicans the system of cycles and epicycles by which he was himself obliged to methodize the sidereal movements, until he should convince himself that the earth went round the sun.

There, however, it was—Mr. Mill’s account of the situation.

Philosophy appeared to have gained the day—a philosophy of despair. But the nature which he had repudiated came to his aid. The mighty mother, who had alarmed him, put forth at last her hand to soothe. “After half a year a small ray of light broke in upon my gloom. I was reading accidentally Marmontel’s “*Mémoires*,” and came to the passage which relates his father’s death, the distressed position of his family, and the sudden inspiration by which he, then a mere boy, felt and made them feel that he would be everything to them—would supply the place of all that they had lost. A vivid conception of the scene and its feelings came over me, and I was moved to tears. From this moment my burden

grew lighter. The oppression of the thought, that all feeling was dead within me, was gone. I was no longer hopeless; I was not a stick or a stone. I had still, it seemed, some of the material out of which all worth of character” (in which, in spite of his philosophy he could not help believing) “and all capacity for happiness are made” (pp. 140, 141).

The cloud broke; he recovered by degrees his interest in life, and was never again so miserable as he had been. He had at least affections, or the capacity of them. But his intellect stood firm. He was still determined to believe that this unselfishness of which he felt the supreme necessity had not really anything in it. A fresh concordat had to be negotiated; and a fresh compromise was patched up on the old basis, but with a difference. Philosophy was to reign over his creed, but nature was to dictate his practice. He held firmly to the great Benthamite principle that the end of all human action must be the personal happiness of the agent, but he determined that men must act as if it were not.

I now thought that this end (happiness) was only to be attained by not making it the direct end. Those only are happy, I said, who have their minds fixed on some object other than their own happiness—on the happiness of others, on the improvement of mankind, even on some art or pursuit, followed not as a means, but as itself an ideal end. Aiming at something else they find happiness by the way. . . . The only chance is to treat not happiness, but some end external to it, as the purpose of life. . . . This theory now became the basis of my philosophy of life. And I still hold to it as the best theory for all those who have but a moderate degree of sensibility and of capacity for enjoyment, that is, for the majority of mankind. (Pp. 142, 143.)

A less direct concession to the moral principle was, that he seems now to have felt the importance of *being* something as well as *doing* something. “I for the first time gave its proper place among the prime necessities of human well-being to the internal culture of the individual.” Poetical and other susceptibilities became valuable in his eye. And in particular he was fascinated by Wordsworth’s power of putting spiritual life into natural scenery. Wordsworth taught him “that there was real permanent happiness in tranquil contemplation, . . . not only without turning away from, but with a greatly increased interest in, the common feelings and common destiny of mankind.” “The delight which these poems gave me proved that

with culture of this sort there was nothing to dread from the most confirmed habit of analysis" (p. 148).

Thus virtue might properly be cultivated, not only as an exciting career, but, among other susceptibilities, as a pleasant dream. "The intensest feeling of the beauty of a cloud lighted by the setting sun is no hindrance to my knowing that the cloud is vapor of water, subject to all the laws of vapor in a state of suspension; and I am just as likely to allow for and act on these physical laws whenever there is occasion to do so, as if I had been incapable of perceiving any distinction between beauty and ugliness" (p. 152). So apparently we may admire the beautiful prismatic colors of the bubble virtue while perfectly aware that the touch which destroys its spherical conformation will reduce it to a spray of soap and water.

Nature had not yet quite done with him. During the few following years he "found the fabric of his old and taught opinions giving way in many places; and never allowed it to fall to pieces, but was incessantly occupied in weaving it anew" (p. 151). He was occupied in an immense amount of transitional thinking.

Much of this, it is true, consisted in rediscovering things known to all the world, which I had previously disbelieved or disregarded. But the rediscovery was to me a discovery, giving me plenary possession of the truths, not as traditional platitudes, but fresh from their source; and it seldom failed to place them in some new light by which they were reconciled with, and seemed to confirm while they modified, the truths less generally known which lay in my early opinions, and in no essential part of which I at any time wavered. (P. 168.)

Something of this kind came to pass in regard to the *vexata quæstio* of free-will, which now began to exercise him.

During the later returns of my dejection the doctrine of what is called philosophical necessity weighed upon me. I felt as if I was scientifically proved to be the helpless slave of antecedent circumstances; as if my character and that of all others had been formed for me by agencies beyond our own control, and was wholly out of our own power. . . . I pondered painfully on the subject, till gradually I saw light through it. [He rediscovered] that, though our character is formed by circumstances, our own desires can do much to shape those circumstances, and that which is really inspiring and ennobling in the doctrine of free-will is the conviction that we have real power over the formation of our own character; that our will, by influencing some of our circumstances, can modify our future habits or capacities of willing.

And with this he seems to have been satisfied, though he admitted as "most true" ("Logic," book vi., cap. 2, sec. 3, vol. ii., p. 426) that this very "will to alter our character is given, not by any effort of ours, but by circumstances which we cannot help. It comes to us from external causes or not at all." To this fatal objection he replies with an odd kind of ingenuity, that if we desire to change ourselves we can do so, and if we do not it does not signify—and therefore that we have (as I understand) all the freedom which we want—all that is necessary to give us spirit and nobility. His experience does not inform him, it seems, that the inability to desire is as oppressive as the inability to obtain what we desire—that men every day wish in vain that they could change their wishes, and groan under the inexorable necessities of a character which they cannot throw off by any inner force of which they are masters. Surely what has been said of the father may be repeated of his pupil, that, learned and ingenious as he may be in what concerns the laws of human nature, he is greatly ignorant of that nature itself. The empire of circumstance is not less oppressive or humiliating because it is exercised through as well as over the will. The slavery does not cease to be slavery because the will itself is subdued by it, nor power become "real" which is only exerted by such an enslaved will.

Mr. Mill had to confront the usual dilemma. Either man has a real and ultimate power over some of his own actions, or he has no such power. If he has, he is to that extent a first cause; if he has not he is altogether a machine. Mr. Mill had a philosophical conviction that he was not himself a first cause, but was driven to despair by thinking himself a mere machine. However, he received consolation himself, and offers it to others, in the thought that a will—though not a free one—is among the cog-wheels of his machinery. I do not myself see how this mends matters. But Mr. Mill was able to stop his own mouth with it. And so the arrangement between his intellectual and moral self was for the moment rounded off. He could pursue noble objects, telling himself that he pursued them for their own sakes. He could use freely the language of moral approval and blame, and could indulge the feelings which they express. Indeed the personal character and teaching of our Saviour seem to have inspired him with a kind of enthusiasm, partly of regret at the great opportunity

which was lost to the world, but partly, also, of real, though one-sided admiration. The belief which he had derived from Marmontel in his own capacity of affection must have been confirmed by a passionate attachment to the wife of a friend, whom he ultimately married, and to whose portraiture a great part of his subsequent autobiography is devoted. But his practical recreancy from the Benthamite system did not shake his philosophical fidelity to the principle which had originally captivated him. To the notion of a moral sense — whether innate or connatural, in-born or uprising — he was as determinedly opposed as in the heyday of his Benthamite enthusiasm.

The result appears in his book on "Utilitarianism." He was not a man to be satisfied without rationalizing, to his own satisfaction, a conclusion so uncongenial as that the cardinal principle of his philosophy was true in theory and false in practice. And here he supplies a harmony. He proclaims as unreservedly as ever the great negative on which his system rests, that "pleasure and freedom from pain are *the only* things desirable as ends, and that all desirable things (which are as numerous in the utilitarian as in any other system) are desirable either for the pleasure inherent in themselves or as means to the promotion of pleasure and the prevention of pain." ("Utilitarianism," p. 10, ed. 1871.)

From this unambiguous first principle Bentham, as we have seen, drew the corollary which logic and the coherency of his system required. To say that pleasure is the only thing desirable is surely to say that nothing is desirable except in proportion to the quantity of pleasure which it contains. A smaller quantity of pleasure cannot be more desirable than a greater except in virtue of some desirable element other than its pleasurable-ness. But by hypothesis no such element exists. If a benevolent pleasure is more intense and durable than one of malignity, it must be better worth having. If not, it cannot. To eke out its deficiency by speaking of benevolence as noble, excellent, or obligatory, is to say that nobility, excellence, or performance of duty, are desirable in themselves, independently of the pleasure they confer. This is to introduce "ought" in disguise, and re-establish the reign of "caprice." Bentham's great engine of argumentative destruction, the interrogative "why?" applies to it directly and conclusively. The question "why" I prefer a greater pleasure to a less, or a less pain to a greater, answers itself. And

therein is the force of Benthamism. But "why" am I to prefer a noble to a ignoble pleasure? Why am I to prefer the pleasure of others to my own, the two being shown to be really in conflict? No answer is possible except by appealing to a sentiment which acknowledges another object of desire beyond and besides pleasure.

But this necessary consequence Mr. Mill refuses. "It is quite compatible," he says, "with the principle of utility to recognize the fact that some *kinds* of pleasure are more desirable and more valuable than others. . . . It would be absurd that while, in estimating all other things, quality should be considered as well as quantity, the estimation of pleasure should be supposed to depend on quantity alone." ("Utilitarianism," pp. 11, 12.) Not at all absurd, but, on his own theory, natural if not necessary. If "all other things" are only valuable as instruments of pleasure, and if they are only instrumental to pleasure in virtue of some quality, it is plain that the first condition of their value is that they should have as much as possible of this quality; the second that they should be themselves plentiful. On the other hand, if we can detect in all that is valuable one only element of real value, it is, to say the least, not absurd, to imagine that this element should be only measurable against itself in respect of its amount, unaffected by any accidental peculiarities which leave that amount unchanged.

Mr. Mill, however, proceeding on this difference of kind, constructs for himself a certain "sense of dignity" which seems no better than conscience, shorn of its imperial breadth and flexibility; and then, without further justification, goes on to claim self-devotion as a possible utilitarian virtue, and to declare that "the utilitarian morality does recognize in human beings the power of sacrificing their own greatest good for the good of others" (p. 24).

That is to say, he holds at the same time, first, that it is not possible for man to desire anything but pleasure, and next that it is possible for him to sacrifice his own pleasure to that of others — not for his own greater pleasure but absolutely.

And, with all this, he is unreasonable enough to charge the assailants of utilitarianism with injustice (p. 24) because they refuse to recognize his change of front, and point out, with the author of his philosophy, that utilitarianism is nothing if not selfish. "The assailants of utilitarianism," he says, "seldom have the justice

to acknowledge that the happiness which forms the utilitarian standard of what is right in conduct, is not the agent's own happiness but that of all concerned." And then he proceeds to expand this doctrine as composedly as if it were not directly contradictory to the cardinal principle of Bentham, which he adopts unreservedly.

It must have been in virtue of his fidelity to Bentham, and notwithstanding his infidelity, that he found himself called on to take in hand the demolition of self-evident truths. Bentham, we have seen, had convinced him that phrases like "the law of nature," "right reason," "the moral sense," "natural rectitude," and the like, were disguised dogmatism unjustified by reason. But the course of controversy led Mr. Mill to see that, if it was possible for truths to be mathematically self-evident, it might also be possible for them to be morally self-evident, and therefore that so long as mathematical truths were admitted to be self-supporting, Bentham's work remained incomplete. He set to work to complete it by showing that nothing at all was self-evident, but that mathematical, like moral truths, were founded on experience.

The notion that truths external to the mind may be known by intuition or consciousness, independently of observation and experience, is, I am persuaded, in these times, the great intellectual support of false doctrines and bad institutions. By the aid of this theory every inveterate belief and every intense feeling, of which the origin is not remembered, is enabled to dispense with the obligation of justifying itself by reason, and is erected into its own all-sufficient voucher and justification. There never was such an instrument devised for consecrating all deep-seated prejudices. And the chief strength of this false philosophy in morals, politics, and religion lies in the appeal which it is accustomed to make to the evidence of mathematics and of the cognate branches of physical science. To expel it from these is to drive it from its strong hold; and because this had never been effectually done, the intuitive school, even after what my father had written in his "Analysis of the Mind," had in appearance, and, as far as published writings were concerned, on the whole, the best of the argument. In attempting to clear up the real nature of the evidence of mathematical and physical truths, the "System of Logic" met the intuitive philosophers on ground on which they had previously been deemed unassailable, and gave its own explanation, from experience and association, of that peculiar character of what is called necessary truths, which is adduced as proof that their evidence must come from a deeper source than experience. ("Autob.," p. 225.)

I wish to clear this issue in my own way, at the cost of saying what is extremely familiar to everybody who has thought on the subject, and, indeed, has been, in part, already said. The question is not to what extent every man has in his own heart a monitor which informs him what is right and what is wrong in particular cases as they arise. The utilitarian may, without inconsistency, admit the existence of a certain moral tact, analogous to a poetical or artistic instinct, speaking the truth in its own department — not, indeed, infallibly — but with greater promptitude and subtlety than ratiocination. We may have different analyses of the phenomenon, but we need not differ about its existence. The real issue I understand to be this. Those whom Mr. Mill calls the intuitive school maintain that, as in mathematics, the human mind, having embraced as possible the conceptions of space and equality, perceives with certainty, as an ultimate and necessary truth, that spaces which are equal to the same are equal to each other; so the same human mind, having embraced as possible the conceptions of free-will, of happiness, and of misery, perceives with the same certainty, as another self-sustained and necessary truth, that a free agent who delivers himself over to willing and effecting the misery of others is *worse* than one who devotes himself over to willing and effecting their happiness, and, more than this, that in the distribution of pleasure and pain there is a certain fitness (in the absence of other reasons) in assigning the greater share of pleasure and the lesser share of pain to the better rather than the worse being. In other words, they claim for the human mind, when sound and mature, the power first of forming a moral conception only to be embodied in such words as "good" and "bad," and secondly, of seeing axiomatically that benevolence and justice are "better" than malignity and injustice.

This it is which Mr. Mill denies; and because he denies it in the sphere of morals, he has to deny it in the sphere of mathematics. With regard to morals, he says that we have no internal sense which supplies us with authoritative conceptions of goodness and desert; but holds (as I understand) that circumstances will, if we are reasonably fortunate, have impressed on our natures certain associations of pleasure with acts which are conducive to the benefit of our fellow-creatures — that it is their interest and ours to cultivate these associations by means of praise and blame, reward and punishment — that this almost

universal interest leads to an almost universal and frequently unconscious conspiracy for this purpose—and that the outcome of this almost universal conspiracy is the feeling which we call approval, and erect into a religion. With regard to mathematics, he says (as I understand), that the habit of finding without exception, and under every conceivable test, that things equal to the same are equal to each other, disables us from imagining that in some very different order of things, this may not be the case, and leads us to suppose ourselves capable of perceiving this intuitively as a necessary truth. Even if my understanding of Mr. Mill is imperfect, thus much is clear, that the question, whether moral and mathematical truths are founded on intuition or on experience, pierces to the very root and origin of all human knowledge, on which I shall endeavor to exhibit the conclusions which Mr. Mill finds himself obliged to adopt.

Those conclusions are to be found in the third chapter of the third book of his "Logic," to which, as we have seen, he refers. Induction, which is, according to him, the sole firm basis of all that we know, may be summarily defined as a "generalization from experience." But then it is inevitable to ask, by what right human beings generalize? On what ground, in the absence of intuition, do we expect that because under the same circumstances, the same thing has happened for ten thousand years, it will happen again when next the same circumstances recur? Granted that millions upon millions of men have died, why therefore should we expect to die ourselves? Our warrant for this expectation is to be found, according to Mr. Mill, in "a universal fact," differently described by different philosophers, but expressed by him in the proposition that "the course of nature is uniform."

But then the question recurs (still in the absence of intuition), how are we to know that the course of nature has been or will be uniform in matters beyond our experience? Mr. Mill is at some pains to reply that this is itself an induction of the largest kind—a generalization from experience, resting on particular facts ascertained by almost infinite observation.

The course of argument will be most simply represented in a series of questions and answers:—

Why are we to believe any abstract or general truth whatever?

Because of experience.

Why are we to believe experience?

LIVING AGE. VOL. XVI. 790

Because the course of nature is uniform.

Why are we to believe that the course of nature is uniform?

Because of experience.

Why are we to believe experience?

Because the course of nature is uniform. And so on, *ad infinitum*. That is to say, the foundation of all human knowledge (except that of particular facts) is to be sought at the bottom of a bottomless pit, only accessible by perpetually arguing in a circle.

The explanation by which Mr. Mill attempts to mitigate the apparent audacity of this reasoning, will be found in the twenty-first chapter of the third book of his "Logic." I reproduce in his words what I understand to be its pith:—

The assertion that our inductive processes assume a law of causation [explained to mean invariable and unconditional sequence], while the law of causation is itself a case of induction, is a paradox only on the old theory of reasoning, which supposes the universal truth, or major premiss, in a ratiocination to be the real proof of the particular truths which are ostensibly inferred from it. According to the doctrine maintained in the present treatise, the major premiss is not the proof of the conclusion, but is itself proved along with the conclusion from the same evidence. ("Logic," vol. ii., p. 105.)

Surely this is mere mystification. In the part of his treatise to which Mr. Mill refers, he points out, with truth (like many others before and after him), that men practically argue from particulars to particulars, dispensing with an explicit major premiss. But what has this to do with the present question, which is whether without the assumption of some general principle any particulars will warrant any conclusion at all? No manipulation of major premisses will enable him to show that the validity of the inductive process can be proved by induction. What is a *petitio principii* if this is not?

It is fair perhaps to add a passage in which Mr. Mill attempts (as I should say) to disguise the collapse of his theory.

I agree with Mr. Bain [he says] in the opinion that the resemblance of what we have not experienced to what we have, is, by a law of our nature, *presumed through the energy of the idea* before experience has proved it.

"Stick a feather in his crown," says the nursery song, "and call him Macaroni." What is this law of our nature, forcing belief through the energy of an idea, but intuition with a feather in his crown?

But leaving this argument to take care of itself, and fully admitting, what of course is undeniable, that experience is one of our great teachers of truth, I desire to exhibit the consequences of adopting it for sole teacher, as they are accepted by Mr. Mill.

And first, with regard to self-evident truths in general, I submit an observation. If a herd of animals are seen at a distance, a very long-sighted man can tell us more immediately and more certainly than his neighbor what they are. But if one of the animals is put on the table his advantage ceases, and his neighbor, not being absolutely blind, or delirious, or subject to special delusion, can see as clearly as he can that a dog is a dog. Nor is this equality impaired, even though the long-sighted man may be the first to tell the color of the dog's eyelashes, or, being a zoologist, may perplex the neighbor much by cross-examining him as to the exact difference between a dog and a cat.

I venture to think that something like this is true of the intellect. In a subtle or extended or intricate question, a man of knowledge and capacity sees his way before an average thinker has well mastered the meaning of the terms used. But in matters of extreme simplicity (happily for mankind) this difference almost vanishes. Newton's maid-servant could probably see that two and one made three as clearly as the great astronomer himself. It is conceivable that she might even have beaten him in drawing simple conclusions, by use of the four rules of arithmetic. And so it is a matter of frequent experience in practical matters that the clever man misleads himself by his own subtlety, and even obscures what he can understand by the dust which he raises in searching for what he cannot. In elementary matters, therefore, I claim, for men of fair sense, seriousness, and education, the right to place much reliance on their own distinct perceptions, in the face of high authority, and in spite of all that Mr. Mill may point out respecting human liability to error.

Now, as to these axioms, the more I (as an average man) examine my own mind, the more completely I find myself satisfied about them. If I am informed that in a particular case two spaces which are equal to the same have been found not to be equal to each other, or that two units added to three have been found to be more than five, I say, with a confidence beyond what any experience could give, that the thing cannot be. I refuse to involve

myself in arguments to which Mr. Mill introduces his readers respecting the inconceivable, and the unbelievable, and the unthinkable, and the incompatible. I know my own meaning, and, such as it is, have expressed it to my own satisfaction in monosyllables, and I deny that it receives any new light from being expressed pentasyllabically. "I see that it can not be." The name of Mill and the more formidable name of Herschel — more formidable not merely from the eminent capacity of Sir John Herschel, but because his opinion (I assume) was not formed under the pressure of controversy — do not overpower me. How can I believe, on the authority of these great men, that two and two may possibly make five, when even their own existence is less clear to me than that two and two only make four? *Provoco ad populum.*

To some extent Mr. Mill agrees with me. He appears to admit that the conclusions of experience cannot be absolute. I suppose he cannot help himself. Indeed when we consider the possibilities of the universe, infinite space before and behind, infinite time before and after — perhaps also within the same space and time, or emancipated altogether from the laws of space and time, infinitely numerous and infinitely different orders of existence incapable of physical or intellectual contact with each other — when we recollect all this, it becomes quite extravagant to suppose that the observation of facts for a few pitiful thousands of years on the surface of an extremely insignificant member of a single trumpery sidereal system can furnish ground for a generalization which shall extend to all space and time, and all other things which are not space and time. In order to warrant so gigantic an application of a principle it is indispensable to be convinced that the principle is necessarily true — a conviction which experience alone cannot give. Of all this Mr. Mill seems fully aware, and he limits accordingly the authority of experience. He is prepared to believe that in other orders of existence two and three may be equal to four, and that distances equal to the same may not be equal to each other. That a straight line is everywhere the shortest distance between two points he will not pronounce, though he does not doubt it to be true in the region of the fixed stars, where (he says) we have ample reason to believe that the present constitution of space exists. ("Logic," i. 363.) But he goes farther still. Our fundamental belief "that the same proposition cannot

be true and false at the same time" is, according to him, no exception from the general law of axioms, being in fact "one of our first and most familiar generalizations from experience." It shares, therefore, the nature of other generalizations, in being limited by the experience on which it is founded. And in worlds of which we have no experience Mr. Mill was bound to believe, and, I doubt not, did believe it conceivable that the same proposition might (of course in the same sense) be true and false.

That any person who understands what he himself means by the word "true," and who also understands what he himself means by the word "false,"—*i.e.*, not true,—should be of opinion that under certain conditions the same thing should be one and the other, is to my apprehension so enormously impossible that, reflecting on the matter as quietly as I can, I feel a difficulty in escaping the conclusion that either I am or he must have been in a state of mental derangement.

And now, whether Mr. Mill is right or wrong, I will attempt to summarize some of his conclusions.

On the one side is the theory that we are capable of desiring particular things independently of the pleasure they give us; and, among the rest, that man has an intuitive sense of goodness which makes goodness in its multitudinous forms desirable. On the other side is the theory that pleasure is the only possible object of desire, and experience the only foundation of knowledge.

The following are some of the conclusions to which the great anti-intuitionist and utilitarian teacher finds himself driven:—

First, that though the theory of disinterested action may be false in philosophy, yet it must in the vast majority of cases be adopted as a rule of life, if life is to be worth having.

Secondly, that it is possible to act disinterestedly, though it is impossible to desire anything but our own interest.

Thirdly, that an intuitive certainty that good is good (unfounded as it is) is as respectable as an intuitive certainty that equals to the same are equal to each other.

Fourthly, that if we substitute experience for intuition as the basis of knowledge, that basis is to be reached by the process commonly called "arguing in a circle," at the bottom of a bottomless pit.

And lastly, Mr. Mill would not, I imagine, shrink from the conclusion that in the

extremely remote region to which the foundations of all human knowledge are thus relegated, the conditions of existence may be such that even if the intuitive theory (or anything else) be absolutely false, this need not prevent its being entirely true.

If the intellect of our universities (as I understand to be the case) is being moulded into accordance with this philosophy, it appears to me that we may expect some startling conclusions from the rising generation. Whether these conclusions will be long maintained, either by the thinking or by the unthinking part of the world outside, is another matter. BLACHFORD.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S PENDULUM: A TALE FROM GERMANY.

BY RUDOLPH LINDAU.

DURING many long years Hermann Fabricius had lost sight of his friend Henry Warren, and had forgotten him.

Yet when students together they had loved each other dearly, and more than once they had sworn eternal friendship. This was at a period which, though not very remote, we seem to have left far behind us—a time when young men still believed in eternal friendship, and could feel enthusiasm for great deeds or great ideas. Youth in the present day is, or thinks itself, more rational. Hermann and Warren in those days were simple-minded and ingenuous; and not only in the moment of elation, when they had sworn to be friends forever, but even the next day, and the day after that, in sober earnestness, they had vowed that nothing should separate them, and that they would remain united through life. The delusion had not lasted long. The pitiless machinery of life had caught up the young men as soon as they left the university, and had thrown one to the right, the other to the left. For a few months they had exchanged long and frequent letters; then they had met once, and finally they had parted, each going his way. Their letters had become more scarce, more brief, and at last had ceased altogether. It would really seem that the fact of having interests in common is the one thing sufficiently powerful to prolong and keep up the life of epistolary relations. A man may feel great affection for an absent friend, and yet not find time to write him ten lines,

while he will willingly expend daily many hours on a stranger from whom he expects something. None the less he may be a true and honest friend. Man is naturally selfish; the instinct of self-preservation requires it of him. Provided he be not wicked, and that he show himself ready to serve his neighbor—after himself—no one has a right to complain, or to accuse him of hard-heartedness.

At the time this story begins, Hermann had even forgotten whether he had written to Warren last, or whether he had left his friend's last letter unanswered. In a word, the correspondence which began so enthusiastically had entirely ceased. Hermann inhabited a large town, and had acquired some reputation as a writer. From time to time, in the course of his walks, he would meet a young student with brown hair, and mild, honest-looking blue eyes, whose countenance, with its frank and youthful smile, inspired confidence and invited the sympathy of the passer-by. Whenever Hermann met this young man he would say to himself, "How like Henry at twenty!" and for a few minutes memory would travel back to the already distant days of youth, and he would long to see his dear old Warren again. More than once, on the spur of the moment, he had resolved to try and find out what had become of his old university comrade. But these good intentions were never followed up. On reaching home he would find his table covered with books and pamphlets to be reviewed, and letters from publishers or newspaper editors asking for "copy"—to say nothing of invitations to dinner, which must be accepted or refused; in a word, he found so much *urgent* business to despatch that the evening would go by, and weariness would overtake him, before he could make time for inquiring about his old friend.

In the course of years, the life of most men becomes so regulated that no time is left for anything beyond "necessary work." But, indeed, the man who lives only for his own pleasure—doing, so to speak, nothing—is rarely better in this respect, than the writer, the banker, and the *savant*, who are overburdened with work.

One afternoon, as Hermann, according to his custom, was returning home about five o'clock, his porter handed him a letter bearing the American post-mark. He examined it closely before opening it. The large and rather stiff handwriting on the address seemed familiar, and yet he could not say to whom it belonged. Suddenly his countenance brightened, and he ex-

claimed, "A letter from Henry!" He tore open the envelope, and read as follows:—

"MY DEAR HERMANN,—It is fortunate that one of us at least should have attained celebrity. I saw your name on the outside of a book of which you are the author. I wrote at once to the publisher; that obliging man answered me by return of post, and, thanks to these circumstances, I am enabled to tell you that I will land at Hamburg towards the end of September. Write to me there, *Poste Restante*, and let me know if you are willing to receive me for a few days. I can take Leipzig on my way home, and would do so most willingly if you say you would see me again with pleasure.—Your old friend,
"HENRY WARREN."

Below the signature there was a postscript of a single line: "This is my present face." And from an inner envelope Hermann drew a small photograph, which he carried to the window to examine leisurely. As he looked, a painful expression of sadness came over him. The portrait was that of an old man. Long grey hair fell in disorder over a careworn brow; the eyes, deep sunk in their sockets, had a strange and disquieting look of fixity; and the mouth, surrounded by deep furrows, seemed to tell its own long tale of sorrow.

"Poor Henry!" said Hermann; "this, then, is your present face! And yet he is not old; he is younger than I am; he can scarcely be thirty-eight. Can I, too, be already an old man?"

He walked up to the glass, and looked attentively at the reflection of his own face. No! those were not the features of a man whose life was near its close; the eye was bright, and the complexion indicated vigor and health. Still, it was not a young face. Thought and care had traced their furrows round the mouth and about the temples, and the general expression was one of melancholy, not to say despondency.

"Well, well, we have grown old," said Hermann, with a sigh. "I had not thought about it this long while; and now this photograph has reminded me of it painfully." Then he took up his pen and wrote to say how happy he would be to see his old friend again as soon as possible.

The next day, chance brought him face to face in the street with the young student who was so like Warren. "Who knows?" thought Hermann; "fifteen or twenty years hence this young man may look no brighter than Warren does to-day. Ah, life is not easy! It has a way of sadden-

ing joyous looks, and imparting severity to smiling lips. As for me, I have no real right to complain of my life. I have lived pretty much like everybody; a little satisfaction, and then a little disappointment, turn by turn; and often small worries: and so my youth has gone by, I scarcely know how."

On the 2nd of October Hermann received a telegram from Hamburg announcing the arrival of Warren for the same evening. At the appointed hour he went to the railway station to meet his friend. He saw him get down from the carriage slowly, and rather heavily, and he watched him for a few seconds before accosting him. Warren appeared to him old and broken-down, and even more feeble than he had expected to see him from his portrait. He wore a travelling-suit of grey cloth so loose and wide that it hung in folds on the gaunt and stooping figure; a large wideawake hat was drawn down to his very eyes. The new-comer looked right and left, seeking no doubt to discover his friend; not seeing him, he turned his weary and languid steps towards the way out. Hermann then came forward. Warren recognized him at once; a sunny youthful smile lighted up his countenance, and, evidently much moved, he stretched out his hand. An hour later, the two friends were seated opposite to each other before a well-spread table in Hermann's comfortable apartments.

Warren ate very little; but, on the other hand, Hermann noticed with surprise and some anxiety that his friend, who had been formerly a model of sobriety, drank a good deal. Wine, however, seemed to have no effect on him. The pale face did not flush; there was the same cold, fixed look in the eye; and his speech, though slow and dull in tone, betrayed no embarrassment.

When the servant who had waited at dinner had taken away the dessert and brought in coffee, Hermann wheeled two big arm-chairs close to the fire and said to his friend, —

"Now, we will not be interrupted. Light a cigar, make yourself at home, and tell me all you have been doing since we parted."

Warren pushed away the cigars. "If you do not mind," said he, "I will smoke my pipe. I am used to it, and I prefer it to the best of cigars."

So saying, he drew from its well-worn case an old pipe, whose color showed it had been long used, and filled it methodically with moist, blackish tobacco. Then

he lighted it, and after sending forth one or two loud puffs of smoke, he said, with an air of sovereign satisfaction, —

"A quiet, comfortable room — a friend — a good pipe after dinner — and no care for the morrow. That's what I like."

Hermann cast a sidelong glance at his companion, and was painfully struck at his appearance. The tall, gaunt frame in its stooping attitude; the greyish hair, and sad, fixed look; the thin legs crossed one over the other; the elbow resting on the knee and supporting the chin, — in a word, the whole strange figure, as it sat there, bore no resemblance to Henry Warren, the friend of his youth. This man was a stranger, a mysterious being even. Nevertheless, the affection he felt for his friend was not impaired; on the contrary, pity entered into his heart. "How ill the world must have used him," thought Hermann, "to have thus disfigured him!" Then he said aloud, —

"Now, then, let me have your story, unless you prefer to hear mine first."

He strove to speak lightly, but he felt that the effort was not successful. As to Warren, he went on smoking quietly, without saying a word. The long silence at last became painful. Hermann began to feel an uncomfortable sensation of distress in presence of the strange guest he had brought to his home. After a few minutes, he ventured to ask for the third time, "Will you make up your mind to speak, or must I begin?"

Warren gave vent to a little noiseless laugh. "I am thinking how I can answer your question. The difficulty is that, to speak truly, I have absolutely nothing to tell. I wonder now — and it was that made me pause — how it has happened that, throughout my life, I have been bored by — nothing. As if it would not have been quite as natural, quite as easy, and far pleasanter, to have been amused by that same nothing — which has been my life. The fact is, my dear fellow, that I have had no deep sorrow to bear, neither have I been happy. I have not been extraordinarily successful, and have drawn none of the prizes of life. But I am well aware that, in this respect, my lot resembles that of thousands of other men. I have always been obliged to work. I have earned my bread by the sweat of my brow. I have had money difficulties; I have even had a hopeless passion — but what then? every one has had that. Besides, that was in bygone days; I have learned to bear it, and to forget. What pains and angers me is, to have to confess that my life has

been spent without satisfaction and without happiness."

He paused an instant, and then resumed, more calmly, "A few years ago I was foolish enough to believe that things might in the end turn out better. I was a professor with a very moderate salary at the school at Elmira. I taught all I knew, and much that I had to learn in order to be able to teach it—Greek and Latin, German and French, mathematics and physical sciences. During the so-called play-hours I even gave music lessons. In the course of the whole day there were few moments of liberty for me. I was perpetually surrounded by a crowd of rough, ill-bred boys, whose only object during lessons was to catch me making a fault in English. When evening came, I was quite worn out; still, I could always find time to dream for half an hour or so with my eyes open before going to bed. Then all my desires were accomplished, and I was supremely happy. At last I had drawn a prize! I was successful in everything; I was rich, honored, powerful—what more can I say? I astonished the world—or rather, I astonished Ellen Gilmore, who for me was the whole world. Hermann, have you ever been as mad? Have you, too, in a waking dream, been in turn a statesman, a millionaire, the author of a sublime work, a victorious general, the head of a great political party? Have you dreamt nonsense such as that? I, who am here, have been all I say—in dreamland. Never mind; that was a good time. Ellen Gilmore, whom I have just mentioned, was the elder sister of one of my pupils, Francis Gilmore, the most undisciplined boy of the school. His parents, nevertheless, insisted on his learning something; and as I had the reputation of possessing unwearying patience, I was selected to give him private lessons. That was how I obtained a footing in the Gilmore family. Later on, when they had found out that I was something of a musician—you may remember, perhaps, that for an amateur I was a tolerable performer on the piano—I went every day to the house to teach Latin and Greek to Francis, and music to Ellen.

"Now, picture to yourself the situation, and then laugh at your friend as he has laughed at himself many a time. On the one side—the Gilmore side—a large fortune and no lack of pride; an intelligent, shrewd, and practical father; an ambitious and vain mother; an affectionate but spoilt boy; and a girl of nineteen, surpassingly lovely, with a cultivated mind

and great good sense. On the other hand, you have Henry Warren, aged twenty-nine; in his dreams the author of a famous work, or the commander-in-chief of the Northern armies, or, it may be, president of the republic—in reality, professor at Elmira College, with a modest stipend of seventy dollars a month. Was it not evident that the absurdity of my position as a suitor for Ellen would strike me at once? Of course it did. In my lucid moments, when I was not dreaming, I was a very rational man, who had read a good deal, and learned not a little; and it would have been sheer madness in me to have indulged for an instant the hope of a marriage between Ellen and myself. I knew it was an utter impossibility—as impossible as to be elected president of the United States; and yet, in spite of myself, I dreamed of it. However, I must do myself the justice to add that my passion inconvenienced nobody. I would no more have spoken of it than of my imaginary command of the Army of the Potomac. The pleasures which my love afforded me could give umbrage to no one. Yet I am convinced that Ellen read my secret. Not that she ever said a word to me on the subject; no look or syllable of hers could have made me suspect that she had guessed the state of my mind.

"One single incident I remember which was not in accordance with her habitual reserve in this respect. I noticed one day that her eyes were red. Of course I dared not ask her why she had cried. During the lesson she seemed absent; and when leaving she said, without looking at me, 'I may perhaps be obliged to interrupt our lessons for some little time; I am very sorry. I wish you every happiness.' Then, without raising her eyes, she quickly left the room. I was bewildered. What could her words mean? And why had they been said in such an affectionate tone?"

"The next day Francis Gilmore called to inform me, with his father's compliments, that he was to have four days' holidays, because his sister had just been betrothed to Mr. Howard, a wealthy New York merchant, and that, for the occasion, there would be great festivities at home.

"Thenceforward there was an end of the dreams which up to that moment had made life pleasant. In sober reason I had no more cause to deplore Ellen's marriage than to feel aggrieved because Grant had succeeded Johnson as president. Nevertheless you can scarcely conceive how much this affair—I mean the marriage—

grieved me. My absolute nothingness suddenly stared me in the face. I saw myself as I was—a mere schoolmaster, with no motive for pride in the past, or pleasure in the present, or hope in the future."

Warren's pipe had gone out while he was telling his story. He cleaned it out methodically, drew from his pocket a cake of Cavendish tobacco, and after cutting off with a penknife the necessary quantity, refilled his pipe and lit it. The way in which he performed all these little operations betrayed long habit. He had ceased to speak while he was relighting his pipe, and kept on whistling between his teeth. Hermann looked on silently. After a few minutes, and when the pipe was in good order, Warren resumed his story.

"For a few weeks I was terribly miserable; not so much because I had lost Ellen—a man cannot lose what he has never hoped to possess—as from the ruin of all my illusions. During those days I plucked and ate by the dozen of the fruits of the tree of self-knowledge, and I found them very bitter. I ended by leaving Elmira, to seek my fortunes elsewhere. I knew my trade well. Long practice had taught me how to make the best of my learning, and I never had any difficulty in finding employment. I taught successively in upwards of a dozen States of the Union. I can scarcely recollect the names of all the places where I have lived—Sacramento, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Boston, New York; I have been everywhere—everywhere. And everywhere I have met with the same rude schoolboys, just as I have found the same regular and irregular verbs in Latin and Greek. If you would see a man thoroughly satiated and saturated with schoolboys and classical grammars, look at me.

"In the leisure time which, whatever might be my work, I still contrived to make for myself, I indulged in philosophical reflections. Then it was I took the habit of smoking so much."

Warren stopped suddenly, and looking straight before him, appeared plunged in thought. Then, passing his hand over his forehead, he repeated, in an absent manner, "Yes, of smoking so much. I also took another habit," he added, somewhat hastily—"but that has nothing to do with my story. The theory which especially occupied my thoughts was that of the oscillations of an ideal instrument of my own imagining, to which in my own mind, I gave the name of the *Philosopher's Pendulum*. To this invention I owe the quietude of mind which has supported me for

many years, and which, as you see, I now enjoy. I said to myself that my great sorrow—if I may so call it without presumption—had arisen merely from my wish to be extraordinarily happy. When, in his dreams, a man has carried presumption so far as to attain to the heights of celebrity or to being the husband of Ellen Gilmore, there was nothing wonderful if, on awaking, he sustained a heavy fall before reaching the depths of reality. Had I been less ambitious in my desires, their realization would have been easier, or, at any rate, the disappointment would have been less bitter. Starting from this principle, I arrived at the logical conclusion that the best means to avoid being unhappy is to wish for as little happiness as possible. This truth was discovered by my philosophical forefathers many centuries before the birth of Christ, and I lay no claim to being the finder of it; but the outward symbol which I ended by giving to this idea is—at least I fancy it is—of my invention.

"Give me a sheet of paper and a pencil," he added, turning to his friend, "and with a few lines I can demonstrated clearly the whole thing."

Hermann handed him what he wanted without a word. Warren then began gravely to draw a large semicircle, open at the top, and above the semicircular line a pendulum, which fell perpendicularly and touched the circumference at the exact point where on the dial of a clock would be inscribed the figure VI. This done, he wrote on the right-hand side of the pendulum, beginning from the bottom and at the place of the hours V, IV, III, the words, *Moderate Desires—Great Hopes, Ambition—Unbridled Passion, Mania of Greatness*. Then, turning the paper upside-down, he wrote on the opposite side, where on a dial would be marked VII, VIII, IX, the words, *Slight Troubles—Deep Sorrow, Disappointment—Despair*. Lastly, in the place of No. VI, just where the pendulum fell, he sketched a large black spot, which he shaded off with great care, and above which he wrote, like a scroll, *Dead Stop, Absolute Repose*.

Having finished this little drawing, Warren laid down his pipe, inclined his head on one side, and raising his eyebrows, examined his work with a critical frown. "This compass is not yet quite complete," he said; "there is something missing. Between *Dead Stop* and *Moderate Desires* on the right, and *Slight Troubles* on the left, there is the beautiful

line of *Calm and Rational Indifference*. However, such as the drawing is, it is sufficient to demonstrate my theory. Do you follow me?"

Hermann nodded affirmatively. He was greatly pained. In lieu of the friend of his youth, for whom he had hoped a brilliant future, here was a poor monomaniac!

"You see," said Warren, speaking collectedly, like a professor, "if I raise my pendulum till it reaches the point of *Moderate Desires*, and then let it go, it will naturally swing to the point of *Slight Troubles*, and go no further. Then it will oscillate for some time in a more and more limited space on the line of *Indifference*, and finally it will stand still without any jerk on *Dead Stop, Absolute Repose*. That is a great consolation!"

He paused, as if waiting for some remark from Hermann; but as the latter remained silent, Warren resumed his demonstration.

"You understand now, I suppose, what I am coming to. If I raise the pendulum to the point of *Ambition* or *Mania of Greatness*, and then let it go, that same law which I have already applied will drive it to *Deep Sorrow*, or *Despair*. That is quite clear, is it not?"

"Quite clear," repeated Hermann, sadly.

"Very well," continued Warren, with perfect gravity; "for my misfortune, I discovered this fine theory rather late. I had not set bounds to my dreams and limited them to trifles. I had wished to be president of the republic, an illustrious *savant*, the husband of Ellen. No great things, eh? What say you to my modesty? I had raised the pendulum to such a giddy height that when it slipped from my impotent hands it naturally performed a long oscillation, and touched the point *Despair*. That was a miserable time. I hope you have never suffered what I suffered then. I lived in a perpetual nightmare — like the stupor of intoxication." He paused as he had done before, and then, with a painfully nervous laugh, he added, "Yes, like intoxication. I drank." Suddenly a spasm seemed to pass over his face, he looked serious and sad as before, and he said, with a shudder, "It's a terrible thing to see one's self inwardly, and to know that one is fallen."

After this he remained long silent. At last raising his head, he turned to his friend and said, "Have you had enough of my story, or would you like to hear it to the end?"

"I am grieved at all you have told me,"

said Hermann; "but pray go on; it is better I should know all."

"Yes; and I feel, too, that it relieves me to pour out my heart. Well, I used to drink. One takes the horrid habit in America far easier than anywhere else. I was obliged to give up more than one good situation because I had ceased to be *respectable*. Anyhow, I always managed to find employment without any great difficulty. I never suffered from want, though I have never known plenty. If I spent too much in drink, I took it out of my dress and my boots.

"Eighteen months after I had left Elmira, I met Ellen one day in Central Park, in New York. I was aware that she had been married a twelvemonth. She knew me again at once, and spoke to me. I would have wished to sink into the earth. I knew that my clothes were shabby, that I looked poor, and I fancied that she must discern on my face the traces of the bad habits I had contracted. But she did not, or would not, see anything. She held out her hand, and said in her gentle voice, —

"I am very glad to see you again, Mr. Warren. I have inquired about you, but neither my father nor Francis could tell me what had become of you. I want to ask you to resume the lessons you used to give me. Perhaps you do not know where I live? This is my address," and she gave me her card.

"I stammered out a few unmeaning words in reply to her invitation. She looked at me, smiling kindly the while; but suddenly the smile vanished, and she added, 'Have you been ill, Mr. Warren? You seem worn.'

"Yes," I answered, too glad to find an excuse for my appearance — "yes, I have been ill, and I am still suffering."

"I am very sorry," she said, in a low voice.

"Laugh at me, Hermann — call me an incorrigible madman; but believe me when I say that her looks conveyed to me the impression of more than common interest or civility. A thrilling sense of pain shot through my frame. What had I done that I should be so cruelly tried? A mist passed before my eyes; anxiety, intemperance, sleeplessness, had made me weak. I tottered backwards a few steps. She turned horribly pale. All around us was the crowd — the careless, indifferent crowd.

"Come and see me soon," she added hastily, and left me. I saw her get into

a carriage, which she had doubtless quitted to take a walk; and when she drove past, she put her head out and looked at me with her eyes wide open—there was an almost wildly anxious expression in them.

"I went home. My way led me past her house—it was a palace. I shut myself up in my wretched hotel-room, and once more I fell to dreaming. Ellen loved me; she admired me; she was not forever lost to me! The pendulum was swinging you see, up as high as *Madness*. Explain to me, if you can, how it happens that a being perfectly rational in ordinary life should at certain seasons, and, so to speak, voluntarily, be bereft of reason. To excuse and explain my temporary insanity, I am ready to admit that the excitement to which I gave way may have been a symptom of the nervous malady which laid hold of me a few days later, and stretched me for weeks upon a bed of pain.

"As I became convalescent, reason and composure returned. But it was too late. In the space of two months, twenty years had passed over my head. When I rose from my sick-bed I was as feeble and as broken-down as you see me now. My past had been cheerless and dim, without one ray of happiness; yet that past was all my life! Henceforward there was nothing left for me to undertake, to regret, or to desire. The pendulum swung idly backwards and forwards on the line of *Indifference*. I wonder what are the feelings of successful men—of men who *have* been victorious generals, prime ministers, celebrated authors, and that sort of thing! Upheld by a legitimate pride, do they retire satisfied from the lists when evening comes, or do they lay down their arms as I did, disappointed and dejected and worn out with the fierce struggle? Can no man with impunity look into his own heart and ask himself how his life has been spent?"

Here Warren made a still longer pause than before, and appeared absorbed in a gloomy thought. At last he resumed in a lower tone,—

"I had not followed up Ellen's invitation. But in some way she had discovered my address, and knew of my illness. Do not be alarmed, my dear Hermann; my story will not become romantic. No heavenly vision appeared to me during my fever; I felt no gentle white hands laid on my burning brow. I was nursed at the hospital, and very well nursed too; I figured there as 'Number 380,' and the whole affair was, as you see, as prosaic as possible. But on quitting the hospital, and as I was taking leave of the manager,

he handed me a letter, in which was inclosed a note for five hundred dollars. In the envelope there was also the following anonymous note:—

"'An old friend begs your acceptance, as a loan, of the inclosed sum. It will be time enough to think of paying off this debt when you are strong enough to resume work, and you can then do it by instalments, of which you can yourself fix the amount, and remit them to the hospital of New York.'

"It was well meant, no doubt, but it caused me a painful impression. My determination was taken at once. I refused without hesitation. I asked the manager, who had been watching me with a friendly smile while I read the letter, whether he could give the name of the person who had sent it. In spite of his repeated assurances that he did not know it, I never doubted for a single instant that he was concealing the truth. After a few seconds' reflection I asked if he would undertake to forward an answer to my unknown correspondent; and, on his consenting to do so, I promised that he should have my answer the next day.

"I thought long over my letter. One thing was plain to me—it was Ellen who had come to my help. How could I reject her generous aid without wounding her, or appearing ungrateful? After great hesitation I wrote a few lines, which, as far as I can recollect, ran thus:—

"'I thank you for the interest you have shown me, but it is impossible for me to accept the sum you place at my disposal. Do not be angry with me because I return it. Do not withdraw your sympathy; I will strive to remain worthy of it, and will never forget your goodness.'

"A few days later, after having confided this letter to the manager, I left New York for San Francisco. For several years I heard nothing of Ellen; her image grew gradually fainter, and at last almost disappeared from my memory.

"The dark river that bore the frail bark which carried me and my fortunes was carrying me smoothly and unconsciously along towards the mysterious abyss where all that exists is engulfed. Its course lay through a vast desert; and the banks which passed before my eyes were of fearful sameness. Indescribable lassitude took possession of my whole being. I had never, knowingly, practised evil; I had loved and sought after good. Why, then, was I so wretched? I would have blessed the rock which wrecked my bark so that I might have been swallowed

up and have gone down to my eternal rest. Up to the day when I heard of Ellen's betrothal, I had hoped that the morrow would bring happiness. The long-wished-for morrow had come at last, gloomy and colorless, without realizing any of my vague hopes. Henceforward my life was at an end."

Warren said these last words so indistinctly that Hermann could scarcely hear them; he seemed to be speaking to himself rather than to his friend. Then he raised the forefinger of his right hand, and after moving it slowly from right to left, in imitation of the swing of a pendulum, he placed it on the large black dot he had drawn on the sheet of paper exactly below his pendulum, and said, "*Dead Stop, Absolute Repose.* Would that the end were come!"

Another and still longer interval of silence succeeded, and at last Hermann felt constrained to speak.

"How came you to make up your mind," he said, "to return to Europe?"

"Ah yes, to be sure," answered Warren, hurriedly, "the story—the foolish story—is not ended. In truth it has no end, as it had no beginning; it is a thing without form or purpose, and less the history of a life than of a mere journeying towards death. Still I will finish—following chronological order. It does not weary you?"

"No, no; go on, my dear friend."

"Very well. I spent several years in the United States. The pendulum worked well. It came and went, to and fro, slowly along the line of *Indifference*, without ever transgressing, as its extreme limits on either hand, *Moderate Desires* and *Slight Troubles*. I led obscurely a contemplative life, and I was generally considered a queer character. I fulfilled my duties, and took little heed of any one. Whenever I had an hour at my disposal, I sought solitude in the neighboring woods, far from the town and from mankind. I used to lie down under the big trees. Every season in turn, spring and summer, autumn and winter, had its peculiar charm for me. My heart, so full of bitterness, felt lightened as soon as I listened to the rustling of the foliage overhead. The forest! There is nothing finer in all creation. A deep calm seemed to settle down upon me. I was growing old. I was forgetting. It was about this time that, in consequence of my complete indifference to all surroundings, I acquired the habit of answering 'Very well' to everything that was said. The words came so nat-

urally that I was not aware of my continual use of them, until one day one of my fellow-teachers happened to tell me that masters and pupils alike had given me the nickname of 'Very well.' Is it not odd that one who has never succeeded in anything should be known as 'Very well'?"

"I have only one other little adventure to relate, and I will have told all. Then I can listen to your story."

"Last year, my journeyings brought me to the neighborhood of Elmira. It was holiday-time. I had nothing to do, and I had in my purse a hundred hardly-earned dollars, or thereabout. The wish seized me to revisit the scene of my joys and my sorrows. I had not set foot in the place for more than seven years. I was so changed that nobody could know me again; nor would I have cared much if they had. After visiting the town and looking at my old school, and the house where Ellen had lived, I bent my steps towards the park, which is situated in the environs—a place where I used often to walk in company of my youthful dreams. It was September, and evening was closing in. The oblique rays of the setting sun sent a reddish gleam through the leafy branches of the old oaks. I saw a woman seated on a bench beneath a tree on one side of the path. As I drew near I recognized Ellen. I remained rooted to the spot where I stood, not daring to move a step. She was stooping forward with her head bent down, while with the end of her parasol she traced lines upon the gravel. She had not seen me. I turned back instantly, and retired without making any noise. When I had gone a little distance, I left the path and struck into the wood. Once there, I looked back cautiously. Ellen was still at the same place, and in the same attitude. Heaven knows what thoughts passed through my brain! I longed to see her closer. What danger was there? I was sure she would not know me again. I walked towards her with the careless step of a casual passer-by, and in a few minutes passed before her. When my shadow fell on the path, she looked up, and our eyes met. My heart was beating fast. Her look was cold and indifferent; but suddenly a strange light shot into her eyes, and she made a quick movement, as if to rise. I saw no more, and went on without turning round. Before I could get out of the park her carriage drove past me, and I saw her once more as I had seen her five years before in Central Park, pale, with distended eyes, and her anxious

looks fixed upon me. Why did I not bow to her? I cannot say; my courage failed me. I saw the light die out of her eyes. I almost fancied that I saw her heave a sigh of relief as she threw herself back carelessly in the carriage; and she disappeared. I was then thirty-six, and I am almost ashamed to relate the schoolboy's trick of which I was guilty. I sent her the following lines: 'A devoted friend, whom you obliged in former days, and who met you yesterday in the park without your recognizing him, sends you his remembrances.' I posted this letter a few minutes before getting into the train which was to take me to New York; and, as I did so, my heart beat as violently as though I had performed a heroic deed. Great adventures, forsooth! And to think that my life presents none more striking, and that trifles such as these are the only food for my memory!

"A twelvemonth later I met Francis Gilmore in Broadway. The world is small — so small that it is really difficult to keep out of the way of people one has once known. The likeness of my former pupil to his sister struck me, and I spoke to him. He looked at me at first with a puzzled expression, but after a few moments of hesitation he recognized me, a bright smile lighted up his pleasant face, and he shook hands warmly.

"Mr. Warren," he exclaimed, "how glad I am to see you! Ellen and I have often talked of you, and wondered what could have become of you. Why did we never hear from you?"

"I did not suppose it would interest you," I spoke timidly; and yet I owed nothing to the young fellow, and wanted nothing of him.

"You wrong us by saying that," replied Francis; "do you think me ungrateful? Do you fancy I have forgotten our pleasant walks in former days, and the long conversations we used to have? You alone ever taught me anything, and it is to you I owe the principles that have guided me through life. Many a day I have thought of you, and regretted you sincerely. As regards Ellen, no one has ever filled your place with her; she plays to this day the same pieces of music you taught her, and follows all your directions with a fidelity that would touch you."

"How are your father and mother, and how is your sister?" I inquired, feeling more deeply moved than I can express.

"My poor mother died three years ago. It is Ellen who keeps house now."

"Your brother-in-law lives with you, then?"

"My brother-in-law!" replied Francis, with surprise; "did you not know that he was on board the 'Atlantic,' which was lost last year in the passage from Liverpool to New York?"

"I could find no words to reply."

"As to that," added Francis, with great composure — "between you and me, he was no great loss. My dear brother-in-law was not by any means what my father fancied he was when he gave him my sister as a wife. The whole family has often regretted the marriage. Ellen lived apart from her husband for many years before his death."

"I nodded so as to express my interest in his communications, but I could not for worlds have uttered a syllable."

"You will come and see us soon, I hope," added Francis, without noticing my emotion. "We are still at the same place; but to make sure, here is my card. Come, Mr. Warren — name your own day to come and dine with us. I promise you a hearty welcome."

"I got off by promising to write the next day, and we parted."

"Fortunately my mind had lost its former liveliness. The pendulum, far from being urged to unruly motion, continued to swing slowly in the narrow space where it had oscillated for so many years. I said to myself that to renew my intimacy with the Gilmores would be to run the almost certain risk of reviving the sorrows and the disappointments of the past. I was then calm and rational. It would be madness in me, I felt, to aspire to the hand of a young, wealthy, and much-admired widow. To venture to see Ellen again was to incur the risk of seeing my reason once more wrecked, and the fatal chimera which had been the source of all my misery start into life again. If we are to believe what poets say, love ennobles man and exalts him into a demigod. It may be so, but it turns him likewise into a fool and a madman. That was my case. At any cost I was to guard against that fatal passion. I argued seriously with myself, and I determined to let the past be, and to reject every opportunity of bringing it to life again."

"A few days before my meeting with Francis, I had received tidings of the death of an old relative, whom I scarcely knew. In my childhood I had, on one or two occasions, spent my holidays at his house. He was gloomy and taciturn, but nevertheless he had always welcomed me

kindly. I have a vague remembrance of having been told that he had been in love with my mother once upon a time, and that on hearing of her marriage he had retired into the solitude which he never left till the day of his death. Be that as it may, I had not lost my place in his affections, it seems: he had continued to feel an interest in me; and on his deathbed he had remembered me, and left me the greater part of his not very considerable fortune. I inherited little money; but there was a small, comfortably-furnished country-house, and an adjoining farm let on a long lease for £240 per annum. This was wealth for me, and more than enough to satisfy all my wants. Since I had heard of this legacy I had been doubtful as to my movements. My chance meeting with Francis settled the matter. I resolved at once to leave America, and to return to live in my native country. I knew your address, and wrote to you at once. I trusted that the sight of my old and only friend would console me for the disappointments that life has inflicted on me — and I have not been deceived. At last I have been able to open my heart to a fellow-creature, and relieve myself of the heavy burden which I have borne alone ever since our separation. Now I feel lighter. You are not a severe judge. Doubtless you deplore my weakness, but you do not condemn me. If, as I have already said, I have done no good, neither have I committed any wicked action. I have been a nonentity — an utterly useless being; 'one too many,' like the sad hero of Tourgueneff's sad story. Before leaving, I wrote to Francis informing him that the death of a relative obliged me to return to Europe, and giving him your address, so as not to seem to be running away from him. Then I went on board, and at last reached your home. *Dixi!*"

Warren, who during this long story had taken care to keep his pipe alight, and had, moreover, nearly drained the bottle of port placed before him, now declared himself ready to listen to his friend's confession. But Hermann had been saddened by all he had heard, and was in no humor for talking; he remarked that it was getting late, and proposed to postpone any further conversation till the morrow.

Warren merely answered, "Very well," knocked the ashes out of his pipe, shared out the remainder of the wine between his host and himself, and raising his glass, said, in a somewhat solemn tone, "To our youth, Hermann!" After emptying his glass at one draught, he replaced it on the

table, and said complacently, "It is long since I have drunk with so much pleasure; for this time I have not drunk to forgetfulness, but to memory."

II.

WARREN spent another week in Leipzig with his friend. No man was easier to live with: to every suggestion of Hermann's he invariably answered, "Very well;" and if Hermann proposed nothing he was quite content to remain seated in a comfortable arm-chair by the fireside, holding a book which he scarcely looked at, and watching the long rolls of smoke from his pipe. He disliked new acquaintances; nevertheless the friends to whom Hermann introduced him found in him a quiet, unobtrusive, and well-informed companion. He pleased everybody. There was something strange and yet attractive in his person; there was a "charm" about him, people said. Hermann felt the attraction without being able to define in what it consisted. Their former friendship had been renewed unreservedly. The kind of fascination that Warren exercised over all those who approached him, often led Hermann to think that it was not unlikely that in his youth he had inspired a real love in Ellen Gilmore.

One evening Hermann took his friend to the theatre, where a comic piece was being performed. In his young days Warren had been very partial to plays of that kind, and his joyous peals of laughter on such occasions still rang in the ears of his friend. But the attempt was a complete failure. Warren watched the performance without showing the slightest interest, and never even smiled. During the opening scenes he listened with attention, as though he were assisting at some performance of the legitimate drama; then, as if he could not understand what was going on before him, he turned away with a wearied air and began looking at the audience. When, at the close of the second act, Hermann proposed that they should leave the house, he answered readily, —

"Yes, let us go; all this seems very stupid — we will be much better at home. There is a time for all things, and buffoonery suits me no longer."

There was nothing left in Warren of the friend that Hermann had known fifteen years before. He loved him none the less; on the contrary, to his affection for him had been superadded a feeling of deep compassion. He would have made great sacrifices to secure his friend's happiness, and to see a smile light up the immovable

features and the sorrowful dulness of the eye. His friendly anxiety had not been lost upon Warren; and when the latter took his leave, he said with emotion, —

"You wish me well, my old friend. I see it and feel it; and, believe me, I am grateful. We must not lose sight of each other again — I will write regularly."

A few days later, Hermann received a letter for his friend. It was an American letter, and the envelope was stamped with the initials "E. H." They were those of Ellen Howard, the heroine of Warren's sad history. He forwarded the letter immediately, and wrote at the same time to his friend — "I hope the inclosed brings you good news from America." But in his reply Warren took no notice of this passage, and made no allusion to Ellen. He only spoke of the new house in which he had just settled himself — "to end," as he said, "his days;" and he pressed Hermann to come and join him. The two friends at last agreed to pass Christmas and New Year's day together; but when December came, Warren urged his friend to hasten his arrival.

"I do not feel well," he wrote, "and am often so weary that I stay at home all day. I have made no new acquaintances, and, most likely, will make none. I am alone. Your society would give me great pleasure. Come; your room is ready, and will be, I trust, to your liking. There is a large writing-table and tolerably well-filled bookshelves; you can write there quite at your ease, without fear of disturbance. Come as soon as possible, my dear friend. I am expecting you impatiently."

Hermann happened to be at leisure, and was able to comply with his friend's wish, and to go to him in the first week of December. He found Warren looking worn and depressed. It was in vain he sought to induce him to consult a physician. Warren would reply, —

"Doctors can do nothing for my complaint. I know where the shoe pinches. A physician would order me probably to seek relaxation and amusement, just as he would advise a poor devil whose blood is impoverished by bad food to strengthen himself with a generous diet and good wine. The poor man could not afford to get the good living, and I do not know what could enliven or divert me. Travel? I like nothing so well as sitting quietly in my arm-chair. New faces? They would not interest me — yours is the only company I prefer to solitude. Books? I am too old to take pleasure in learning new things, and what I have learned has ceased

to interest me. It is not always easy to get what might do one good, and we must take things as they are."

Hermann noticed, as before, that his friend ate little, but that, on the other hand, he drank a great deal. The sincere friendship he felt for him emboldened him to make a remark on the subject.

"It is true," said Warren, "I drink too much; but what can I do? Food is distasteful to me, and I must keep up my strength somehow. I am in a wretched state; my health is ruined."

One evening as the two friends were seated together in Warren's room, while the wind and sleet were beating against the window-panes, the invalid began of his own accord to speak about Ellen.

"We now correspond regularly," he said. "She tells me in her last letter that she hopes soon to see me. Do you know, Hermann, that she is becoming an enigma for me? It is very evident that she does not treat me like other people, and I often wonder and ask myself what I am in her eyes? What does she feel towards me? Love? That is inadmissible. Pity, perhaps? This, then, is the end of my grand dreams — to be an object of pity? I have just answered her letter to say that I am settled here with the fixed intention of ending my useless existence in quiet and idleness. Do you remember a scene in Henry Heine's '*Reisebilder*,' when a young student kisses a pretty girl, who lets him have his own way and makes no great resistance, because he has told her — 'I will be gone to-morrow at dawn, and I will never see you again'? The certainty of never seeing a person again gives a man the courage to say things that otherwise he would have kept hidden in the most secret depths of his being. I feel that my life is drawing to a close. Do not say no, my dear friend; my presentiments are certain. I have written it to Ellen. I have told her other things besides. What folly! All I have ever done has been folly or chimera. I end my life logically, in strict accordance with my whole past, by making my first avowal of love on my deathbed. Is not that as useless a thing as can be?"

Hermann would have wished to know some particulars about this letter; but Warren replied, somewhat vaguely, "If I had a copy of my letter, I would show it to you willingly. You know my whole story, and I would not be ashamed to lay before you my last act of folly. I wrote about a fortnight ago, when I felt sure that death was drawing near. I was in a fever,

not from fear — death gains but little by taking my life — but from a singular species of excitement. I do not remember what were the words I used. Who knows? Perhaps this last product of my brain may have been quite a poetical performance. Never mind! I do not repent of what I have done; I am glad that Ellen should know at last that I have loved her silently and hopelessly. If that is not disinterested, what is?" he added, with a bitter smile.

Christmas went by sadly. Warren was now so weak that he could scarcely leave his bed for two or three hours each day. Hermann had taken upon himself to send for a doctor, but this latter had scarcely known what to prescribe. Warren was suffering from no special malady; he was dying of exhaustion. Now and then, during a few moments, which became daily more rare and more brief, his vivacity would return; but the shadow of death was already darkening his mind.

On New Year's eve he got up very late. "We will welcome in the New Year," he said to Hermann. "I hope it may bring you happiness; I know it will bring me rest." A few minutes before midnight he opened the piano, and played with solemnity, and as if it had been a chorale, a song of Schumann's, entitled, "To the Drinking-cup of a departed Friend." Then, on the first stroke of midnight, he filled two glasses with some old Rhenish wine, and raised his own glass slowly. He was very pale, and his eyes were shining with feverish light. He was in a state of strange and fearful excitement. He looked at the glass which he held, and repeated deliberately a verse of the song which he had just been playing. "The vulgar cannot understand what I see at the bottom of this cup." Then, at one draught, he drained the full glass.

While he was thus speaking and drinking, he had taken no notice of Hermann, who was watching him with consternation. Recovering himself at length, he exclaimed, "Another glass, Hermann! To friendship!" He drained this second glass, like the first, to the very last drop; and then, exhausted by the effort he had made, he sunk heavily on a chair. Soon after, Hermann led him, like a sleepy child, to his bed.

During the days that followed, he was unable to leave his room; and the doctor thought it right to warn Hermann that all the symptoms seemed to point to a fatal issue.

On the 8th of January a servant from

the hotel in the little neighboring town brought a letter, which, he said, required an immediate answer. The sick man was then lying almost unconscious. Hermann broke the seal without hesitation, and read as follows: —

"MY DEAR FRIEND, — A visit to Europe which my father had long planned, has at last been undertaken. I did not mention it to you, in order to have the pleasure of surprising you. On reaching this place, I learn that the illness of which you spoke in your last letter has not yet left you. Under these circumstances, I will not venture to present myself without warning you of my arrival, and making sure that you are able to receive me. I am here with my brother, who, like myself, would not come so near to you without seeing you. My father has gone on to Paris, where Francis and I will join him in a few days. "ELLEN."

Hermann, after one instant's thought, took up his hat and dismissed the messenger, saying he would give the answer himself. At the hotel he sent in his card, with the words, "From Mr. Warren," and was immediately ushered into Ellen's presence.

She was alone. Hermann examined her rapidly. He saw an extremely beautiful woman, whose frank and fearless eyes were fixed on him with a questioning look.

Hermann had not frequented the society of women much, and was usually rather embarrassed in their presence. But on this occasion he thought only of his friend, and found no difficulty in explaining the motive of his visit. He told her his friend was ill — very ill — dying — and that he had opened the letter addressed to Warren. Ellen did not answer for some time; she seemed not to have understood what she had heard. After a while her eyes filled with tears, and she asked whether she could see Mr. Warren. On Hermann answering in the affirmative, she further inquired whether her brother might accompany her.

"Two visitors might fatigue the invalid too much," said Hermann; "your brother may come later."

"Are you not afraid that my visit may tire him?"

"I do not think so; it will make him very happy."

Ellen only took a few minutes to put on her hat and cloak, and they started. The short journey was accomplished in silence. When they reached the house, Hermann

went in first to see how the dying man was. He was lying in his bed, in the delirium of fever, muttering incoherent sentences. Nevertheless he recognized Hermann, and asked for something to drink. After having allayed his thirst, he closed his eyes as if to sleep.

"I have brought you a friend," said Hermann; "will you see him?"

"Hermann? He is always welcome."

"No; it is a friend from America."

"From America? . . . I lived there many years. . . . How desolate and monotonous were the shores I visited! . . ."

"Will you see your friend?"

"I am carried away by the current of the river. In the distance I see dark and shadowy forms; there are hills full of shade and coolness, . . . but I will never rest there."

Hermann retired noiselessly, and returned almost immediately with Ellen.

Warren, who had taken no notice of him, continued to follow the course of his wandering thoughts.

"The river is drawing near to the sea. Already I can hear the roar of the waves. . . . The banks are beginning to be clothed with verdure. . . . The hills are drawing nearer. . . . It is dark now. Here are the big trees beneath which I have dreamed so often. A radiant apparition shines through their foliage. . . . It comes towards me. . . . Ellen!"

She was standing beside the bed. The dying man saw her, and without showing the least surprise, said with a smile, "Thank God! you have come in time. I knew you were coming."

He murmured a few unintelligible words, and then remained silent for a long while. His eyes were wide open. Suddenly he cried, "Hermann!"

Hermann came and stood beside Ellen.

"The pendulum. . . . You know what I mean?" A frank childish smile — the smile of his student days — lighted up his pallid face. He raised his right hand and tracing in the air with his forefinger a wide semicircle, to imitate the oscillation of a pendulum, he said, "Then." He then figured in the same manner a more limited and slower movement, and after repeating it several times, said, "Now." Lastly, he pointed straight before him with a motionless and almost menacing finger, and said with a weak voice, "Soon."

He spoke no more, and closed his eyes. The breathing was becoming very difficult.

Ellen bent over him, and called him softly. "Henry, Henry!" He opened

his eyes. She brought her mouth close to his ear, and said, with a sob, "I have always loved you."

"I knew it from the first," he said, quietly and with confidence.

A gentle expression stole over his countenance, and life seemed to return. Once more he had the confident look of youth. A sad and beautiful smile played on his lips; he took the hand of Ellen in his, and kissed it gently.

"How do you feel now?" inquired Hermann.

The old answer, "Very well."

His hands were plucking at the bed-clothes, as if he strove to cover his face with them. Then his arms stiffened and the fingers remained motionless.

"Very well," he repeated.

He appeared to fall into deep thought. There was a long pause. At last he turned a dying look, fraught with tender pity and sadness, towards Ellen, and in a low voice, which was scarcely audible, he said these two words, with a slight emphasis on the first — "*Perfectly* well."

From Fraser's Magazine.

ULSTER AND ITS PEOPLE.

It is not difficult for the most casual observer to understand that there are two very different races in Ireland: one residing in the northern province and determining its whole social character and moral tone; the other present everywhere over the country, from Cape Clear to the Giant's Causeway, but more strongly distinctive in the south, and possessing more of that picturesqueness of character which arises from startling contrasts, from a singularly chequered history, and from the variety and play that the Celtic temperament admits of.

The Ulsterman has had almost no representation in literature; while the typical Irishman — the Merry-Andrew of Europe — "the ragged and roguish clown who never opens his mouth but to utter a jest or a bull" — the Irishman of the stage, of novels, and of society, is known to everybody. An English writer has said: "With one or two exceptions, we cannot recall any books in which the Ulster character is described:" and the remark is significant. Still, it is not absolutely without literary representation, for it figures in the works of William Carleton the novelist and William Allingham the poet, both natives of Ulster; though they have both

been naturally led to give the chief place in their pictures to the Celtic inhabitants of the province. It is one of the great merits of both writers, that their portraits of Ulster life have been evidently drawn upon the spot, and have an air of truth and authority which does not belong to various more amusing but exaggerated sketches. Let us try to give some account of a people who have a character and a humor of their own, though they may be deficient in that sort of picturesqueness—so exclusively Celtic—in which, as Sydney Smith has observed, utility and order are the last ingredients to be found.

Ulster is well placed for a hardy race, with primitive thrifts and managements, a homespun plainness of manners, and a resolute spirit to grapple with the obstacles of life. It extends from the mountains of Donegal to the passes of Newry, stopping within thirty miles of the Boyne; though, by a sort of poetic license, the southern Irish fix the frontier at the river itself, for they have a familiar saying that, "If there are any fools in the north, they never get farther than the Boyne." The province is bleaker than either Leinster or Munster; but it has its physical advantages. Its mountains do not lie across it, so as to mar the inward communication, but rather along the sea, adding a more striking beauty to the coast scenery; while the large wooded lakes open up the communication of its numerous counties; navigable rivers traverse its plains; its deep large bays and its excellent harbors, especially on the eastern side, facilitate access to the ports of Great Britain. The people are rather proud of the scenery of their province, with its picturesque, bold, and pleasant variety of land and water. They cannot surpass Kerry in the height of its mountains or equal the loveliness of its matchless Killarney; but they are well enough satisfied with their Giant's Causeway, the wild sea-cliffs of Donegal and Antrim, the expanse of Lough Neagh, the islanded lakes of Fermanagh, and the beautiful bathing-towns of Rostrevor, Portrush, and many others. They can boast, too, of a fair display of round towers, cromlechs, crosses, castles, and "raths," though, perhaps, they are disposed to regard these antiquities as more rightfully appertaining to the ancient race that has so much longer occupied the country. If they take any interest in Ossian or in St. Patrick, it is mainly because they believe they have the grave of the hero of ancient days at Cushendall and

that of the patron saint at Downpatrick. They are more proud of two or three events in the history of the province; such as the siege of Derry, "which," says Mr. Froude, "is almost the only heroic piece of history of which the long chronicles of Ireland can boast;" and of the battles of the Enniskilleners in 1690, which, with the battle of the Boyne, sealed the fate of the ancient race, as well as of the Stuart dynasty. But they are still more gratified by their expanding prosperity; and they point to Belfast, growing in a single century from an insignificant town of nine thousand inhabitants to a large manufacturing centre of two hundred thousand, with a yearly trade greater than that of all the other Irish ports taken together. The most characteristic sight in Ulster is the farmer—a well-clothed, well-fed, very independent man, with corn in his haggard, store in his barn, food in his house, character in the country, and money in the bank.

Ulstermen have been described as a mongrel community. This is true in a sense. They are neither Scotch, English, nor Irish, but a mixture of all three; and they are an ingredient in the Irish population distinguished by habits of thought, character, and utterance entirely unlike the people who fill the rest of the island. It is easy to see, however, at a single glance that the foundation of Ulster society is Scotch. This is the solid granite on which it rests. There are districts of country—especially along the eastern coast, running sixty or seventy miles, from the Ards of Down to the mouth of the Foyle—in which the granite crops out on the surface, as we readily observe by the Scottish dialect of the peasantry. Only twenty miles of sea separate Ulster from Scotland at one point; and just as the Grampians cross the channel to rise again in the mountains of Donegal, there seems to be no break in the continuity of race between the two peoples that inhabit the two opposite coasts. Thus it comes to pass that much of the history of Ulster is a portion of Scottish history inserted into that of Ireland; a stone in the Irish mosaic of an entirely different color and quality from the pieces that surround it. James I. colonized Ulster in the seventeenth century, not with the Gaelic Scots, who might have coalesced with their kindred Celts in Ireland, but with that Lowland rural population who from the very first fixed the moral and religious tone of the entire province. Ireland was then called "the back door of

Great Britain ;" and James I. was anxious to place a garrison there that would be able not only to shut the door, but to keep it shut, in the face of his French or Spanish enemies; and, accordingly, when an attempt was made at the Revolution to force the door, the garrison was there — the advanced outpost of English power — to shut it in the face of the planter's grandson, and so to save the liberties of England at the most critical moment in its history. One may see (as Hugh Miller did) in the indomitable firmness of the besieged at Derry the spirit of their ancestors under Wallace and Bruce, and recognize, in the gallant exploits of the Enniskillen men under Gustavus Hamilton, routing two of the forces despatched to attack them, and compelling a third to retire, a repetition of the thrice-fought and thrice-won battle of Roslin.

It is now time to notice the character and ways of the Ulsterman, not the Celt of Ulster, who gives nothing distinctive to its society—for he is there what he is in Munster or Connaught, only with a less degree of vivacity and wit—but the Scotch-Irishman, inheriting from Scotland that Norse nature often crossed no doubt with Celtic blood, the one giving him his persistency, the other a touch of impulsiveness, to which Ulster owes so much of its progress and prosperity. He represents the race which has been described as "the vertebral column of Ulster, giving it at once its strength and uprightness"—a race masculine alike in its virtues and its faults—solid, sedate, and plodding—and distinguished both at home and abroad by shrewdness of head, thoroughgoing ways, and moral tenacity. The Ulsterman is, above all things, able to stand alone, and to stand firmly on his own feet. He is called "the sturdy Northern," from his firmness and independence and his adherence to truth and probity. He is thoroughly practical. He studies uses, respects common things, and cultivates the prose of human life. The English despise the Irish as aimless, but not the man of Ulster, who has a supreme eye to facts, and is "locked and bolted to results." There is a business-like tone in his method of speaking. He never wastes a word, yet on occasion he can speak with volubility. He is as *dour* and dogged on occasion as a Scotchman, with, however, generally less of that infusion of sternness—so peculiarly Scotch—which is really the result of a strong habitual relation between thought and action. English tourists notice the stiff

and determined manner of the Ulsterman in his unwillingness to give way to you at fair or market, on the ground that one man is as good as another. The Ulsterman, no matter what his politics, is democratic in spirit; and his loyalty is not personal, like that of the Celt, but rather a respect for institutions. He has something, too, of the Scotch pugnacity of mind, and always seems in conversation as if he were afraid of making too large admissions. Mr. Matthew Arnold speaks of "sweet reasonableness" as one of the noblest elements of culture and national life. The Ulsterman has the reasonableness, but he is not sweet. A southern Irishman says of him: "The northern, like their own hills, are rough but healthsome, and, though often plain-spoken even to bluntness, there is no kinder-hearted peasantry in the world." But he is certainly far inferior to the Celtic Irishman in good manners and the art of pleasing. Though not so reserved or grave as the Scotchman, and with rather more social talent, he is inferior to the Southern in pliancy, suppleness, and *bonhomie*. He hates ceremony and is wanting in politeness. He is rough and ready, and speaks his mind without reserve. He has not the silky flattery and courteous tact of the Southern. A Killarney beggarman will utter more civil things in half an hour to a stranger than an Ulsterman in all his life; but the Ulsterman will retort that the Southern is "too sweet to be wholesome." Certainly, if an Ulsterman does not care about you, he will neither say nor look as if he did. You know where to find him; he is no hypocrite. The Celt, with his fervent and fascinating manner, far surpasses him in making friends whom he will not always keep; while the Ulsterman, not so attractive a mortal at the outset, improves upon acquaintance, and is considerably more stanch in his friendships. Strangers say the mixture of Protestant *fierté* with good-nature and good-humor gives to the Ulsterman a tone rather piquant than unpleasing. Like some cross-grained woods, he admits of high polish, and when chastened by culture and religion, he turns out a very high style of man. He differs from the Celt, again, in the way he takes his pleasures; for he follows work with such self-concentration that he never thinks of looking about him like the Celt for objects to amuse or excite. He has few holidays (unlike the Celt, whose holidays take all the temper out of labor), and he hardly knows how to employ them except in party processions.

The Ulsterman is not imaginative or traditional, chiefly because his affection strikes no deep root into Irish history. The Celt is more steeped in poetry and romance; the Ulsterman knows almost nothing of fairy mythology, or of the love of semi-historic legend which fires the imagination of the Celt. The ghost is almost the exclusive property of the ancient race. The Ulsterman has certainly lost his share, or at least his interest, in such things, though he is surrounded, like the Celt, by all the old monuments of pagan times, each with a memory and a tale as grey as the stone itself. It is probably because he is so imaginative that the Celt has not such a real possession of the present as the Ulsterman; for those who think too much of a splendid past, whether it be real or imaginary, are usually apt to think too little of the present, and the remark has been made that the poetry of the Celt is that of a race that has seen better days, for there is an almost total want of the fine old Norse spirit of self-reliance, and of making the best possible use of the present. In one of his fits of despondency, Goethe envied America its freedom from ruined castles, useless remembrances, and vain disputes, which entangle old nations and trouble their hearts while they ought to be strong for present action. Certainly, the Ulsterman has not allowed himself to be encumbered in any such way.

People have said of Ulstermen, as they have said of Scotchmen, that they are destitute of wit and humor; but they certainly have *wit*, if they have not wit, and, as practised in the north-eastern part of the province, it corresponds very nearly with what is properly humor. It has not the spontaneity, the freshness, the oddity, the extravagance of Celtic humor, which upsets our gravity on the instant; it has not the power of "pitching it strong," or "drawing the long bow," like the humor of America; nor has it the sparkling and volatile characteristics of French wit. It is dry, caustic, and suggestive; on the whole rather reticent of words, and in fact very Scotch in character; and the fun is contained rather in the whole series of conceptions called up by a set of anecdotes and stories than by any smart quip or flash at the close. Often the humor, as in Scotland, lies not in what is said but in what is suggested, the speaker all the while apparently unconscious of saying anything to excite amusement or laughter. Many of the illustrations are, like those of Dean Ramsay, of an ecclesiastical character; for the Ulsterman, like the Scotch-

man, makes religion a condition of social existence, and demands with an unsparing rigor on the part of all his neighbors a certain participation in the ordinances of religion.

A young probationer once preached a trial sermon before a Presbyterian congregation in the County Donegal, and an elder's criticism upon the performance, which consisted indeed of nothing but texts of Scripture strung together, was given in these words: "There wasna muckle clean preachin' in it." A Presbyterian peasant was once boasting of the preaching ability of his minister, and especially of the length of his services, which extended to three hours. His neighbor listened to the eulogy patiently enough till he heard the boast about the long services. He then quietly replied, "Coorse straw taks lang to chow" (chew). A college professor, very dry, cold, and formal in his style of address, was once preaching to a country congregation; and after the service was over an elder remarked to a neighbor, "Weel, it'll be lang afore that man maks the deil swat." A native of the Ards of Down, in a dry season when not a drop of rain had fallen for weeks to refresh the thirsty ground, was one day watching a cloud sailing calmly across Strangford Lough in the direction of his fields. However, it took another direction; thereupon he remarked, "Aye, if ye were the poor-rate or the county-cess, ye wad a gi'en us a call." A sailor from the same district had been all over the world, and, after twenty years' absence, visited his native town, a little village on the seacoast. "Weel," said he, "I hae seen mony toons in my time, and B—— is the only toon I ever saw that's *finished*." Twenty years had made no change in its appearance. An old minister was once visiting his hearers, and accosted a humble farmer who had been lazy with his crop in the wet season. "I hear, Jamie," said the minister, "that ye are behind with your harvest." "Oh! sir," was the reply, "I hae got it all in except three wee stacks, and I leave them to the mercy of Providence." In this a touch of the Celt came in. The choice of a minister in a country parish is often an affair of some contention as well as delay. There was a division in a congregation caused by the election of a minister. The minority, to whom the candidate was unacceptable, withdrew, and resolved to build a new meeting-house for themselves. A member of the majority was sceptical upon the point, and said, "They'll hae guy guid

spectacles that'll see that hoose." The taunt so mortified the seceders that they actually carved the image of a pair of spectacles on a stone in the front of their church. A congregation was once looking out for a minister, and, after hearing a host of candidates with more or less popular gifts, their choice fell upon a "sticket probationer," whose election caused great surprise in the country. One of the hearers was afterwards asked by an eminent minister how the congregation could have brought themselves to select such a minister. His reply was quite characteristic: "Weel, we had twa or three reasons; first, naeboddy recommended him; then he was nae studier; and besides he had money in the bank." It appeared that, of two former ministers who had not come up to expectation, one of them had brought flaming testimonials, and the other had buried himself among his books so that the people never saw him but in the pulpit; while the third reason was, perhaps, the most cogent of all, for the people did not care to burden themselves with a too generous support of their pastor. In another case the minister usurped the functions of session and committee, and ignored the office-bearers altogether. One of the elders observed to another, one Sunday morning as the minister was trotting up to the meeting-house on his smart little pony, "It's a fine wee powny the minister rides." "Aye," said the other, "it's a guy strang ane; it can carry minister, session, and committee without turnin' a hair." Some of the old sextons, or beadles, 'as they would be called in Scotland, have been great characters. One of the class, by the way, was burned in Scotland by the Papists in Reformation times, because, falling asleep in the church, he woke up with an exclamation: "Deil tak the priests; they're a greedy pack!" The sexton of a parish in County Armagh was about to lose his wife. She begged him, as her last dying request, to bury her over in Tyrone, among her own kindred, forty miles away. "Indeed, Peggy," was the dry rejoinder of her husband, "I'll thry ye here first, but if ye give ony throuble, I'll tak ye up and bury ye in Tyrone." Sometimes the humor even comes out on the scaffold. About half a century ago an old man was hanged near Randalstown, in County Antrim, for complicity in a sordid and barbarous murder. The rope broke, and he fell violently to the ground. His first words when he got to his feet and recovered his breath were, "Ah! sheriff, sheriff, gie us fair hangin'."

His sons leaped forward to claim their father's life on the ground that the sentence of hanging had really been carried out, and that the law had no right to exact a second hanging. But the old man himself, looking round upon the crowd, while the hangman was adjusting the rope for a second experiment, cried out, "Na, boys, I'll no gang hame to hae people pointin' me oot, and saying, 'There's John C., the half-hangit man.'"

Some of the ministers of Ulster have been great wags, and their sayings and doings would fill a volume. During the heat of the Non-Intrusion controversy in Scotland, which excited considerable interest among the Presbyterians of Ulster, an eminent minister was at a picnic in a pleasant neighborhood. It fell to his lot to uncork the bottles of liquor provided for the occasion; and, with a solemn face, he said, taking the corkscrew in his hand, "Let us take instruments and crave extracts." Those who have seen an Irish jaunting-car know that the passengers sit on opposite sides, and that it is a matter of some consequence to the horse, as well as to the springs of the vehicle, that the car should be equally balanced. This minister was in the habit of saying to clerical brethren as he was about to seat them on the car, "Which of you is the heaviest preacher?" Some one saying of a singularly unintellectual minister that he had got some particular notion into his head, "His head!" replied this witty minister; "Mr. A. has no head: what you call a head is only a top-knot that his Maker put there to keep him from ravelling out."

We must say a word of the Ulster dialect and pronunciation, which is very unlike anything to be heard in any other part of Ireland. The language of the northern province is a curious mixture of English, Scotch, and Irish, but moulded into a peculiar *patois* that is more Scotch than anything else. An English traveller thinks it partakes more of the nature of the broad Yorkshire, such as may be heard in the Dales, than any other dialect; but it undoubtedly borrows from Ireland its guttural and other southern peculiarities, though it has none of the sweetness and softness of the Munster brogue. The Ulsterman usually pronounces I "a" or "aw," as "a' will" for "I will;" he says "aye" when he means "yes;" he begins his sentences with "I say," pronounced quickly "assay," as if he were afraid of losing his breath. He softens his consonants or omits them altogether; as in the

following sentence: "Keep quiet, you ones; why, I can harly (hardly) hear my ears wi' the noise a' ye;" and as in these words: thimmel for thimble, finger for finger, sing-le for single, leather for ladder, gavel for gable, soger for soldier, chimley for chimney; while he uses a whole heap of words and expressions borrowed evidently from the Scotch, such as brash, wheen, speel, sleekit, sevendible, sringe, bing, skelly, farl, thraw, curnaptious, dotther, thole, boke, dunsh, oxther, coggle, sheugh, stour, fother, jeuk, floos-ther, sthroop, dwine, cowp, flype, thon (yon), corp (corpse), dixenary, girn, wumman, umberell, slither.

The peculiarities of Ulster dialect sometimes greatly puzzle the judges of assize, who are mostly Southerners by birth. A witness was once asked by a barrister how he had seen such a thing. "I saw it," was the reply, "by the blunk o' a caunle." "A blunk o' a caunle!" said the judge, "what's that?" "It's jist what a' say—the blunk o' a caunle." "But what is the blunk o' a caunle?" "Weel, ye're a nice man to be sittin' up there, no to ken what a' mean by a blunk o' a caunle." He meant the blink of a candle. Mrs. S. C. Hall says she addressed a little girl in Bangor, County Down, "Where are you going, my dear?" "I'm ganging to schuile." "And where do you live?" "Is it whar I leeve? Joost wi' me fayther and mither." "How old are you?" "Joost sax."

We need hardly say that Presbyterianism runs strong in the native current of Ulster blood. It has a good deal of the douce Davie Dean type, and is resolutely opposed to all religious innovations. It was Dean Swift who said, when he saw the stone-cutters effacing the cherub faces from the old stone-work of an Episcopal church which was to do duty in a Presbyterian edifice, "Look at these rascally Presbyterians, chiselling the very Popery out of the stones!" Mr. Froude says it was the one mistake of Swift's life, that he misunderstood the Presbyterians. It is not generally known that there was a Janet Geddes in Ulster. At the Restoration, the celebrated Jeremy Taylor appointed an Episcopal successor at Comber, County Down, to replace an excellent Presbyterian worthy, who refused conformity. The women of the parish collected, pulled the new clergyman out of the pulpit, and tore his white surplice to ribbons. They were brought to trial at Downpatrick, and one of the female witnesses made the following declaration:

"And maun a' tell the truth, the haile truth, and naethin but the truth?" "You must," was the answer. "Weel, then," was her fearless avowal, "these are the hands that poo'd the white sark ower his heed." It is Presbyterianism that has fixed the religious tone of the whole province, though the Episcopalians possess, likewise, much of the religious vehemence of their neighbors, and have earned among English High Churchmen the character of being Puritan in their spirit and theology.

We shall now proceed to say something of the success of the Ulsterman, both at home and abroad. Little needs to be said of his success at home, for, though taking root in far from the finest part of Ireland, he has turned the natural resources of Ulster to the best account, and created an emporium of manufacturing activity, commercial enterprise, and agricultural thrift, which has always been the envy and admiration of the south. Arthur Helps, in one of his pleasant essays, says that the first rule for success in life is to get yourself born, if you can, north of the Tweed; and we should say it would not be a bad sort of advice to an Irishman to get himself born, if possible, north of the Boyne. He might have to part with something of his quickness of perception, his susceptibility to external influence, and his finer imagination; but he would gain in working-power, and, especially in the one great quality indispensable to success—self-containedness, steadiness, impassibility to outward excitements or distracting pleasures. It is this good quality, together with his adaptability, that accounts for the success of the Ulsterman in foreign countries. He may be hard in demeanor, pragmatism in mind, literal and narrow, almost without a spark of imagination; but he is the most adaptable of men, and accepts people he does not like in his grave, stiff way, reconciling himself to the facts or the facts to himself. He pushes along quietly to his proper place, not using his elbows too much, and is not hampered by traditions like the Celt. He succeeds particularly well in America and in India, not because Ulstermen help one another and get on like a corporation; for he is not clannish like the Scottish Highlanders or the Irish Celts, the last of whom unfortunately stick together like bees, and drag one another down instead of up. No foreign people succeed in America unless they mix with the native population. It is out of Ulster that her hardy sons have made the most of their talents. It was an

Ulsterman of Donegal, Francis Mackemie, who founded American Presbyterianism in the early part of the last century, just as it was an Ulsterman of the same district, St. Columbkille, who converted the Picts of Scotland in the sixth century. Four of the presidents of the United States and one vice-president have been of Ulster extraction, James Monroe, James Knox Polk, John C. Calhoun, and James Buchanan. General Andrew Jackson was the son of a poor Ulster emigrant who settled in North Carolina towards the close of the last century: "I was born somewhere," he said, "between Carrickfergus and the United States." Bancroft and other historians recognize the value of the Scotch-Irish element in forming the society of the Middle and Southern States. It has been the boast of Ulstermen that the first general who fell in the American war of the Revolution was an Ulsterman — Richard Montgomery, who fought at the siege of Quebec; that Samuel Findley, president of Princeton College, and Francis Allison, pronounced by Stiles, the president of Yale, to be the greatest classical scholar in the United States, had a conspicuous place in educating the American mind to independence; that the first publisher of a daily paper in America was a Tyroneman named Dunlop; that the marble palace of New York, where the greatest business in the world is done by a single firm, was the property of the late Alexander T. Stewart, a native of Lisburn, County Down; that the foremost merchants, such as the Browns and Stewarts, are Ulstermen; and that the inventors of steam-navigation, telegraphy, and the reaping-machine — Fulton, Morse, and M'Cormick — are either Ulstermen or the sons of Ulstermen.

Ulster can also point with pride to the distinguished career of her sons in India. The Lawrences, Henry and John — the two men by whom, regarding merely the human instruments employed, India has been preserved, rescued from anarchy, and restored to the position of a peaceful and progressive dependency — were natives of County Derry. Sir Robert Montgomery was born in the city of Derry; Sir James Emerson Tennant was a native of Belfast; Sir Francis Hincks is a member of an Ulster family remarkable for great variety of talent. While Ulster has given one viceroy to India, it has given two to Canada in the persons of Lord Lisgar and Lord Dufferin. Sir Henry Pottinger, who attained celebrity as a diplomatist, and was afterwards appointed governor-general

of Hong Kong, was a native of Belfast. Besides the gallant General Nicholson, Ulster has given a whole gazetteful of heroes to India. It has always taken a distinguished place in the annals of war. An Ulsterman was with Nelson at Trafalgar, another with Wellington at Waterloo. General Rollo Gillespie, Sir Robert Kane, Lord Moira, and the Chesneys were all from County Down. Ulstermen have left their mark on the world's geography as explorers, for they furnished Sir John Franklin with the brave Crozier, from Banbridge, his second in command, and then sent an Ulsterman, M'Clintock, to find his bones, and another Ulsterman, M'Clure, to discover the passage Franklin had sought in vain.

It is now time that we should speak of the intellectual position and achievements of the northern province. The wonder is, indeed, that it has any place at all in the ranks of literature and scholarship, for, till about two generations ago, there was no provision made by the State for supporting a literary or intellectual life in the province. It was a great mistake that England did not found a university in Ulster to cultivate the intellectual powers of the hardy Northerners, and to supply guidance and nourishment to the most progressive part of the Irish community. Owing to restrictive legislation, the Presbyterians and Roman Catholics were shut out from all the advantages of the higher culture at home, and had to seek — the one in Scotland and the other on the Continent — for that amount of intellectual training which was deemed indispensable for the clerical profession. Maynooth was founded at the end of the last century, and Belfast College — mainly, indeed, by the public spirit of the citizens themselves — in 1816. Is it at all wonderful, therefore, that nearly all the most distinguished names in Irish scholarship, literature, and statesmanship, such as Burke, Sheridan, Swift, Berkeley, Plunket, Goldsmith, Curran, Grattan, and Moore, should belong to the south? They all owed their culture to Dublin University. Of course things are now altered for the better by the establishment of the Queen's University, with its trio of colleges, and other collegiate institutions, which are, no doubt, rearing a class of thinkers out of which the more creative order of minds may be expected to arise. The growing prosperity of Ulster will, no doubt, by-and-by provide that studious leisure which is almost indispensable for the highest products of genius.

But Ulstermen are under no necessity of pleading intellectual poverty, for, notwithstanding all their disadvantages, they can boast, over the widest arena of human knowledge and enterprise, a noble band of scholars, divines, philosophers, and literary people, who command the admiration of the world. We have already spoken of the statesmanlike ability of Ulstermen abroad. Mention may now be made of at least one statesman at home — Lord Castlereagh — who was a native of County Down, and the son of the first Marquis of Londonderry, who was a Presbyterian elder till the day of his death. The name of Castlereagh may not be popular in any part of Ireland on account of the bloody recollections of the rebellion of 1798; but his reputation as a statesman has undoubtedly risen of late years, for it is now known that he was not such an absolutist or ultraist as has been generally imagined. He possessed in perfection the art of managing men, and excelled as a diplomatist, while he had an enormous capacity for work as an administrator. For most of his career he had a very remarkable man for his private secretary, Alexander Knox, a native of Derry, whose literary remains have been edited by Bishop Jebb, and whose conversational powers are said to have recalled those of Dr. Johnson himself. Lord Macaulay calls him “an altogether remarkable man.” George Canning, the statesman who detached England from the influences of Continental despotism and restored her to her proper place in Europe, who was the first minister to perceive the genius and abilities of Wellington, and who opened that “Spanish ulcer” which Napoleon at St. Helena declared to be the main cause of his ruin, was the son of a Derry gentleman of ancient and respectable family. Lord Plunket, who was equally celebrated in politics, law, and oratory, was a native of Enniskillen, where his father, the Rev. Thomas Plunket, was a minister of the Presbyterian Church. To come down nearer to our own times, three men who have made their mark on the national politics of Ireland — John Mitchel, Charles Gavan Duffy, and Isaac Butt — belong to Ulster. The first was the son of a Unitarian minister, and was born in County Derry; the second is the son of a County Monaghan farmer; the third, the son of the late rector of Stranorlar parish in County Donegal. An Ulsterman — Lord Cairns — now presides over the deliberations of the House of Lords.

But we must speak of the more purely

intellectual work of Ulstermen, in the walks of literature, science, and philosophy. It has been remarked that, though their predominant qualities are Scotch, they have not inherited the love of abstract speculation. Yet they have produced at least one distinguished philosopher in the person of Francis Hutchison, professor of moral philosophy in the University of Glasgow in the last century, and, if we may follow the opinion of Dr. M'Cosh, the true founder of the Scottish school of philosophy. He was born at Saintfield, County Down, where his father was a Presbyterian minister. In natural science, Ulster can boast of Sir Hans Sloane, a native of Killyleagh, County Down; of Dr. Black, the famous chemist, a native of Belfast; of Dr. James Thompson and his son, Sir William Thompson, both natives of County Down, and of William Thomson and Robert Patterson, both of Belfast. In theology and pulpit oratory, Ulstermen have always taken a distinguished place. If Donegal produced a deistical writer so renowned as John Toland, Fermanagh reared the theologian who was to combat the whole school of Deism in the person of the Rev. Charles Leslie, the author of “A Short and Easy Method with the Deists.” The masterly treatise of Dr. William Magee, Archbishop of Dublin, on the doctrine of the atonement still holds its place in theological literature. He was an Enniskillener, like Plunket, and his grandson, the present Bishop of Peterborough, is one of the most eloquent divines on the English bench. There is no religious body, indeed, in Ulster that cannot point to at least one eminent theologian with a fame extending far beyond the province. The Presbyterians are proud of the reputation of the Rev. Henry Cooke, of Belfast; the Unitarians, of the Rev. Henry Montgomery, of Dunmurry, near Belfast; the Baptists, of the Rev. Alexander Carson, of Tubbermore, County Derry, the author of the ablest treatise ever written on behalf of Baptist principles; the Methodists, of Dr. Adam Clarke, the learned commentator on the Scriptures, who was born at Maghera, in the same county; and the Covenanters, of the Rev. John Paul, who had all the logical acuteness of a schoolman. In oratory, Ulstermen are proud of the great abilities of Plunket, Cooke, Montgomery, Isaac Butt, and Lord Cairns. In pure scholarship they name Dr. Archibald Mac-laine, chaplain at the Hague, and translator of Mosheim’s “History;” Dr. Edward Hincks, of Killyleagh, County Down, the

decipherer of the Nineveh tablets; and Dr. Samuel Davidson, the eminent Biblical scholar and critic.

The one thing in which the Ulsterman contrasts least favorably with his brother Irishman is his want of poetry. His talents are neither for music nor poetry, nor does he cultivate the arts. Ulster claims the sculptor, Patrick M'Dowell; and Crawford, whose works adorn the Capitol at Washington, was born, we believe, at sea, his parents being emigrants from the neighborhood of Ballyshannon, County Donegal. But we cannot remember a single painter, or musical composer, or singer, who belongs to Ulster. In the art of novel-writing there is William Carleton, already referred to, the most realistic sketcher of Irish character who has ever lived, and who far excels Lever, and Lover, and Edgeworth in the faithfulness of his pictures, though he fails in the broader representations of Hibernian humor. No one has so well sounded the depths of the Irish heart, or so skilfully portrayed its kinder and nobler feelings. Ulster was never remarkable for pathos. Carleton is an exception; but he belonged to the ancient race, and first saw the light in the home of a poor peasant in Clogher, County Tyrone. The only other novel-writers that Ulster can boast of—none of them at all equal in national flavor to Carleton—are Elizabeth Hamilton, the author of "The Cottagers of Glenburnie," who lived at the beginning of this century; William H. Maxwell, the author of "Stories of Waterloo;" Captain Mayne Reid, the writer of sensational tales about Western America; Francis Browne; and Mrs. Riddle, the authoress of "George Geith." In dramatic literature, Ulster can boast of George Farquhar, the author of "The Beaux' Stratagem," who was the son of a Derry clergyman, and of Macklin, the actor as well as the author, known to us by his play, "The Man of the World." The only names it can boast of in poetry are Samuel Ferguson, the author of "The Forging of the Anchor;" William Allingham, the author of "Laurence Bloomfield," with two or three of lesser note.

We have thus attempted to sketch the characteristics of an energetic and self-reliant race who have received from the world perhaps less attention than they deserve. Indeed, they themselves merit the reproach which was originally applied to their Celtic brethren—"Hibernia semper incuriosa suarum." They are unquestionably proud of their success; but they are so bent upon minding their own

business that they concern themselves very little with the opinion of the world. They are interesting to us because they combine some of the best qualities of the English, Scotch, and Irish; showing much of the indomitable energy of the one, the prudential thrift of the other, and the generous impulses of the third. The two races that hold Ireland are destined to abide side by side, but they stand apart in politics; for Ulster is Imperialist, and the remainder of Ireland is so-called "national" or provincial. Both races have had just grounds of complaint against England for past oppression; but the old virus of opposition is still rankling in the south, while the north holds no bitterness in its heart against England. Benjamin Franklin has said that "the house was never yet built that was large enough to hold two families;" but Ireland has room enough for the two races that till its soil, and it will be a happy day for her when they shall begin to regard themselves as complementary to each other, and to work together with tolerant and friendly aims for the common good of their country.

T. C.

From All The Year Round.

THE BAYREUTH PERFORMANCES.

THERE has probably never been an event in connection with the history of music which has caused so much excitement as the recent first performances, at Bayreuth in Bavaria, of Richard Wagner's great festival play, "*Der Ring des Nibelungen*." Not only is the work itself an experiment of an entirely new kind; but the circumstances connected with its production are in many respects so remarkable, that some account of what was lately to be seen and heard in Bayreuth may probably be interesting even to the readers of a non-musical paper.

It is nothing very unusual, perhaps, for a composer to have to wait twenty years before he can get one of his operas brought forward; and it is at least as long since Wagner began the composition of his great work. But it is certainly a novelty for a musician to build a special theatre, at a cost of some forty-five thousand pounds, for the performance of his own work; and this is what Wagner, with untiring perseverance and energy, has actually succeeded in doing. It will probably be said: "Surely there are plenty of theatres to be found in the principal cities

of Germany which would have suited Wagner's purpose; why in the world should he go to the expense of building one for himself?" The answer is very simple. The work to be produced requires such elaborate preparation, that it would have been impossible to obtain the exclusive use of any existing theatre for a sufficient length of time to secure the necessary amount of rehearsal. The composer's friends therefore came forward in troops; Wagner societies were formed in most of the principal cities of Europe; the funds were forthcoming, and the work was done.

In company with a musical friend, bound on the same errand as myself, I left London early last month for Bayreuth. At Cologne, our first stopping-place, indications were already to be met with of the interest which the performances excite in Germany. Not only were large posters announcing the festival to be seen in the town, but the bookstall at the railway station was loaded with pamphlets on the subject. Nay, the very guide who showed us over the cathedral, on hearing, in answer to his inquiry, that we were bound for Bayreuth, brightened up at once, and asked us several questions as to the cast of the work. We could not help contrasting his knowledge on the subject with the ignorance of a fellow-passenger, an Englishman on board the steamer, who, on being told we were going to Bayreuth, said: "Ah! then I suppose you will go by way of Brindisi!" He was evidently thinking of Beyrout.

It was curious to observe the different opinions entertained by the Germans themselves, as to the great event about to take place. The majority seemed to be decidedly in Wagner's favor; but there were not wanting those who held quite opposite views. We travelled from Frankfurt to Nuremberg with a very intelligent German gentleman, who openly denounced the whole thing as a "swindle." He apparently knew nothing of it except what he had read in the papers, some of which are as bitter in their abuse of the composer as others are loud in his praises. On the other hand, the greater number of those with whom we conversed seemed as interested, and as curious as to the success of the novel experiment, as we were ourselves.

As we approached Bayreuth, the excitement increased; and when at Neuenmarkt we left the main line, and entered the train which was to take us to our destination, there were abundant evidences that

the occasion was no ordinary one. In our carriage was one gentleman from the extreme north of Germany, another from Russia, a third from Cairo, and our two selves from London—truly a cosmopolitan company. As the train slackened speed for Bayreuth, we obtained on emerging from a cutting our first view of the Wagner theatre, which is placed upon a hill about half a mile outside the town. It is, externally, a plain and unpretending-looking structure, of red brick, faced with yellow stone, which, though hardly ugly, cannot be considered in any respect artistically beautiful. It was evident that no money had been wasted upon mere external decoration. We had, however, only time for a passing glance when the train drew up at the station, and our journey was at an end.

Bayreuth is a very favorable specimen of a German country town. It contains some nineteen thousand inhabitants; the principal streets are broad, and particularly clean, with abundance of those old-fashioned houses, with gable-ends turned toward the street, which are so characteristic of German towns. The influx of some two thousand visitors into a place of this size would have been likely to cause considerable inconvenience, both to the strangers themselves and to the regular inhabitants, but for the excellent arrangements of the committee of management. A register of lodgings was opened, and every person who was provided with a ticket for the performance was able, by writing previously to the committee, to secure such accommodation as he might require at a very reasonable charge. In this way all confusion was avoided; and if any visitor found himself in difficulties on his arrival he had only his own improvidence to blame.

As we passed through the town on our way from the station to our lodgings, it was evident that Bayreuth was in festival attire. There was hardly a house from which garlands were not suspended, and flags flying; and though the fact that the emperor of Germany was expected had certainly something to do with the appearance of the town, there is no doubt that the decorations were, to a considerable extent, in honor of the illustrious composer.

It is hardly possible to imagine a greater contrast, than that existing between our ordinary London life, and the free-and-easy, Bohemian sort of existence which seemed to be the rule at Bayreuth. At almost any hour in the day crowds might

have been seen in front of the various restaurants, taking their meals in the street, or drinking to an apparently unlimited extent of that excellent Bavarian beer, which seems to "cheer but not inebriate." And here I must say, to the honor of the Germans, that though they appeared to be continually drinking, I never, during my whole visit, saw a single person the worse for liquor. There was a most delightful absence of ceremoniousness among all present. There seems to be a sort of freemasonry among musicians; during my first day in Bayreuth I made the acquaintance, without any introduction, of at least half-a-dozen distinguished *capellmeisters* and musical critics. If a conversation on the all-engrossing subject of Wagner was going on, it seemed a perfectly natural thing to join in; and in no single instance was I met by a haughty stare, as if I had taken a liberty in intruding. On the contrary, I always received a most cordial welcome, frequently accompanied by offers of beer; and many were the questions asked me as to the knowledge of Wagner and his music in England, and the attitude taken by our public with respect to his works.

Such a gathering of musicians as that to be met with in Bayreuth has seldom, if ever, been seen. There was not a town of any importance in Germany which had not furnished its contingent; England was well represented; France, Italy, Holland, Belgium, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Finland, all sent visitors. The number of Russians present was very large, not only from St. Petersburg and Moscow, but from such remote places as Kiew and Odessa. Even more surprising was it to learn that there were at least two or three hundred Americans present, who had crossed the Atlantic for the sole purpose of attending the performances. The larger number of these came from Boston and New York, but there was at least one who had undertaken the journey from San Francisco. One or two enthusiasts had come from even greater distances. I heard of one gentleman who had travelled from China; but his exploit was surpassed by that of another amateur, who had come all the way from Melbourne!

The road leading from the town to the Wagner theatre is probably as hot and dusty a one as could be found in Europe. The supply of vehicles being somewhat limited, it was a matter of necessity for the larger number of visitors to walk up from the town; and as there is a moderately steep ascent for the whole distance, and the thermometer averaged from one

hundred degrees to as much as one hundred and ten degrees Fahrenheit in the shade (that is, when any could be found, which was not often), our condition on reaching the theatre can be easily imagined.

On our arrival there a lovely panorama extends itself before us, as we stand on the platform in front of the building. Immediately below us is the town of Bayreuth; beyond, a gently undulating and beautifully wooded landscape, bounded by the grey heights of the distant Fichtelgebirge, the mountain breezes from which temper the otherwise unbearable heat. Denser and denser grows the crowd as the hour for commencing approaches; and one begins to wonder how it will be possible, within any reasonable time, to seat so many without confusion in the theatre. All this, however, has been foreseen and provided for by Wagner. Every seat in the place is numbered; there are twelve doors — six on each side of the theatre; and on each ticket is indicated the door by which the holder must enter to reach his seat. At a few minutes before the time for beginning, a flourish of trumpets is heard from the front of the theatre, as a summons to the audience to take their places; and then the excellence of the arrangement is seen. Without the least crushing, every one finds his own door, and we walk in with no more trouble or discomfort than if we were entering our own houses. No man can pass in at the wrong entrance, because, through any other than the proper door, it is impossible to reach his seat.

At last, then, we are fairly in the theatre, and can look about us to see what manner of building it is. The first thing that strikes us is the simplicity of its construction. Here we have no spacious lobbies, no large crush-rooms. We enter the door, pass up some eight or ten stairs, and are in the pit at once. The interior of the theatre impresses us with a feeling of decided novelty. Here we see no rows of boxes, rising one above another. There are no seats, of any kind whatever, at the side of the house. It consists almost entirely of pit, or, to speak more correctly, of amphitheatre. From the stage, which is about the size of that of Covent Garden, rise thirty rows of seats, each raised one step above that in front of it, so that every spectator commands an uninterrupted view of the stage. The rows of seats are curved, and the ground-plan resembles a half-opened fan, gradually widened towards the back of the house; the front

rows containing thirty-two seats and the last fifty-eight. In all, the amphitheatre will seat one thousand three hundred and forty-five persons. At the back, and extending along the whole end of the theatre, is the royal box, which will accommodate one hundred spectators, and above this is a small gallery, which contains two hundred and five "free seats," which have been given to poor musicians, who were unable to afford fifteen pounds, the price of a ticket for one series of performances. Altogether, therefore, the theatre will seat one thousand six hundred and fifty persons; but it is very much larger than would be anticipated, because there is so much space not utilized in the ordinary way. The reason of the innovation in the arrangements is, that Wagner, to increase the scenic illusion, has decided to sink his orchestra so that it shall be altogether invisible, and the hearer's attention shall not be distracted by the sight of the conductor's stick, or the violin bows of the performers. If there were any raised boxes at the sides, their occupants would be able to look down into the orchestra; these boxes are therefore altogether dispensed with. The theatre is lighted, not with a large chandelier hanging from the middle of the ceiling, but by two rows of gas-lamps — one half-way up the buttresses projecting from the walls, and the other at the top of the same, just below the ceiling.

Scarcely are we all in our places, when the emperor of Germany and his suite enter the royal box. The audience rise to their feet, and receive him with a "*Hoch!*" which, in warmth and energy, reminds one of an English "*Hurrah!*" The emperor, who looks wonderfully vigorous for an old man of eighty, steps forward and bows repeatedly. As soon as all are again seated, the trumpet-call is heard from the invisible orchestra, as a signal for silence. All the gas in the theatre is turned down, as at an exhibition of dissolving views, so that, except for the light from the stage, the house is in all but total darkness. There is a moment of intense expectation, and then from what Wagner calls the "mystic chasm" before the stage, the first notes of the music steal gently on the ear.

It is not my intention here to describe either the marvellous drama, or the no less wonderful music, which, for four entire evenings, riveted the attention of the audience. Abundant details on these subjects have been furnished by our daily and weekly papers; the object of the present article is rather to give an account of what

was to be seen than to enter on any criticism of the performances. It may, however, be said in passing that for truly wonderful finish, even in the smallest detail, no such performance has probably ever been seen on any stage. The cast of the work was remarkably fine, most of the first operatic singers in Germany taking part in it. The effect of the concealed orchestra was remarkable; the tone, without perceptibly losing in volume, seemed to be refined; while the fact that we could look immediately on to the stage was greatly favorable to the illusion.

Perhaps the most striking feature of the whole work, at least to non-musicians, was the extraordinary *mise-en-scène*. There is no dramatic work in existence which offers such apparently almost insuperable difficulties to the stage-manager and machinist as the "*Ring des Nibelungen*;" and the way in which these difficulties were overcome by Herr Brandt, of Darmstadt, who is reputed the greatest stage-machinist in Germany, was, at times, really marvellous. For instance, the first scene of the "*Rheingold*," the first part of the drama, is laid at the bottom of the Rhine. Above flow the waters, and in them we see the three Rhine-daughters swimming about like so many fish. Under ordinary circumstances this would probably not be difficult to represent by means of lay-figures; but this could not be done in the present instance, as the Rhine-daughters have both to sing and act while swimming. Each performer was, therefore, provided with an invisible framework attached to her body, and worked from behind the stage by machinery. Musicians, who were intimately acquainted with the whole piece, and each of whom had a copy of the score before him, moved these machines so as to correspond to the music in the orchestra; and the effect of the whole was as striking as it was natural. The landscape paintings, executed by the brothers Brückner, of Coburg, from designs by Hoffmann, the court painter of Vienna, were of very remarkable beauty, and wonderfully real; but the most extraordinary feature of the whole was the manner in which atmospheric effects were represented. The stage was lighted by no fewer than three thousand two hundred and forty-six gas-burners, some with white, and some with colored flames; besides this, there was erected, at a distance of some fifty yards from the theatre, a building containing two large steam-boilers, from which, through metal pipes, steam was conveyed into the theatre, and then, by means of a network

of india-rubber tubing, the vapor could either be diffused over the whole stage, or, being regulated by valves, made to appear at any part in which it was required. It will give some idea of the elaborate nature of this apparatus to say that about three miles of cast and wrought iron tubing are used for it, and that it has cost six thousand pounds. The scenic illusion produced is so perfect that no description would convey an idea of it. Such sunrises and sunsets, with the most gradual and perfectly natural changes of color, have probably never before been seen on any stage; while, by means of the reflection of colored lights on the vapor of steam, most wonderful effects of fire were produced. In one scene the whole stage appeared to be one mass of flame; and I was told that some of the more nervous of the audience were really uncomfortable, and could hardly believe that it was only a deception.

It must not be imagined, however, that the whole, or even the chief, interest of the work was spectacular; the extraordinary completeness with which it was put on the stage added, no doubt, largely to the effect; but it was the combination of the poem, music, and magnificent acting with the *mise-en-scène* which made the great impression upon the audience. In accordance with Wagner's principles, there are no pauses in the music to allow of opportunities for applause; and though on one or two occasions the enthusiasm burst all bounds, and there was a momentary, and, as it seemed, involuntary interruption, any such manifestations were immediately suppressed. It was only at the close of each act that those present had the opportunity of testifying to the delight which they had received from the performance. At the end of the first evening Wagner and the principal actors were called for, but in vain; for at least ten minutes the cries continued; still no one made his appearance on the stage; and it is characteristic of the self-abnegating spirit with which the great artists approached their work, that on the second evening a notice, signed by Wagner, was posted in the theatre, requesting that neither he nor the artists might be called before the curtain, as they wished to appear only in the work itself. A similar spirit seemed to animate the audience. I was much amused at the enthusiasm of a German gentleman with whom I spoke. I had just remarked that I was glad there would be no opportunity for interruptions from applause during the performance, and he

replied, in a most resolute manner, "If anybody ventures to make the least noise while the performance is going on, by Heaven, I'll kill him!" Both artists and opera-goers in this country might well take a lesson from Bayreuth.

It was the universal opinion of all present, that it is in the highest degree improbable that any such perfect representation of the work can ever be seen again. Not only was such a vocal and instrumental force assembled as has probably never been collected before — not only did the scenic arrangements surpass in magnificence anything that has ever been seen on the stage — but some six months were devoted to rehearsal. There were preliminary meetings last summer for three months; and nearly as long has been spent this year in preparation. The result has been a rendering of a most difficult work, which, for wonderful finish of every detail, for absolute completeness in all respects, is without parallel, and of which none but those who were present can form even a remote idea. August, 1876, will henceforth be a noteworthy date in the history of music and of the stage.

From Fraser's Magazine.

SOCIETY IN ITALY IN THE LAST DAYS OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC.

WHETHER free institutions create good citizens, or whether conversely free institutions are only possible where the citizens are good already and wither up and perish as private virtue decays, is a question which will continue to be agitated as long as political society continues. The science of history ought to answer it, but the science of history is silent or ambiguous where, if it could tell us anything at all, it would be able to speak decidedly. Philosophers unfortunately commence their speculations with theories which they form from observation of what is round them. They go back over the past only to find such facts as harmonize with conceptions already formed, and, without being aware of it, they are swayed negatively or positively by the prevailing currents of contemporary opinion. They are either the exponents of the sentiments of the common crowd, which is too self-confident to tolerate the possibility that it may be mistaken, or they fly into mere contradiction with an impatience no less fatal to the value of the conclusions at which they arrive. Those who have studied more

conscientiously the influences which have determined their own convictions will be the last to claim exemption from the control of forces which they recognize as universal and irresistible. The foreground of human life is the only part of it which we can examine with real exactness. As the distance recedes details disappear in shadow, or resolve themselves into outlines. We turn to contemporary books and records, but we lose in light and in connection with other things what we gain in minuteness. The accounts of their own times which earlier writers leave to us are colored in turn by their opinions, and we cannot so reproduce the past as to guard against prejudices which governed those writers as much as they govern ourselves. The result, even to the keenest historical sight, is no more than a picture which each of us paints for himself upon the retina of his own imagination.

These conditions of our nature warn us all, if we are wise, against generalized views of history. We form general views. This, too, we cannot help, unless we are ignorant of the past altogether. But we receive them for what they are worth. They do not repose upon a knowledge of facts which can form the foundations of a science. We see certain objects; but we see them not as they were, but foreshortened by distance and colored by the atmosphere of time. The impression, before it arrives in our minds, has been half created by ourselves. Therefore it is that from philosophy of history, from attempts to explain the phenomena of earlier generations by referring them to general principles, we turn with weariness and distrust. We find more interest in taking advantage of those rare occasions where we can apply a telescope to particular incidents, and catch a sight of small fractions of the actual doings of our fellow mortals, where accident enables us to examine them in detailed pattern. We may obtain little in this way to convince our judgment, but we can satisfy an innocent curiosity, and we can sometimes see enough to put us on our guard against universal conclusions.

We know, for instance (so far as we can speak of knowledge of the general character of an epoch), that the early commonwealth of Rome was distinguished by remarkable purity of manners; that the marriage tie was singularly respected; that the Latin yeomen who were the backbone of the community were industrious and laborious, that they lived with frugality and simplicity, and brought up their chil-

dren in a humble fear of God or of the gods as rulers to whom they would one day have to give an account. That the youth of a plant which grew so sturdily was exceptionally healthy is no more than we should naturally infer, and that the fact was so is confirmed to us both by legend and authentic record. The change of manners is assumed by some persons to have come in with the Cæsars. Virtue is supposed to have flourished so long as liberty survived, and the perfidy and profligacy of which we read with disgust in Tacitus and Juvenal are regarded as the offspring of despotism. With the general state of European morals under the first centuries of the empire we are extremely ill-acquainted. Tacitus and Juvenal describe the society of the capital. Of life in the country and in the provincial towns they tell us next to nothing. If we may presume that the Messalinas had their imitators in the provinces; if we may gather from the Epistles of St. Paul that the morals of Corinth for instance were not distinguished by any special excellence, yet there was virtue or desire of virtue enough in the world to make possible the growth of Christianity.

Accident, on the other hand, has preserved the fragments of a drama of real life, which was played out in the last days of the republic, partly in Rome itself, partly in a provincial city in south Italy, from which it would appear that the ancient manners were already everywhere on the decline; that institutions suited to an age when men were a law to themselves could not prevent them from becoming wicked if they were inclined, and only saved them from punishment when they had deserved it. The broken pieces of the story leave much to be desired. The actions are preserved; the actors are little more than names. The flesh and blood, the thoughts that wrought in the brain, the passions that boiled in the veins — these are dry as the dust of a mummy from an Egyptian catacomb. Though generations pass away, however, the earth at least remains. We cannot see the old nations, but we can stand where they stood; we can look on the landscape on which they looked; we can watch the shadows of the clouds chasing one another on the same mountain slopes; we can listen to the everlasting music of the same waterfalls; we can hear the same surf far off lapping upon the beach.

Let us transport ourselves then to the Neapolitan town of Larino, not far from the Gulf of Venice. In the remains of

the amphitheatre we can recognize the Roman hands that once were laboring there.

Let us imagine that it is the year 88 before Christ, when Cæsar was a boy of twelve, when the social war had just been ended by Sylla, and Marius had fled from Rome, to moralize amidst the ruins of Carthage. Larino, like most of the Samnite towns, had taken part with the patriots. Several of its most distinguished citizens had fallen in battle. They had been defeated, but their cause had survived. Summoned to Asia to oppose Mithridates, Sylla had postponed his revenge, and had conceded at least some of the objects for which the Italians had been in arms. The leaders returned to their homes, and their estates escaped confiscation. The two families of highest consequence in Larino were the Cluentii and the Auri. Both were in mourning. Lucius Cluentius, who had commanded the insurgent army in Campania, had been killed at Nola. Marcus Aurius had not returned to Larino at the peace, and was supposed to have fallen in the north of Italy. Common political sympathies had drawn the survivors together, and they were further connected by marriage. There remained of the Cluentii a widowed mother named Sassia, with two children, Aulus Cluentius Avitus, a boy of sixteen, and his sister Cluentia, a year younger. Dinea, the mother of the Auri, was a widow also. Dinea had been the sister of Sassia's husband, and was therefore herself a Cluentia. She had four children, all some years older than their cousins — Marcus Aurius, whom she believed to be dead; Numerius Aurius; Cnæus Magius Aurius; and a daughter, Magia.

The Auri had relations of the same name at Larino — Aurius Melinus, Caius Melinus, and several others. The Cluentii were the last of their race. Both families were rich. The wealth which had poured into Rome after the conquest of the East had filtered over Italy. These provincial magistrates lived with comforts which would have made Cato shudder, in handsome villas, and waited upon by retinues of slaves. Otherwise scandal had no harm to say of either Auri or Cluentii. They were honored for their patriotism, and beloved for their private virtues.

A third family at Larino, the Oppianici, though also connected with the Auri, belonged to the opposite faction. Caius Oppianicus, the younger of two brothers, was married to Dinea's daughter Magia. Statius Albinus Oppianicus the elder, and

the head of the clan, had been three times married: first to a sister of Dinea, who had died, leaving him with a son; next, to a lady named Papia, who bore him a son also, and whom he had divorced; lastly, to Novia, who was for the present living with him and had brought him a third son, an infant. He had squandered his own fortune and the fortune of his first wife, whom he was suspected of having poisoned. He had since been living by his wits, and had figured unpleasantly in a late trial at Rome. A foolish youth of Larino, appropriately named Asinius, had come into possession of a large sum of money. Like Iago, who made his fool his purse, Oppianicus took possession of Asinius, carried him to Rome to see the world, and launched him among the taverns and the gambling-houses. A confederate, Avilius, a Larinate also, made a third in the party; and one night, when Asinius was absent with a female companion with whom they were assured that he would remain till morning, Avilius affected to be taken suddenly ill, and said that he must make his will. A notary and witnesses were introduced to whom the persons of Avilius and Asinius were alike unknown. Avilius bequeathed all his property to Oppianicus, signed his name Asinius, and then recovered. The true Asinius was waylaid and killed a few days after. Oppianicus produced the will, claimed the estate, and obtained it — not, however, without some notice having been drawn to the matter which might have ended unpleasantly for him. Suspensions had been aroused, it does not appear how. Avilius was arrested and carried before one of the city magistrates, to whom in his terror he confessed the truth. Fortunately for Oppianicus, the magistrate was discreet and not inaccessible. The spoils were divided and the affair was hushed up, but it had naturally been much talked of at Larino. Oppianicus had been looked on askance; in the matter of fortune he was in a desperate condition, and he was on the look-out for the nearest means of improving his circumstances.

He was a man, it appears, of considerable personal attractions. He had made himself agreeable to his brother's wife, Magia, and had seduced her. Her brother Numerius caught a fever and suddenly died, leaving his share of the Aurian property to his brother Cnæus Magius.

Cnæus Magius fell ill also very soon after. He, perhaps, suspected the cause of his sickness. At any rate he had seen with alarm and suspicion his sister's inti-

macy with a person of so questionable a character as Albinus Oppianicus. His alarms were not diminished when her husband Caius Oppianicus was found dead in his bed, from some unexplained visitation; and growing rapidly worse, and feeling that his own end was not far off, he sent for his sister, and in the presence of his mother Dinea he questioned her as to whether she was with child. She assured him that it was so. She half satisfied him that she was herself innocent of guilt, and that Caius Oppianicus, and not his brother, was the father. He made a will bequeathing the whole inheritance which had fallen to him to this child as soon as it should be born. He appointed his mother, Dinea, the guardian, lest Albinus Oppianicus should interfere. If the child should miscarry, or should not survive, Dinea and Magia were then to divide the estates between them.

The arrangement had scarcely been completed when Cnæus Magius died also. Oppianicus then induced Magia to take a medicine which produced abortion. Magia and Dinea became thus co-heiresses, and Oppianicus saw almost within his reach the accumulated wealth of the family.

At this moment a stranger appeared in Larino who brought news that the elder brother, Marcus, was still alive. He had not been killed as report had said, but had been taken prisoner, and was confined with hard labor at a convict station in the north of Italy. The story was not improbable, and the new-comer produced credible evidence of the truth of what he said. He gave Dinea the names and addresses of persons who had seen Marcus Aurius, and could find him. The hope that she had still a son surviving came to comfort her in her desolation, and she despatched friends to recover him, purchase his release, and restore him to her.

So unpleasant a discovery came inopportunistically for the schemes of Oppianicus; but he lost neither heart nor presence of mind. He made acquaintance with the stranger, purchased his help, and induced him to vary his account, and throw Dinea on a false scent. He sent off a confederate to gain the parties in the north and mislead the mother's messengers, while others were despatched to obtain true directions from them, to find out Marcus Aurius, and assassinate him. The game was dangerous, however, so long as Dinea lived. She had Auran kinsmen in Larino who were powerful, and to whom she might possibly appeal. He was aware that her suspicions would turn upon him-

self as soon as she should hear that her son could not be found, and he thought it better to anticipate future trouble by removing her at once. She was growing old, and her health had been shaken by sorrow and anxiety. Oppianicus recommended to her the assistance of a physician of whose skill he professed to have had experience. Dinea declined his advice, and sent for another doctor from Ancona, whom Oppianicus had some difficulty in gaining over to his purpose. He succeeded at last, however, with a bribe of four thousand pounds, and the unfortunate woman was poisoned. Before she died she, too, made a will; but Oppianicus destroyed it. His agents in the north sent him word that his work had been successfully done. Marcus Aurius had been found and killed, and all traces were destroyed by which his fate could be discovered. Oppianicus at once divorced his present wife, married Magia, and took possession of the estates in her name.

He had played his cards skilfully; but again, as with his adventure at Rome, without having succeeded perfectly in averting suspicion from himself. Many eyes, no doubt, were watching him. The Larinates could not see with complaisance the entire disappearance of one of their most honored families, and the Auran estates passing into the hands of a blemished and bankrupt adherent of the oligarchic faction. The messengers sent by Dinea reported that they could not discover Marcus Aurius; but they had found that secret efforts had been made to baffle them. They had ascertained that Oppianicus had been concerned in those efforts, and they wrote to Larino, charging him with foul play. Dinea being dead, the letters were taken to the nearest relative of the family, Aurius Melinus.

This Aurius Melinus had already appeared before the Larinate public in a not very creditable manner. Soon after the death of her father he had married Cluentia, daughter of the widow Sassia, and sister of Aulus Cluentius Avitus. Sassia, who was a licentious, unprincipled woman, became enamored of her son-in-law. Under the ancient Roman law, the marriage tie had been as indissoluble as in the strictest Christian community. But the restraint of marriage, like every other check on the individual will, had gone down before the progress of democracy. To divorce a wife was now as easy as to change a dress. The closest affinity was no longer an obstacle to a new connection. Sassia succeeded in enchanting her son-

in-law. The daughter was divorced, and the mother was installed in her place.

Public opinion, though degenerate, was not entirely corrupted. The world of Larino considered itself outraged by what it still regarded as incest. Aulus Cluentius, the son, took his mother's conduct so much to heart that he refused to see either her or her husband, and the domestic scandal had created almost as much agitation as the tragedy of Dinea and her children. The two vicious streams were now to unite. Aurius Melinus, perhaps to recover the esteem of his fellow-citizens, put himself forward to demand justice against the murderers of his kinsmen. He called a public meeting; he read aloud in the assembly the letters from the north denouncing Oppianicus. He demanded an immediate investigation. If his cousin Marcus was no longer alive, he charged Oppianicus with having assassinated him.

Suspensions already rife turned to certainty. The people rose. They rushed to Oppianicus's house to seize and tear him in pieces. Exceptional villains appear at times to be the special care of Providence, as if they had a work given them to do and might not perish till it was accomplished. Oppianicus had fled; and unhappily a political revolution had not only provided him with a sure refuge, but with means yet more fatal of adding to his crimes. While Sylla was fighting Mithridates in Asia, Marius had returned to a seventh consulship, and the democracy had enjoyed a brief and sanguinary triumph; but Marius was dead, and Sylla had returned a conqueror, and the name of every eminent advocate of popular rights was now entered on a proscription list. Sylla's lieutenant, Quintus Metellus, was encamped not far from Larino. Oppianicus threw himself on Metellus's protection, representing himself, perhaps, as the victim of a popular commotion. Metellus sent him on to the dictator, and from Sylla he received a commission to purge Larino of its suspected citizens, to remove the magistrates, and to execute every one who had been connected with the Marian faction. In the haste of the time he was allowed to draw the list of the proscribed himself, and to enter upon it both his open enemies and the accomplices of his crimes, whose too intimate acquaintance with him he had reason to fear. Aurius Melinus perished, and every remaining member of the Auran kindred. Sextus Vibrius perished, who had been his instrument in hiding the traces of Marcus Aurius and murdering him. The pro-

scribed were seized and killed without being allowed to speak; and thus at one blow Oppianicus was able to rid himself of every one whose vengeance he had to fear, and of the only witness by whom the worst of his crimes could be brought home to him.

For his services to Sylla he was probably rewarded further out of the estates of his victims, and by a series of enormous crimes, which even in that bad time it is to be hoped could not be easily paralleled, he had become the most opulent and most powerful citizen of his native town.

Oppianicus had obtained all that he had desired, but he found, as all mortals find, that the enjoyment had been in the pursuit—that the prize when won still failed to give perfect satisfaction. Happiness was still flying before him, almost within his grasp, but still eluding it. Perhaps the murder of her husband, her mother, and her brothers, may have sate uneasily upon Magia. At any rate he had grown weary of Magia. She too was now cleared away, to make room for a more suitable companion. On the death of Aurius Melinus, Sassia was again a widow, and Oppianicus became a suitor for her hand. It was true that he had killed her husband, but he swore, like Richard, that he had done it "to help her to a better husband." It was Sassia's "heavenly face" which had set him on, and Sassia listened, not unfavorably. There were difficulties, however, which had first to be removed. Sassia was rich, and in a position to make conditions. Oppianicus had three children, whose mothers she may have disliked, or whom she expected that she would find in her way. She was willing to tolerate the eldest, who bore his father's name, but she refused to marry him till the two little ones had been removed.

The horrible woman was showing herself a suitable mate for Oppianicus. Her wealth, her person, perhaps this last proof of the hardness of her disposition, determined him to secure her on her own terms. One of his little boys was being brought up with his mother at Theano. He sent for the child to Larino. In the night it was taken ill and died, and to prevent enquiry into the manner of its death, the body was burnt before dawn the next morning. Two days after the other little boy died with as mysterious suddenness; and Sassia became Oppianicus's wife.

These fresh atrocities could not be perpetrated without notice. The people of Larino shuddered and muttered. They could not challenge the favorite of Sylla,

the chief magistrate of the town, who had the local authority in his hands and the confidence of the dictator at Rome; but they shrank from contact with him. They avoided both him and his wife as if they had the plague. Young Cluentius especially held aloof from his mother more sternly than ever, and would neither speak to her nor see her.

At length Sylla died; the middle classes through Italy drew their breath freely again, and at Larino as elsewhere the people could venture to make their voices heard. There was in the town an ancient and venerable college of priests of Mars, a sort of cathedral chapter. The priests had obtained the Roman franchise as a result of the Italian war. It had been confirmed to them by Marius. It had been taken away again by Sylla. And now that Sylla was gone, a deputation from the town was sent to the senate to petition for its restoration. With this deputation, as one of its members, went young Aulus Cluentius, who was then acquiring fame as a public speaker, and he soon attracted notice at Rome by his vindication of the rights of the chapter. Oppianicus, who had been Sylla's instrument in carrying out the disfranchisement in Larino, had his own good reasons for dreading to see his work overthrown. With the restoration of political liberty municipal self-government would be restored along with it. He feared Cluentius on personal grounds as well as political. He saw in him his future accuser, and he had a further motive of another kind for wishing to destroy him. Cluentius had not yet made his will, for he would not leave his fortune to his mother, and he could not bring himself to make a disposition in which her name should not be mentioned. In the absence of a will she was his heir at law. It was but one more murder and Oppianicus would at once quit himself of a dangerous antagonist, gratify his wife, and add the lands of the Cluentii to the vast estates which he had accumulated already.

Cluentius was out of health. Cleophantus, the physician by whom he was attended, was a man of eminence and character, whom it was unsafe to approach by the means which he had used so successfully in the poisoning of Dinea. But Cleophantus had a slave who worked in his laboratory whom Oppianicus calculated on finding corruptible, and the assistant by whom medicines are made up is in such cases as useful as his principal. He did not think it prudent to appear in person, but a pa-

trician friend, one of the Fabricii, undertook the business for him; and Fabricius felt his way with the slave through his freedman Scamander.

Villains have an instinct for recognizing one another, and rarely make mistakes in the character of the persons whom they address. The necessary tact, however, was wanting to Scamander; and in the class of wretches who were bought like sheep in the market, and might be flung at pleasure into the fish-ponds to feed the aristocrats' lampreys, a degree of virtue was found at last, which was to bring Oppianicus's atrocities to a close. Diogenes—so the slave was called—received Scamander's overtures with apparent acquiescence. He listened, drew Scamander on to reveal the name of his employers, and then whispered the story to his master. Cleophantus carried it to Cluentius. An honest senator, Marcus Bibrius, was taken into counsel; and it was agreed that Oppianicus should be played with till he had committed himself, when punishment could at last overtake him. Diogenes kept up his correspondence with Scamander, and promised to administer the poison as soon as he was provided with materials. It was arranged that Cluentius should purchase Diogenes, that he might have a skilled attendant to wait upon him in his illness. The conspiracy would then be carried on under Cluentius's own roof, where the proceedings could be conveniently watched, and conversations be overheard. Oppianicus was outmanœuvred at last. Both he and Fabricius were tempted to betray themselves. The poison was conveyed to Diogenes; the money which was to pay for the murder was brought to him, and received in the presence of concealed witnesses. The criminals were caught red-handed, without room for denial or concealment. They were seized and denounced, and brought to immediate trial.

Horrible crimes have, unfortunately, been so frequent in this world that they have no permanent interest for us; and, unless they have been embalmed in poetry, or are preserved by the exceptional genius of accomplished historians, the memory of them rarely survives a single generation. The tragedies of Larino would have passed into oblivion with the lives of those who had witnessed and shuddered at them. Posterity, if it cared to recollect, would have had their curiosity and their sense of justice satisfied if they could have learned that the chief villain was detected and punished at last;

and to revive an interest in a detailed chapter of human wickedness after nearly two thousand years would have been alike superfluous and impossible. The story, however now assumes features of deeper importance. Oppianicus and his victims are nothing to us. The rise and fall of the Roman commonwealth is of undying consequence to the political student; and other thousands of years will still have to pass before we shall cease to study the most minute particulars which will interpret to us so remarkable a phenomenon. The judicial investigation into the crimes of Oppianicus was to form an illustration of the incurable corruption of the Roman senate; and that senate's most brilliant member — better known to English school-boys than the most distinguished modern classic (Kikero they now call him; but we are too old to learn the new nomenclature) — was to be the principal instrument in exposing it.

Criminal trials at Rome were conducted before a body of judges or jurymen, the selection of whom had been one of the chief subjects of contention during the recent political struggles. The privileged orders affected to fear that justice would be degraded if the administration of it was extended to persons who were incompetent for so honorable an office. The people complained that their lives and properties were unsafe in the hands of proud, extravagant, and cruel aristocrats. The senators declared that if members of their own order had not been always pure, the middle classes would be found immeasurably worse. The middle classes, without laying claims to superior virtue, protested that the senators had already descended to the lowest depths of the abyss of dishonesty.

That the office of a judge, at any rate, might be made one of the most lucrative situations which the State had to offer was made apparent in a prosecution which happened about the same time of the prætor Verres for the plunder of Sicily. In the trial of Verres it was proved that the governor of a Roman province under the republic looked on his period of office as an opportunity of making his fortune by extortion and the public sale of justice. To be successful, he must carry off three times as much booty as he expected to be allowed to retain. A third had to be bestowed in buying the good-will of the consuls, tribunes, and other magistrates; a third in corrupting the juries, when he was called to account by the pillaged provin-

cial; the remaining part only he might calculate on keeping for himself.

The court which was to try the case of the Larinates was composed of thirty-two senators. Cains Gracchus had granted the jury-right to the equites; but it had again been taken from them by Sylla. The judges were now exclusively patricians, the purest blood of which Rome had to boast. Scamander, Fabricius, and Oppianicus were indicted successively for conspiring the murder of Cluentius. The prisoners were tried separately. Though rumor had caught hold of some features of the story, the circumstances were generally unknown. Oppianicus, through his wealth and connections, had secured powerful patrons; and Cicero, who rarely took part in prosecutions, was retained in the first instance to defend Scamander.

Publius Canutius opened the case for Cluentius; and Cicero, though he exerted himself to the utmost, very soon discovered that he had a bad cause. The evidence was absolutely conclusive. Scamander was condemned and Fabricius was brought to the bar. Cicero withdrew from the case and contented himself with watching it. Fabricius's brother, Cepasius, took his place as advocate; but with no better success. Fabricius, too, was convicted, but with a slight difference in the form of the result. A unanimous verdict was given against Scamander; a single senator, called Stalenus, voted for the acquittal of Fabricius. There was no more doubt of his guilt than of his freedman's. The evidence against them both was the same. Stalenus had not been bribed, for Fabricius was poor; but he intended to intimate to the rich Oppianicus that he was open to an arrangement when his own turn should come on.

Stalenus was a man of consequence. He had been quæstor, and aspired to the higher offices of State. He had obtained some notoriety in a recent civil case in which one of the parties was a certain Safinius Atella. Safinius had the worst of the argument, and Stalenus had boasted that for a round sum of money he could purchase a verdict notwithstanding. The money was given to him, but Safinius lost his cause, and ill-natured persons had whispered that Stalenus had kept it for himself. Such a transaction, however, if successful and undetected, might pass for a stroke of cleverness. At all events the suspicions attached to it had not interfered with the further employment of this

ingenious young nobleman. He was merely observed, and anything singular in his conduct was set down to its right motive.

Oppianicus's case might well be considered desperate. Scamander and Fabricius had been accessories only to a single attempt at murder. The past history of Oppianicus had probably been alluded to generally in the preliminary trials. He would stand at the bar an object of general abhorrence for various other enormities, and the proofs which had been sufficient to condemn his accomplices would tell with tenfold force against their instigator, whose past career had been so dark. In the vote of Stalenus only some glimmer of hope remained. The court adjourned for a few days. In the interval Oppianicus made Stalenus's acquaintance, and they soon understood one another. Stalenus told him frankly that his situation was a difficult one, and would probably be expensive. The judges who had condemned the other prisoners would commit manifest perjury if they acquitted Oppianicus. Public feeling being excited, they would be exposed to general opprobrium, and they would require to be well paid for their services. Still, however, he thought it might be managed. He knew his men, and he considered that he could secure fifteen votes out of the thirty-two, which in addition to his own would be sufficient. Money only was necessary: each vote would require 400*l*.

Oppianicus's fortune would be of little use to him if he was convicted. Being a Roman citizen, he was not liable to a sentence of death from a criminal court, but exile and a fine amounting nearly to confiscation were as bad or possibly worse. He assented to Stalenus's terms, and paid into his hands 6,400*l*.

It was understood by this time that a negotiation with the prisoner was going forward. Stalenus had felt his way, dropping hints here and there in whatever quarter they were likely to be operative, and at length the corruptible fifteen had given conditional assurances that they might be relied on. But the terms, as he expected, were high; very little would be left for himself; and he began to reflect that with perfect safety he might keep the whole of it. The honest part of the jury would, he thought, undoubtedly vote for a conviction. Those who had agreed to sell their consciences would be so angry if they were now disappointed that he might count on them with equal certainty,

and it would be in vain that after a verdict of guilty such a wretch as Oppianicus would appeal to public opinion. No one would believe him, no one would pity him. Thus the night before the trial came on he informed his friends upon the jury that Oppianicus had changed his mind, and that no money was forthcoming. They were as exasperated as he hoped to find them. He was himself not suspected, and they met the next day in court with a most virtuous resolution that justice should not be balked of its object.

The voting in a Roman trial was either open or secret, as the court might decide for itself. Oppianicus not relying too perfectly on his friends, and anxious not to be cheated of the wares for which he had paid, demanded that each judge should give his verdict by word of mouth. The tribune Quinctius, who was secretly his friend, supported him, and his request was agreed to. Every one was aware that there had been bribery, and the members of the jury who were open to bribes were generally well known. It was, of course, assumed that they would vote for an acquittal, and Stalenus and his friends were observed with contemptuous curiosity, but without a doubt of what their judgment would be.

It happened that Stalenus was the first to vote, and two of his intimate associates were the second and third. To the astonishment of every one, all three without the slightest hesitation voted guilty. The rest of the judges, or rather the respectable portion of them, were utterly bewildered. The theory of corruption implies that men who take bribes will generally fulfil their contract, nor again do men usually take bribes to vote according to their real convictions. They were assured that Stalenus had been corrupted to give a false verdict. They thought he had been corrupted by Oppianicus; but he had voted against Oppianicus; he had voted for Cluentius, — therefore it seemed he must have been bribed for Cluentius, and Oppianicus might be innocent after all. Thus argued the outside public almost universally, having heard the story but imperfectly. Thus argued even a section of the judges themselves, and in their confusion five of the more honest of them actually voted for Oppianicus's acquittal. The larger number concluded at last that they must go by the evidence. Stalenus and his friends might have taken money from Cluentius. Cluentius might have been afraid to trust himself entirely to the justice of his cause.

But corruption could not alter the truth. Oppianicus was unquestionably guilty, and he was condemned by a large majority.

He for his part was banished, clamoring that he was betrayed, but unable, as Statellus expected, to obtain a remission of his sentence. In modern eyes such a punishment was immeasurably too lenient. To a Roman who wanted courage to end his misfortunes with his own hand, exile was held to be the most terrible of calamities. Cæsar pleaded against the execution of the accomplices of Catiline, that death ended all things. He would have them live and suffer. "Life," said Cicero on the present occasion, "was worse than death to Oppianicus. No one believed any longer the old wives' fable of Tartarus. Death would be but a happy release to him." He left Rome to wander about Italy, as if marked with a curse. Sassia followed him to torment him with her reproaches and infidelities. One day as he was riding his horse threw him. He was mortally injured and died.

So ended Oppianicus. So, however, did not end the consequences of his various villanies. Political passions were again rising. The people in Rome and out of it were clamoring to the skies against the iniquities of the senate. The story went abroad that a senatorial jury had again been bribed; and being without detailed knowledge of the case, the Roman populace rushed naturally to the conclusion that an innocent man had been condemned. Oppianicus had protested against the verdict, and had denounced his judges. It was enough. The verdict was indisputably corrupt, and a corrupt verdict, as a matter of course, must be a false verdict.

Quinctius the tribune, Oppianicus's friend, encouraged the agitation. It was an opportunity not to be neglected of bringing the senate into disrepute. Thrice he harangued the general assembly in the Forum. He insisted that the degraded patricians should be stripped once more of the privileges which they abused. Cluentius's name became a byword. He who in his humble way had been the champion of his own townspeople was identified with the hated senatorial monopoly. So furious were the people that for eight years, Cicero says, they would not so much as listen to a word that could be said for him. They were not contented with words. Every senator who had voted for Oppianicus's condemnation was prosecuted under the jury laws. Some were fined, some were expelled from the senate by the censors. One of them, Caius Eg-

natus, was disinherited by his father. The senate itself was invited to condemn its own members. Not daring to refuse, the senate saved its conscience by a wise generality, and passed a resolution that any person or persons who had been instrumental in corrupting public justice had been guilty of a serious offence. Finally Cluentius himself was brought to trial, and so hot was public feeling against him that Cicero was obliged to confine his defence to a legal technicality. The law, he said, was for the restraint of corruption in the juries. The juries under Sylla's constitution could consist of senators only, and Cluentius being an eques, the law could not touch him.

Gradually the outcry died away, melting into the general stream of indignation which in a few years swept away the constitution, and under new forms made justice possible again. But the final act of the Cluentian drama had still to be played out. Again Cluentius was to appear before a tribunal of Roman judges. Again Cicero was to defend him—no longer under a quibble, but on the merits of the whole case, into which at last it was possible to enter.

From the speech which Cicero delivered on this occasion we have gathered our story. It is not a favorable specimen of his oratorical power. There is no connection in the events. There is no order of time. We are hurried from date to date, from place to place. The same person is described under different names; the same incident in different words. The result is a mass of threads so knotted, twisted, and entangled that only patient labor can sort them out into intelligible arrangement.

What Cicero lacks in method, however, he makes up in earnestness. He was evidently supremely affected by the combination of atrocities and misunderstandings by which an innocent, well-deserving man was likely to be overwhelmed.

The various lovers of Sassia had been either murdered or had died, or had deserted her. She had lost much of her ill-gained fortunes. She had grown too old for the further indulgence of her pleasant vices. One desire alone remained, and had devoured the rest—a desire for revenge upon Cluentius. In the prejudiced condition of public feeling at Rome any wild accusation against him might be expected to obtain a hearing. Having escaped the prosecution for the bribery of the judges, he was charged with having murdered one of his friends, whose prop-

erty he hoped to inherit. The attempt was clumsy and it failed. The friend was proved to have died where Cluentius could have had no access to him; and a nephew, and not Cluentius, was his heir. The next accusation was of having tried to poison the surviving son of Oppianicus. Cluentius and the younger Oppianicus had been together at a festival at Larino. Another youth who was also present there had died a few days later, and it was alleged that he had drunk by mistake from a cup which had been prepared for Sassia's stepson. But again the evidence broke down. There was no proof that the death was caused by poison, or that Cluentius was in any way connected with it.

The accursed woman, though twice baffled, would not abandon her object. In both instances proof of malice had been wanting. Cluentius had no object in perpetrating either of the crimes of which she had accused him. If he had no grudge against the young Oppianicus, however, he had undoubtedly hated his father, and she professed to have discovered that the father had not died, as had been reported, by the fall from his horse, but had been poisoned by a cake which had been administered to him at Cluentius's instigation. The method in which Sassia went to work to make out her case throws a fresh and hideous light on the Roman administration of justice in the last days of liberty. She produced two witnesses who were both slaves. To one of them, Nicostratus, a Greek, she owed an old grudge. He had belonged to Oppianicus the elder, and had revealed certain infidelities of hers which had led to inconvenience. The other, Strato, was the slave of a doctor who had attended Oppianicus after his accident. Since neither of these men were willing to say what she required them to say of their own accord, she demanded according to custom that they should be tortured. The Roman law did not acknowledge any rights in these human chattels: a slave on the day of his bondage ceased to be a man. Nicostratus and Strato were racked till the executioners were weary, but nothing could be extracted from them. A distinguished advocate who was present, and was not insensible to pity, said that the slaves were being tortured not to make them tell the truth, but to make them lie. The court took the same view, and they were released.

Once more Sassia was defeated, but she waited her opportunity. Three years later, the orator Hortensius, a general pro-

tector of rogues, was elected to the consulate. The vindictiveness with which she had come forward as the prosecutrix of her own son had injured her cause. She made one more effort, and this time she prevailed on the young Oppianicus, who had meanwhile married her daughter, to appear in her place. She had purchased Strato after his escape from the torture, and had power of life and death over him. He had murdered a fellow-slave; and it was alleged that when he confessed to this crime, he had confessed to the other also. He was crucified, and to prevent his telling inconvenient truths upon the cross, his tongue was cut out before he was nailed upon it. On the strength of his pretended deposition, a criminal process was once more instituted against Cluentius before a Roman jury. The story had by this time become so notorious, and the indignation of the provinces had been so deeply roused, that deputations from every town in the south of Italy came to the capital to bear witness in Cluentius's favor. How the trial ended is unknown. It may be hoped that he was acquitted—but it is uncertain. Innocent men have suffered by millions in this world. As many guilty wretches have escaped, and seemed to triumph; but the vengeance which follows upon evil acts does not sleep because individuals are wronged. The penalty is exacted to the last farthing from the community which permits injustice to be done. And the republican commonwealth of Rome was fast filling the measure of its iniquities. In another half-century perjured juries and corrupted magistrates had finished their work; the world could endure them no longer, and the free institutions which had been the admiration of mankind were buried under the throne of the Cæsars.

J. A. FROUDE.

From The Spectator.

A DRIVE IN DEVONSHIRE.

LYME REGIS is a precipitous place, and associated with precipitate people. Its principal street seems, as Miss Austen says, to hurry down into the water; the cliffs in the neighborhood are fertile in landslips; indeed, much of the shore is now a lovely wilderness of crumbled cliff, overgrown with the finest sward, and ferns, and shrubs. It was at Lyme that Monmouth landed when he hurried into his premature revolution; and at Lyme that

Louisa Musgrove, in Miss Austen's novel, when intending to jump into the arms of Captain Wentworth, fell almost lifeless at the feet of Captain Benwick, and by consenting to console the latter for his recent grief, set the former free to return to his allegiance to Anne Elliot. Macaulay speaks of the town as a "small knot of steep and narrow alleys, lying on a coast, wild, rocky, and beaten by a stormy sea," — not, I think, a very happy description, for on the whole Lyme is contained in its single street, which, though as steep as a street can be without spilling its inhabitants into the water, is wide, bright, and picturesque. I wonder where exactly it was that Monmouth landed, drew his sword, and kneeled to thank God "for having preserved the friends of liberty and pure religion from the perils of the sea," before "leading them over the cliffs into the town." It can hardly have been on the side of Pinney, for the cliffs there are too steep. Can it have been in pretty little Charmouth, where the Char bends and wriggles about till it can find a channel through the shelving and mounded beach into the sea, and where a great break in the line of cliffs opens out the green uplands and wooded slopes of Wootton, through which the pretty stream bubbles away so pleasantly? I wonder why Monmouth did not land at the Cobb itself, which, according to Macaulay, is as old as the Plantagenets, though since Monmouth's time, and even, I take it, since Miss Austen's, that picturesquely curving breakwater has been rendered considerably more solid and convenient. Perhaps he wanted to marshal his men before he tried the temper of the town, enthusiastic as it is said to have been in his cause. For us, we did not turn a single thought on Monmouth and his ill-fated precipitateness; we were thinking too much of that other bit of precipitateness, belonging to the realm of fiction, instead of that of history, and therefore so much easier to realize, invented by the skilful novelist, not only for the purpose of smoothing the way to her pleasantest heroine's happiness, but also in order to set off the mild and pensive beauty of that heroine's certainly not too impetuous character. Were we, perhaps, in the very room where the Upper-cross party's merriment attracted the envy of Mr. Elliot — the unknown and unknowing cousin — as he sat alone, wishing he had any excuse for making their acquaintance? Here, at any rate, as we turned the corner of the street to the beach, was the very spot where Mr. Elliot's glance of admiration at Anne, as she returned glowing

from her windy November morning's walk, revived Captain Wentworth's old ardor of feeling, and prepared the way for his return to his senses. Here, too, were the Assembly Rooms, which the Musgrove party naturally found lifeless in November, and which appeared, as far as we could see, equally lifeless in August, also. Here, again, it was that Captain Benwick came flying by to fetch the surgeon for the insensible Louisa. And here, surely, close on the Cobb, was that very minute house of Captain Harville's which his ingenuity fitted with all sorts of contrivances to make up for the smallness of the space and the deficiencies of the lodging-house furniture. Indeed, some of those contrivances appeared to be extant still. We half expected to meet the very party on the Cobb, forgetting that Anne Elliot — I should say, Mrs. Wentworth, that "too good, too excellent creature," as she is called by her lover in the soberly passionate language of the beginning of the century — must, if still living, be eighty-seven this year, and her husband well on into the nineties, while even Louisa, now Mrs. Benwick, if indeed her constitution has survived so long that shock which, long after her convalescence, made her "start and wriggle like a young dabchick" whenever a door banged, is at least fourscore. Indeed, those small children who take such pleasure in finding all the possible ways of ascending and descending between the upper and lower Cobb cannot possibly be more nearly related to these antique heroines than as grandchildren or great-grandchildren. And if that rather commonplace lady, who sits at the very end of the Cobb, gazing at the now discolored and rising sea, is Mrs. Benwick's daughter, already past middle age, recalling the story of her mother's accident and the change it made in her destiny, there is in her certainly more of the solid Musgrove than of the romantic temperament of the father who loved to quote Byronic addresses to the dark-blue waves. It is, indeed, but too certain that, if all the actors in that little tragicomedy had been as real as they are easily realized, they would most likely before this have made their bow and final exeunt, like the woman to whose delicate genius they owe their curiously strong hold on our imaginations. We, unfortunately, had no similar adventures. Perhaps for us the time, even for Miss Austen's mild romance, is past. But when, in a glorious August night, we turned the corner where Anne Elliot's beauty gained the admiring glances of her cousin and

Captain Wentworth, and were suddenly met full in the face by the "long glory" of the autumn moon shining down the sea, and little Billie, gently waving his yellow tail,—itself apparently a sheaf of moonbeams,—stood studying the glittering line which terminated so picturesquely in himself, I know that admiring glances were bent upon him, which might well have rivalled the fervor of Mr. Elliot's or Captain Wentworth's glance at the heroine of "Persuasion." The genius of Landseer would have needed the aid of the genius of Turner properly to render the scene. A young friend of mine, an artist, who will yet make his power felt in the world of art, assures me that there can be no genuine picture without a "human interest" at the centre of it. Would not a canine interest do? Certainly it seemed to me that that long shaft of light which led up to little Billie, was a fit subject for the grandest art.

There is tolerably good evidence that the scenery of Lyme had made more impression on Miss Austen's imagination than that of any other part of England known to her. She speaks of the wilderness of fern, and rock, and tree among the ruined cliffs between Lyme and Pinney—the great landslip beyond had not happened in her time—with something like rapture, a state of mind which, to her sober though vivid nature, was as rare as it must have been delightful. Indeed, those were not the days of popular devotion to natural beauty. Wordsworth was only beginning to educate the English imagination; Ruskin was not yet; and the religion of natural beauty was in its infancy; Miss Austen herself does not, I think, give us a single bit of fine scenery-painting in all her novels. But she does go out of her way for the space of a single page to indulge in a sort of reverie of delight over the loveliness of Lyme and its neighborhood, though she does not describe it; and I think she must have felt the latent poetry in her so far stirred by the deep-blue seas and crumbling cliffs of Lyme, as to make it seem to her a specially fit scene in which to place that final triumph of the affections over a cold and worldly prudence which is the subject of "Persuasion."

From The Spectator.

DOLLS.

THE "dead season," when we have the most beautiful days of the whole year, and the parks and Kensington Gardens are revelations of unsuspected loveliness, offers a favorable opportunity for indulging in the harmless pastime of looking in at shop-windows, which no one would confess to having time to do at livelier epochs, and so studying the smaller arts and industries. The magnificent objects of commerce are, for the most part, in eclipse; even the "great bargains" have had their day; *modes* are modestly represented by dubious articles which have not taken during the season, and are stragglingly paraded for the ensnarement of inexperienced provincials. Fanciful adjuncts to dress which no woman of fashion would have been seen without six months ago, or would dream of wearing now, are displayed with the ostentation of a final effort; and the coming season is heralded by a tempting exhibition of furs and flannel, whereby bargain-hunters are persuaded that winter goods are to be had ever so much more cheaply by being purchased before anybody requires them. These features of the "dead season" one passes by and reasons not upon. But now is the time to inspect the shops in which the wonderful things which nobody can possibly want are sold,—the mysterious cutlery, including complicated machines for doing the simplest things; the cheap jewellery, where every conceivable vagary of bad taste is indulged in the article of brooches, and the multitude of second-hand silver watches implies either a general "depression," or promotion to gold on a large scale; the minor *bric-à-brac*, among which ancient spoons and the chimney candlesticks of former days figure largely, and real live snuffers and their trays may be found; the ugly and expensive fancy-work which never cheats anybody into the belief that the impossible patterns are worked at home; and the amazing stationery, whose arrangement has become quite a competitive art. Most fascinating of all are the toy-shops,—not the very grand toy-shops, the splendid "emporiums" in which every useless luxury and costly device of the day are reproduced in miniature for the children of this generation, who are above being amused by Jack-in-the-box, and who, having doubts on the deluge at the age at which their grandparents sucked the paint off the long coats of Shem, Ham, and Japhet, regard

regard Noah's ark with indifference, but the smaller shops, where the stock is limited to the reasonable requirements of the children of the masses, and to some in particular, where the line is drawn at dolls.

To the mind given to hasty generalization, dolls are apt to appear monotonous, possibly inane; but what a mistaken notion that is, it needs only inspection of a good stock of them, and inquiry into the method of their production, to be convinced. The autumn lounge who cannot be attracted by a doll-shop must be hard to please and of restricted sympathies, for it is a world in little, and represents society not only in its simplest elements, but in its complicated forms and varieties. There is, indeed, a deficiency in masculine interest; only in French doll-shops are "*Monsieur, Madame, et Bébé*" impartially represented; in ours, gentlemen dolls are few and unattached; mothers and children have the shelves and the window-fronts all to themselves, and occupy them in a variety undreamed of by the doll-buying world when the mothers of the present day played with dolls, and those works of art, as deficient in "outline" as Mr. Mantalini's countess, were fashioned with a serene disregard to anatomy which even gutta-serena would be ashamed of now. Where is the Dutch doll of those vanished ages, whose unassuming joints worked on the principle of the axle, and whose stomach was as flat as those of the most unpleasant of Sir Samuel Baker's clients on the White Nile? Where are the dolls with red dabs for mouths, and bodies composed of one thick pink-kid sausage, terminating in two thin pink-kid sausages (say, a Lyons and two Cambridge), with their ends shaped to the fineness of the feet of Miss Knag's mamma, as mentioned in the annals of Kate Nickleby's fortunes? They are no more to be seen, not even in the humblest shops; they have vanished, with that zoological nondescript, a short barrel on four upright pegs, with a fragment of fur nailed at one end, and red wafers stuck all over its surface, which was last seen in the hands of Mr. Toole, when, as Caleb Plummer, he pathetically declares that "it is as natural as he can make it for sixpence."

Modestly attired in silver paper, and curiously foreshortened by reason of their legs being doubled up to economize space, the cheaper order of dolls of the period return the gaze of the *flâneur* at the shop-window, with very little simper, and hardly any stare — the dolls of other days were all simper and stare — and exhibit a de-

lightful variety of hair-dressing. Who does not remember the neat wig of tow curls of the corkscrew pattern which prevailed in our youth, and what middle-aged man cannot successfully search his conscience for a surreptitious removal of the small tin tacks which fastened that wig to the wooden skull of his sister's doll, and for a chuckle of delight when he had succeeded in poking the black beady eyes back into the hollow cavern behind them, and heard them rattle? There were no real eyebrows and eyelashes in those days, no parted lips, and pearly little teeth — the first dolls provided with "real" teeth, made from quills, were regarded with an almost fearful curiosity — and the children for whom dolls were bought were popularly supposed to make clothes for them. Very likely they never did, but the notion is not even entertained now, and the more important dolls take their *trousseaux* to their new homes in miniature Saratoga boxes. A modern little girl not only does not make her doll's clothes, but she actually puts out her washing! She knows nothing of the delight of the doll's laundry-day, with the drying-lines stretched across the inside of the high fender, and the loan of the private Italian iron with which nurse got up her caps. If she has any imagination, and has been given a very splendid specimen of the modern doll, she is rather afraid of the brilliant waxen lady in a Worth costume, tied back, and flounced, with piles of golden hair, and face marvellously moulded to the last fashionable expression of flirtation or *ennui*. This is not a person to be patted off to sleep upon one's pillow, propped up on the table while one is learning one's lessons, or surreptitiously dipped in the nursery bath. Of grand dolls of this kind it may fairly be supposed that they are more blessed to the giver than to the receiver, and that the former are of the wealthy-bachelor, god-papa order, whose intentions are good, but whose domestic education is imperfect. They are beautiful objects in the shop-windows, and they faithfully represent every fashion and every folly of the moment. But what healthily-constituted child, with brains, would really care to have a model of a skating-rink, with two couples of rinkers, in correct attire and the daintiest miniatures of Plimpton's skates, moving mechanically over the floor? Such a toy has nothing but its cost to recommend it, and the youthful proprietor who should pull it to pieces to see how it was done would command our approval. Other objection-

able dolls are the fine ladies in promenade costumes, with "realistic," lank cheeks, tight mouths, wasp-like figures, and languishing eyes, with all the effects of bistre and belladonna faithfully presented. Perhaps it would be absurd to talk of a doll as a moral, immoral, or unmoral agency, but children are at least as well without suggestions of Madame Benoiton.

Supposing the *flâneur* to be also an intending purchaser, his difficulty of choice will grow with every moment, as he catches sight of the waxen beauties which hang, like Bluebeard's wives, in corners, who form garlands of florid cherubs across the window-tops, or peep at him from glass cases with shy blue eyes or bright black ones, with sweeping lashes, distractingly real, and such lovely hair! It is brushed back from their snowy temples in rippling silken waves, or laid flat on their beautifully-shaped heads in soft little curls; it is braided in high coronets over the brows of the more intellectual—for there are dolls of talent and character among the collection, whose bumps have been studied—or it is tied up in irresistible "clubs" and "pigtales." The dark-haired dolls are less costly than the fair-haired, because fair hair (human) is much dearer than dark; and fair mohair is less successful, though it looks wonderfully bright and silky too, spread out on the shoulders of a beautiful waxen lady in a white dressing-gown, who is contemplating herself in a looking-glass. If one can get a peep behind the window, one may see scores of waxen busts not yet stitched on to their respective bodies, and discern, in half-opened drawers, hundreds of rosy, dimpled limbs; baby hands and feet—which look very funny in their unassociated condition; and one may quickly learn to distinguish the composite doll, whose foundations are laid with paper and whose wax is merely "run," from the solid person, with no pretence about her, who is all wax. On a counter, in a small armchair, sits a demure waxen child, with a book on its knee, a mechanical finger following the printed line; and close to him lie a heap of "nigger" dolls, scantily clothed in a single garment, but so red-lipped, smiling, woolly, jolly, and natural, that one feels at once those are the dolls for one's money, and for one's young friends. They will not want any clothes, and knocking about will come quite naturally to them. So one walks on, with Mumbo in one pocket and Jumbo in the other, wondering admiringly at the pitch to which

high art in dolls has been brought, but a little doubtful whether they were not pleasanter to their possessors in their lowlier estate.

The most intelligent child with whom the present writer is acquainted has attached herself with unwavering constancy to a gutta-percha doll, whose original costume was exceedingly limited in extent, and who was introduced to her as "Jemima." The young person in question was not quite up to dressing her new acquisition, she was only equal to undressing her, which she did, reducing her attire to the prettily-ribbed stockings and smart shoes, which she could not take off because they are integral portions of Jemima's gutta-percha legs. The love of that child for that doll is curious to see. No toy, however admirable in mechanism or art, has any chance against Jemima; even the whiskers and the truncheon of a gutta-percha policeman, colored with an almost painful brilliancy, have displayed themselves in a vain rivalry. Jemima's mistress inaugurated their mutual relations by biting off Jemima's nose, thus rendering her horribly like a mutilated Montenegrin; this apparently satisfied her wish to learn what Jemima was made of, and ever since she has been convinced that her doll is all that is charming and beautiful. She sleeps with Jemima, she entrusts Jemima for brief, privileged intervals to the care of highly-favored visitors, she shares her meals with Jemima; and if she permits her attention to stray into other channels for a while, she sits on Jemima, in order to keep her safe and have her handy, as Dickens describes the selfish old man at the seaside reading-room sitting on one popular newspaper while he reads another. Jemima never was handsome, she is now most unprepossessing; but she possesses two attractions which, in the belief of the present writer, would outweigh in a child's mind the charms of the grandest doll in our shop-window. She is flexible, and no one would dream of locking her up, and only giving her out to be played with "when little people are very good."

A propos of Dickens and dolls, how mistaken he is in making Esther Summer-son, in "Bleak House," address her doll as "Dolly"! No child whose doll was her real friend would ever do such a thing, any more than any man who boasts the real intimacy and confidence of a cat would call his four-footed friend "Puss."

THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, AUTHOR OF "MALCOLM," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE STABLE-YARD.

IT was one of those exquisite days that come in every winter, in which it seems no longer the dead body, but the lovely ghost of summer. Such a day bears to its sister of the happier time something of the relation the marble statue bears to the living form: the sense it awakes of beauty is more abstract, more ethereal; it lifts the soul into a higher region than will summer day of lordliest splendor. It is like the love that loss has purified.

Such, however, were not the thoughts that at the moment occupied the mind of Malcolm Colonsay. Indeed, the loveliness of the morning was but partially visible from the spot where he stood, the stable-yard of Lossie House, ancient and roughly paved. It was a hundred years since the stones had been last relaid and levelled: none of the horses of the late marquis minded it but one — her whom the young man in Highland dress was now grooming — and she would have fidgeted had it been an oak floor. The yard was a long and wide space, with two-storied buildings on all sides of it. In the centre of one of them rose the clock, and the morning sun shone red upon its tarnished gold. It was an ancient clock, but still capable of keeping good time — good enough, at least, for all the requirements of the house even when the family was at home, seeing it never stopped, and the church-clock was always ordered by it. It not only set the time, but also seemed to set the fashion to the place, for the whole aspect of it was one of wholesome, weather-beaten, time-worn existence. One of the good things that accompany good blood is that its possessor does not much mind a shabby coat. Tarnish and lichens and water-wearing, a wavy house-ridge, and a few families of worms in the wainscot do not annoy the marquis as they do the city man who has just bought a little place in the country. When an old family ceases to go lovingly with nature, I see no reason why it should go any longer. An old tree is venerable, and an old picture precious to the soul, but an old house, on which has been laid none but loving and respectful hands, is dear to the very heart. Even an old barn-door, with the carved initials of hinds and maidens of vanished centuries, has a place

of honor in the cabinet of the poet's brain. It was centuries since Lossie House had begun to grow shabby and beautiful, and he to whom it now belonged was not one to discard the reverend for the neat, or let the vanity of possession interfere with the grandeur of inheritance.

Beneath the tarnished gold of the clock, flushed with the red winter sun, he was at this moment grooming the coat of a powerful black mare. That he had not been brought up a groom was pretty evident from the fact that he was not hissing, but that he was Marquis of Lossie there was nothing about him to show. The mare looked dangerous. Every now and then she cast back a white glance of the one visible eye. But the youth was on his guard, and as wary as fearless in his handling of her. When at length he had finished the toilette which her restlessness — for her four feet were never all still at once upon the stones — had considerably protracted, he took from his pocket a lump of sugar and held it for her to bite at with her angry-looking teeth.

It was a keen frost, but in the sun the icicles had begun to drop. The roofs in the shadow were covered with hoarfrost: wherever there was shadow there was whiteness. But, for all the cold, there was keen life in the air, and yet keener life in the two animals, biped and quadruped.

As they thus stood, the one trying to sweeten the other's relation to himself, if he could not hope much for her general temper, a man who looked half farmer, half lawyer, appeared on the opposite side of the court in the shadow.

"You are spoiling that mare, MacPhail," he cried.

"I canna weel du that, sir: she canna be muckle waur," said the youth.

"It's whip and spur she wants, not sugar."

"She has had and sall hae baith, time about (*in turn*); and I houp they'll du something for her in time, sir."

"Her time shall be short here, anyhow. She's not worth the sugar you give her."

"Eh, sir! luik at her!" said Malcolm in a tone of expostulation, as he stepped back a few paces and regarded her with admiring eye. "Saw ye ever sic legs? an' sic a neck? an' sic a heid? an' sic fore an' hin' quarters? She's a' bonny but the temper o' her, an' that she canna help, like the like o' you an' me."

"She'll be the death of somebody some day. The sooner we get rid of her the better. Just look at that!" he added as

the mare laid back her ears and made a vicious snap at nothing in particular.

"She was a favorite o' my — maister the marquis," returned the youth, "an' I wad ill like to pairt wi' her."

"I'll take any offer in reason for her," said the factor. "You'll just ride her to Forres market next week, and see what you can get for her. I do think she's quieter since you took her in hand."

"I'm sure she is, but it winna laist a day. The moment I lea' her she'll be as ill's ever," said the youth. "She has a kin' o' a likin' to me, 'cause I gie her sugar, an' she canna cast me; but she's no better i' the hert o' her yet. She's an oonsanc-tified brute. I cudna think o' sellin' her like this."

"Let them 'at buys tak tent (*beware*)," said the factor.

"Ow, ay! lat them: I dinna objec'; gien only they ken what she's like afore they buy her," rejoined Malcolm.

The factor burst out laughing. To his judgment, the youth had spoken like an idiot. "We'll not send *you* to sell," he said. "Stoat shall go with you, and you shall have nothing to do but hold the mare and your own tongue."

"Sir," said Malcolm seriously, "ye dinna mean what ye say? Ye said yersel' she wad be the deith o' somebody, an' to sell her ohn tellt what she's like wad be to caw the saxt comman'ment clean to shivers."

"That may be good doctrine in the kirk, my lad, but it's pure heresy in the horse-market. No, no! You buy a horse as you take a wife — for better for worse, as the case may be. A woman's not bound to tell her faults when a man wants to marry her: if she keeps off the worst of them afterward, it's all he has a right to look for."

"Hoot, sir! there's no a pair o' parallel lines in a' the compairison," returned Malcolm. "Mistress Kelpie here's e'en ower-ready to confess her fau'ts, an' that by giein' a taste o' them — she winna bide to be speired — but for haudin' aff o' them efter the bargain's made, ye ken she's no even responsible for the bargain. An' gien ye expec' me to haud my tongue aboot them, faith, Maister Crathie! I wad as sune think o' sellin' a rotten boat to Blue Peter. Gien the man 'at has her to see till dinna ken to luik oot for a storm o' iron shune or lang teeth ony moment, his wife may be a widow that same market-nicht. An' forbye, it's again' the aught comman'ment as weel's the saxt. There's nae exception there in regaird o'

horseflesh. We maun be honest i' that as weel's i' corn or herrin', or onything ither 'at's coft an' sellt atween man an' his neeper."

"There's one commandment, my lad," said Mr. Crathie with the dignity of intended rebuke, "you seem to find hard to learn, and that is to mind your own business."

"Gien ye mean catchin' the herrin', maybe ye're richt," said the youth. "I ken mair about that nor the horse-coupin', an' it's full cleaner."

"None of your impudence," returned the factor. "The marquis is not here to uphold you in your follies. That they amused him is no reason why I should put up with them. So keep your tongue between your teeth, or you'll find it the worse for you." The youth smiled a little oddly, and held his peace. "You're here to do what I tell you, and make no remarks," added the factor.

"I'm awaur o' that, sir — within certain leemits," returned Malcolm.

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean within the leemits o' duin' by yer neibor as ye wad hae yer neibor du by you: that's what I mean, sir."

"I've told you already that doesn't apply in horse-dealing. Every man has to take care of himself in the horse-market. That's understood. If you had been brought up amongst horses instead of her-ring, you would have known that as well as any other man."

"I doobt I'll hae to gang back to the herrin', than, sir, for they're like to pruv the honestest of the twa. But there's nae hypocrisy in Kelpie, an' she maun hae her day's denner, come o' the morn's what may."

At the word *hypocrisy* Mr. Crathie's face grew red as the sun in a fog. He was an elder of the kirk, and had family worship every night as regularly as his toddy: the word was as offensive and insolent as it was foolish and inapplicable. He would have turned Malcolm adrift on the spot but that he remembered, not the favor of the late marquis for the lad — that was nothing to the factor now, his lord under the mould was to him as if he had never been above it, — but the favor of the present marchioness, for all in the house knew that she was interested in him. Choking down, therefore, his rage and indignation, he said sternly, "Malcolm, you have two enemies — a long tongue and a strong conceit. You have little enough to be proud of, my man, and the less said the better. I advise you to mind

what you're about, and show suitable respect to your superiors, or as sure as judgment you'll go back to your fish-guts."

While he spoke Malcolm had been smoothing Kelpie all over with his palms: the moment the factor ceased talking he ceased stroking, and with one arm thrown over the mare's back looked him full in the face. "Gien ye imaigine, Maister Crathie," he said, "'at I coont it ony rise i' the warl' 'at brings me un'er the orders o' a man less honest than he micht be, ye're mista'en. I dinna think it's pride this time: I wad ile Blue Peter's lang butes till him, but I winna lee for ony factor atween this an' Davy Jones."

It was too much. Mr. Crathie's feelings overcame him, and he was a wrathful man to see as he strode up to the youth with clenched fist.

"Haud frae the mere, for God's sake, Maister Crathie!" cried Malcolm.

But even as he spoke two reversed Moorish arches of gleaming iron opened on the terror-quicken'd imagination of the factor a threatened descent from which his most potent instinct, that of self-preservation, shrank in horror. He started back, white with dismay, having by a bare inch of space and a bare moment of time escaped what he called eternity. Dazed with fear, he turned and had staggered half-way across the yard, as if going home, before he recovered himself. Then he turned again, and, with what dignity he could scrape together, said, "MacPhail, you go about your business."

In his foolish heart he believed Malcolm had made the brute strike out.

"I canna weel gang till Stoa comes hame," answered Malcolm.

"If I see you about the place after sunset I'll horsewhip you," said the factor, and walked away, showing the crown of his hat.

Malcolm again smiled oddly, but made no reply. He undid the mare's halter and led her into the stable. There he fed her, standing by her all the time she ate, and not once taking his eye off her. His father, the late marquis, had bought her at the sale of the stud of a neighboring laird, whose whole being had been devoted to horses till the pale one came to fetch himself: the men about the stable had drugged her, and taken with the splendid lines of the animal, nor seeing cause to doubt her temper as she quietly obeyed the halter, he had bid for her, and, as he thought, had her a great bargain. The accident that finally caused his death followed soon after, and while he was ill no one cared to vex

him by saying what she had turned out. But Malcolm had even then taken her in hand in the hope of taming her a little before his master, who often spoke of his latest purchase, should see her again. In this he had very partially succeeded, but, if only for the sake of him whom he now knew for his father, nothing would have made him part with the animal. Besides, he had been compelled to use her with so much severity at times that he had grown attached to her from the reaction of pity, as well as from admiration of her physical qualities and the habitude of ministering to her wants and comforts. The factor, who knew Malcolm only as a servant, had afterward allowed her to remain in his charge, merely in the hope, through his treatment, of by-and-by selling her, as she had been bought, for a faultless animal, but at a far better price.

CHAPTER II.

THE LIBRARY.

WHEN she had finished her oats Malcolm left her busy with her hay, for she was a huge eater, and went into the house, passing through the kitchen and ascending a spiral stone stair to the library, the only room not now dismantled. As he went along the narrow passage on the second floor leading to it from the head of the stair, the housekeeper, Mrs. Courthope, peeped after him from one of the many bedrooms opening upon it, and watched him as he went, nodding her head two or three times with decision: he reminded her so strongly, not of his father, the late marquis, but the brother who had preceded him, that she felt all but certain, whoever might be his mother, he had as much of the Colonsay blood in his veins as any marquis of them all. It was in consideration of this likeness that Mr. Crathie had permitted the youth, when his services were not required, to read in the library.

Malcolm went straight to a certain corner, and from amongst a dingy set of old classics took down a small Greek book in a large type. It was the manual of that slave among slaves, that noble among the free — Epictetus. He was no great Greek scholar, but, with the help of the Latin translation and the gloss of his own rather experience, he could lay hold of the mind of that slave of a slave, whose very slavery was his slave to carry him to the heights of freedom. It was not Greek he cared for, but Epictetus. It was but little he read, however, for the occurrence of the

morning demanded, compelled, thought. Mr. Crathie's behavior caused him neither anger nor uneasiness, but rendered necessary some decision with regard to the ordering of his future.

I can hardly say he recalled how on his deathbed the late marquis, about three months before, having, with all needful observances, acknowledged him his son, had committed to his trust the welfare of his sister, for the memory of this charge was never absent from his feeling, even when not immediately present to his thought. But, although a charge which he would have taken upon him all the same had his father not committed it to him, it was none the less the source of a perplexity upon which as yet all his thinking had let in but little light. For to appear as Marquis of Lossie was not merely to take from his sister the title she supposed her own, but to declare her illegitimate, seeing that, unknown to the marquis, the youth's mother, his first wife, was still alive when Florimel was born. How to act so that as little evil as possible might befall the favorite of his father, and one whom he had himself loved with the devotion almost of a dog before he knew she was his sister, was the main problem.

For himself, he had had a rough education, and had enjoyed it: his thoughts were not troubled about his own prospects. Mysteriously committed to the care of a poor blind Highland piper, a stranger from inland regions settled amongst a fishing-people, he had, as he grew up, naturally fallen into their ways of life and labor, and but lately abandoned the calling of a fisherman to take charge of the marquis's yacht, whence by degrees he had, in his helpfulness, become indispensable to him and his daughter, and had come to live in the house of Lossie as a privileged servant. His book-education, which he owed mainly to the friendship of the parish school-master, although nothing marvellous, or in Scotland very peculiar, had opened for him in all directions doors of thought and inquiry. But the outlook after knowledge was in his case, again through the influences of Mr. Graham, subservient to an almost restless yearning after the truth of things—a passion so rare that the ordinary mind can hardly grasp even the fact of its existence. The Marchioness of Lossie, as she was now called—for the family was one of the two or three in Scotland in which the title descends to an heiress—had left Lossie House almost immediately upon her father's death, under the guardianship of a certain dowager

countess. Lady Bellair had taken her first to Edinburgh, and then to London. Tidings of her Malcolm occasionally received through Mr. Soutar of Duff Harbor, the lawyer the marquis had employed to draw up the papers substantiating the youth's claim. The last amounted to this—that, as rapidly as the proprieties of mourning would permit, she was circling the vortex of the London season. As to her brother, he feared himself, and Malcolm was now almost in despair of ever being of the least service to her as a brother to whom as a servant he had seemed at one time of daily necessity. If he might but once more be her skipper, her groom, her attendant, he might then at least learn how to discover to her the bond between them without breaking it in the very act, and so ruining the hope of service to follow.

CHAPTER III.

MISS HORN.

THE door opened, and in walked a tall, gaunt, hard-featured woman, in a huge bonnet trimmed with black ribbons, and a long black net veil, worked over with sprigs, coming down almost to her waist. She looked stern, determined, almost fierce, shook hands with a sort of loose dissatisfaction, and dropped into one of the easy-chairs with which the library abounded. With the act the question seemed shot from her, "Duv ye ca' yersel' an honest man, no, Ma'colm?"

"I ca' mysel' naething," answered the youth, "but I wad fain be what ye say, Miss Horn."

"Ow! I dinna doobt ye wadna steal, nor yet tell lees about a horse: I hae jist come frae a sair waggin' o' tongues about ye. Mistress Crathie tells me her man's in a sair vex 'at ye winna tell a wordless lee about the black mere: that's what I ca' t—no her. But lee it wad be, an' dinna ye aither wag or haud a lecin' tongue. A gentleman maunna lee, no even by sayin' naething—na, no gien't war to win intill the kingdom. But, Guid be thankit! that's whaur leears never come. Maybe ye're thinkin' I hae sma' occasion to say sic-like to yersel'. An' yet what's yer life but a lee, Ma'colm? You 'at's the honest Marquis o' Lossie to waur yer' time, an' the stren'th o' yer boady, an' the micht o' yer sowl tyauvin' (*wrestling*) wi' a deevil o' a she-horse, whan there's that half-sister o' yer ain gaein' to the verra deevil o' perdition himsel' amang the godless gen-try o' Lon'on!"

"What wad ye hae me un'erstan' by that, Miss Horn?" returned Malcolm. "I hear no ill o' her. I daur say she's no jist a sa'nt yet, but that's no to be luikit for in ane o' the breed: they maun a' try the warl' first, ony gait. There's a heap o' fowk — an' no aye the warst, maybe," continued Malcolm, thinking of his father — "'at wull hae their bite o' the aipple afore they spit it oot. But for my leddy sister, she's ower prood ever to disgrace hersel'."

"Weel, maybe, gien she be na misguid-ed by them she's wi'. But I'm no sae muckle concernt aboot her. Only it's plain 'at ye hae no richt to lead her intill temptation."

"Hoo am I temptin' at her, mem?"

"That's plain to half an e'e. Are ye no lattin' her live believin' a lee? Ir ye no allooin' her to gang on as gien she was somebody mair nor mortal, whan ye ken she's nae mair Marchioness o' Lossie nor ye're the son o' auld Duncan Mac-Phail? Faith, ye hae lost trowth, gien ye hae gaint the warl', i' the cheenge o' for-beirs!"

"Mint at naething again' the deid, mem. My father's gane till 's accoont; an' it's weel for him he has his Father, an' no his sister, to pronoonce upo' him."

"Deed ye're richt there, laddie!" assented Miss Horn in a subdued tone.

"He's made it up wi' my mither afore noo, I'm thinkin': an', ony gait, he confessed her his wife, an' me her son, afore he dee'd; an' what mair had he time to du?"

"It's fac'," returned Miss Horn. "An' noo luik at yersel'. What yer father confesst wi' the very deid-thraw o' a laborin' speerit — to the whilk naething cud hae broucht him but the deid-thraws (*death struggles*) o' the bodily natur' an' the fear o' hell — that same confession ye row up again i' the clout o' secrecy, in place o' dightin' wi' 't the blot frae the memory o' ane whae I believe I lo'ed mair as my third cousin nor ye du as yer ain mither."

"There's no blot upo' her memory, mem," returned the youth, "or I wad be markis the morn. There's never a sowl kens she was mither but kens she was wife; ay, an' whase wife tu."

Miss Horn had neither wish nor power to reply, and changed her front. "An' sae, Ma'colm Colonsay," she said, "ye hae no less nor made up yer min' to pass yer days in yer ain stable, neither better nor waur than an ostler at the Lossie Airms; an' that efter a' I hae borne an' dune to mak a gentleman o' ye, bairdin' yer father here like a verra lion in 's den,

an' garrin' him confess the thing again' ilka hair upo' the stiff neck o' 'im? Losh, laddie! it was a pictur' to see him stan'in' wi' 's back to the door like a camstairy (*obstinate*) bullock!"

"Haud yer tongue, mem, gien ye please. I canna bide to hear my father spoken o' like that. For, ye see, I lo'ed him afore I kenned he was ony drap's blude to me."

"Weel, that's verra weel; but father an' mither's man an' wife, an' ye cam' na o' a father alane."

"That's true, mem; an' it canna be I sud ever forget yon face ye shawed me i' the coffin — the bonniest, sairest sicht I ever saw," returned Malcolm with a quaver in his voice.

"But what for cairry yer thoughts to the deid face o' her? Ye kenned the leevin' ane weel," objected Miss Horn.

"That's true, mem, but the deid face maist blotit the leevin' oot o' my brain."

"I'm sorry for that. Eh, laddie, but she was bonny to see!"

"I aye thought her the bonniest leddy I ever set e'e upo'. An' dinna think, mem, I'm gauin to forget the deid 'cause I'm mair concernt aboot the leevin'. I tell ye I jist dinna ken what to do. What wi' my father's deein' words, committin' her to my chairge, an' the more than regaird I hae to Leddy Florimel hersel', I'm jist whiles driven to ane mair. Hoo can I tak the verra sunsheen oot o' her life 'at I lo'ed afore I kenned she was my ain sister, an' jist thought lang to win near enouch till to do her ony guid turn worth duin'? An' here I am, her ain half-brither, wi' naething i' my pooer but to scaud the hert o' her, or else lee! Supposin' even she was weel merried first, hoo wad she stan' wi' her man whan he cam to ken 'at she was nae marchioness — hed no lawfu' richt to ony name but her mither's? An' afore that, what richt cud I hae to alloo ony man to merry her ohn kenned the trowth aboot her? Faith! it wad be a fine chance, though, for fin'in' oot whether or no the fallow was fit for her. But we canna mak a playock o' her hert. Puir thing! she luiks doon upo' me frae the tap o' her bonny neck as frae a h'avenly heicht, but I s' lat her ken yet, gien only I can get at the gait o' 't, that I haena come nigh her for naething." He gave a sigh with the words, and a pause followed.

"The trowth's the trowth," resumed Miss Horn, "neither mair nor less."

"Ay," responded Malcolm, "but there's a richt an' a wrang time for the tellin' o' 't. It's no as gien I had had han' or tongue in ony forgane lee. It was naething o' my

duin', as ye ken, mem. To mysel' I was never onything but a fisherman born. I confess, whiles, whan we wad be lyin' i' the lee o' the nets, tethered to them like, wi' the win' blawin' strong an' steady, I hae thought wi' mysel' hoo 'at I kennt naethin'g about my father, an' what gien it sud turn oot 'at I was the son o' somebody — what wad I du wi' my siller?"

"An' what thought ye ye wad du, lad-die?" asked Miss Horn gently.

"What but bigg a harbor at Scaurnose for the puir fisher-fowk 'at was like my ain flesh an' blude?"

"Weel," rejoined Miss Horn eagerly, "div ye no luik upo' that as 'a voo to the Almichty — a voo 'at ye're bun' to pay — noo 'at ye hae yer wuss? An' it's no merely 'at ye hae the means, but there's no anither that has the richt; for they're yer ain fowk, 'at ye gaither rent frae, an' 'at 's been for mony a generation sattlet upo' yer lan' — though for the maitter o' the lan' they hae had little mair o' that than the birds o' the rock hae ohn feued — an' them honest fowk wi' wives an' sowls o' their ain! Hoo upo' airth are ye to du yer duty by them, an' render yer accoont at the last, gien ye dinna tak till ye yer pooer an' reign? Ilk man 'at 's in ony sense a king o' men, he's bun' to reign ower them *in* that sense. I ken little aboot things mysel', an' I hae no feelin's to guide me, but I hae a wheen cowmon sense, an' that maun jist stan' for the lave."

A silence followed.

"What for speak na ye, Malcolm?" said Miss Horn at length.

"I was jist tryin'," he answered, "to min' upon a twa lines 'at I cam' upo' the ither day in a buik 'at Maister Graham gied me afore he gaed awa', 'cause I reckon he kent them a' by hert. They say jist sic-like's ye been sayin', mem, gien I cud but min' upo' them. They're aboot a man 'at aye does the richt gait — made by ane they ca' Wordsworth."

"I ken naething aboot him," said Miss Horn with emphasized indifference.

"An' I ken but little: I s' ken mair or lang, though. This is hoo the piece begins: —

Who is the happy warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
It is the generous spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his childish
thought.

There! that's what ye wad hae o' me, mem."

"Hear till him!" cried Miss Horn. "The man's i' the richt, though naeboddy never h'ard o' 'im. Haud ye by that, Ma'colm, an' dinna ye rist till ye hae biggit a herbor to the men an' women o' Scaurnose. Wha kens hoo mony may gang to the boddom afore it be dune, jist for the want o' 't?"

"The fundation maun be laid in richt-ousness, though, mem, else what gien 't war to save lives better lost?"

"That belangs to the Michty," said Miss Horn.

"Ay, but the layin' o' the fundation belangs to me, an' I'll no du 't till I can du 't ohn ruint my sister."

"Weel, there's ae thing clear: ye'll never ken what to du sae lang's ye hing on aboot a stable fu' o' fower-fitted animals wantin' sense, an' some twa-fittit 'at has less."

"I doobt ye're richt there, mem; an' gien I cud but tak puir Kelpie awa' wi' me —"

"Hoots! I'm affrontit wi' ye. Kelpie, quo he! Preserve 's a'! The laad 'll jat his ain sister gang an' bide at hame wi' a mere!"

Malcolm held his peace. "Ay, I'm thinkin' I maun gang," he said at last.

"Whaur till, than?" asked Miss Horn.

"Ow! to Lon'on — whaur ither?"

"An' what'll your lordship du there?"

"Dinna say *lordship* to me, mem, or I'll think ye're jeerin' at me. What wad the caterpillar say," he added with a laugh, "gien ye ca'd her *my leddy Psyche*?" Malcolm of course pronounced the Greek word in Scotch fashion.

"I ken naething aboot yer Suchies or yer Sukies," rejoined Miss Horn. "I ken 'at ye're bun' to be a lord, an' no a stable-man, an' I s' no lat ye rist till ye up an' say, *What neist*?"

"It's what I hae been sayin' for the last three month," said Malcolm.

"Ay, I daur say! but ye hae been sayin' 't upo' the braid o' yer back, an' I wad hae ye up an' sayin' 't."

"Gien I but kent what to du!" said Malcolm for the thousandth time.

"Ye can at least gang whaur ye hae a chance o' learnin'," returned his friend. "Come an' tak yer supper wi' me the nicht — a rizzart haddie an' an egg — an' I'll tell ye mair aboot yer mither."

But Malcolm avoided a promise, lest it should interfere with what he might find best to do.

From The Westminster Gazette.
THE POPE'S DAILY LIFE.

PIUS IX., writes a distinguished correspondent to a French paper, like the greater number of his ecclesiastics, is an early riser. At an hour when all in Rome are asleep, lights are already seen behind the high windows of the Vatican. It is half-past five. The pope's bedroom door suddenly opens, and his Holiness appears. "*Buon giorno*," says the pope in a clear, distinct voice to his aged valet-de-chambre, Signor Zangolini, who is dressed in a violet-colored robe, and who occupies his leisure moments in disposing of unheard-of quantities of snuff. Signor Zangolini then enters the pope's room, shaves him, dresses him, and then leaves him in his privacy till seven o'clock. At seven o'clock the pope repairs to his chapel, where he celebrates and also hears mass. It is at this morning mass where he administers the sacrament to foreigners of distinction visiting Rome. It is considered a very high honor to receive the sacrament from the hands of his Holiness; but in order to partake of this privilege one must be up and stirring by five in the morning. Every person must be present at the celebration of the two masses — domestics, Swiss Guards, Palatine Guards, etc. Service being concluded, Pius IX. passes into the refectory, where already smoking on the table stands a tureen of soup, in which are seen floating the fine *patés* of Genoa. The pope qualifies the soup with a glass of Orvieto wine, eats four or five moistened biscuits; and now it is almost nine o'clock, he passes into his business room. He is seated at his table — before him are the crucifix and the image of the Holy Virgin. Cardinal Antonelli, exhausted and shattered by his long illness, but in whose eyes that singular brightness cannot be quenched, seats himself opposite his sovereign. He wears the court dress of the Vatican, a soutane, a black, tight-fitting robe, fringed with red, with small red buttons, and a red silk cloak. The cardinal discusses with his Holiness grave questions of State policy, exhibits to him the despatches that have arrived the previous evening, and takes his departure. The functionary who is next ushered into the pope's business-room is a layman, Signor Giacomo Spagna, prefect of the Apostolic Palace, whose function among others consists in the management of the sums derived from St. Peter's penny. These funds amount yearly to twenty million francs. A portion is absorbed by the numerous attendants,

guards, servitors, gendarmes, who live in the Vatican, by pensions and the expenses of nuncios at foreign courts. The rest is capitalized, and it is said that the day will soon come when the Vatican will possess a revenue equal to the sum which the Italian government places at its disposal — three million francs — but which the pope has hitherto refused to accept.

Then comes the hour of the arrival of the post. Pius IX. opens some letters, then hastily makes himself acquainted with the contents of the newspapers. The hour for reception sounds, the solemn time when the pope grants audience. The hall of the Countess Mathilda is filled with ladies, mostly foreign, in the strict attire required at the Vatican — a black silk dress, the head covered with a black veil, and no jewellery. Gentlemen must be in strict evening costumes, with a white cravat. A noise is heard of the tramp of armed men. The Swiss Guards line the hall; then enters a long array of prelates and other dignitaries of the Church — last of all the pope. These audiences are often marked by touching incidents. The audience is over. It is now twelve o'clock. The pope walks in his garden accompanied by five or six cardinals and other familiars of the palace. It is during this promenade that the pope hears all that takes place in the city. Nothing of the least importance is concealed from him. He is made aware of all the doings and sayings of the inhabitants. Two hours are thus passed. He is then reconducted to his private apartments, and the cardinals and others take their leave. Dinner is served. Do you wish to know what it consists of? There is seldom any change, and I will take upon myself to inform you. The repast, which is invariably the same except on fasting days, consists of soup, something boiled, a side dish, and some vegetables. Ordinarily the pope contents himself with soup, some vegetables, and some fruit, without touching the remainder. Pius IX. dines alone, and with the appetite of a man whose life is well regulated. Dinner over, it is time for the siesta. This lasts about an hour. Towards four o'clock the pope goes to the library, accompanied by his particular friends. Amongst these, since the death of Duke Massimo, who was never absent from the pope, the most important is the archæologist Visconti, not less famous for his wit and repartee than for his learned illustrations of the ancient monuments. On his way to the library the pope blesses

the mountains of rosaries, chaplets, crosses, and scapularies which every day are sent from Rome to the five parts of the globe. Those accompanying the pope to the library do their utmost to divert and interest their master, who is always of an easy, accommodating temper. The pope enjoys an epigram, especially if it is neatly turned in verse, and he is not the last to add the spur of his wit to those satirical hits launched at the head of those oppressors, the Piedmontese, and other barbarians. When he has dismissed his attendants the pope returns again to work. He occupies himself now with religious affairs, with the secretaries of the Congregation of Briefs. The day at last comes to an end. It is now eight o'clock; the hour for supper has come. His supper is like that of an anchorite — a little *bouillon*, a couple of boiled potatoes, water, and a little fruit. The pope, however, does not yet go to bed. He is closeted with a prelate in his private library. If he has a discourse to deliver — an occupation to which he devotes himself very willingly, for the

pope is an excellent orator — he causes the gospel of the day to be read to him, and picks out the passage which is to be the subject of his text, and immediately improvises an allocution, the groundwork of the discourses to be delivered. If he has nothing particular on hand, the prelate who is with him seeks a book in the library and begins to read. The Holy Father soon discovers that sleep is gathering on him. The prelate stops reading, and kneels. "Holy father, your benediction." The pope lifts his hand, pronounces the benediction. It is now ten o'clock. A quarter of an hour later, with the exception of those prelates who have vigils to perform, all are asleep in the Vatican. In the corridors no one is to be seen but the Swiss Guard, habited in his mediæval costume, and a Remington rifle on his shoulder. Outside the wind whistles through the immense porticos of the square of St. Peter, and the cold night wind flutters the green plumes in the hat of the Bersaglieri sentry watching from afar the entrance to the Vatican.

It is to be supposed that the Old and New Testaments are a good deal read in this country, and yet there seems to be no little indistinctness in many minds as to what is in them and what is not. It is not uncommon to hear statements both of fact and doctrine solemnly affirmed to be contained in Scripture, for which, when chapter and verse is sought, the real authority turns out to be either Milton or Watts's hymns. On the other hand, it is said that a candidate indiscreetly quoting the New Testament on the hustings was greeted with the comment, "Bravo, Shakespeare." So, if a weekly contemporary is to be believed, one of the leaders in the late disturbance at Bristol denied that the New Testament contained any mention of St. Bartholomew. And this, whether true or not, is at least possible; for the best historian of Scotland, in his first edition, set down that apostle in a list of "saints not mentioned in Scripture." So Mr. Buckle commented at some length on the words "hell hath enlarged herself," mistaking them for the literal statement of a Scotch Presbyterian divine, instead of the oriental imagery of the prophet Isaiah. At Bristol, indeed, it is not at all clear whether the adoration of the magi is not looked on as something for which there is no scriptural warrant. To be sure it would be hard to find scriptural warrant for the royal character of Caspar, Melchior, and

Balthazar, or for the blackness of the last of the three. But it may be well to have it understood that the magi in a vaguer shape are in the book, and St. Bartholomew also; and, on the other hand, that many curious details which are popularly believed on the authority of "Paradise Lost" are certainly not to be found there. Pall Mall Gazette.

BREAD. — Bread contains 80 nutritious parts in 100; meal, 34 in 100; French beans, 92 in 100; common beans, 89 in 100; peas, 93 in 100; lentils, 94 in 100; cabbages and turnips, the most aqueous of all the vegetables compared, produce only 8 lb. of solid matter in 100 lb.; carrots and spinach produce 14 lb. in the same quantity; whilst 100 lb. of potatoes contain 25 lb. of dry substance. From a general estimate it results that 1 lb. of good bread is equal to 2 1-2 lb. or 3 lb. of potatoes; that 75 lb. of bread and 30 lb. of meat may be substituted for 300 lb. of potatoes. The other substances bear the following proportions: 4 parts of cabbage to 1 of potatoes; 3 parts of turnips to 1 of potatoes; 2 parts of carrots and spinach to 1 of potatoes; and about 3 1-2 parts of potatoes to 1 of rice, lentils, beans, French beans, and dry peas.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume XVI. }

No. 1689. — October 28, 1876.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CXXXI. }

CONTENTS.

| | | |
|---|--|-----|
| I. THE UNSEEN UNIVERSE, | <i>British Quarterly Review,</i> . . . | 195 |
| II. THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE. By George Macdonald, author of "Malcolm," etc. Part II., | <i>Advance Sheets,</i> | 205 |
| III. NATURAL RELIGION. Part VII., | <i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i> . . . | 214 |
| IV. WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH. By Sarah Tytler, author of "Lady Bell," etc. Part XVII., | <i>Good Words,</i> | 224 |
| V. THE STRATHMORE: MR. WORDSWORTH'S NARRATIVE, | <i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i> . . . | 233 |
| VI. THE INFLUENCE UPON GIRLS' SCHOOLS OF EXTERNAL EXAMINATIONS, WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE CAMBRIDGE LOCAL EXAMINATIONS, | <i>London Student,</i> | 245 |
| VII. OF SELF-SACRIFICE, | <i>Argosy,</i> | 249 |
| VIII. CRAZY CORRESPONDENCE, | <i>Saturday Review,</i> | 252 |
| IX. THE INTRA-MERCURIAL PLANET OR PLANETS, | <i>Nature,</i> | 255 |

POETRY.

| | | | |
|------------------------------------|-----|---------------------------------------|-----|
| A LAY OF LAWN-TENNIS, | 194 | DEATH THE POET'S BIRTH, | 194 |
| THE WANTS OF THE NATION, | 194 | CANZONET TO CORRESPONDENTS, | 194 |
| A FAREWELL, | 194 | | |

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, *remitted directly to the Publishers*, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage*.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

A LAY OF LAWN-TENNIS.

BY A LOOKER-ON.

Now, young people, the fine weather
 Will soon be gone.
 Go and tennis play together
 Upon the lawn.
 While the sun shines make your hay
 Between the showers.
 Improve, like busy bees, to-day,
 The shining hours.
 Time flies. For instance, look at me,
 And at your aunt !
 As you are now so once were we.
 But now we can't
 Dance all night long till break of day,
 Nor, if we knew
 How, at lawn-tennis could we play,
 Young folks, like you.
 Already on the turf you tread
 The toadstool springs,
 Which, when the summer's drought has fled,
 Damp autumn brings.
 The grass will soon have got too wet ;
 Too moist the mould.
 Play whilst you can — don't play to get
 Your death of cold.
 Play whilst those limbs you yet can use,
 Free play allow,
 Which they will by-and-by refuse ;
 As mine do now.
 Yet, on the sports of youth to gaze,
 One still enjoys ;
 As you may too, in future days,
 You, girls and boys.

THE WANTS OF THE NATION.

WANTED, a skipper, who voyaging faster
 Than any one else, ne'er brings ship to disaster.
 Wanted, cheap railways, which speed and
 precision
 To the utmost combine without e'er a collision.
 Wanted, a surgeon, who risks operations
 Which in fatal results ne'er attain terminations.
 Wanted, investment, with view to futurity,
 Highest interest yielding on safest security.
 Wanted, directors, who capital use
 In the boldest of ventures — to win and not
 lose.
 Wanted, an army and fleet, by this nation,
 That yearly increase with decreasing taxation.
 Wanted, instead of ignoble abstention
 From Europe's disputes, and meek non-intervention
 In foreign affairs — which we now to be folly
 see,
 On the part of our rulers, a "spirited policy."
 Wanted, a statesman, who'll play a high game
 Abroad, and still keep us at peace all the
 same

Wanted, doers to dare bold exploits of utility
 On mischance whilst we sternly enforce liability.

What else wanted? In brief, our requirements to tell,
 Wanted, pudding to eat, and yet have it as well.

Punch.

A FAREWELL.

I PUT thy hand aside and turn away.
 Why should I blame the slight and fickle heart
 That cannot boldly go, nor bravely stay —
 Too weak to cling, and yet too fond to part !
 Dead passion chains thee where her ashes lie ;
 Cold is the shrine — ah ! cold for evermore ;
 Why linger, then, while golden moments fly,
 And sunshine waits beyond the open door ?
 Nay — fare thee well ; for memory and I
 Must tarry here and wait, . . . We have no
 choice,
 Nor other better joy until we die —
 Only to wait — and hear nor step, nor voice,
 Nor any happy advent come to break
 The watch we keep alone — for love's dear
 sake. MARY ANIGE DE VERE.

DEATH THE POET'S BIRTH.

THE poet may tread earth sadly,
 Yet 'is he dreamland's king,
 And the fays at his bidding gladly
 Visions of beauty bring ;
 But his joys will be rarer, finer,
 Away from this earthly stage,
 When he, who is now a minor,
 Comes of age.

Roll on, O ! tardy cycle,
 Whose death is the poet's birth ;
 Blow soon, great trump of Michael,
 Shatter the crust of earth ;
 Let the slow spheres turn faster ;
 Hasten the heritage
 Of him, who, as life's true master,
 Comes of age.

Transcript.

CANZONET TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SING O the piles of verse and prose
 The postman daily brings ;
Punch can't preserve, and therefore throws
 Away rejected things.

Torn up, he sends them all to burn ;
 None such can he restore.
 Dear friends, they quit you to return —
 As youth returns — no more !

Punch.

From The British Quarterly Review.
THE UNSEEN UNIVERSE.*

AMONGST books which have recently made a sensation in the literary world (and of late there has been a not inconsiderable number), perhaps not one is more remarkable than that whose title stands at the head of this article. A true product of the age, in dealing with the relations of science and religion, free from conventionalism, and noticeable for the boldness and originality of its views, it seems to point out the direction in which we must look for the sweeping away of present artificial barriers between science and religion. If its conclusions be accepted, the horizon of scientific inquiry will be extended, and Christ and the future life will be brought into more intimate and vivid connection with the visible material universe. Hitherto the theological world has regarded Christ only in his relations to the moral and spiritual needs of mankind, but the authors of "The Unseen Universe" find a need for him also in the general economy of the universe, and strive to prove their point, not without some plausibility, even from the Scriptures themselves.

Their chief aim, they tell us, is "to endeavor to show that the presumed incompatibility of science and religion does not exist; to show, in fact, that immortality is strictly in accordance with the principle of continuity (rightly viewed); to address themselves to those who see strong grounds for believing in the immortality of man and the existence of an invisible world, but who at the same time are forced to acknowledge the strength of the objections urged against these doctrines by certain men of science." But at the same time they seem to have gone beyond this, and to have attempted some sketch of what as a whole the universe may be, or rather perhaps some sketch of things and processes that may occur therein. Whether they have succeeded in their design, and with what measure of success, it will be the endeavor of the following pages to examine. In doing this, however, we shall not confine ourselves to the exact arrange-

ment of their argument, nor shall we have space to notice all the collateral points of interest.

At starting, the authors assume the existence of a Deity, who is the Creator of all things; also that "the laws of the universe are those laws according to which the beings in the universe are conditioned by the Governor thereof, as regards time, place, and sensation." These are assumptions which the class of readers addressed would certainly allow; yet it seems to us that by adopting them the authors at the very outset of their inquiry have contravened their proposed method of proceeding, viz., to argue from *purely* physical data; and this is the more to be regretted in that, without greatly enlarging their plan, they might have given physical reasons for the existence of a creator; indeed, they do try to strengthen their position by quoting Herbert Spencer. We should not, however, have touched upon this here, were it not for the use made of it in the argument. In approaching the consideration of the universe from the scientific side, we must take the laws thereof — well defined as in this work we find them — and argue backwards as far as we can to the First Cause; but by no means may we use teleological arguments, such as our authors employ when they affirm what the intention of the Creator was. We cannot conceive of God as conditioned in any way, neither ought we, indeed we are not able, to judge of his manner of action or thinking, — "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord," — but, reverently regarding nature as the expression and outcome of his laws and working, we should attempt to arrive at such knowledge of them as we can by earnest, honest seeking and following the truth wherever it may lead, — taking care that it is the truth, — well knowing that, as dealing with works of the same being, scientific inquiry and true religion cannot be at variance.

In connection with this a remark may be necessary on the limits of scientific inquiry. Some good people resent the intrusion of science into questions concerning the origin of life and things, whilst others, who allow the right of inquiry,

* *The Unseen Universe; or, Physical Speculations on a Future State.* Second Edition. Macmillan and Co.

would perhaps not go so far as to say, "We think it . . . the bounden duty of the man of science to put back the direct interference of the great First Cause — the unconditioned — as far as he possibly can in time." Further on the authors say: "If, then, two possible theories of the production of any phenomenon are presented to the man of science, one of these implying the immediate operation of the unconditioned, and the other the operation of some cause existing in the universe, we conceive that he is called upon by the most profound obligations of his nature to choose the second in preference to the first." The first statement, it must be granted, is rather startling in its bareness, and certainly requires to be "conditioned;" but the second, we think, is not far wide of the truth, provided the theory proposed is easily conceivable.

The principle of continuity, the great guide of our inquiries into the past and future, is one of those magnificent generalizations which are the most striking results of modern science. Almost a truism, when its meaning is once grasped, it is remarkable for the great light it has thrown on problems heretofore regarded as practically unsolvable. It asserts that no phenomenon can happen without naturally flowing from a cause antecedent to it; that in passing from one state to any other, a body must pass through intervening states; that there must not be a sudden break without any connection between an event and the preceding one, such, for instance, as would happen if matter were to disappear for a time from the universe. It follows that if the principle of continuity be true, it is "the heritage of intelligence that there shall be an endless vista reaching from eternity, in each link of which we shall be led only from one form of the conditioned to another, never from the conditioned to the unconditioned." Lest this view of things should frighten the ordinary reader, the writers ask in the chapter on physical axioms, "Is it less reverent to regard the universe as an illimitable avenue that leads up to God, than to look upon it as a limited area bounded by an impenetrable wall, which, if we could only pierce it, would bring us

at once into the presence of the Eternal?" This is a question we cannot answer, but, being willing to learn, we will pass on.

These remarks being premised, we proceed to give a short and concise statement of the line of argument.

With respect to the present visible universe, the authors come to the conclusion that it had its beginning in time, and must come to an end in time; at least, to an end so far as present modes of life are concerned. At these two barriers they must by their principles allow no discontinuity, and therefore the present universe must have been *developed* out of, and will again sink into, some one older and more lasting, which can be nothing else than the unseen universe of ether. How it has been developed they do not know, but having assumed a theory of matter, they proceed to show how this development *might* have taken place, though "for the sake of bringing our ideas in a concrete form before the reader, and for this purpose only." This being settled for the visible material universe, their argument for the possibility of immortality is as follows. For continuous life two things are essentially requisite: first, "the capability of retaining some sort of hold upon the past, and, inasmuch as we are unable to contemplate such a thing as a finite disembodied spirit, it is farther evident that this hold implies an organ of some sort;" secondly, the capability of action in the present. "The living being need not always be in motion, but he must retain the capacity of moving. He need not always be thinking, but he must retain the capacity of thought." Next, if there be a future life, we have three suppositions: (1) a transference from one grade of being to another in the present visible universe; (2) a transference from the visible to some other order of things intimately connected with it; (3) a transference to an order of things entirely unconnected with it. The first cannot be held, because the present visible universe is not eternal, at least, they think they prove it is not; but some considerations we shall have to bring forward seem to show that it is only probably not eternal. The last would contradict the principle of continuity; we must therefore fall back

upon the second. If this be true, the principle of continuity asserts that in that other order of things life must still be conditioned, and since there must be an organ of memory and power of action, there must be a body of some kind. In order to explain memory, it is supposed that every thought and impression, which is known to produce changes in the brain, also affects a spiritual body, which is in some mysterious manner connected with the present material body, and which lives on after the latter has passed away. For this idea of spiritual bodies the authors quote the authority of the Christian writings: *e. g.*, St. Paul says, "There is a natural body and a spiritual body." There is nothing here that contradicts the principle of continuity, therefore a future state is not impossible.

But further, the principle of biogenesis asserts that life does not arise except from previous life, and hence life seems to be something essentially different from matter and energy. If, therefore, even the most advanced evolutionary theory be the true one, that all living things have developed from a single primitive germ, we cannot allow that it suddenly came into existence, since life is something *sui generis*. The principle of continuity asserts that it must have existed before; and since it could not exist in the visible universe, it must have done so in the previous invisible one. Hence there is not only the possibility, but even the strong probability, of a future state, inasmuch as there is no more reason for expecting a break of continuity in the future than in the past. Such, stripped of illustrations, proofs, and digressions, is the outline of the argument.

Interspersed with the reasoning, several questions are treated of, not bearing *directly* on the argument; as for instance, miracles, "Are there beings superior to man in the present visible universe?" etc. Also at the end of the book comes a consistent theory of the universe in general, the truth of which, it is allowed, is very problematical, but which is given for the purpose of fixing the reader's ideas.

Before criticising the successive steps of the above reasoning it will be necessary

to glance at the conservation of energy and other allied principles. It is impossible within the limits of this article to explain these fully, yet a short statement may perhaps be desirable for those who are not well acquainted with physical science. So far as our observation goes, matter is indestructible; however we may change its form and states, the quantity of matter cannot be altered. We may call this the law of conservation of matter. Now matter is not the only thing conserved in the universe; there is besides, what scientific men, after Young, have termed energy, of which they recognize two kinds — kinetic and potential. The former depends upon the motion of matter, the kinetic energy of any small portion of matter being proportional to the product of the number representing its mass (or quantity of matter) into the square of the number representing its velocity. The latter — potential energy — is due to the configuration of matter, whereby it possesses the power of doing work, or of producing kinetic energy. Thus, a ball held at the top of a house has energy owing to its position. If it be let fall it will strike the ground with a certain velocity, depending upon the height fallen through, and therefore with a certain kinetic energy. If we consider it at any point of its downward path, it will have the kinetic energy due to the space it has already fallen through, and the potential energy in virtue of the space it has yet to fall through; and the sum of these is constant, *i. e.*, the energy is conserved. All physical phenomena are the results of transformation of energy in matter. Thus heat consists of motion of very small parts of bodies; light, of motion of small parts of the ether; electric and magnetic phenomena depend, some on the motion of this ether connected with matter, others on certain states thereof. Now we find that in all cases the sum of the two kinds of energy in the universe is constant; if one form disappears it reappears in some other form, but no energy is destroyed. This is what is meant by the conservation of energy.

Closely connected with this is another principle — the dissipation of energy. To do work, we must have transmutation of

energy from one state to another. Thus in an engine we must transfer heat from the boiler to the condenser by means of steam—that is, we must transfer heat from a hot source to a colder one, and on the way *some* of the heat is converted into work. All the heat transferred is not converted into work, and there is therefore a waste of energy so far as work is concerned; or since no energy is destroyed, it would be more correct to say that there is a waste of available energy. This is always taking place. Energy is continually being dissipated; not destroyed, but having its power of doing work destroyed. Let us apply this to the universe. The planets and the sun gradually lose their heat by dissipation into space, and hence in some finite time will become cold. Besides this the ether resists their motions; the planets therefore will gradually approach nearer and nearer the sun, till at last they fall into it; they will then be heated by the collision, and will form a single but larger mass, whose newly acquired heat will a second time be dissipated into space, until it again becomes a cold lifeless mass. This process will be repeated, until all the planets have fallen into the sun, and the energy of the present solar system shall have been transformed into rotatory motion of this one mass, and heat dissipated into space, and therefore lost. Even this energy of rotation will be lost in the end, if the ether possesses friction. But long before this our system will have become quite unfit for life such as we know it, and therefore, so far as our present life is concerned, it must come to an end. After this other systems will approach each other, go through the same process, and finally be reduced to one cold mass. Now the authors of "The Unseen Universe" have assumed that the quantity of energy and matter in the universe is finite. If this be so, then within a *finite* time all the matter must be gathered into one aggregation and all the energy be dissipated. But what reason have we for believing that those quantities are finite: is it not rather probable that practically they are infinite? Space is infinite, and if space be filled with systems of worlds, then the matter in the whole universe will be infinitely great. Thus, whether the present order of material things comes to an end, depends on the question whether the quantity of matter in it be finite or not. It is therefore important to know what science has to say upon the case as thus put.

Olbers found that if the number of stars

were infinite and no light were absorbed, then the sky at night would be as bright as at noonday. We all see that it is not so; therefore either the stars are not infinite, or light is absorbed. The latter supposition is perhaps the more probable, and some observations and calculations of Struve point to this; the stars therefore may still be infinite. But further, even supposing Struve's hypothesis not to hold good, the quantity of matter might be infinite, for the greater number of stars might be in the cold state, or in the nebulous state. Thus there is still a possibility of the quantity of energy being infinite, and therefore we cannot certainly deduce, from the principle of dissipation of energy, that the present visible physical universe will come to an end in time. This, as we shall point out, will compel a modification of the authors' theory of immortality.

It is then clear that it does not necessarily follow, from the principle of dissipation of energy, that the universe must end in time. Is, then, the correlative statement that it began in time, to share the same fate? If we travel back through time, we see that the same processes must take place in a reverse order, and since the aggregations in the universe at present are *not infinitely great*, there must have been a time, not infinitely distant, when matter was everywhere in a nebulous condition, and all its energy in the potential form. Further back than this the principle of the dissipation of energy cannot carry us, but we can see that some change must then have taken place; for if not, the nebulous condition must have existed prior to this, and the gradual transformation of the potential into kinetic must have begun earlier, and therefore must have advanced further at the present time. Hence at that time some change must have taken place.

These are the two barriers beyond which we cannot pass with certainty, but as some guide to our reasoning a chapter is given to the consideration of what matter is, and to the relations between matter and ether. Here we cannot refrain from expressing our admiration at the masterly treatment and lucid statement of the physical laws which are discussed. Were it only for the sake of becoming acquainted with the magnificent principles and generalizations of modern physical science, and with the different theories of matter that have been propounded, we should strongly advise our readers to study this book. One of the authors at least must be a mathematical

physicist of no mean order, and we think we recognize in many ideas and forms of expression the hand of one of our foremost investigators in this domain of science.

Among speculations on the constitution of matter, the vortex theory of Sir W. Thomson is by far the most probable, and our authors have adopted it, with some important modifications.

The mathematical treatment of the motion of fluids is extremely difficult, but in one particular case there is a simplification, viz., when the velocity and its direction at any point can be determined from a single function of the position of that point. When this is not the case, the problem is far more difficult, and was to a great extent neglected by mathematicians, till Helmholtz brought his brilliant powers to bear upon it. This second case can be divided into two parts, and the general principles of each treated separately. The first part is nothing more than the ordinary theory, the second is called differentially rotational motion, as it is found that each small portion of fluid rotates round some axis through it. It has long been known that if motion of the first kind existed in a fluid, then, so long as the motion continued, it would remain of the same nature; also, that motion of this kind could be generated or destroyed. But Helmholtz has proved that if the second kind exist it must always have existed and always continue to exist. He showed besides that the axis round which each portion of fluid rotates touches a system of curves, which curves must either be closed or terminated at the boundary of the fluid. These filaments of rotating fluid are called vortex rings. The foregoing theorems are, of course, true only on the supposition that the fluid is frictionless.

Thomson applied this to the theory of matter, and assumed that matter consists of small vortex rings in the ether.

But if this were the case, these vortex rings could not have been *developed* out of the ether: either they must have existed from eternity, or they must have been created. Now, we have seen they could not have existed from eternity, therefore they must have been created. This could not have been done by a finite conditioned intelligence, and therefore the great First Cause must have worked directly. But this breaks the principle of continuity which our authors have assumed always to hold good. How do they get out of this difficulty? We shall see directly.

The principle of continuity has been

seen to hold universally in the present visible order of things, and hence to be a law of the Creator; but if we assume that the great First Cause acted at the first barrier, the law of continuity would have been then first promulgated; and inasmuch as from that time forwards it has not been broken, we can see no difficulty in supposing that the creation then took place—the very beginning of all present visible things, from which they have all flowed; nor does this impair our belief in the universality of the action of continuity. At the same time, what reason have we, *a priori*, except that everything since has developed therefrom, for asserting that there really was a break in continuity? so that if any reasonable hypothesis can be proposed which puts back the action of the unconditioned, we, as was said before, ought to accept it with welcome. We think it a strong reason for supposing the principle still to hold, that it always has held back to that time, and that there is no reason why it should not have held prior to it. But the authors also seek confirmation of their theory from teleological reasons; thus, that the Creator could never have intended to introduce intellectual confusion into the universe—by which is meant, that he would never have acted in such a way as that his finite intelligent creatures might not be able, by the use of their faculties, to investigate and understand all the laws and history of that universe. We have before referred to this method of argument, but we must confess that we do not quite like it. So, while asserting that such a break in continuity, as would be implied by the direct action of the unconditioned First Cause, can be held with undiminished faith in the universality of its action, we ought also to inquire whether the creation of matter could not be explained in some other way. In criticising the argument, too, we must remember that the fundamental idea from which the writers have started is the universal application of the principle of continuity both in time and space.

Allowing, then, this principle to hold, let us see to what conclusions our authors are led with respect to the origin of matter. Assuming, what is certainly true, that vortex atoms could have been developed out of a frictionless fluid by an unconditioned being alone, and also that this being would not thus act, they are driven to modify Sir W. Thomson's hypothesis. The indestructibility of the vortex rings depends on the supposition that the ether is perfectly frictionless; if it were not so,

they would ultimately disappear, and consequently must have been developed; moreover, they could have been developed by conditioned beings. Thus even we ourselves may easily produce vortex rings in air, water, or other fluids,* because they have a considerable amount of friction; while at the same time the very friction makes them exceedingly short-lived. If the friction were less they could not be produced so perfectly, but they would last much longer. Hence, if we assume that the ether possesses friction, we must also assume, since those vortex atoms must exist for an exceedingly long, though finite time, that this friction is very small. So far all is pure assumption; let us see what confirmation can be gathered from the little knowledge we have with respect to the ether. In the first place there are Herschel's and Struve's observations, referred to before, which though not worth much, yet, so far as they go, tend to the above conclusion. Secondly, we have Tait and Stewart's experiments on the heating of a disc by rapid rotation *in vacuo*, which they refer to ethereal friction, but which we think can be more easily explained in a different way. Lastly, there is the anomalous motion of Encke's comet, which can scarcely be accounted for unless by the action of some kind of resistance, though it is doubtful whether friction can produce much of the inequality, as if so it would be masked by the far greater influence of ordinary fluid resistance. Thus, though science does not lend much support to the theory of ethereal friction, yet what it does afford tends in its favor; and there is nothing against it, provided we assume that the friction is extremely small; while, if we reason from analogy, we shall be led to think it probable that the ether is to some extent subject to friction.

So far, then, we are quite justified in adopting the theory; but what have we gained? We have dispensed with the necessity of the interference of the unconditioned, but we must have some agent for developing the atoms. This agent must either be dead or living, blind or intelligent. Maxwell, in a lecture before the Chemical Society, drew attention to the fact that atoms have all the characters of manufactured articles; and this character

we cannot conceive to have been impressed on them by the blind working of natural forces. We must then assume that the developing agent was an intelligent being.

Here we should like to make some further remarks. This intelligent being either worked for a finite time or for eternity. If for a finite time, then that time must have been shorter than the period for which any single atom can now last. To illustrate this, suppose the agent to have stopped working one hundred thousand years ago (the numbers are of course quite imaginary), and the life of a single atom to be one million years. Then at present that atom has, at the most, only nine hundred thousand years to live, and the time during which the agent was working could not have been greater than nine hundred thousand years; for if so he would have begun more than one million years ago, and therefore at present atoms would be daily disappearing in thousands, and we could never have arrived at the conclusion that matter is indestructible. It hence follows that he could not have been working in the same region of space from eternity; since, on our present suppositions, the atoms are not eternal, and we can scarcely conceive him creating new matter where old is disappearing, for that would require him to be omnipresent, and therefore unconditioned with respect to space. But we might consider him as working from eternity, if we suppose he is also working progressively from point to point of infinite space. Now this is important, for we think that of the two suppositions, whether he works for a finite time and then ceases, or through eternity, the latter is, *a priori*, the more probable. And if this were so, it is evident that the present order of things would never come to an end, but that there would always be throughout eternity systems in every stage of development and decay, and therefore fit for life as we know it. Thus we should arrive at the same conclusion as before, and contrary to that of the authors.

But another objection may be raised to this theory of matter, and one, we think, not without weight. Suppose the atoms to have been developed, they at once begin to decay, of course exceedingly slowly when they have to exist for, it may be, millions of millions of years, but still they will always be in a state of decay; the intensity of the vortex motion will decrease, and from all analogy we should expect that with this some of their properties would also change. We have not recognized any such change, therefore we

* The reader may easily produce the rings in the following way. Make a hole about 1 inch or 1 1/2 inch in the middle of the side of a tin biscuit-box, and fill the box with tobacco smoke. If now the box be tapped on the side opposite the hole, vortex rings will be projected from it. The smoke is only for the sake of rendering the rings visible.

should be led to deny the decay. To this it might truly be replied, that the change would take place so slowly, that we could never expect to have recognized it within the time since scientific investigation has begun. But there is another test — supplied by geology. *As far as we are aware*, there is nothing in the rocks and foundations of the earth to prove that when they were laid the chemical or other properties of matter were different from those it possesses at present. If it were so, it would be a strong proof of a progressive decay. It seems, then, that on the whole we ought to consider the properties of atoms to depend on their shape alone, which is not likely. A friend has suggested that it is possible that atoms were developed at different times, but always of the same kind, and that the various elements owe their peculiar properties to being in different stages of decay, due to their respective ages. If this were so we should have one metal changing into another, and the philosopher's stone becoming a reality, though it is likely the less refractory metals would change to those more so.

We should like to draw attention to another theory, which will dispense with the action of the unconditioned, allow the eternity of matter and energy, and yet account for the beginning of things. It was, we think, first pointed out by Sir W. Thomson in *Nature*, that if we suppose every particle of matter to have its motion reversed, all nature would travel backwards over its former path. Rivers would flow from the sea and dash up cataracts; heat instead of being dissipated would be amassed; in the spring, dead leaves would fly up to the branches, become greener as the summer advanced, in the autumn become buds, and finally be absorbed into the trees; living things would grow less and less, men would be born from the grave, and the general economy of things be totally reversed, and after running back to the beginning, would proceed again to develop according to the same laws as at present. In such a state, if life were dynamical alone, living beings would know nothing of the past, but would see into the future of their own lives, as if they were viewing a landscape stretching into misty distance, and in everything cause would follow from effect: *e. g.*, if a stone struck a person the bruise would show before the actual blow, or if a man wanted to say something, he would speak some words and afterwards have the intention to do so. This seems to be a *reductio ad absurdum*,

and therefore life cannot be purely dynamical. But to explain the physical universe, we have only to suppose that periodic reversals of this kind do occur, and that the beginning of the present order of things took place at the end of a former period of reversal, and when the dissipation of energy again began. We should thus have two dispensations of nature, alternately existing, in both of which the principles of continuity and conservation of energy are true, but in one the dissipation of energy holds, in the other its opposite, shall we say, *colligation* of energy; in the one change, of potential into kinetic; in the other, change of kinetic into potential. The only point to settle is the cause of the reversals, which we think can be naturally explained in the following manner. We know that if a pendulum oscillates between two limits, in one portion of its path potential energy is changed into kinetic, in the other kinetic into potential; or an elastic bar will vibrate in the same way. Cannot we suppose something similar to take place in the universe? If gravitation and similar forces always remain the same, then, provided the universe is purely dynamical, and all its small parts frictionless, the above is what would certainly take place: we say if the universe is purely dynamical, for life seems to have some disturbing or guiding influence on matter. The principle of reversibility is a fundamental idea of dynamics, and if life were dynamical it ought to be capable of reversibility. If this happened, we saw above what would take place, and as we cannot for a moment believe life possible under such conditions, we must allow life to be *sui generis*. This appears to us a strong argument, and we shall make use of it again. For the above theory of the universe we claim that it explains everything we want, from what we certainly know as to the physical universe, and that it seems worthy of some notice: its weakness is its failure to explain life.

We have seen to what our authors have been led by loyally following the principle of continuity. At the end of the book they propose a theory to show how the development they require might have taken place, though without insisting on the truth of it; in fact, they acknowledge the chances are greatly against it. We give it in their own words: —

Let us begin by supposing an intelligent agent in the present visible universe — that is to say, a man — to be developing vortex rings, smoke rings, let us imagine. Now these

smoke rings are found to act upon one another just as if they were things or existences; nevertheless their existence is ephemeral, they only last a few seconds. But we may imagine them to constitute the grossest possible form of material existence. Now each smoke ring has in it a multitude of smaller particles of air and smoke, each of these particles being the molecules of which the present visible universe is composed. These molecules are of a vastly more refined and delicate organization than the large smoke ring; they have lasted many millions of years, and will perhaps last many millions more. Nevertheless let us imagine that they had a beginning, and that they will also come to an end similar to that of the smoke ring. In fact, just as the smoke ring was developed out of ordinary molecules, so we may imagine ordinary molecules to be developed as vortex rings out of something much finer and more subtle than themselves, which we have agreed to call the invisible universe. But we may pursue the same train of thought still further back, and imagine the entities which constitute the invisible universe immediately preceding ours to be in themselves ephemeral, although not nearly to the same extent as the atoms of our universe, and to have been formed in their turn as vortex rings out of some still subtler and more enduring substance. In fine, there is no end to such a process, and we are led on from rank to rank of the order imagined by Dr. Thomas Young, or by Professor Jevons, when he says "that the smallest particle of solid substance may consist of a vast number of systems united in regular order, each bounded by the other, communicating with it in some manner, yet wholly incomprehensible."

This theory irresistibly reminds us of Dr. Johnson's—

Big fleas have little fleas
Upon their backs to bite 'em;
And little fleas have lesser fleas,
And so, *ad infinitum*.

We must allow that it is an attractive theory, especially when applied to the scheme of immortality; still we cannot by any means conceive that an atom is composed of an infinite series of atoms such as is described above. However, passing over this, the great question now to settle is, what is this "mysterious, infinitely energetic, intelligent, developing agency, residing in the universe, and therefore in some sense being conditioned"? Science knows not; the authors therefore refer to the Christian records, from which they deduce the, at first sight, startling result that this agent is none else than Christ. We cannot here go through all the statements they bring to bear upon the question, but will strive to give a rapid sketch.

The Godhead consists of a plurality of persons, but one substance.

First, God the Father—the unapproachable Creator (John i. 18; Rom. xi. 36; 1 Cor. viii. 6; Eph. vi. 6; 1 Tim. vi. 16). He is the unconditioned First Cause of all things.

Second, God the Son (John i. 1; 2 Cor. v. 10; Col. i. 15; Heb. i. 1). This being important, we give the authors' words:—

It is, we believe, a prevalent idea among theologians that these passages indicate, in the first place, the existence of an unapproachable Creator—the unconditioned One who is spoken of as God the Father; and that they also indicate the existence of another being of the same substance as the Father but different in person, and who has agreed to develop the will of the Father, and thus in some mysterious sense to submit to conditions and to enter into the universe. The relation of this being to the Father is expressed in Hebrews, in the words of the Psalmist, "Then said I, Lo I come: in the volume of the book it is written of me, I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, thy law is within my heart." In fine, such a being would represent that conditioned, yet infinitely powerful, developing agent, which the universe, objectively considered, appears to lead up to. His work is twofold, for in the first place he develops the various universes or orders of being; and secondly, in some mysterious way he becomes himself the type and pattern of each order, the representative of Deity, as far as the beings of that order can comprehend, especially manifesting such divine qualities as could not otherwise be brought to light.

And again:—

It would thus appear that what may be termed the Christian theory of development has a twofold aspect, a descent and an ascent: the descent of the Son of God through the various grades of existence, and the consequent ascent of the intelligences of each led up by him to a higher level—a stooping on the part of the developing being, in order that there may be a mounting up on the part of the developed. Thus it is said (John iii. 16), "And no man hath ascended up into heaven, but he that came down from heaven, even the Son of man which is in heaven." Again (Eph. iv. 9), "Now that he ascended, what is it but that he also descended first into the lower parts of the earth? He that descended is the same also that ascended up far above all heavens, that he might fill all things."

The necessity for such a person in the Godhead was recognized by the early Christian and Neo-Platonist philosophers of Alexandria, and it is remarkable that no reference is made to them in the book. Numenius, who lived in the second century, says: "The primary God must be

free from work, and a king, but the Demiurgus must exercise government, going through the heavens. Through him comes this our condition, through him reason, being sent down in efflux, holds communion with all who are prepared for it." . . . This was the difficulty of the philosophers of old, to reconcile the fact of an unconditioned being working in time and space and subject to its laws. "Philo," says Kingsley,* "offered a solution in that idea of a Logos or Word of God, divinity articulate, speaking and acting in time and space and by successive acts, and so doing in time and space the will of the timeless and spaceless Father, the Abysmal and Eternal Being, of whom he was the perfect likeness." The evangelist John especially identifies this Logos of Philo with Christ in the well-known opening of his Gospel, and so strongly is it there set forth, that Amelius† the Platonist inserts it almost word for word in a certain book of his. In his "Confessions" also Augustine‡ expressly states the help he received from the writings of the Neo-Platonists, in freeing him from Manichæan heresies, although at the same time he draws a distinction between the Platonist and the Christian writings. From the former he learnt the divine nature of the Logos, in the latter alone he found the fact of the humiliation thereof, in the incarnation and death of Christ.

Before we are able to consider the office of the third person in the Godhead, we must retrace our steps and take up the argument for immortality. If the reader will refer to the outline we gave on p. 196, he will see that the authors begin by laying down two essentials of continued life. We might perhaps conceive life possible without the second, but the first is clearly essential. After this follow three suppositions, of which the first and last are assumed to be out of court. The first, because the visible order of things must come to an end the last, because it breaks the principle of continuity. But the reader has gathered, from what we have said in the preceding pages, that it does not follow that the present universe will come to an end; but it is quite conceivable, nay possible, that there may be even systems of worlds in all stages of development, and therefore it is possible that death might be only a transference from one system to another. We say possible, at the same time it seems very un-

likely; the second supposition, therefore, is the more probable. So that instead of being restricted to one supposition, we have the choice of two. Its greater probability leads us to choose the second.

This second supposition is that death is a "transference from the visible to some other order of things intimately connected with it," and therefore still conditioned. The invisible order of things must be the ether, which, as we have seen, receives the waste energy from the visible universe. A great difficulty of philosophers has been to reconcile this apparent waste in nature with the idea of an intelligent and benevolent Creator, but on this supposition we see at once that energy is not wasted ultimately, it is stored up for the use of this invisible world. Moreover it may be considered to be storing up a memory of what has hitherto happened in the visible universe; for the motion of every molecule affects the whole universe, and an intelligent mind may be conceived able to unravel back the "threads of time" by this means; or it may be, since every little motion communicated to the ether is travelling outwards into infinite space, that the whole boundless universe is one huge picture of past events, just as by looking at the stars it may be imagined we are remembering what happened there hundreds of years ago. Of our soul might not Byron's words hold? —

Then unembodied doth it trace
By steps each planet's heavenly way?
Or fill at once the realms of space,
A thing of eyes, that all survey?

Eternal, boundless, undecay'd,
A thought unseen, yet seeing all —
All, all in earth or skies displayed,
Shall it survey, shall it recall:
Each fainter trace that memory holds
So darkly of departed years,
In one broad glance the soul beholds,
And all that was at once appears.

Before creation peopled earth,
Its eye shall roll thro' chaos back;
And where the farthest heaven had birth
The spirit trace its rising track.

There are two ways of supposing memory, which is one of the essentials of continuous life, to exist; but on this point also our authors have a new theory to propound. They suppose that we possess a frame, or rudiments of a frame, called the spiritual body, connecting us with the invisible world. Thought, when it affects the brain and produces a material organ

* Schools of Alexandria.

† Euseb. "Præp. Evang.," lib. i., cap. 10 (Old Edit.).

‡ Confess., bk. vii.

of memory, also affects this spiritual body ; and so at death, while the material organ of memory is destroyed, that of the spiritual body remains. The possession of this body would also satisfy the second essential condition of life. Objections might of course be raised to this, and several have been anticipated and answered in the book. It follows from the preceding arguments that immortality is quite possible, and hence the aim of the authors has been attained. They say, "What we have done is to show that immortality is possible, and to demolish any so-called scientific objection that might be raised against it. The evidence in favor of the doctrine is not derived from us. It comes from two sources—from the statements made concerning Christ, and from that intense longing for immortality which civilized man has invariably possessed." Nevertheless they urge two considerations in its favor. One, shortly put, is as follows: the invisible universe existed before this ; we cannot consider it as other than fully conditioned ; if so, we cannot conceive a dead universe to have existed from eternity, for a dead universe is not fully conditioned ; hence this universe must have contained intelligent beings,—an argument we fear rather too refined and metaphysical. The other has been referred to before, and depends on the truth of the law of biogenesis. If that law be true, we are as inexorably driven to the conclusion that life existed before its first introduction into the world, and that it will exist after the final dissolution, as we were driven to the same conclusion with respect to energy and matter.

The authors assume the law of biogenesis as absolutely proved, and say nothing of recent discussions on it—that of Pasteur some time ago in favor of it, that of Bastian more recently in refutation of it. At present, however, it stands more firmly than ever, for, rightly interpreted, Bastian's experiments go to strengthen it, as has been most remarkably demonstrated within the last few months by the experiments of Tyndall and of Dallinger and Drysdale. We have also above given an argument in favor of the distinct nature of life, drawn from its non-reversibility.

As in the case of the development of energy we required an intelligent agent to introduce it, so also we do here. Again, recourse is had to the Scriptures, and the reader has doubtless by this time a shrewd guess that this is a part of the sphere of action of the Holy Spirit. We will again let the authors speak for themselves :—

If we now turn once more to the Christian system, we shall find that it recognizes such an antecedent as an agent in the universe. He is styled the Lord and Giver of Life. The third person of the Trinity is regarded in this system as working in the universe, and therefore in some sense as conditioned, and as distributing and developing this principle of life, which we are forced to regard as one of the things of the universe, in the same manner as the second person of the Trinity is regarded as developing that other phenomenon, the energy of the universe. The one has entered from everlasting into the universe, in order to develop its objective element, energy ; the other has also entered from everlasting into the universe, in order to develop its subjective element, life. (Gen. i. 2.)

We have now set before our readers the two most striking lines of argument adopted, but have been obliged to omit a host of subsidiary matters, full of interest, treated in an extremely original and liberal manner, and with a reverential spirit which is not always met with in such speculations. Such are, communication with the unseen, angels, heaven, hell, personality of the devil, etc. ; but we cannot refrain from giving the writers' explanation of the miracles of Christ.

The position of Christ in the universe is that of an infinitely powerful being, yet at the same time subject to its laws ; none of his works therefore can infringe the great fundamental law of continuity. Now from the connection of the invisible universe with the visible, a being in the position of Christ "could easily produce such transmutation of energy from the one universe into the other as would account for the events which took place in Judæa. These events are therefore no longer to be regarded as absolute breaks of continuity. . . . When we dig up an ant-hill we perform an operation which, to the inhabitants of the hill, is mysteriously perplexing, far transcending their experience, but *we* know very well that the whole affair happens without any breach of continuity of the laws of the universe."

A question naturally arises here : if the conclusions of our philosophers be accepted, what influence will they have on the present conception of the Deity and the Messiah? From the arguments in their book nothing can be gathered as to what the essence of the Godhead is, nor, if we may be allowed the expression, what his character may be ; on this point they insist. Nevertheless it must have at least an indirect effect on current modes of thought. We have seen that the Creator must be unconditioned, that he had deter-

mined not to work directly on the course of development of the universe, and that, as the authors say, creation belongs to eternity, development to time. From this we derive an impression of vastness, of serene and strong repose, of an unapproachable majesty, of a being dwelling in the light that no man can approach unto; which also we learn from the New Testament writings and the sayings of Christ, and which the Jews felt with their name for God never to be spoken. Beyond this we can gather nothing more from physical arguments, nor is there anything in it opposed to what we learn from revelation; nay, the above view even removes many difficulties, such as those clinging to the doctrines of the benevolence and infinite power of God, and the presence of evil in the world. On the whole we think it will tend to raise the general conception of the Almighty, and to clear away many of the extraordinary anthropomorphic ideas common to many good people.

But if it tend to raise the Father to a greater distance from human passion and modes of working into a higher atmosphere of awe and reverence, it also brings Christ into closer relations with the universe and humanity than has yet been believed. Connected on the one side with the unconditioned Father, and on the other connected with man by consenting to be conditioned in order to work out the will of the Father, and to declare him to his intelligent creatures, we see more clearly *how* he is the means of approaching the Father, and *why* there must be such a mediator between God and man. But above everything it will bring into prominence the intimate connection between all the works of God; that as everything flows from him nothing should be held common or unclean, and that religion belongs not alone to the feelings and spiritual part of man, but has the closest relations with the experiences and duties of daily life — “In everything give thanks;” “Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God;” that politics, and merchant-shipping acts, arts and science, are no less active modes of religion, than worship, morality, and prayer are the springs of it. If this were realized, then, indeed, would the “knowledge of God cover the earth as the waters cover the seas,” and “the earth be filled with the glory of God.”

The chief result, let us hope, will be the removal of that insensate suspicion with which religious and scientific professors regard each other. Religious people will believe (what at present they only *say* that

they believe) that the *whole* universe is the work of God, and that therefore the pursuit of science never can be at variance with true religion. Men of science will see, as indeed the best of them already do see, that all their science points to God, and leads their souls with wonder and awe to that eternal intelligence which has created and which governs all things. Certainly the authors of “The Unseen Universe” speak nothing but the truth when they say: —

We are led to regard it as one of the great merits of the Christian system, that its doctrine is pre-eminently one of intellectual liberty, and that while the theologians on the one hand, and men of science on the other, have each erected their barriers to inquiry, the early Christian records acknowledge no such barriers, but, on the contrary, assert the most perfect freedom for all the powers of man.

THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, AUTHOR OF “MALCOLM,” ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

KELPIE'S AIRING.

WHEN Miss Horn left him — with a farewell kindlier than her greeting — rendered yet more restless by her talk, he went back to the stable, saddled Kelpie and took her out for an airing. As he passed the factor's house, Mrs. Crathie saw him from the window. Her color rose. She rose herself also, and looked after him from the door — a proud and peevish woman, jealous of her husband's dignity, still more jealous of her own. “The verra image o' the auld markis!” she said to herself, for in the recesses of her bosom she spoke the Scotch she scorned to utter aloud; “an' sits jist like himsel', wi' a wee stoop i' the saiddle an' ilka noo an' than a swing o' his haill boady back, as gien some thought had set him straucht. Gien the fractious brute wad but brak a bane or two o' him!” she went on in growing anger. “The impudence o' the fallow! He has his leave: what for disna he tak it an' gang? But oot o' this gang he sall. To ca' a man like mine a heepocrete 'cause he wadna' procleem till a haill market ilka secrit fau't o' the horse he had to sell! Haith! he cam' upo' the wrang side o' the sheet to play the lord and maister here; an' that I can tell him.”

The mare was fresh, and the roads

through the *policy* hard both by nature and by frost, so that he could not let her go, and had enough to do with her. He turned, therefore, toward the sea-gate, and soon reached the shore. There, westward of the Seaton where the fisher-folk lived, the sand lay smooth, flat and wet along the edge of the receding tide. He gave Kelpie the rein, and she sprang into a wild gallop, every now and then flinging her heels as high as her rider's head. But finding, as they approached the stony level from which rose the great rock called the Bored Craig, that he could not pull her up in time, he turned her head toward the long dune of sand which, a little beyond the tide, ran parallel with the shore. It was dry and loose, and the ascent steep. Kelpie's hoofs sank at every step, and when she reached the top, with widespread struggling haunches and "nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim," he had her in hand. She stood panting, yet pawing and dancing, and making the sand fly in all directions.

Suddenly a woman with a child in her arms rose, as it seemed to Malcolm, under Kelpie's very head. She wheeled and reared, and in wrath or in terror strained every nerve to unseat her rider, while, whether from faith or despair, the woman stood still as a statue, staring at the struggle.

"Haud awa' a bit, Lizzy!" cried Malcolm. "She's a mad brute, an' I mayna be able to haud her. Ye hae the bairnie, ye see."

She was a young woman, with a sad white face. To what Malcolm said she paid no heed, but stood with her child in her arms and gazed at Kelpie as she went on plunging and kicking about on the top of the dune.

"I reckon ye wadna care though the she-devil knockit oot yer brains; but ye hae the bairn, woman; hae mercy on the bairn an' rin to the boddom."

"I want to speyk to ye, Ma'colm Mac-Phail," she said in a tone whose very stillness revealed a depth of trouble.

"I doobt I canna hearken to ye richt the noo," said Malcolm. "But bide a wee." He swung himself from Kelpie's back, and, hanging hard on the bit with one hand, searched with the other in the pocket of his coat, saying as he did so, "Sugar, Kelpie! sugar!"

The animal gave an eager snort, settled on her feet, and began snuffing about him. He made haste, for if her eagerness should turn to impatience, she would do her endeavor to bite him. After crunch-

ing three or four lumps she stood pretty quiet, and Malcolm must make the best of it.

"Noo, Lizzy," he said hurriedly, "speak while ye can."

"Ma'colm," said the girl — and looked him full in the face for a moment, for agony had overcome shame: then her gaze sought the far horizon, which to seafaring people is as the hills whence cometh their aid to the people who dwell among mountains — "Ma'colm, he's gaein' to merry Leddy Florimel."

Malcolm started. Could the girl have learned more concerning his sister than had yet reached himself? A fine watching over her was his, truly! But who was this *he*?

Lizzy had never uttered the name of the father of her child, and all her people knew was that he could not be a fisherman, for then he would have married her before the child was born. But Malcolm had had a suspicion from the first, and now her words all but confirmed it. And was that fellow going to marry his sister? He turned white with dismay, then red with anger, and stood speechless.

But he was quickly brought to himself by a sharp pinch under the shoulderblade from Kelpie's long teeth: he had forgotten her, and she had taken the advantage.

"Wha tellt ye that, Lizzy?" he said.

"I'm no at leeberty to say, Ma'colm, but I'm sure it's true, an' my hert's like to brak."

"Puir lassie!" said Malcolm, whose own trouble had never at any time rendered him insensible to that of others. "But is't onybody 'at *kens* what he says?" he pursued.

"Weel, I dinna jist richtly ken gien she *kens*, but I think she maun hae gude rizon, or she wadna say as she says. Oh me! me! my bairnie 'il be scornin' me sair whan he comes to ken. Ma'colm, ye're the only ane 'at disna luik doon upo' me, an' whan ye cam ower the tap o' the Boar's tail it was like an angel in a fire-flaucht, an' something inside me said, *Tell 'im, tell 'im*; an' sae I bude to tell ye."

Malcolm was even too simple to feel flattered by the girl's confidence, though to be trusted is a greater *compliment* than to be loved.

"Hearken, Lizzy!" he said. "I canna e'en think wi' this brute ready ilka meenute to ate me up: I maun tak her hame. Efter that, gien ye wad like to tell me onything, I s' be at yer service. Bide aboot here, or — luik ye, here's the key o' yon door — come throu' that intill the park — throu'

'aneth the toll-ro'd, ye ken. There ye'll get into the lythe (*lee*) wi' the bairnie, an' I'll be wi' ye in a quarter o' an hoor. It'll tak' me but five meenutes to gang hame. Stoa't'll pit up the mere, an' I'll be back — I can du't in ten meenutes."

"Eh! dinna hurry for me, Ma'colm: I'm no worth it," said Lizzy.

But Malcolm was already at full speed along the top of the dune.

"Lord preserve 's!" cried Lizzy when she saw him clear the brass swivel. "Sic a laad as that is! Eh, he maun hae a richt lass to lo'e him some day! It's a' ane to him, boat or beast. He wadna turn frae the deil himsel'. An' syne he's jist as saft 's a deuk's neck whan he speyks till a wuman or a bairn — ay, or an auld man aither."

And, full of trouble as it was about another, Lizzy's heart yet ached at the thought that she should be so unworthy of one like him.

CHAPTER V.

LIZZY FINDLAY.

FROM the sands she saw him gain the turnpike road with a bound and a scramble. Crossing it, he entered the park by the sea-gate: she had to enter it by the tunnel that passed under the same road. She approached the grated door, unlocked it and looked in with a shudder. It was dark, the other end of it being obscured by trees and the roots of the hill on whose top stood the Temple of the Winds. Through the tunnel blew what seemed quite another wind — one of death — from regions beneath. She drew her shawl, one end of which was rolled about her baby, closer around them both ere she entered. Never before had she set foot within the place, and a strange horror of it filled her. She did not know that by that passage, on a certain lovely summer night, Lord Meikleham had issued to meet her on the sands under the moon. The sea was not terrible to her — she knew all its ways nearly as well as Malcolm knew the moods of Kelpie — but the earth and its ways were less known to her, and to turn her face toward it and enter by a little door into its bosom was like a visit to her grave. But she gathered her strength, entered with a shudder, passed in growing hope and final safety through it, and at the other end came out again into the light, only the cold of it seemed to cling to her still. But the day had grown colder: the clouds that, seen or unseen, ever haunt the winter

sun, had at length caught and shrouded him, and through the gathering vapor he looked ghastly. The wind blew from the sea. The tide was going down. There was snow in the air. The thin, leafless trees were all bending away from the shore, and the wind went sighing, hissing, and almost wailing, through their bare boughs and budless twigs. There would be storm, she thought, ere the morning, but none of their people were out. Had there been — well, she had almost ceased to care about anything, and her own life was so little to her now that she had become less able to value that of other people. To this had the ignis fatuus of a false love brought her. She had dreamed heedlessly, to wake sorrowfully. But not until she heard he was going to be married had she come right awake, and now she could dream no more. Alas! alas! what claim had she upon him? How could she tell, since such he was, what poor girl like herself she might not have robbed of her part in him? Yet even in the midst of her misery and despair it was some consolation to think that Malcolm was her friend.

Not knowing that he had already suffered from the blame of her fault, or the risk at which he met her, she would have gone toward the house to meet him the sooner, had not this been a part of the grounds where she knew Mr. Crathie tolerated no one without express leave given. The fisher-folk in particular must keep to the road by the other side of the burn, to which the sea-gate admitted them. Lizzy therefore lingered near the tunnel, afraid of being seen.

Mr. Crathie was a man who did well under authority, but upon the top of it was consequential, overbearing, and far more exacting than the marquis. Full of his employer's importance when he was present, and of his own when he was absent, he was yet, in the latter circumstance, so doubtful of its adequate recognition by those under him that he had grown very imperious, and resented with indignation the slightest breach of his orders. Hence he was in no great favor with the fishers. Now, all the day he had been fuming over Malcolm's behavior to him in the morning, and when he went home and learned that his wife had seen him upon Kelpie as if nothing had happened, he became furious, and in this possession of the devil was at the present moment wandering about the grounds, brooding on the words Malcolm had spoken. He could not get rid of them. They caused an acrid burning in

his bosom, for they had in them truth, like which no poison stings.

Malcolm, having crossed by the great bridge at the house, hurried down the western side of the burn to find Lizzy, and soon came upon her, walking up and down. "Eh, lassie, ye maun be cauld?" he said.

"No that cauld," she answered, and with the words burst into tears. "Naebody says a kin' word to me noo," she said in excuse, "an' I canna weel bide the soun' o' ane whan it comes: I'm no used till 't."

"Naebody?" exclaimed Malcolm.

"Na, naebody," she answered. "My mither winna, my father daurna, an' the bairnie canna, an' I gang near naebody forbye."

"Weel, we maunna stan' oot here i' the cauld: come this gait," said Malcolm. "The bairnie 'ill get its deid."

"There wadna be mony to greit at that," returned Lizzy, and pressed the child closer to her bosom.

Malcolm led the way to the little chamber contrived under the temple in the heart of the hill, and unlocking the door made her enter. There he seated her in a comfortable chair, and wrapped her in the plaid he had brought for the purpose. It was all he could do to keep from taking her in his arms for very pity, for, both body and soul, she seemed too frozen to shiver.

He shut the door, sat down on the table near her, and said, "There's naebody to disturb's here, Lizzy; what wad ye say to me noo?"

The sun was nearly down, and its light already smothered in clouds, and the little chamber, whose door and window were in the deep shadow of the hill, was nearly dark.

"I wadna hae ye tell me onything ye promised no to tell," resumed Malcolm, finding she did not reply, "but I wad like to hear as muckle as ye can say."

"I hae naething to tell ye, Ma'colm, but jist 'at my Leddy Florimel's gauip' to be merried upo' Lord Meikleham — Lord Lif-tore, they ca' 'im noo. Hech me!"

"God forbid she sud be merried upon ony sic a bla'guard!" cried Malcolm.

"Dinna ca' 'im ill names, Ma'colm. I canna bide it, though I hae no richt to tak up the stick for him."

"I wadna say a word 'at micht fa' sair on a sair hert," he returned; "but gien ye kent a', ye wad ken I hed a gey-sized craw to pluck wi' 's lordship mysel'."

The girl gave a low cry. "Ye wadna hurt 'im, Ma'colm?" she said, in terror at the thought of the elegant youth in the

clutches of an angry fisherman, even if he were the generous Malcolm MacPhail himself.

"I wad raither not," he replied, "but we maun see hoo he carries himsel'."

"Du naething till 'im for my sake, Ma'colm. Ye can hae naething again' him yersel'."

It was too dark for Malcolm to see the keen look of wistful regret with which Lizzy tried to pierce the gloom and read his face: for a moment the poor girl thought he meant he had loved her himself. But far other thoughts were in Malcolm's mind: one was that her whom, as a scarce approachable goddess, he had loved before he knew her of his own blood, he would rather see married to any honest fisherman in the Seaton of Portlossie than to such a lord as Meikleham. He had seen enough of him at Lossie House to know what he was; and puritanical, fish-catching Malcolm had ideas above those of most marquises of his day: the thought of the alliance was horrible to him. It was possibly not inevitable, however; only what could he do, and at the same time avoid grievous hurt? "I dinna think he'll ever merry my leddy," he said.

"What gars ye say that, Ma'colm?" returned Lizzy with eagerness.

"I canna tell ye jist i' the noo, but ye ken a body canna weel be aye about a place ohn seen things. But I'll tell ye somethin' o' mair consequence," he continued. "Some fowk say there's a God, an' some say there's nane, an' I hae no richt to preach to ye, Lizzy; but I maun jist tell ye this — 'at gien God dinna help them 'at cry till 'im i' the warst o' tribles, they micht jist as weel hae nae God at a'. For my ain pairt, I hae been helpit, an' I think it was him intil 't. Wi' his help a man may warstle throu' onything. I say I think it was himsel' tuik me throu' 't, an' here I stan' afore ye, ready for the neist tribble, an' the help 'at 'll come wi' it. What may be God only knows."

CHAPTER VI.

MR. CRATHIE.

HE was interrupted by the sudden opening of the door and the voice of the factor in exultant wrath. "MacPhail!" it cried, "come out with you. Don't think to sneak there. I know you. What right have you to be on the premises? Didn't I turn you about your business this mornin'?"

"Ay, sir, but ye didna pey me my wages," said Malcolm, who had sprung to

the door, and now stood holding it half shut, while Mr. Crathie pushed it half open.

"No matter. You're nothing better than a housebreaker if you enter any building about the place."

"I brak nae lock," returned Malcolm: "I hae the key my lord gae me to ilka place 'ithin the wa' excep' the strong-room."

"Give it me directly: I'm master here now."

"Deed, I s' du nae sic thing, sir. What he gae me I'll keep."

"Give up that key, or I'll go at once and get a warrant against you for theft."

"Weel, we s' refar 't to Maister Sou-tar."

"Damn your impudence—'at I sud say 't!—what has he to do with my affairs? Come out of that directly."

"Huly, huly, sir!" returned Malcolm, in terror lest he should discover who was with him.

"You low-bred rascal! who have you there with you?"

As he spoke, Mr. Crathie would have forced his way into the dusky chamber, where he could just perceive a motionless, undefined form. But, stiff as a statue, Malcolm kept his stand, and the door was immovable. Mr. Crathie gave a second and angrier push, but the youth's corporeal as well as mental equilibrium was hard to upset, and his enemy drew back in mounting fury.

"Get out of there," he cried, "or I'll horsewhip you for a damned blackguard!"

"Whip awa'," said Malcolm, "but in here ye s' no come the nicht."

The factor rushed at him, his heavy whip upheaved, and the same moment found himself, not in the room, but lying on the flower-bed in front of it. Malcolm instantly stepped out, locked the door, put the key in his pocket and turned to assist him. But he was up already, and busy with words unbefitting the mouth of an elder of the kirk.

"Didna I say 'at ye sudna come in, sir? What for wull fowk no tak a tellin'?" expostulated Malcolm.

But the factor was far beyond force of logic or illumination of reason. He raved and swore. "Get out o' my sicht," he cried, "or I'll shot ye like a tyke."

"Gang an' fess yer gun," said Malcolm, "an' gien ye fin' me waitin' for ye, ye can lat at me."

The factor uttered a horrible imprecation on himself if he did not make him pay dearly for his behavior.

"Hoots, sir! Be ashamet o' yersel'. Gang hame to the mistress, an' I s' be up the morn's mornin' for my wages."

"If you set foot on the grounds again I'll set every dog in the place upon you."

Malcolm laughed: "Gien I war to turn the order the ither gait, wad they min' you or me, div ye think, Maister Crathie?"

"Give me that key, and go about your business."

"Na, na, sir! What my lord gae me I s' keep, for a' the factors atween this an' the Lan's En'," returned Malcolm. "An' for lea'in' the place, gien I be nae in your service, Maister Crathie, I'm nae un'er your orders. I'll gang whan it shuits me. An' mair yet: ye s' gang oot o' this first, or I s' gar ye, an' that ye'll see."

It was a violent proceeding, but for a matter of manners he was not going to risk what of her good name poor Lizzy had left: like the books of the Sibyl, that grew in value. He made, however, but one threatening stride toward the factor, when the great man turned and fled.

The moment he was out of sight Malcolm unlocked the door, led Lizzy out, and brought her safely through the tunnel to the sands. Then he turned his face to Scaurnose.

CHAPTER VII.

BLUE PETER.

THE door of Blue Peter's cottage was opened by his sister. Not much at home in the summer, when she carried fish to the country, she was very little absent in the winter, and as there was but one room for all uses, except the closet-bedroom and the garret at the top of the ladder, Malcolm, instead of going in, called to his friend, whom he saw by the fire with Phe-my upon his knee, to come out and speak to him.

Blue Peter at once obeyed the summons. "There's naething wrang, I houp, Ma'colm?" he said, as he closed the door behind him.

"Maister Graham wad say," returned Malcolm, "naething ever was wrang but what ye did wrang yersel', or wadna pit richt whan ye had a chance. I hae him nae mair to gang till, Joseph, an' sae I'm come to you. Come doon by, an' i' the scoug o' a rock I'll tell ye a' aboot it."

"Ye wadna hae the mistress no ken o' 't?" said his friend. "I dinna jist like haein' secrets frae *her*."

"Ye sall jeedge for yersel', man, an' tell her or no jist as ye like. Only she maun

haud her tongue, or the black dog 'ill hae a' the butter."

"She can haud her tongue like the taestane o' a grave," said Peter.

As they spoke, they reached the cliff that hung over the shattered shore. It was a clear, cold night. Snow, the remnants of the last storm, which frost had preserved in every shadowy spot, lay all about them. The sky was clear and full of stars, for the wind that blew cold from the north-west had dispelled the snowy clouds. The waves rushed into countless gulfs and crannies and straits on the ruggedest of shores, and the sounds of waves and wind kept calling like voices from the unseen. By a path seemingly fitter for goats than men they descended halfway to the beach, and under a great projection of rock stood sheltered from the wind. Then Malcolm turned to Joseph Mair—commonly called Blue Peter, because he had been a man-of-war's man—and laying his hand on his arm, said, "Blue Peter, did ever I tell ye a lee?"

"No, never," answered Peter. "What gars ye speir sic a thing?"

"'Cause I want ye to believe me noo, an' it winna be easy."

"I'll believe anything ye tell me—at *can* be believed."

"Weel, I hae come to the knowledge 'at my name's no MacPhail: it's Colonsay. Man, I'm the Markis o' Lossie."

Without a moment's hesitation, without a single stare, Blue Peter pulled off his bonnet and stood bareheaded before the companion of his toils.

"Peter!" cried Malcolm, "dinna brak my hert: put on yer bonnet."

"The Lord o' lords be thankit, my lord!" said Blue Peter: "the puir man has a frien' this day." Then replacing his bonnet, he said, "An' what'll be yer lordship's wull?"

"First an' foremost, Peter, that my best frien', efter my auld daddy and the schulemaister, 's no to turn again' me 'cause I hed a marquis, an' naither piper nor fisher, to my father."

"It's no like it, my lord," returned Blue Peter, "whan the first thing I say is, What wad ye hae o' me? Here I am—no speirin' a question."

"Weel, I wad hae ye hear the story o' 't a'."

"Say on, my lord," said Peter.

But Malcolm was silent for a few moments. "I was thinkin', Peter," he said at last, "whether I cud bide to hear ye say *my lord* to me. Doobtless, as it'll hae to come to that, it wad be better to

grow used till 't while we're thegither, sae 'at whan it maun be it mayna hae the luik o' cheenge intill 't, for cheenge is jist the thing I canna bide. I' the mean time, hooever, we canna gie in till 't, 'cause 't wad set fowk jaloosin'. But I wad be obleeged till ye, Peter, gien ye wad say *my lord* whiles whan we're oor lanes, for I wad fain grow sae used till 't 'at I never kent ye said it, for, atween you an' me, I dinna like it. An' noo I s' tell ye a' 'at I ken."

When he had ended the tale of what had come to his knowledge, and how it had come, and had paused, "Gie's a grup o' yer han', my lord," said Blue Peter, "an' may God haud ye lang in life an' honor to reule ower us! Noo, gien ye please, what are ye gauin' to du?"

"Tell ye me, Peter, what ye think I oucht to du."

"That wad tak a heap o' thinkin'," returned the fisherman; "but ae thing seems about plain: ye hae no richt to lat yer sister gang exposed to temptations ye cud haud frae her. That's no as ye promised, to be kin' till her. I canna believe that's hoo yer father expeckit o' ye. I ken weel 'at fowk in his posection haena the preevleeges o' the like o' hiz: they haena the win', an' the watter, an' whiles a lee shore, to gar them know they are but men, an' sen' them rattlin' at the wicket o' h'aven; but still, I dinna think, by yer ain accoont—'specially noo 'at I houp he's forgi'en an' latten in—God grant it!—I div *not* think he wad like my Leddy Florimel to be ooner the enfluences o' sic a ane as that Leddy Bellair. Ye maun gang till her: ye hae nae ch'ice, my lord."

"But what am I to du when I div gang?"

"That's what ye hev to gang an' see."

"An' that's what I hae been tellin' mysel', an' what Miss Horn's been tellin' me tu. But it's a gran' thing to get yer ain thoughts corroborat. Ye see I'm feart for wrangin' her for pride, an' bringin' her doon to set mysel' up."

"My lord," said Blue Peter solemnly, "ye ken the life o' puir fisher fowk: ye ken hoo it micht be lichtened sae lang as it laists, an' mony a hole steikit 'at the cauld deith creeps in at the noo. Coont ye them naething, my lord? Coont ye the wull o' Providence, 'at sets ye ower them, naething? What for could the Lord hae gien ye sic an up-bringin' as no markis's son ever hed afore ye, or maybe ever wull hae efter ye, gien it bena 'at ye sud tak them in han' to du yer pairt by them?"

Gien ye forsak' them noo, ye'll be forgettin' him 'at made them an' you, an' the sea, an' the herrin' to be taen intill 't. Gien ye forget them there's nae houp for them, but the same deith 'ill keep on swallowin' at them upo' sea an' shore."

"Ye speyk the trouth, as I hae spoken 't till mysel', Peter. Noo hearken: will ye sail wi' me the nicht for Lon'on toon?"

The fisherman was silent a moment — then answered, "I wull, my lord, but I maun tell my wife."

"Rin, an' fess her here, man, for I'm fleyed at yer sister, honest wuman, an' little Phemy. It wad blaud a' thing gien I was hurried to du something afore I kenned what."

"I s' hae her oot in a meenute," said Joseph, and scrambled up the cliff.

CHAPTER VIII.

A VOYAGE.

FOR a few minutes Malcolm stood alone in the dim starlight of winter, looking out on the dusky sea, dark as his own future, into which the wind now blowing behind him would soon begin to carry him. He anticipated its difficulties, but never thought of perils: it was seldom anything oppressed him but the doubt of what he ought to do. This was ever the cold mist that swallowed the airy castles he built, peopled with all the friends and acquaintances of his youth. But the very first step toward action is the death-warrant of doubt, and the tide of Malcolm's being ran higher that night, as he stood thus alone under the stars, than he had ever yet known it run. With all his common sense and the abundance of his philosophy, which the much leisure belonging to certain phases of his life had combined with the slow strength of his intellect to render somewhat long-winded in utterance, there was yet room in Malcolm's bonnet for a bee above the ordinary size, and if it buzzed a little too romantically for the taste of the nineteenth century about disguises, and surprises, and bounty, and plots, and rescues, and such like, something must be pardoned to one whose experience had already been so greatly out of the common, and whose nature was far too childlike and poetic, and developed in far too simple a surrounding of labor and success, difficulty and conquest, danger and deliverance, not to have more than the usual amount of what is called the romantic in its composition.

The buzzing of his bee was for the present interrupted by the return of Blue

Peter with his wife. She threw her arms round Malcolm's neck and burst into tears.

"Hoots, my woman!" said her husband, "what are ye greitin' at?"

"Eh, Peter!" she answered, "I canna help it. It's jist like a deith. He's gauin' to lea' us a', an' gang hame till 's ain, an' I canna bide 'at he sud grow strange-like to hiz 'at hae kenned him sae lang."

"It 'll be an ill day," returned Malcolm, "whan I grow strange to ony freen'. I'll hae to gang far doon the laick (*low*) ro'd afore that be poossible. I mayna aye be able to du jist what ye wad like; but lippen ye to me: I s' be fair to ye. An' noo I want Blue Peter to gang wi' me, an' help me to what I hae to du, gien ye hae nae objection to lat him."

"Na, nane hae I. I wad gang mysel' gien I cud be o' ony use," answered Mrs. Mair; "but women are i' the gait whiles."

"Weel, I'll no even say thank ye: I'll be awin' ye that as weel 's the lave. But gien I dinna du weel, it winna be the fau't o' ane or the ither o' you twa freen's. — Noo, Peter, we maun be off."

"No the nicht, surely?" said Mrs. Mair, a little taken by surprise.

"The suner the better, lass," replied her husband. "An' we cudna hae a better win'. Jist rin ye hame an' get some vick-tools thegither, an' come efter hiz to Portlossie."

"But hoo 'll ye get the boat to the water ohn mair han's? I'll need to come mysel', an' fess Jean."

"Na, na: lat Jean sit. There's plenty i' the Seaton to help. We're gauin' to tak' the markis's cutter. She's a heap easier to lainch, an' she 'll sail a heap fester."

"But what'll Maister Crathie say?"

"We maun tak oor chance o' that," answered her husband with a smile of confidence; and he and Malcolm set out for the Seaton, while Mrs. Mair went home to get ready some provisions for the voyage, consisting chiefly of oat-cakes.

The prejudice against Malcolm from his imagined behavior to Lizzy Findlay had by this time, partly through the assurances of Peter, partly through the power of the youth's innocent presence, almost died out, and when the two men reached the Seaton they found plenty of hands ready to help them to launch the little sloop. Malcolm said he was going to take her to Peterhead, and they asked no questions but such as he contrived to answer with truth or to leave unanswered. Once afloat, there was very little to be done, for

she had been laid up in perfect condition, and as soon as Mrs. Mair appeared with her basket, and they had put that, a keg of water, some fishing-lines, and a pan of mussels for bait on board, they were ready to sail, and bade their friends a light good-bye, leaving them to imagine they were gone but for a day or two, probably on some business of Mr. Crathie's.

With the wind from the north-west they soon reached Duff Harbor, where Malcolm went on shore and saw Mr. Soutar. He, with a landsman's prejudices, made strenuous objection to such a mad prank as sailing to London at that time of the year; but in vain. Malcolm saw nothing mad in it, and the lawyer had to admit he ought to know best. He brought on board with him a lad of Peter's acquaintance, and, now fully manned, they set sail again, and by the time the sun appeared were not far from Peterhead.

Malcolm's spirits kept rising as they bowled along over the bright, cold water. He never felt so capable as when at sea. His energies had first been called out in combat with the elements, and hence he always felt strongest, most at home, and surest of himself on the water. Young as he was, however, such had been his training under Mr. Graham that a large part of this elevation of spirit was owing to an unreasoned sense of being there more immediately in the hands of God. Later in life he interpreted the mental condition thus — that of course he was always and in every place equally in God's hands, but that at sea he felt the truth more keenly. Where a man has nothing firm under him, where his life depends on winds invisible and waters unstable, where a single movement may be death, he learns to feel what is at the same time just as true every night he spends asleep in the bed in which generations have slept before him, or any sunny hour he spends walking over ancestral acres.

They put in at Peterhead, purchased a few provisions, and again set sail. And now it seemed to Malcolm that he must soon come to a conclusion as to the steps he must take when he reached London. But, think as he would, he could plan nothing beyond finding out where his sister lived, and going to look at the house and get into it if he might. Nor could his companion help him with any suggestions, and indeed he could not talk much with him because of the presence of Davy, a rough, round-eyed, red-haired young Scot of the dull, invaluable class that can only

do what they are told, but do that to the extent of their faculty.

They knew all the coast as far as the Frith of Forth: after that they had to be more careful. They had no charts on board, nor could have made much use of any. But the wind continued favorable, and the weather cold, bright, and full of life. They spoke many coasters on their way, and received many directions.

Off the Nore they had rough weather, and had to stand off and on for a day and a night, till it moderated. Then they spoke a fishing-boat, took a pilot on board, and were soon in smooth water, wondering more and more as the channel narrowed. They ended their voyage at length below London Bridge in a very jungle of masts.

CHAPTER IX.

LONDON STREETS.

LEAVING Davy to keep the sloop, the two fishermen went on shore. Passing from the narrow precincts of the river, they found themselves at once in the roar of London city. Stunned at first, then excited, then bewildered, then dazed, without any plan to guide their steps, they wandered about until, unused to the hard stones, their feet ached. It was a dull day in March. A keen wind blew round the corners of the streets. They wished themselves at sea again.

"Sic a sicht o' fowk!" said Blue Peter.

"It's hard to think," rejoined Malcolm, "what w'y the God 'at made them can luik efter them a' in sic a tumult. But they say even the sheep-dog kens ilk sheep i' the flock 'at's gien him in chairge."

"Ay, but ye see," said Blue Peter, "they're mair like a shoal o' herrin' nor a flock o' sheep."

"It's no the num'er o' them 'at plagues me," said Malcolm. "The gran' diffeculty is hoo he can lat ilk ane tak his ain gait an' yet luik efter them a'. But gien he does 't, it stan's to rizzon it maun be in some w'y 'at them 'at's sae luikit efter canna by ony possibeelity un'erstan'."

"That's trowth, I'm thinkin'. We maun jist gie up, an' confess there's things abune a' human comprehension."

"Wha kens but that may be 'cause i' their verra natur' they're ower semple for cr'atur's like hiz 'at's made sae mixed-like, an' sees sae little into the hert o' things?"

"Ye're ayont me there," said Blue Peter; and a silence followed.

It was a conversation very unsuitable to

London streets, but then these were raw Scotch fishermen, who had not yet learned how absurd it is to suppose ourselves come from anything greater than ourselves, and had no conception of the liberty it confers on a man to know that he is the child of a protoplasm, or something still more beautifully small.

At length a policeman directed them to a Scotch eating-house, where they fared after their country's fashions, and from the landlady gathered directions by which to guide themselves toward Curzon Street, a certain number in which Mr. Soutar had given Malcolm as Lady Bellair's address.

The door was opened to Malcolm's knock by a slatternly charwoman, who, unable to understand a word he said, would but for its fine frank expression have shut the door in his face. From the expression of hers, however, Malcolm suddenly remembered that he must speak English, and having a plentiful store of the book sort, he at once made himself intelligible in spite of tone and accent. It was, however, only a shifting of the difficulty, for he now found it nearly impossible to understand her. But by repeated questioning and hard listening he learned at last that Lady Bellair had removed her establishment to Lady Lossie's house in Portland Place.

After many curious perplexities, odd blunders, and vain endeavors to understand shop-signs and notices in the windows; after they had again and again imagined themselves back at a place they had left miles away; after many a useless effort to lay hold upon directions given so rapidly that the very sense could not gather the sounds, — they at length stood not in Portland Place, but in front of Westminster Abbey. Inquiring what it was, and finding they could go in, they entered.

For some moments not a word was spoken between them, but when they had walked slowly about halfway up the nave, Malcolm turned and said, "Eh, Peter! sic a blessin'!" and Peter replied: "There canna be muckle o' this i' the warl'." Comparing impressions afterward, Peter said that the moment he stepped in he heard the rush of the tide on the rocks of Scaurnose, and Malcolm declared he felt as if he had stepped out of the world into the regions of eternal silence.

"What a mercy it maun be," he went on, "to mony a cr'atur', in sic a whummle an' a rum'le an' a remish as this Lon'on, to ken 'at there is sic a cave howkit oot o' the din, 'at he can gang intill an' say his prayers intill! Man, Peter! I'm jist

some feared whiles 'at the verra din i' my lugs mayna maist drive the thought o' God oot o' me."

At length they found their way into Regent Street, and leaving its mere assertion behind, reached the stately modesty of Portland Place; and Malcolm was pleased to think the house he sought was one of those he now saw.

It was one of the largest in the place. He would not, however, yield to the temptation to have a good look at it, for fear of attracting attention from its windows and being recognized. They turned, therefore, aside into some of the smaller thoroughfares lying between Portland Place and Great Portland Street, where, searching about, they came upon a decent-looking public-house, and inquired after lodgings. They were directed to a woman in the neighborhood who kept a dingy little curiosity-shop. On payment of a week's rent in advance she allowed them to occupy a small double-bedded room. But Malcolm did not want Peter with him that night: he wished to feel perfectly free; and besides, it was more than desirable that Peter should go and look after the boat and the boy.

Left alone, he fell once more to his hitherto futile scheming. How was he to get near his sister? To the whitest of lies he had insuperable objection, and if he appeared before her with no reason to give, would she not be far too offended with his presumption to retain him in her service? And except he could be near her as a servant he did not see a chance of doing anything for her without disclosing facts which might make all such service as he would most gladly render her impossible, by causing her to hate the very sight of him. Plan after plan rose and passed from his mind rejected, and the only resolution he could come to was to write to Mr. Soutar, to whom he had committed the protection of Kelpie, to send her up by the first smack from Aberdeen. He did so, and wrote also to Miss Horn, telling her where he was: then went out and made his way back to Portland Place.

Night had closed in, and thick vapors hid the moon, but lamps and lighted windows illuminated the wide street. Presently it began to snow, but through the snow and the night went carriages in all directions, with great lamps that turned the flakes into white stars for a moment as they gleamed past. The hoofs of the horses echoed hard from the firm road. Could that house really belong to him? It did, yet he dared not enter it. That

which was dear and precious to him was in the house, and just became of that he could not call it his own. There was less light in it than in any other within his range. He walked up and down the opposite side of the street its whole length some fifty times, but saw no sign of vitality about the house. At length a brougham stopped at the door, and a man got out and knocked. Malcolm instantly crossed, but could not see his face. The door opened, and he entered. The brougham waited. After about a quarter of an hour he came out again, accompanied by two ladies, one of whom he judged by her figure to be Florimel. They all get into the carriage, and Malcolm braced himself for a terrible run. But the coachman drove carefully: the snow lay a few inches deep, and he found no difficulty in keeping near them, following with fleet foot and husbanded breath. They stopped at the doors of a large dark-looking building in a narrow street. He thought it was a church, and wondered, from what he knew of his sister, that she should be going there on a week-night. Nor did the aspect of the entrance-hall, into which he followed them, deceive him. It was more showy certainly, than the vestibule of any church he had ever been in, but what might not churches be in London? They went up a great flight of stairs—to reach the gallery, as he thought—and still he went after them. When he reached the top they were just vanishing round a curve, and his advance was checked: a man came up to him, said he could not come there, and gruffly requested him to show his ticket.

"I haven't got one. What is this place?" said Malcolm, mouthing his English with Scotch deliberation.

The man gave him a look of contemptuous surprise, and turning to another, who lounged behind him with his hands in his pockets, said, "Tom, here's a gentleman as wants to know where he is: can you tell him?"

The person addressed laughed, and gave Malcolm a queer look.

"Every cock crows on his own midden," said Malcolm, "but if I were on mine I would try to be civil."

"You go down there and pay for a pit-ticket, and you'll soon know where you are, mate," said Tom.

Malcolm went, and after a few inquiries and the outlay of two shillings found himself in the pit of one of the largest of the London theatres.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
NATURAL RELIGION.

VIII.

IF it be true, as was urged in the last of these papers, that it is an incorrect use of words which identifies religion with Christianity, much more with the clerical Christianity of the day, readers may still be disposed to regard the criticism as merely verbal and unimportant, and may be disappointed at the consequences which have been drawn from it. They may say that in papers promising to treat of religion they do not want to find, on the one hand, much about art, introduced on the ground that, defined in a certain way, religion may be thought to include art; and, on the other hand, little about Christianity, on the ground that Christianity is but one form of religion. If Christianity and religion be not identical, they may say, in that case it is Christianity and not religion that is interesting to us; and if there may be religions that have little connection with morality, and others that are even immoral, such religions we do not desire to hear of, and we think it something like a profanation to class them together with that which has in all minds such solemn associations.

Assuredly it is not intended here to question the pre-eminent importance among religions of those which are moral, and among historical religions of Christianity. Of the three forms of religion which we have distinguished—that of visible things, that of humanity, and that of God regarded as the unity of the universe—the second is far more important than the first, and would be just as much more important than the third, unless we could succeed in recognizing in God something answering to humanity; in which case we shall attain, as in Christianity we do attain, to a higher religion than any of these three made by compounding two of them. In any case the most indispensable religion to human beings must be that which influences morality, that which tells man what he ought to do and to be. If I have lingered long upon the notion of a religion which is not moral, it has not been on account of the intrinsic importance of such a religion, but on account of the essential importance to my purpose of distinguishing the notion of a religion from that of a morality. For I have undertaken in these papers to exhibit religion as a thing only accidentally and not necessarily connected with the supernatural, and the great difficulty I have to con-

tend with is to make out any middle term between supernaturalism and mere morality. Listen to one who professes what is called liberal Christianity; he distinguishes between the moral part of Christianity and its supernaturalism. The latter he does not care for, and for his own part does not believe, but he recognizes that it played an important part in giving currency to the moral truths with which it was associated, and is willing to admit that in this respect it may be useful still to uncultivated minds or half-civilized races. But between the morality and the supernaturalism he perceives no third thing distinct from, yet connected with, both, which he can call religion. In this view then natural religion, except as a useless synonym for morality, has no meaning, for religion is actually nothing but morality with supernaturalism super-added to it. It is only morality in the poetical dress in which alone it can gain access to the popular mind. Nor on this point do the orthodox differ from the heterodox. Indeed they reject even more decisively the notion of any religion worthy of the name which does not rest upon supernatural interventions. In these circumstances any one to whom the notion of religion seems as clearly distinguishable from that of morality on the one hand as from that of a supernatural revelation on the other, is obliged to look about for instances in which it appears completely unconnected with both, and such instances accordingly have been dwelt upon in these papers. But they have only thus been dwelt upon in order that when once the *idée mère* of religion had been brought out we might come back to the questions which all find most important, and inquire how a moral religion differs from a morality, and what third thing there is in Christianity between its moral precepts and its supernaturalism. We have found the essence of religion to consist in that which is otherwise described as the higher life. This higher life is recognized wherever men rise a little above the brutes, and the activity of it is worship, or habitual admiration; accordingly the most universal mark of religion is worship.

This being religion in general, if now we inquire what will be the character of a moral religion, and how it will differ from a mere morality, we may be startled to see how widely distant is the conclusion to which this definition leads us from that commonly accepted. In order to estimate

this properly let us consider for a moment the popular view.

Religion, it is popularly said, gives substantial weight to morality by furnishing it with supernatural sanctions. A few elect spirits may have a morality independent of all such sanctions, but in the world at large morality goes along with the belief in rewards and punishments. Just as law would be a mockery if there existed no judges and no prisons, so would morality, which is but an extension of law, be a chimera if there were no heaven and hell, and no God, the judge of all. Now God, heaven, and hell belong to religion and not to morality, and thus religion supplies the basis upon which the morality of societies rests, and that equally whether what it teaches be regarded as actually true or merely as a useful fiction.

Attempts are sometimes made nowadays to ridicule this view of religion, which makes it do duty for the constable, but it is impossible not to remark in history that religion has done this work over and over again, nay, perhaps almost everywhere in the infancy of society. That which is admired and celebrated by poets as the virtue of a primitive, uncorrupted society, has often been a childish belief that wrong-doing would be followed by a famine or a cattle-plague, and that virtue would be rewarded by victory and rich spoils in the next campaign. The antiquities of law lead us back to a time when law merges in religion and when an execution was a sacrifice. Early legislators endeavored to control men's actions by inspiring supernatural terrors which probably they fully shared themselves. The first step in those days towards establishing civil order was to find some oath formidable enough to be binding, and thus in those Ten Words, which even sceptical criticism inclines to ascribe to Moses himself, after the declaration of the existence of the national God, care is taken before proceeding further to assert the sanctity of the oath taken in his name. Nor can it for a moment be said that this legal sort of religion is confined to primitive races and periods. It plays a conspicuous part in the history of Christianity itself. The Christian heaven and hell have been used for purposes of police quite as much assuredly as temporal disasters, the sword, the wild beast, and the pestilence were used by the diviners and prophets of the early worships. We cannot help seeing that the very culminating point of Christianity in literature is Dante's poem, which de-

scribes the whole universe as divided between the dwelling-place of those who are rewarded, those who are corrected, and those who are sacrificed to divine justice. Locke and Paley in modern times have founded morality upon rewards and punishments; Voltaire himself could not, as his more impetuous followers complained, rid his mind of the notion of a *Dieu rémunérateur-vengeur*, that God whom, if he did not exist, it would be necessary to invent; and it has appeared to some historians that when at the beginning Christianity made the conquest of Europe, the great alteration made in men's ways of thinking was practically the belief they had acquired in a future state with heaven and hell.

Those then who use the word religion to signify a doctrine of rewards and punishments may certainly urge that they give it an important meaning, and also a meaning which the history of religion goes far to justify. Such a doctrine has over and over again been closely connected with religious systems, and it has exerted, and does to this day exert, the most powerful influence. What is asserted of it is perhaps not much more than the truth, that moral obligation, as distinguished from legal obligation, can hardly be apprehended by uncultivated minds, unless it is presented in this form. Nevertheless, it is clear that this view of religion is totally different from that which regards it in the manner of these papers as habitual admiration; it is clear also that this last definition satisfies, while the other does not, the requirements of some of the most striking practical and historical examples of religion; and finally it is, I think, tolerably clear that all discussions of religious questions must be useless and unprofitable in which instead of adopting one or other of two definitions which differ so widely from one another, religion is left undefined and understood at random now in one sense and now in the other.

It would assuredly be a very unworthy judgment of the prayers and praises which have been offered up in all religions to the object of worship, to consider them simply as devices for obtaining reward or averting punishment. Often enough, no doubt, they are this, but in the highest religion they are not this, and in almost all religions they are much besides this. The Mohammedan in his addresses to Allah seldom asks for anything, but simply strings together epithets of admiration. St. Francis says expressly, "*Jesu, Jesu, amo te, Nec amo te quod salvas me.*" And in

almost all religions there are features which show that the Deity, if regarded sometimes in the light of a judge, has other characters as well. Such for instance are the various methods by which in different religions the Deity is represented as revealing his will to men, whether visible signs interpreted by the skilled diviner, or dreams, or inspiration miraculous or natural. In other cases where the Deity does appear as dispensing good and evil he is represented as doing so not in the character of a judge who considers solely the merit or demerit of those with whom he deals, but in some other character. Sometimes he protects a particular tribe in which he has an interest against other tribes, sometimes he gives success to this prince purely as a means of punishing that, sometimes instead of punishing the guilty he forgives them, instead of rewarding the just tries them with adversity.

It was Sismondi, I think, who in considering the causes of the demoralization of the modern Italians, gave a principal weight to the influence of Catholicism, which by encouraging the greatest sinners to hope for salvation if they died at peace with the Church, set, as he considered, religion in direct opposition to morality. If this were so it would be vain to argue that it was not really religion but only a corruption of religion which in this instance showed itself to answer so ill to that definition of religion we are considering, for it is impossible to deny that Christianity, so far from being a simple system of rewards and punishments, is in the first instance a system by which the guilty are admitted to forgiveness, and is to that extent unfit to serve as an influence supplementary to the criminal law. All this is sufficient at any rate to show how different, how much wider, are the aims of religion from those which are attributed to it by those who regard it from the special point of view of the politician or guardian of civil order. In fact, it may be said, that this aspect of religion, though important enough, is scarcely ever the aspect which shows itself to religious men, but rather that which strikes the cool observer. The politician sees that there is a *theologia civilis* which may be of great political value, but to the religious man himself religion can hardly appear in this light. To him it is all-important for its own sake, and so far from making it subservient to civil order he is prepared, if necessary, to sacrifice civil order to the interests of religion. He, if he were asked for his definition of religion, and clearly it is he who has the

best right to an opinion, would undoubtedly give one like that which in these papers *εἰκὴ φύρω*; he would call it a life, a higher life, an activity of something which he feels to be the noblest part of his nature, and these phrases examined and stripped of metaphor seem to mean nothing else but habitual admiration or habitual worshipping contemplation of some object.

The difficulty has often been felt of attributing any religious character to a mere belief in future rewards and punishments. It has been remarked that the virtue which is propped up by such a system is a dead virtue and scarcely deserves to be called virtue at all, for that all virtue involves something of self-sacrifice, something of devotion, whereas the doctrine of future punishments literally understood reduces it to a matter of selfish calculation. As to rewards we cannot fail to observe that even the analogy of human institutions fails us here. States punish crime, but they do not reward virtue except in rare and peculiar cases in which, in fact, what is called reward is not so much a token of judicial approbation as an expression of public gratitude; and the attempt to arrange a scale of rewards for virtue by Legions of Honor and the like inventions has usually led to questionable results.

Such difficulties occur to us when we try to regard the doctrine of rewards and punishments as the essential part of religion, which view, nevertheless, because it is the view most natural to politicians, has become the popular one. It is another question whether it is not a part, even an important and necessary part, of religion, whether not civil order but religion itself would not suffer fatally if it were given up. To think of God as unjust would have other consequences besides that of sapping morality and undermining society. The impunity promised to criminals by such a doctrine would not be so mischievous as the degradation of religion itself in its higher sense of worship. God, even thought of as not just, would remain glorious, the object of a rapt intellectual worship. All the more paralyzing, all the more maddening would be the mixture of horror with admiration in our meditations on him. This may be thought a sentimental way of speaking by those who have persuaded themselves that after all by the showing of science God is not just, and who from some illusion which is a survival of the very optimism they reject, cannot bring themselves to think that what is the reality may nevertheless be unendurable. But the old opinion

of Socrates and Aurelius that life is not worth having if God is not just, is echoed by our latest writer on morals, who speaks of such a doctrine as reducing the cosmos of the moral world to chaos; and even if not fatal to human life itself such a doctrine is fatal to religion. For it introduces dismay and despair and a germ of madness into the very heart of our thinking, and religion does not seem possible except upon a basis of inward serenity.

Thus on the one hand it appears that a belief in the justice of God is necessary to religion itself; but on the other hand the notion that religion is, in the first instance, such a belief furnishing a prop to morality appears a kind of afterthought taken up by politicians, the mistaking of a secondary effect of religion for its original object and *raison d'être*. The true relation between religion and morality is not this but another. Morality does not require supernatural sanctions to make it authoritative. We should consider it in these days a mark of low cultivation, if any one avowed that he only kept his engagements from fear of hell-fire. It is with a start of surprise at the change of thought which has taken place in little more than a century that we read Benjamin Franklin's avowal, that the reason why he was guilty in his youth of several base and dishonorable actions—such as breaking a written engagement made to his brother because he knew that it could not be produced against him, forgetting his engagement to his betrothed as soon as he left her neighborhood, etc.—was simply that he had become a sceptic. We are startled to observe that virtue apart from heaven and hell is unintelligible to his mind, and the example teaches us to realize what is now half forgotten, how potent the *theologia civilis* once was, and that not merely among politicians but in the puritanic communities which had given Franklin his education.

But if we abandon this view of the true connection between religion and morality, are we, therefore, to identify them, and regard them as merely different names for the same thing? This, as I have remarked, is the tendency of those who take what are called advanced views. Morality, they think, is the kernel, religion the shell. In other words, religion is the dress of mythology and legend, in which morality comes dressed up. Mythology and legend are, of course, not to be regarded as true; but, on the other hand, to attempt an earnest refutation of them would expose us to the irony of Plato, and even to despise

them would be a proof of a common way of thinking. They are to be prized, and carefully retained as a fund of poetical imagery by which the morality they contain may be commended to the popular, the immature — nay, in hours of dulness, even to the maturest mind. But such phrases, even when most skilfully employed, convey, after all, the notion that the only real thing is morality, and that if the very name of religion were discarded, nothing would be lost but a word.

It is now, therefore, time to apply that conception of religion as regulated admiration, which we have been developing, to the moral department of things, and see whether it will not serve to give definiteness to phrases which at present seem so vague. We may, I think, come to see that religion thus defined is a prop, a most necessary prop, to morality, but in quite another way than the politician supposes. We may understand that the morality which is founded on free admiration is vital and progressive; but that which is not so founded is torpid and conventional.

As we have all along represented art as having its root in religion, and as being of kin to the other manifestations of religion which, as being much more solemn and momentous, have in common parlance confined the name of religion to themselves, it is natural that we should find the history of art illustrating the history of religion at every step. The difference between what is conventional and what is vital can be studied in art just as well as in morals, and it is rather by comparing the way in which the contrast displays itself in both departments than by considering it in each alone that we are likely to ascertain most precisely in what the contrast consists.

Every one knows, then, how subtle, and yet how all-important in works of art is genuine artistic quality. In every art the distinction is felt — and the critic has scarcely anything to do but to point it out — between work that is merely clever or brilliant and work that is really artistic. The difference, every earnest critic protests, is like that between light and darkness, almost like that between right and wrong. It is the "one thing needful," this genuineness; work in which it is found has value; other work has no right to exist, and had better be destroyed. A distinction which affects every single performance of art, naturally appears with the utmost prominence in the history of art. Whole schools, whole periods are found to have lost the inestimable secret, and therefore to have left nothing behind that

has permanent value; other schools and periods, in spite of great faults, are nevertheless found to possess the secret. At times not only is the secret lost, but the very tradition of it is lost too; it is denied that such a secret exists; and the question is argued with great warmth in the critical world.

In such a controversy the watchword of one side is "rules;" that of the other is "nature," or "genius," or "inspiration." Yet those who withstand the appeal to rules, and deny the authority of the rules cited against them, do not, when they are wise, deny that in good works of art certain fixed rules will be found to be observed. But they maintain that rules are liable to continual change, and that only principles are invariable, or, in other words, that genius makes its own rules; or, again, that the only rule is to follow nature. When the causes of this difference of view are examined, it is found that the party of rules take altogether a less exalted view of art than their opponents, that they think of art as a sort of game of skill which is in itself unimportant, but yet which it is idle to profess to play at unless you observe the rules, while the others set no bounds to their estimate of its dignity, and habitually speak of the pursuit of it as a religion, and of skill in it as priesthood or inspiration. This controversy in art is so fundamental that, when the issue is fairly tried, the world is convulsed with it almost as by religious debate. In the eighteenth century it spread through all Europe, and filled decades with its slow progression by the side of the great attack on Christianity. The same man took the lead in both; Voltaire was as much bent on maintaining the dramatic unities and the *bienséances* of literature as he was bent on destroying the Church. In the two controversies he had very opposite fortune. While the Church and the ecclesiastical Christianity of the time seemed almost helpless under his assaults, he saw his artistic opponents constantly gaining upon him. The renown of Shakespeare loomed nearer and nearer, and before he died the word "genius" had been passed in Germany, and "rules" and "unities" had become names of ridicule. Nor did the tide turn. Fifty years after Voltaire's death the opposite principles prevailed in his own country, and it is now felt to be impossible to revive with any real success the names of the poets, so illustrious a century ago, who wrote under the system of rules. "A *dispassionate* judge," said Frederic then, "will acknowledge that the '*Henriade*' is supe-

rior to the poems of Homer;" but Homer is now higher than ever, while the "*Henriade*" is almost as dead as those poems of antiquity which have not come down to us.

Let us turn, now, from what are called the fine arts, from the arts which are concerned with poetry, painting, etc., to life and action, in other words to the art which deals with human conduct. Do we not find the same debate raging here too? nay, do we not find the same debate equally prominent in the history of the subject? Are there not in the department of morals also rules, unities, *bienséances*, and a party which can see nothing beyond? Is there not here, too, a genius-party, which speaks sometimes of "nature," sometimes of "the heart," and which is distinguished from the other party by a profession of greater earnestness or solemnity in their view of the subject, and by habitually using the word "religion," and with it the whole vocabulary of religion? Only whereas in the case of art the phrases of religion are commonly supposed to be not quite strictly used, but rather with some degree of metaphor, the genius-school in morals use those phrases in the plainest and most literal sense. If, then, we correct this notion in the manner explained before, and say that religion, as spoken of in art, is to be literally understood, but that it refers to a secondary form of religion, viz., what has been called the higher paganism, it will be evident in a moment that another view of the relation of religion to morality, and a view consistent with our definition of religion may be taken, and also that it is a view which gives religion an importance quite as great as any that can be claimed for the *theologia civilis* above described.

According to this view there are two sorts of morality which differ from each other in the same way as, for example, Addison's "*Cato*" differs from "*King Lear*;" only that the difference in the former case is as much more momentous than in the latter case, as morals are more important than poetry. The merit of "*Cato*" consists mainly in the observance of certain rules and decencies—rules of approved critics, decencies of the drawing-room; the merit of "*Lear*" is a prodigious activity of imaginative and sympathetic contemplation. Poetry, then, it seems, may be of two totally different kinds; it may be produced in a comparatively languid state of the faculties by almost automatic repetition of what has been written by others; it may also appear with strangely new characteristics and only re-

sembling what has been produced before so far as it is poetry, through an intense observation and assimilation of something in nature. To the eye of the true critic the difference between the two sorts is infinite; the latter sort he calls real and precious, the former he passes by with indifference; and yet both are called poetry, both have excited admiration, nay, it was, in this case, the hollow production which was hailed with the loudest approval.

It is just the same with conduct or morality as it is with art. Life may be conducted according to rules similar to the unities of the drama; it may also be conducted on the method of free inspiration, in which case also rules will be observed; but the rules will be different, less stereotyped, adapting themselves more readily to new circumstances, and moreover they will be observed instinctively and not felt as a constraint. And though this latter method may easily be abused, though the inspiration may in particular cases be feigned or forced, though individuals may pervert the method to a loose antinomianism in morals, as in art it has often been made the excuse of formlessness or extravagance; yet it remains the true method, the only one which keeps morality alive and prevents it from becoming a prim convention—the only system, in short, under which moral Shakespeares can flourish.

But in what precisely does the difference between the two methods consist? In this, I reply; that in the one morality is founded on religion, and in the other not. The definition which has been given of religion enables us to express the difference in these simple terms, and we can, at the same time, describe the corresponding difference in art in corresponding language, and so bring together under one general formula phenomena of which all must instinctively feel that they are of the same kind. For if religion be that higher life of man which is sustained by admiration, if its essence be worship or some kind of enthusiastic contemplation seeking for expression in outward acts, then we shall say of morality that it is founded on religion if it arise out of enthusiastic contemplation; and in like manner we shall call art religious, if it have a similar origin. Now the point of close resemblance between the genius-school in art and the anti-legal school in morals is precisely this, that both consist of worshippers, both elevate their minds by habitual admiration. Enough has been said of the worship which lies at the root of genuine art. It is not in empty metaphor that the true

artist affects so much the language of religion. The loving devotion with which he traces the forms of nature has all the character, and is attended by all the emotions, of religion; and, historically, this devotion has belonged to a visible religious system which had for centuries its temples and its ceremonies, and commanded its thousands of votaries, for art disengaged itself gradually from the religion of Greece; and when the true artist stands out in contrast to the mere craftsman who makes works of art by rule, he is distinguished by nothing so plainly as by the religious feeling which he mingles with his artistic industry. But let us now consider the religion that lies also at the root of all free morality.

There is, plainly enough, a morality that has no religion at the bottom of it. The morality that simply keeps on the windy side of the law rests on nothing but the plainest common sense. The morality that aims at satisfying the expectation of society, that observes the point of honor of a class, that avoids giving matter for scandal—this again wants no religion. It saves trouble to be as good as your neighbors; every really shrewd person will be moral in this sense of the word; nay, perhaps true prudence would require a man to be in one or two small matters more particular than his neighbors. But with this morality the higher life is not in any way concerned; but only that lower life whose objects are wealth, estimation, prosperity. The higher life begins when something is worshipped, when some object of enthusiastic contemplation is before the soul. When morality rises immediately out of this it is religious, and then only it has real vitality. The fighting of a Czerny George differs from that of a mercenary in this, that the hero has his country present to his mind and his heroic actions are of the nature of sacrifices offered to that object of his religion. And like martial heroism, so every virtue may take two shapes, the one lower and the other higher; for every virtue may spring from calculation, and on the other hand every act of virtue may be a religious act arising out of some worship or devotion of the soul.

But now it is not every religion that prompts to virtuous action, for, as we have said so often, one kind of religion bears fruit in works of art. As virtue can only show itself in our relations to our fellow-men, the religion that leads to virtue must be a religion that worships men. If in God himself we did not believe qualities

analogous to the human to exist, the worship of him would not lead to virtue; the worship of God not as we believe him, but as we see him in nature, would be likely, taken by itself, to lead to pitiless fanaticism.

Thus it is, that of all the great historical religions of the world the two which have been in the most marked degree moral, viz., Christianity and Buddhism, agree in this, that both centre in the worship of a man. The latter, indeed, may be said to begin and end in this worship, for in that system the gods themselves are represented as altogether inferior to the Buddha. In Christianity it is not so; there the man who is worshipped is regarded as revealing the invisible God, and thus the worship of the eternal power in nature is rendered, what of itself it would not be, moral. But we quote these historical religions only by way of illustration; we speak here of religion rather than of religions, and what we would maintain is not merely that the worship of a human ideal may produce virtue, but that all virtue which is genuine and vital springs out of the worship of man in some form. Not only in the person of Christ, or in the lives of Christians, but under other forms, wherever the higher morality shows itself, humanity is worshipped. It is worshipped under the form of country, or of ancestors, or of heroes, or great men, or saints, or virgins, or in individual lives, under the form of a friend, or mother, or wife, or any object of admiration, who, once seizing the heart, made all humanity seem sacred, and turned all dealings with men into a religious service. But it is worshipped most of all when, passing by an act of faith beyond all that we can know, we attribute all the perfections of ideal humanity to the power that made and sustains the universe.

Thus we arrive at a new view of the relation between religion and morality quite different from that commonly taken, and yet, it will be found, often confused with and mistaken for it. Let us put the two views side by side.

The one says that religion supplies the greatest sanctions to morality by revealing the rewards and punishments of a future state meted out by omniscient wisdom and justice.

The other says that religion makes morality vital, energetic, and progressive, by creating a *moral spirit*, and that it does this by setting up for admiration or worship ideals of human excellence.

Now these two views agree to a certain extent, and may therefore easily be con-

fused together. For according to both views religion is a popular thing, made for the multitude, and not merely for a few philosophers. The rules and prohibitions of morality, taken by themselves, are cold and ineffective; but the question of heaven and hell all can understand, and in like manner all can be made to understand virtue when it is put before them, living and lovely, as an object of worship. Those who watch the great attempt now making to set up a philosophic creed have often occasion to observe that the creed grows less and less influential in proportion as it becomes more philosophic, and that the only practical result of the effort, when we consider the mass of mankind, is to bring Catholicism back into fashion. But in explaining to themselves the secret of the charm of Catholicism these observers oscillate between different views. "Catholicism is definite, has real dogmas from which it does not flinch; it exalts and satisfies the soul, which the cold and prosaic Protestant or, still more, sceptical systems, leave untouched." This is the language used, but it confuses together two perfectly distinct advantages which Catholicism happens to unite. Catholicism is powerful no doubt because it does not explain away heaven and hell; but its warmth, its poetical charm, have nothing to do with the inflexibility of its dogmas. These are owing to something else. They are the reward of the firmness with which it clings to the true idea of a religion, basing its moral discipline upon true worship, enthusiastic contemplation joined with intimate communion, of ideals of saintly humanity.

But I pass now from the consideration of religion as it ought to be according to the strict definition of the word to the question which most feel so much more interesting, of religion as it has historically been. Christianity itself, to which of the two classes of religion does it more properly belong? Is it a religion of worship, or a religion of rewards and punishments?

Catholicism, I have just said, is both together, and both in a very high degree; this is the secret of its ascendancy, because, with the one aspect, it attracts tender and poetical spirits, and with the other it overawes rude ones. And such in the main was the religion of Dante; the religion of Augustine was not very different. But after all the Christianity of the Roman empire is not necessarily the same as the Christianity which formed itself at the beginning in Palestine. The few creeds which have had the force to subdue for-

eign races have done so commonly at the expense of modifying their own character. The Christianity of Europe is one thing; the Christianity described in the Bible is another. They differ, perhaps, almost as much as the religion of Thibet and Mongolia differs from that which is called by the same name in Ceylon.

Mr. Mill speaks with some sarcasm of those who fancy the Bible is all one book. It is a great mistake to do so; but it is perhaps a still greater mistake to think that it is *not* one book, or that it has no unity. The writings of which it is composed, allowing a few exceptions, agree together and differ from other books in certain characteristics. Certain large matters are always in question, and the action moves forward with a slow evolution, like the *dénouement* of a play, through a thousand years of history. The founder of the Christian Church believed his work to be the completion of the long history of his race, and therefore if we grasp successfully the kernel of the Bible, if we manage to distinguish that with which the Bible from first to last is principally concerned, we shall stand a good chance of distinguishing that which is the substance of Christianity, according to the original intention of its founder.

Now what in the main is the subject of the Bible? Nine people out of ten, reading it with all the prepossession of later Christianity, would say it is the book of heaven and hell, the book which teaches the littleness of this life and the greatness of the life to come. Other books are secular, they tell us about the visible world and our temporal life; the Bible tells us of the other world and of an eternal life. But is this really the account of the Bible that would be given by any one who read it for the first time, and with an unprejudiced mind?

Let us consider. The Bible then contains the history of a tribe that grew into a nation, of its conquest of a particular country, of the institutions that it created for itself, and of its fortunes through several centuries. Through all these centuries we hear nothing of heaven and hell. A divine revelation is said to be given to this nation; but it is a revelation which is silent about a future state. The conspicuous characters of many generations pass before us; to all appearance they do not differ from similar characters in other nations in looking forward more to a state of existence after death. Their hopes are for their descendants, for the future of their country, rather than for themselves;

occasionally they speak as if they actually believed in nothing after death. Then we pass from the historical to the religious writings of this race, the hymns of their temple, the discourses of their prophets. Here, too, for a long time we meet with no clear references to a future state. The imagination of this people apparently does not care to deal with the mysteries of another life. Such pictures of the state of the dead and the rewards and punishments meted out to them as we find in Homer, Plato, Virgil, are entirely absent from the literature of the Hebrews. Not indeed that the belief in rewards and punishments is wanting. The religion of the Bible in its primitive form is like most primitive religions, a *theologia civilis*; nay, it continues so a long time, and no fuller statement of such a civil religion than the Book of Deuteronomy can anywhere be found. But it is to be observed in the first place that the rewards and punishments contemplated are all purely temporal; and in the next place we remark that, as we advance, this view of religion, instead of being more and more clearly announced in the Bible, becomes obscured, and at length seems to be in a manner abandoned. It is admitted that the bad prosper at times, and that the good at times suffer, whether it be for trial of their virtue or to atone for the sins of others.

Later in the book the notion of a future state begins to appear; it creeps in silently, and seems to subsist for a time in the state of an admissible speculation; then in the New Testament it prevails and becomes part of the teaching of the book. But to the end of the Bible there are to be found no heaven and hell such as are put before us in Dante; the writers do not fix their attention as he does upon a future state. A few mysterious affirmations about it suffice them. We find no descriptions, no concentration of the prophetic imagination upon the state of the dead. This is the more to be noted because it is characteristic of the Bible writers both in the New and Old Testaments, that they occupy themselves so much with the future. The future is their study, but *not*—this is almost as true of the New Testament as of the Old—not the future after death. It is a kind of political future that absorbs them, the fall of kingdoms and tyrants, of Babylon, Epiphanes, Nero, and the Roman empire, the future of Jerusalem, the expected return of Christ to reign upon the earth.

The popular notion, then, which makes

the Bible a sort of book of the dead destroys its unity. Isolated passages in the New Testament may be quoted to support it; but the theory is not one which brings together the earlier and later books of the Bible, so as to make them seem parts of the same whole. Only by desperate shifts of interpretation can the Old Testament, on this theory, be made to lead up to the New. To those who think the present life a dream, and the future life alone worth consideration, the Old Testament prophets, wrapped up in their Jerusalem and its future, and careless to all appearance of their own future, can scarcely seem edifying writers, and their religion must seem not merely immature, but founded on a radically wrong principle.

Thus, if religion be made to turn entirely upon a future life, the Bible is not the religious book *par excellence* it is commonly supposed to be. On the other hand, if we take the other view of religion which has been presented in this paper, we shall find that of *this* religion the Bible is the text-book as no other book is or can be. Do we want an idea which shall give unity to the Bible, which shall make Old Testament and New and the separate writings composing both seem—in the main and roughly, for more is not to be expected—to belong together and to make up a great whole? Just as clearly as the idea of a future life is not this, the idea of morality inspired and vivified by religion in the manner above described *is*. It is not the essential character of the Bible itself, but the prepossession of most of its readers and their invincible curiosity about the supernatural, that makes it seem in the first instance a book about the invisible world; the idea that pervades it most from first to last is one which belongs altogether to practical life, and which must seem just as important to the sceptic as to the most believing supernaturalist; it is the idea summed up in an antithesis which takes many forms, the antithesis of letter and spirit, law and grace, works and faith.

When we consider human action, whether theoretically or historically, we are always brought back to this fundamental antithesis. Human action is either mechanical or vital, either automatic or rational. Either it follows custom or reason, either it is guided by rules or by inspiration. In morals as in poetry you must be of the school either of Racine or of Shakespeare. Either you must sedulously observe a number of regulations you do not hope to understand, or you

must move freely towards an end you passionately conceive, at times making new rules for yourself, at times rejecting old ones, and allowing to convention only a kind of provisional or presumptive validity. The greatness of the Bible, its title to be called the book *par excellence* lies in this, that it grasps firmly this fundamental antithesis, expounds and illustrates it exhaustively through a history of a thousand years, and leaves it in the act of revolutionizing the world. It thus becomes the unique epic of human action, the book of dead and living morality.

We associate this controversy of works and faith principally with the name of St. Paul and that last chapter of the Biblical history in which a local creed was generalized, so as to be capable of becoming the religion of the Roman empire. But in reality the fifth act of the drama does not differ from the earlier acts, for the drama is one. That earlier rebellion against the authority of scribes and Pharisees was, from our point of view, another aspect of the same controversy. It was precisely parallel to those transitions in literature or art when the commentatorial spirit is renounced, when free inspiration moves again, the yoke of authority is broken, and new leaders assert their equality or superiority to the most venerated names of the past. The same debate pervades the Old Testament as completely as the New. Everything there centres in the law, everything turns on the way in which it is to be regarded. Is it final? Is it capable of development? Is it to be obeyed blindly, superstitiously? Or is it possible to enter into its spirit and render a liberal obedience to it? Nor is the controversy handled in a one-sided or fanatical spirit. It is recognized not only that the stereotyped letter is valuable, not only that it is to be protected at any sacrifice against foreign admixtures, and guarded with watchful zeal against neglect, but it is also admitted, even by the leading champions of freedom, that there is a period or stage of national life when law is predominant, that the law is a pedagogue, and the like. And thus the transition, in which Ezra takes the lead, is in favor of the most punctilious legality, and a long period follows, in which the commentatorial spirit reigns, and the stream of inspiration runs shallower, until it dries up altogether.

When a great number of treatises in different styles and of different periods are presented to a reader as one book,

nothing is more natural than that he should miss the clue to such a book, and find it difficult to distinguish what is episodic or accidental in it from what belongs to the main subject. Thus some readers of the Bible fix, as we have said, upon its revelations of a future state, and overlook the striking silence about a future state which most of the Biblical books preserve; others fix upon its miracles, though it is easy to quote from the New Testament passages in which the evidence of miracles is spoken of slightly. Sceptics come and deny that the Bible has any unity at all, and no doubt we cannot without assuming a miracle think to discover in the Bible the same degree of unity as in a play of Shakespeare's. Still, even the Greek literature, taken as a whole, has a certain unity, and it was to be expected that the classics of the Jews, a nation so remarkable for the tenacity and the continuity of their national life, should show a good deal more. What we find if we read without prepossession, is precisely what we should expect. We find a history of the nation much more intense and ideal than other histories, in which therefore the fundamental lesson of history is more successfully brought out, in which it is shown how law disciplines those who are subject to it, until, after a long course of generations, there springs up a morality which is free, active, and energetic, because it is founded upon the religion of ideal humanity.

This unity of the Bible has nothing miraculous about it; on the other hand, it is entirely invulnerable by sceptical criticism. Considered as a collection of oracles the Bible is damaged by criticism; but this cannot matter much to those who believe that the express object of the Bible is to emancipate us from the dominion of oracles. The influence of the Greek and Latin classics is not now less than it was, perhaps it is even greater; and yet criticism has cancelled some centuries of the history of Greece and Rome as untrustworthy, and has denied the personality of Homer, while the authority of Aristotle has been long since renounced in the schools and in the theatre, new sciences and literatures have sprung up, and the last traces of the Roman empire have disappeared from the systems of Europe. Just as indestructible by criticism or changes of opinion will the influence of the Bible, considered as a collection of classical books, prove; and that which is peculiar to it, and has caused it to be

spoken of as one book rather than many, viz., the unity reigning through a work upon which so many generations labored, gives it a vastness beyond comparison, so that the greatest work of individual literary genius shows by the side of it like some building of human hands beside the Peak of Teneriffe.

It stands there as a fragment, for if the struggle between two sorts of morality which it records be really so fundamental and universal wherever human beings pretend to any morality as we have represented it, evidently the record ought to be continued so as to embrace modern times. It ought to be related how the free morality, after being successfully revealed to the world, became the religion of races which were so far from being ripe for it, that they were but just ready for the legal stage; and how of necessity a new system of Christian legalism arose which reigned for centuries; how, after disciplining a barbarian world, this system, so powerful, though so radically self-contradictory, gave way, and the language of Saint Paul about faith and liberty began to be intelligible again; how the tyranny of a Church gave place to the less intolerable tyranny of a book, while the nations were preparing themselves to take up once again the freedom of those who live not by rules but by religion, the religion of ideal humanity. It ought to be related also how, as we have before pointed out, the other forms of religion, too much kept down by the reigning religion of humanity, have asserted themselves—the higher paganism in the Renaissance, the religion of Deity in philosophy and science.

The historical course of things is never more than a rough approximation to what philosophers think ought to be, nor yet probably, though that is a very different thing, to what really ought to be. The Bible may not be in every particular such a book as a benevolent philosopher would write for a universal text-book of morality, though one may be allowed to suspect that it is infinitely better; ecclesiastical history may be so deeply disappointing, that we may be tempted to exclaim with Goethe, "*Mischmasch von Irrthum und von Gewalt!*" But if it appears that the morality of mankind, to be vigorous, must rest upon religion or the free worship of moral ideals, the world has not been altogether ill-guided in consecrating the book which is devoted to teaching this very doctrine, nor in organizing, however imperfectly, those religious systems in which ideals of humanity are worshipped.

From Good Words.

WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH.

BY SARAH TYTLER,
AUTHOR OF "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER XLI.

MR. WOODCOCK'S PROPOSAL, AND ITS SUCCESS.

THE following morning Mr. Woodcock set forth early from his chambers to seek the neighborhood of the eastern station and of the Yorkshire Grey, to make terms with Pleasance, according to what the lawyer conceived of her.

His late conversation with Archie Douglas had by no means increased Mr. Woodcock's inclination to his mission. He had thought of Pleasance at first as of some poor, raw country girl, who would be a terrible thorn in Mrs. Douglas's flesh, a very unfit representative of the mistress of Shardleigh and the protectress of Jane, were Jane's mother to be taken from her before she had won another protector.

But after Mr. Woodcock had left his hansom and was walking down the side street in Shoreditch, he actually forgot what was to come in the realization of the strangeness of the fact that he should be seeking the mistress of Shardleigh in a region like this.

Mr. Woodcock recalled swiftly the fine place which he had always been accustomed to regard with some personal pride in its imposing details. To him they breathed the perfection of repose and quiet dignity—from the extensive park with its old timber to the charm of the winter garden, the architectural pretension of the porch and entrance hall, and the subdued luxury and sunshiny, flower-scented grace of Mrs. Douglas's drawing-room. Now, he was surrounded by what is sometimes well-nigh as repulsive as squalor, particularly if the last be allied to picturesque decay. He was in the centre of common mean ugliness in a city street given over to clerks' and warehousemen's lodgings, and fourth-rate shops, with—as his destination—the Yorkshire Grey, having a heavily-laden, huge carrier's cart blocking up the entrance.

It was not that Mr. Woodcock had not sufficient practice in his calling, and did not know enough of evil and harrowing family secrets, to have sometimes sought the womenkind of his clients in exceptional quarters. But he was brought back to himself by the reflection that this was the strangest place in the world wherein to seek a mistress of Shardleigh.

For a wonder, Pleasance had not yet returned to Saxford. She had stayed on in the city as much from sheer physical prostration, as from the necessity of seeing Clem Blennerhasset and visiting a few sights in order to satisfy Lizzie.

"She would be sure to ask about them, and what should I say if I had done nothing of the kind; or what should I have to talk about to her?" said Pleasance to herself.

Pleasance had become reinstated in the good graces of her hostesses, though, candid as she was naturally, she had told them no more than at the first. Her name was Pleasance Douglas, she had said. Her father and mother were both dead, and her own people were all gone. Yes, she was married, and she indicated the wedding-ring which she wore; but she had not been living with her husband, there had been objections to that. At this point she stopped. She was the kind of woman who, open by instinct, yet when necessity was laid upon her to be silent, not the greatest gossip in Saxford could have pressed her for farther revelation. As for the Toveys, their apprehensions were removed; and they paid her back liberally with family confidences on the death of old Mr. Tovey, and on the perversity of the only son of the house, who had chosen to be a carrier by sea and not by land, and to hail from Gravesend instead of from the Yorkshire Grey.

Pleasance, in her sweet friendliness, found sympathy for those commonplace troubles of commonplace people,—a sympathy which brought her a desirable distraction from her own distress. She gave part of the time, which would otherwise have hung heavily on her hands, to helping Mrs. Tovey with the arrangements of her household napery, and Miss Tovey with her accounts, and to writing out available country recipes for the kitchen of the Yorkshire Grey.

She was prepared to go out, when Mrs. Tovey came to her with an intimation that a gentleman had been in the bar inquiring if there was a Mrs. Douglas—a young woman from the country—staying in the house, for he wished to see her.

Pleasance grew red and white by turns, and sank down on a seat, for her nerves had been shaken by her interview with Archie Douglas. She only recovered when Mrs. Tovey proceeded to say, with a shade of returning suspicion, that the gentleman was not only "quite the gentleman," but was "that stout and grey-headed" he must be sober-minded and to

be depended on, if there was confidence to be placed in mortal man. Had it been otherwise, Lyddy would have thought twice before she had put him into the parlor, where he was waiting.

Pleasance drew a long sigh of desperate relief and sick disappointment, and rising under the conflict of feelings, went to the parlor. There she saw an elderly gentleman, who had more the easy, well-bred air of Lawyer Lockwood's master, Sir Frederick, than the bluff self-importance of Lawyer Lockwood himself.

Mr. Woodcock, on his part, saw—not a sobbing, giggling village girl—not a miserable creature, fast verging on shamelessness and abandonment—but a fine young woman, struggling for perfect composure. She had a beautiful face, which, in its present gravity of repressed agitation, seemed as if it belonged to a woman older in years than Archie Douglas; and she wore spectacles in aid of her short-sighted grey eyes.

For tawdry finery the young woman had on, as far as Mr. Woodcock could judge, the plainest black gown, jacket, and bonnet; and for pretension she held in her ungloved brown hands a large enough bag to have carried marketings, and a serviceable alpaca umbrella.

Mr. Woodcock rose, bowed, and offered Pleasance a chair with all the flurry of a man roused from one dream and lapsing into another and totally different vision.

Where on earth had Archie Douglas found her? And, having found her, what could have put irreconcilable enmity between them? Was she the greatest deception, the most accomplished hypocrite that the world had seen since the days of Delilah? Was she a village schoolmistress? Was she a decayed gentlewoman? She was not quite like either of the two last. Mrs. Douglas, if not Archie, had spoken distinctly of Archie's wife as belonging to the humblest class of workers with their hands, whom Archie had encountered when he was serving his own apprenticeship to manual labor.

After Mr. Woodcock came to himself, he remarked other anomalies. The young woman had put her umbrella and bag on the table before her, as if she were not ashamed of either of them, though she found them in her way just then. She had sat down neither on the edge, nor on the side of her chair, neither wriggling nor in a heap, but moderately erect, and with her brown hands as if they belonged to her, and were not a special burden upon her mind.

"You have been sent to me by Mr. Douglas of Shardleigh?" she said.

There was a little gasp at the name, else the calm good-breeding would have been complete. The accent was provincial, but the tone and expression were unmistakably those of an educated woman.

"Yes, madam, you have judged correctly," said Mr. Woodcock.

As she listened, a ludicrous association of his "madam" with the rude quizzing sense in which the word had been applied to her by the girls of Saxford, flashed across her mind.

"I am Mr. Douglas's lawyer," and he put down his card before her. He was seeking to assure her of his authority and his interest in the suggestions which he was about to make, as if she were a well-informed woman, capable of calling in question each, as he brought it forward.

She recalled his name, which had been mentioned to her by Archie Douglas in the course of his disclosure of his real position. She remembered every word that he had told her then, as well as all he had said when they were dearest friends and equals. "Yes," she said quickly, "what did he bid you say to me?"

"I have been directed to make such arrangements, as you may approve, for your future comfort and well-being," answered Mr. Woodcock, with caution.

"I do not wish anything," she said, hastily. "I am able and willing to work for myself; I have done it since I was a girl. I should be ashamed if I were not sufficient for my own support," and she smiled slightly.

Here was a clue if Mr. Woodcock could have followed it up. But the single notion that he acquired from it was an odd one. There must be women in the labor-leagues, and they must have educated women for their leaders. Possibly the last were daughters or kinswomen of Chartist demagogues.

He replied, "Pardon me, Mrs. Douglas, you must have regard to your husband in this matter. As he happens to be a gentleman of station and fortune, you must consider what is suitable in his wife, as well as what belongs to your former experience, and what may be your inclinations in a question which does not — though it may seem so — concern yourself alone."

She had never seen the consequences of the announcement of her marriage in this light. But when the point of view was put before her, her ingenuousness and intelligence caused her to perceive at once

that there was something in the argument. She paused disturbed and anxious.

"Would it be regarded as a reflection on him — a discredit to him — if I lived as I have been accustomed to do?" she asked wistfully, with a *naïveté* and a faith in his sincerity, which convinced Mr. Woodcock that, with all her self-command and dignity, and her amount of education, she was but a simple-minded girl after all.

"Certainly; the world would cry shame on any gentleman like Mr. Douglas of Shardleigh, if he suffered his wife, however she had been brought up, and whatever their private differences, to continue to work for her bread."

"But it would be very unjust in the world, supposing it ever came to know and care about it, if it were my own free will and choice to work for my bread," replied Pleasance, clinging desperately to her independence even against her equally strong instinct of justice.

"Madam, the world knows everything," said Mr. Woodcock sententiously. "Nothing is below its notice; and it looks only to appearances, not to the abstract justice of a case." Then he ventured to sound her further. "In view of a probable reconciliation —"

"There can be no reconciliation," Pleasance interrupted him quickly, with a sorrowful steadfastness. She did not tell Mr. Woodcock that Archie Douglas had deceived her, and that in place of taking the deception as a pretty compliment, she had resented it bitterly. In her mind that would have been to expose Archie Douglas's deceit to his friends, and to cast a worse reflection on him than her working for her daily bread should have done.

And calling to mind what Archie Douglas had said to him to the same effect, Mr. Woodcock refrained from his attempt, at once confounded and disheartened.

"What did you think would be best for everybody? What had you proposed?" inquired Pleasance hesitatingly.

"There is only one proposal that can be made," said Mr. Woodcock in reply, "a separate maintenance, and the dowager house at Stone Cross. If you bear in mind that there is already a dowager, and another dowager house, with a life-interest on the estate; and if you have regard to the fact, which you do not seem disposed to forget, that you have brought no fortune to my client" (the words sounded in his own ears like a sneer, but they were not so intended: they were a simple explanation on Mr. Woodcock's part, and Pleas-

ance accepted them for what they were worth), I do not think that the allowance should be other than is moderate and modest, with due regard to the capabilities of the estate."

"Let me tell you," Pleasance interrupted him a second time, "I have a little money of my own. My father left four hundred pounds, and I have my cousin Mrs. Balls's savings of nearly a hundred more." She knew that the little sum was nothing to live upon, but her pride and honesty prompted her to mention it.

The announcement caused a new tangle in Mr. Woodcock's already mazed ideas. At the same time he received it as a melancholy, well-nigh pathetic, proof of her incompetency for her position.

"I was about to suggest that eight hundred or a thousand a year might be a fitting allowance," he said almost gloomily; "you need not spend more than you will want in order to live becomingly—Mrs. Douglas, the squire's mother, has five thousand a year, while Miss Douglas has her separate income, of course."

"It is very different with them," said Pleasance, instantly; "but for me it is hard to spend anything that I have not earned."

"The house down at Stone Cross is an old-fashioned house, furnished suitably, no doubt, but plainly, to meet the requirements of an older and simpler generation," pursued Mr. Woodcock, thinking that he was contending with the oddest difficulty that ever beset a lawyer in accomplishing a settlement. "I believe there are two old servants in it who might form the nucleus of a quiet little establishment."

Pleasance was considering all these obligations thrust upon her. "Shall I be left to myself?" she said with a jealous tone in her voice. "Shall I be away out of reach, and insured against interference and molestation?"

"As for that," he told her, "Stone Cross is three counties removed from Shardleigh," and he added out of his experience, "By your acceptance of a separate maintenance, you not only pledge yourself to dwell apart, and have nothing to do with the life of the family of which you are legally a member; you receive a pledge from them which they are bound in honor to respect, that they will not come near you to call in question what you do. You are, in effect, your own mistress. The income which you derive from the estate is simply your due, from a just claim."

"And will the world be satisfied where

my husband is concerned?" she asked, returning pertinaciously to the great point in her eyes.

"It may be," answered Mr. Woodcock; "for, unfortunately, it is tolerably familiar with far less creditable arrangements."

"Then I shall agree to the maintenance, and go to Stone Cross," said Pleasance in a tone of resignation, as if she were condescending to a compromise, and consenting to a banishment.

Mr. Woodcock took her at her word, and told her that he should draw up a deed which would put her in possession of what had been agreed upon for her use, and which would be ready in a few days. After asking her if she had a lawyer engaged, he advised her to permit him to appoint a gentleman to look after her interest.

She did not see the necessity for an agent on her own account; she was willing to submit entirely to his judgment and trust herself to his good faith, acting as he was for Archie Douglas. But she was docile in this, as in every other particular, after her first concession. Mr. Woodcock had never known a more reasonable woman.

Mr. Woodcock tried to draw his last client into conversation; against this also she entered no protest. She sat and conversed with him on general subjects in her provincial accent, with her occasional quaint, old-fashioned idioms; and he had intellect and taste to perceive that there was a singular charm which blended with and prevailed over all. He asked her if she had seen much of London; she told him that she had only seen St. Paul's, she was keeping Westminster Abbey for another day, and she had been just starting for the Tower when he found her.

"But, my dear young lady," exclaimed the lawyer, thrown off his guard, "you don't mean to say that you are going there alone?"

"I am not a young lady," said Pleasance, "and I am accustomed to go about alone."

"We shall not quarrel about the relative meanings of the term lady," he told her. "I will simply say that, as your husband is a gentleman, and as the wife takes rank from the husband whom she does not repudiate, you *are* a lady."

"You must have patience with me," said Pleasance, with a little piteousness; "I have not been used to any more restraint than what is put on a working-woman. How shall I bear it, even when I am left to impose it on my own discre-

tion? Is it improper for a lady to go abroad by herself, in broad day, to see the Tower and Westminster Abbey?"

"Improper is a strong word," answered the lawyer, "but acts which are not strictly improper may be inexpedient. Allow me to send one of my nieces, with her husband or her brother, to call for you and take you to all you ought to see."

It showed the depth of the impression which Pleasance had made on Mr. Woodcock, that he should be induced to make this proposal, even where the wife of an employer and friend was concerned. Mr. Woodcock's nieces were as much cherished by him as if they had been his daughters — granted that the special niece whom he had in his mind was a married woman, with the privacy of her brougham and the support of her husband at her command, in any difficult or disagreeable task.

But Pleasance had been quick in taking the lesson to herself. Her going out in any fashion, her very presence in town, being what she was in manner, dress, and surroundings, was compromising to her husband. She had meant this morning to make an appointment with Clem Blennerhasset. She had fully intended, even after her conversation with Mr. Woodcock, to go back and bid farewell to Lizzie and Saxford, and all whom she knew there. But in the enlightenment which had come to her, she seemed to see that these would be steps unjustifiable where Archie Douglas's feelings and those of his family, perhaps even where his social interests, were concerned.

What had to be sacrificed had better be done without delay. She was giving up all she had left to care for, her cherished resolution, her pride in her independence, her familiar associations. It would be but to relinquish a little more — the pleasure of seeing again an honest, friendly, boyish face, and learning that Clem at least was realizing his ideal by Archie Douglas's means — the solace of hearing Lizzie cry that she would miss her, and of bidding Lizzie not miss her too much — the consolation of one last look at Anne's grave. She could write to Lizzie and she would forego the rest.

She explained to Mr. Woodcock that on second thoughts she had come to the conclusion she had better see no one, and go nowhere, before she went down to Stone Cross. He applauded the resolution, and took his leave, revolving many marvels in his sagacious mind, and repeating to himself as their refrain, where on earth could

Archie Douglas have found this rustic paragon, and what evil chance had come between them?

In spite of the poverty and obscurity which would have rendered her always, in a sense, an unsuitable wife for the squire of Shardleigh, she might have risen, if ever low-born and humble-nurtured bride rose triumphantly over the accidents of fortune and all superficial advantages, to grace his station. She might have made the honor and happiness of Archie Douglas's life in proving the fine counterpoise to all that was unbalanced and overweighted in him. She might have produced harmony in the man, and harmony in his life; developing in him, under God's providence, the very best of which a character, ominously prodigal in its promise, had been capable.

Mr. Woodcock went back to Archie and said, "Your wife will go to Stone Cross. She will do what is best for you, as I am certain she was willing to do from the beginning."

Archie looked strangely grateful for the implied rebuke, and was particularly gracious to Mr. Woodcock, during the few hours that elapsed, ere he — Archie — departed for Shardleigh. He imagined that he could have borne bravely and cheerfully the nine days' wonder, the comments and criticisms on the proclamation of his marriage, if it had but had a happy result. But burning and smarting as he was under a sense of its failure, and of his insufficiency for its consequences, he did not see why he should continue to face alone the town's talk, the inquiring looks and cool hints which were meeting him on every side.

Mr. Woodcock went next, and had the confidence to sing Pleasance's praises in the ears of Mrs. Douglas. She was one of the finest young women he had ever seen, in any station. He could not comprehend what Archie had been thinking of — not in marrying her, that infatuation might have been easily pardoned, but in contriving to quarrel with her irreconcilably. He feared Archie must be less well-disposed than he had hitherto given him credit for.

Mrs. Douglas listened dubiously, keeping her daughter carefully out of the discussion. She said with a plaintive sigh that it was a sad affair, of course she could not understand it, but she regarded it as a great mercy that it was no worse. It was a distinct comfort and satisfaction to her to hear that Mr. Woodcock thought so well of the poor young woman who bore

Archie's name, and alas! was to bear it thenceforth. Was she so beautiful? That accounted for everything.

In truth Mrs. Douglas, having been a beauty herself, in her day, and being still a woman who was personally charming, felt faintly propitiated by hearing that Archie's wife was a great beauty. At least Mrs. Douglas had not received the culminating injury that an old arrogant beauty and heiress urged against her son, when she alleged that he had put an affront on his mother, and on his own manhood, by conceiving an "unnatural" passion for a poor little girl of foreign extraction, who, in addition to every other offence, was absolutely plain in person. Yet Mrs. Douglas did not fail to reflect sorrowfully to herself, "Is it not grievous and humbling to see how men—even old Woodcock—have their heads turned by a woman's beauty? I am perfectly satisfied that this girl has twisted him round her finger."

"I shall take Mrs. Archie Douglas down to Stone Cross," volunteered Mr. Woodcock.

"Do, it will be so good of you," chimed in Mrs. Douglas. "It will be an act of charity. I shall write myself to old Perry to have everything ready, and to pay the poor young woman proper attention."

CHAPTER XLII.

STONE CROSS AND WILLOW HOUSE.

PLEASANCE tried to appreciate Mr. Woodcock's consideration in taking her down himself to Stone Cross. She strove not to feel that she was a prisoner on parole, who had surrendered to a mitigated form of imprisonment, and whom a friendly jailer was taking the precaution to conduct safely into durance.

Pleasance's natural disposition led her to respond readily to friendly advances. Her original temperament had been gracious, accessible, and full of social fascination. She was forced to admit, against all her preconceived theories, that in less awkward circumstances she would have liked and got on well with the old lawyer, whom she felt by her own delicate instincts to be a gentleman, as much a gentleman as Archie Douglas's mother and sisters were ladies.

Pleasance did not even think that Mr. Woodcock was ashamed of the incongruity of her dress, and of the luggage which he had carried for her, with the first-class carriage into which he handed her, and in which there were other travellers, who looked at Pleasance's common mourning-

gown and shabby travelling-bag, as if she had mistaken her place.

It was hard upon Pleasance—among other difficulties—after she had grown up to a sense of suitability in her plain dress, and had even taken pride in its simplicity, that she should suddenly come to find it out of joint, and full of mortifying discrepancies. But she was bound to comply with the conditions to which she had agreed, and she was thankful that Mr. Woodcock did not mind the jarring discords of the position.

If she had known it, Mr. Woodcock did mind the covert remarks which he and his companion were provoking; but he had enjoyed long practice in keeping his feelings to himself, and was fortified by the knowledge that he was not a principal in the business. Besides, he was able to entertain, from the beginning to the end, a magnanimous admiration of his companion and her behavior in the worst entanglement that was likely to occur from her rusticity and her unacquaintance with ordinary forms. And he derived some satisfaction from the idea that he was breaking to her the change which was to introduce her to a new order of things.

Pleasance tried to take an interest in the broken, wooded country—the more prominent objects in which Mr. Woodcock was ready to point out to her, as they approached the small cathedral town of Stone Cross. The landscape was a little like that in the neighborhood of the Hayes, only less rich and more broken; but the reminder, though not unwelcome, was hardly constituted to render Pleasance more cheerful.

Stone Cross itself was a demure, dignified, miniature town—the social centre of which was the cathedral close, as the architectural centre was the cathedral—not one of the great stately minsters, but a minor copy, yet perfect in its kind and in the faithful, patient labor which had been bestowed on every detail. The very shops were mannerly and slightly sleepy in the fitful spring sunshine. Pleasance knew nothing of such a town and its ways. Her experience of towns was limited to the bustling, boisterous seaport town of Cheam, and to what she had seen of the city of London.

"This is our destination," said Mr. Woodcock, as the cab from the station drew up before a tall, red house, with grey copings. It had an old-fashioned and finely-wrought railing, with a high gate, the railing extending in front, and meeting a lofty, weather-stained wall, which ran

back at the two sides, and made the house stand apart in its own grounds in the centre of the High Street. It was opposite the entrance gates to the cathedral, the grammar school, and the close.

Mr. Woodcock had avoided using the word "home," and Pleasance felt how inappropriate it would have been. She was struck by a certain resemblance which the house bore to a prison or a private asylum. She began to realize how difficult it was for her to feign satisfaction in the prospect before her.

The servant whom Mrs. Douglas had spoken of as "old Perry," and whom Mr. Woodcock greeted as a former acquaintance, had been on the watch for them along with her husband, the gardener. The gate and the front door were thrown open with ostentatious hospitality. Pleasance was invited to walk in, and Mr. Woodcock was deprived of her bag, while he was formally questioned whether there was not more luggage for Perry to look after and carry in.

"Never mind the luggage," said Mr. Woodcock. "Make young Mrs. Douglas comfortable. I hope that you have got fires all over the house, Perry, for the wind is not out of the east yet, and that luncheon is ready for us."

He knew there would be fires, and that luncheon would be ready. He hoped that Perry would see it to be her interest, not less than her duty, to pay regard to her new mistress, who would be more in the servants' power than Mr. Woodcock cared to think of. But he wished to carry off the arrival, in the interest of all concerned, as well as he could manage it.

Mrs. Perry was painfully decorous and conscientious, and Mr. Perry was pompous and crusty, but he was not specially foolish apart from his pomposity; he was a well-disposed man, take him on the right side and avoid any raid on his beds, especially his melon-frames. The Perrys would protect the young woman who was thus suddenly elevated into being their mistress; and they would not take greater advantage of her than was inseparable from fallen human nature.

Mr. Woodcock was totally unaware of the elaborate instructions forwarded to Mrs. Perry by her old mistress — with whose family Perry, in her own person, had been connected before Mrs. Douglas's marriage — and of the impression made on Perry's mind by Mrs. Douglas's letter.

"You must be fatigued, Mrs. Douglas; allow me to do the honors at so informal a meal as luncheon," said Mr. Woodcock,

when Pleasance had been taken away to remove her bonnet, brought back, and ushered into the dining-room. He spoke more for the benefit of Perry than of Pleasance.

"You must have done the honors for me, whether I were fatigued or not, at any meal," said Pleasance, with a shade of impatience in her manner.

The next moment it struck her that her speech was ungrateful, and she made a hasty atonement. "But if this is to be my house, and you are my guest, I think I ought to look after your comfort," she said, and before he could prevent her she got up from her seat, and went round and gave him the wine for which he was at that moment looking — scandalizing Perry and touching Mr. Woodcock.

It was no great solecism, and it was her only one, unless he counted as solecisms her saying "Thank you" to Perry, her mistaking a sherry for a claret glass, and eating tart with a spoon alone, without using her fork as an aid. She did not further deport herself like a South-Sea Islander in the neglect of that little instrument — to teach the use of which had been an important item in the programme of boarding-schools in Mr. Woodcock's younger days. On the contrary, she handled knife, fork, spoon, and table-napkin with the unconscious ease and adroitness of one who had been early accustomed to these supposed attributes of civilized life. Mr. Woodcock had never done speculating and marvelling over his charge, until he was in danger of losing the train.

When he came to say "Good-bye," he shook cordially the hand which his late travelling-companion offered him, and told her emphatically, "Now, Mrs. Douglas, you know that you have a lawyer of your own, who is in your service, to whom you are free to apply at any time. But if there is anything that I can do for you as a friend, I trust that you will do me the honor to write to me, or make Perry write to me. Believe me I should be only too glad to help you."

"I believe you," said Pleasance, with her clear voice, looking at him with her frank eyes. "I am sure that you have sought to be good to me — a stranger who has been, against her will, a trouble to you. Yes, indeed, Mr. Woodcock, that cannot be denied, but I shall pay you back in your own coin. If I want help, I shall seek it first from you, but I do not think I shall want help," and she parted from him, putting a brave face on her desolation.

"I am inclined to agree with the poor thing that she will do the best she can with the fragments which are left her, of what might have been her feast," Mr. Woodcock meditated, waxing poetic under the stress of circumstances on his way back to the train. "And I liked that lad specially for his generosity and tenderness, but I suppose that he is not the squire of Shardleigh, at his age, for nothing. Besides, I could fancy that she is just the woman who, if once outraged on a tender point, would be as implacable to herself as to the chief offender."

Pleasance was more forlorn than she had been at any time in her life since Anne's death. The strangeness of a strange place was about her, in addition to every other loss, and she did not even see the probability of growing reconciled to the strangeness.

These old provincial town houses, belonging to another day and another state of society, might not have been isolated in their youth, when there were many similar houses in every country town — the dwellings of aristocratic colonies who sought no faster town life. The houses might even have been cheerful when they were freely resorted to by squires and squires' dowagers, who flocked to them at certain seasons, or occupied them without thought of, or wish for, change all the year round, and year after year. But in the present generation, when only a few relics remain, and these, for the most part, are given up to tenants of a different class, the exceptional house which retains its original use, is apt to do it at the expense of a stranded, petrified character in which the mouldiness of years can be felt, and the chill of ancient state and gone-by fashion enters into the very bones.

The manor-house was an older house than the Willow House in Stone Cross; but the manor-house had descended into a farmhouse as by the natural course of things. It had taken fresh impressions, and allied itself with new associations. In addition, it was a country house, redolent of the freedom, the bounty, the ever-recurring changes of the country; above all, it was teeming with the animal life of office and yard.

Willow House was very stony, indulging in flagged halls and passages, and in flagged floors to some of the sitting-rooms, and in stone balustrades to the stairs, to an extent that was scarcely warrantable in a house dating back no farther than the reign of Queen Anne. The drab color, not the green-grey or "water of the Nile,"

dear to the hearts of artists, but an unmitigated sandy drab, in which our ancestors, from superior sobriety of taste, or from stricter views of economy, were prone to indulge, prevailed at Willow House. The drawing-room, with its long French windows of a later era than Anne's, was hung with drab, only relieved by a Van Dyck border of black velvet. The room which had been chosen for Pleasance's sleeping-room boasted an extensive four-post bed, also hung with drab. The dining-room walls were painted in a hard drab without any gilding, and the two or three battered pictures — none of them portraits — poor French battle-pieces, good enough for a dowager house, were framed in drab wainscot. The carpets were not drab, but they were almost as sombre in their faded, dingy reds and greens; and the tall mirrors had their tarnished gilding supplemented by black velvet bands in a Venetian fashion, which was at least as funereal as it was quaint. All that had been really curious, interesting, or valuable in the old house in Stone Cross had been removed to Shardleigh.

When Pleasance sought to look out from the long French windows they commanded nothing save a narrow turf walk, that might have suited a set of cowed monks, so thoroughly was it withdrawn from the world, not only by one side of the brick wall, but by a row of willow-trees beyond, which unduly shaded, as well as bestowed a name on, the house. To complete the evil, this damp, dreary walk separated and hid the garden, of which it was a terrace, from all save the upper windows of the house.

Pleasance would willingly have given up a large proportion of her bounds in lofty ceilings and dim corners. She would have been happily rid of the chamber and table etiquette, the burden of made dishes, dinner and dressing bells, down quilts and warming-pans, with which Mrs. Perry, for her own credit, as well as with reference to the directions that she had received, was prepared to overwhelm her. She would have thought them well exchanged for the sights, the sounds, and the familiar salutations of working-life. She pined for the dairy and household work to do, for the yard, and the fields, with horses tramping by, cows lowing to be milked, hens and chickens ever straggling across the threshold. She sighed for the never-ending interruptions and enlivenments, were it only in the shape of the bailiff, old Miles, or Phillis Plum, or Ned, or a messenger from Saxford, coming in to ask for this or that

article, and to stand and hear and tell the day's news.

What should she do in this other life — less life than death, and of the narrow, feeble life of which she was utterly incapable? Should she fade away, or be suffocated under it, or break away from it in spite of her pledge?

Mrs. Perry and her husband were as unlike Pleasance's old allies, as Willow House was unlike the manor-house. The Perrys prided themselves on being what they were in the estimation of the world they had known — model servants.

Mrs. Perry was a little, spare, large-eyed, hollow-cheeked woman, who wore a well-kept black silk gown of an afternoon. Her husband was a tall, lean man, invested, when he was not in his gardener's clothes, in a black suit, and trained to stand at the sideboard as a butler. He was a little less sensible than his wife, and therefore a little less self-controlled. He was overweighted with conceit, and inclined to be irritable when he was contradicted with regard to his own particular charge and its importance.

Both wife and husband approached Pleasance with the utmost civility, and were even irksomely anxious to show her all the attention which they conceived that they were bound to pay. But as to entering into kindly relations of flesh and blood, and holding friendly communication with her, they avoided sternly such a line of conduct as equally detrimental to her and to themselves. They would no more permit than they would presume on familiarities. They would discharge their duty to Pleasance or to Mrs. Archie Douglas.

Pleasance regarded, half-piteously, half-curiously, the Perrys' bows and proffers of this chair, or that footstool, or wax candle, of this plate of chicken, or that cup of tea, which with their solicitude as to her pleasure in reference to meals were their principal consideration. This appeared to be their substitute for conversation; and Pleasance thought that it was like being condemned to be permanently set aside, and have everything done for her by dumb waiters.

She bore the infliction as part of her ordeal. It wearied her indescribably, and oppressed her, but it did not intimidate her, because she was not a weak woman. If she had to suffer the deprivation — immense in her case — of friends, and have only servants instead, at least there should not be presented the glaring anomaly — common enough in her position — of the servants becoming the masters.

Pleasance had another source of liberty, apart from her unimpaired strength and independence of character, a source which was partly to benefit her, partly to play her a sorry trick.

Mrs. Perry, with all her painstaking and wariness, perhaps because of these excellent qualities which dominated in her till they developed morbidness, had arrived at a distressing yet whimsical misconception of Mrs. Douglas's diplomatic letter.

Mrs. Douglas had written that her son's wife was coming down to reside by herself at Stone Cross. Perry would very probably not have heard of Mr. Douglas's marriage; but he was married, and circumstances had rendered it advisable that Mrs. Archibald Douglas should stay at the Willow House. Of course under the circumstances it was not to be supposed that the lady would care for visiting; therefore Perry was to discourage all attempts which the families in the close and the neighborhood might make to become acquainted with her young mistress. Mrs. Douglas could fully trust Perry to attend to her wishes in this respect; she could also rely on her old servant to take every care of poor Mrs. Archibald Douglas, and pay her all the attention which her peculiar position required.

The letter had fallen upon Perry like a thunderbolt. She had not heard of the young squire's marriage till that moment, although only a few days afterwards a report reached her that Mr. Douglas had been married for months, having contracted a private love-marriage, the discovery of which had driven his mother and sister out of town to take refuge at Shardleigh.

Mrs. Perry was not content with this solution. In her desire to apprehend her instructions, and to prove equal to her task, Perry saw much more than was expressed in Mrs. Douglas's letter, with its solicitous withholding of Pleasance from public notice, and at the same time its relenting recommendation of her to Mrs. Perry's care.

"The young lady — well, she's no longer a person, but a lady to us from this time — has had her 'ead touched by her exaltation. Depend upon it, that is what it is, Perry," said Mrs. Perry, in a confidential discussion with her husband. "It is a awful visitation on Mrs. Douglas, and the young squire; but that is no business of ours. All that we have got to do is to manage the best we can for her. It will be a great additional trouble; but Mrs. Douglas will take that into consideration, and it is in the way of our duty here. I

ain't going to grudge anything that can be expected of me."

"If she is not right in the upper story, I don't half like her getting loose among the garden beds, and them melon-frames, that Willow House has always been famed for, and that I 'ave strove hard to keep up the credit of, for the sake of the family," objected Mr. Perry, taking a practical and professional view of the subject.

"Hold your tongue, Perry," said his wife, who was decidedly the ruling spirit, and who was naturally more unceremonious with her husband than with the farthest removed member of the family. "It is surely more for the honor of the family that young Mrs. Douglas — as she is now, to all intents and purposes — should be looked after, as we'll do it careful and considerate, than that these melons, which you are always going on about, and that can never be equal to their fellows in the forcing-houses in Shardleigh, should flourish. It will be a great weight on my mind. I wonder now," mused Mrs. Perry, with the lawful intent of lightening the serious obligation, "if a hint dropped about what is really wrong, might not be warranted, just once in a way, to keep people off? There is the dean's lady is very free and easy in who she takes up with, and what she talks about. Her new housekeeper, that is just as thoughtless as her mistress, has been over here, in her lady's name, asking, as if it were my place to answer her, what truth there was in the 'orrid story about our Mr. Douglas. If the story gets wind, as to be sure it will when Mrs. Archie Douglas comes, Miss Mason, in behalf of the dean's lady, will be pushing herself in, unless I can warn her well off the premises, to begin with."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE STRATHMORE: MR. WORDSWORTH'S NARRATIVE.

(6 months, 22 days, on a barren rock.)

On her voyage from London to Otago, N. Z., the "Strathmore" of Dundee, Captain M'Donald, struck on one of the rocks of the Twelve Apostles, which are comprised in the Crozet group — a very dangerous set of islands, and not much known about them — July 1st, 1875. There had been no sun taken for several days back, the weather being overcast. The captain expected to see the land, but, I believe, from the southward, instead of which he went to the northward. A little bad steer-

ing on the part of the man at the wheel would have cleared us. The weather was fine, except for the fog, and the ship was "shortened down" to her main top-gallant sail, in order not to pass out of sight of the land before daylight. The accident happened at 3.45 A.M., being quite dark and thick. The man on the look-out reported breakers ahead, and seeing the rocks looming through the mist on the starboard side, shouted to the man at the wheel to put his helm hard a-starboard; but the mate, seeing land on the port bow, ordered the man to port his helm, but all to no purpose. We were right into a bight of a lot of rocks, with breakers all round us; and the unfortunate Strathmore first grated, and then gave three bumps, staving in her bottom. The water rushing into the lower hold, burst open the 'tween-decks; her bows jammed themselves in between two rocks; whilst the after-end of the ship was lower, and was soon swept by seas, tearing up the poop, and completely gutting that end of the ship. The captain thought at first that she might clear herself, and told the man at the wheel not to leave his post — which he did not, bravely standing there waiting for the word to save himself, though the seas were now washing over the poop; and one taking him, with the wheel broken to pieces in his hand, swept him overboard.

I shall now go back a little, and give an account of our own actions — those of my mother and myself. My mother had been very seasick the whole voyage, as well as being ill with a sort of low fever which had hung about her since we had been in the tropics; but the night before the catastrophe, feeling better, we had all of us — *i.e.*, the saloon passengers — been playing cards in the saloon. The captain, either that night or a day or two before, had playfully told my mother that if she did not get better soon, he would land her on the Twelve Apostles. He little thought how soon his words were to come true. We were in bed, of course, when the ship struck. The first bump awoke me; the second told me something was wrong, and I jumped out of bed, for I had guessed the truth. Telling Mr. Keith to light the lamp, I ran to my mother's cabin, and told her and Miss Henderson to dress quickly. I then returned to my own cabin and dressed myself, putting on my warmest clothes and a new pair of Wellington boots. I unlocked my box, and took out of it a little safe, in which was £155 in Bank of England notes, enclosed in a sort of leather pocket-book, and which I put in

the breast-pocket of my coat; also a revolver and a sheath-knife, which afterwards turned out to be invaluable. The latter I put in my belt. The only thing I forgot was a cap; otherwise I was fully equipped for anything that might turn up.

My mother and I then went up on deck, followed by Miss Henderson and her brother. Some of the men were trying to get the port quarter-boat out, and I went to help; but my mother said she would not get into the first boat, as she thought this boat would have all the women packed into it, and very likely I should be separated from her. These quarter-boats could never have been used before, for they were jammed between the bluff of the lifeboat and the mizzen rigging; and what made matters worse was, that the quarter-boats had to be got out first, for there were only three davits for the two boats (the lifeboat and quarter-boats) on each side; but as neither of these quarter-boats could be swung out, the two lifeboats were rendered useless. Seeing that the quarter-boats could not be launched I walked right aft to secure a life-buoy, but she began to "poop" — that is, take seas over aft — and thinking it even too serious a case for life-buoys, for at that time her stern seemed to be sinking, I thought the only chance of safety lay in getting into the lifeboat, cutting the gripes, and trusting to Providence that when the ship went down, as I then supposed her to be doing, the lifeboat would float off clear of the wreck. The lifeboats were placed upon "skids" or beams from side to side of the ship, and about eight or nine feet above the main deck. My mother managed to get into the port lifeboat from the bridge, and not a moment too soon; for Miss Henderson, I think it was, was washed away from her brother and hurled with a scream down to the main deck from the poop and drowned: she was but a few paces behind us. About twenty more were in the boat we were in, waiting our chance, there being a hope of getting off by the merest accident, but we thought our last moment had come. A huge sea swept over the ship, taking everything and every one with it that was not in the rigging or well forward; and lifting up our boat — not dashing it down on the main deck, as might have been expected, but lifting us off the skids — it washed us clean over the starboard side, knocking down on its way a strong rail, the "standard compass," etc., and reached the sea in safety, though a little "stove in." The wonder was the sea did not take us down

into the main deck, for the waves were running almost in a straight line from aft, forward. The boat, when it reached the sea, was still foul of the main brace, and as we thought the ship was going down every moment, we made strenuous efforts to get clear. We spent a miserable time of it till daylight, dodging about in the darkness and fog, trying to keep clear of the rocks, breakers, and large quantities of seaweed, and yet keep near land. Half of us were engaged in baling, we being up to our middle almost in water; but we might have saved ourselves the trouble, for the water neither decreased nor increased, the air-tight tanks keeping her afloat. The rest that were able pulled at the oars.

It was this night I lost my £155. I had taken my coat off to pull an oar, and it was then I think I lost it; for most likely it dropped out of my pocket and was baled overboard during the night, for I never saw it again, and the list of the numbers of the notes I had left on board. At last morning came, but with it fog, and we were very nearly losing land altogether. We had just made up our minds to run off before the wind and give all our energies to baling out the boat, when the fog lifted, and we saw the big rocks looming out; so we put on a spurt and got close inshore, and looked out for a landing-place, which was not easily found, the rocks rising perpendicularly out of the sea. We had not been long pulling when we sighted the gig, with Mr. Peters, our second mate, in it. We gave him a hearty cheer, and he towed us to the only landing-place on the island, which was a ledge on the face of the perpendicular rock, and to reach which a man had to watch his chance when the swell took the boat up, catch hold of parts of the rock, and haul himself up a height of about twelve feet from the sea. We all then that were not going back to the wreck got on shore, pulling ourselves up by the "painter" of the boat. My mother was hoisted up in a "bowline," a knot she now firmly believes in. We sat huddled together on a ledge of rock, wet, cold, hungry, and miserable. Some lit a fire, and others got birds — sea-fowl, young albatross, etc. — which were on the island, and cooked them; and to us starving creatures they tasted well. In the mean time, the gig and dingey, which the others had launched from the wreck, made trips out and from the ship to take the survivors off, though we did not manage them all that day, but were two days picking the half-frozen wretches from the rigging or

yards, they having to drop from the yards into the water, as the boat could not get near on account of the heavy sea. When every one was got from the wreck, the boats made excursions to the site of the wreck—it having gone down in deep water the night after the last of the survivors had been taken off—and picked up what they could. As far as I remember, the following were what we got: some Keiller's confection-tins, which we afterwards used for cooking in; some cases of spirits and a cask of port; some bottles of pickles, a few blankets, spoons, and forks, two kegs of gunpowder, two parasols, a small cleaver, a bucket or two, one tin of preserved meat, some wood, and a few odds and ends thrown off the forecandle-head. With the help of these riches, we managed nearly seven months. It came on to blow hard the same night, and we lost our boats, as there was no means of hauling them on shore anywhere; and though some might think the boats could have been saved by people keeping in them, yet how could any of us manage to keep them safe, broken up and leaky as the boats were, even if we had gone to the lee side of the island, and kept pulling in shore against a terrible gale for two or three days, exhausted for want of food, wet, and most likely frozen? It could not have been kept up for two hours. We saw the boats afterwards on the other side of the island still attached to each other by their painters, but smashed and bottom up, they having been driven by the gale through a tunnel that ran underneath the island, and caught for a time in some seaweed a mile or so off the land; and we had the mortification to see them drift out to sea without the possibility of saving them.

The first night ashore was dreadful; we lay exposed on the rocks, huddled together for warmth, the rain pouring down and chilling us to the marrow. We got the covers off the gig and dingey, and made a sort of tent, which came down during the night and made matters worse. My mother, in consideration of her sex, had some planks to lie upon, but she was wofully crushed, and her legs nearly broken, by people crowding in under the canvas. Though greatly fatigued, few of us slept, and during the night a man named Mellor died from fright and exhaustion. For the next night or two my mother and myself, with one or two others, slept in a sort of open cave, or rather overhanging ledge of rock, a little higher up than we were before; and though the frost lay on

our blankets, and the icicles over our heads, yet it was pleasant to what the other place had been. We stayed there about a couple of nights, until another shanty, by no means water-tight, had been built. About thirty odd of us crammed in here, lying in tiers on and between each other's legs; and it was not for months after that this horrid crowding was remedied by building other shanties.

From the "Strathmore" forty were drowned and forty-nine got ashore, my mother being the only woman saved, and Walter Walker, son of one of our cabin passengers, the only child. My mother and Walter got what was supposed to be the best corner of this delightful place. From the damp and frost many of us had sore and frost-bitten feet, and one poor fellow called Stanbury was so bad that lockjaw set in. Before he died his feet were in a horrible state of corruption, and the odor from them and from the other bad feet was most offensive. After death we buried his body as soon as we could, digging the grave with sticks.

When we had explored the island we found it to be about a mile and a half long, and a good part of that was rocks and stones, the rest being covered with a long, coarse grass. There was no firewood on the island, but we had lots of splendid water. At this time the food we lived upon was young and old albatross; the young ones gave more eating than the old, being large, heavy birds, with a beautiful white down upon them about three inches long. They sat in nests built in the grass about a foot from the ground, one young one in each nest. Another bird that we lived upon was what we called "mollyhawk," but which we afterwards found out to be "stinkpots," a carrion bird. They were large, heavily-built birds, with fierce, strong beaks. I remember getting a bite from one that hurt through a pair of Wellington boots, trousers, and drawers. They seemed to stay on the island all night, and we caught them by chasing them into rough ground, or into gullies, where they could not easily get on the wing, and killed them with wooden clubs. They would face you when brought to bay; the albatross seldom did. We used to see these stinkpots feeding on floating substances in the water, very likely the bodies of our unfortunate shipmates, but that did not deter us from eating them, even half cooked as they sometimes were; the very thought of that food now almost sickens me. I am sure that nothing in the shape of herbs that grew on the island

was poisonous, but our favorite vegetable was a sort of moss with a long spreading root. On a cold morning you might have seen us scraping the snow off the ground, and tearing up the root with our benumbed fingers, often too hungry to take the whole of the soil off the root, eating everything ravenously, dirt and all. The birds were boiled in confectionery-tins, after being skinned and cut up, and as long as the pickles lasted they were minced and put into the water the meat had been boiled in, which made a very tolerable soup. Being winter-time we had not long days, but about fifteen hours' darkness, which we spent lying in our hovel, forgetting our miseries in sleep if possible; for though we had the most vivid dreams of home, etc., and things to eat, yet there was always a feeling in the background which dispelled a good deal the pleasure of the dream—at least that was my case; but still I looked forward to my dreams.

About a dozen of the men built a shanty a little higher up than ours, and a sailor called "Black Jack" ruled it—and a capital ruler he made too. When my mother came on shore first she was wet through, and nearly starved with cold; but she soon got a rig-out of a semi-masculine description. One of the sailors took the shirt off his back and gave her it: she put on also a pair of trousers and drawers, a pair of stockings and an overcoat, and various odds and ends, all the contributions of the sailors; a handkerchief, an old straw mattress, and a coverlet completed her appointments, together with a flannel petticoat picked up, which afterwards did good service as a door in our little shanty that we afterwards lived in for some months. The coarse, rank flesh which was our continual food soon disagreed with her, and she got very ill with a sort of low fever, and a dreadful bowel complaint, which reduced her to a perfect skeleton, and made her so weak that I had to turn her in the night when a change of position was needed. Although my mother was very subject to rheumatism, yet while on the island, exposed to wet and cold, she never was troubled with it. Our clothes, such as they were, were seldom quite dry; and to say that our sleeping-places were damp, would be a mild expression; we often lay in downright slush, composed of wet grass and dirt, with the rain coming down on our faces. My mother, it is true, had a mattress, but that was sodden and rotten with the moisture, and, from its clammy and wet feeling, was most disagreeable to touch. That

we were impervious to cold, was due to the ammonia in the guano. Most of us suffered a good deal from diarrhœa and dysentery, and the wine and spirits we saved were invaluable. We had used them very economically, a small salt-cellar full of wine or spirits-and-water being served out every night till finished, except a bottle of rum and one of wine, which were buried for the use of the sick. Mr. Walker's child, Watty, suffered dreadfully: he was a lively little child, and talked on board the ship, but nothing but moans and whimperings could now be got out of him, and his little body was covered a good deal with sores; he seemed to have shrivelled up—his knees drawn up to his chin, his bony shoulders up to his ears, and about the size and weight of a lean turkey. Besides the dread of being compelled to stop long on the island, our fuel was nearly finished, and we were contemplating the prospect of eating the meat raw. I ate two small birds raw, and a piece of another, by way of accustoming myself to it, but ugh! it was bad. If it had come to our being obliged to eat the meat raw, I had arranged a dish for my mother of minced liver, heart, and "greens" (the moss that I have mentioned), seasoned with gunpowder as a substitute for salt; of that article we had none, and were obliged to put salt water in our soup to give it a taste. Afterwards when we cooked in stones, and had lots of burning material, some of us used to make salt; but it took such a time for the salt water to evaporate, and so small were the results that ensued, that none of us kept this up regularly. I think I was the first to make salt on the island. Another dish I often got ready for my mother, when she could not eat the flesh, was the brains taken out of the birds' heads and fried. That was considered one of our delicacies; and was also one of the inventions of my culinary genius.

At last the firewood was finished, except a few sticks, which were used for killing our birds. Efforts had been made to keep up a fire with a kind of turf found on the island, but it would merely smoulder slowly, and that only when there was a strong draught; when luckily somebody threw a skin on this kind of fire, and to the delight of everybody it burnt pretty well. So here was this difficulty bridged over, and we should not want fire as long as we could get birds; then to save matches, of which we had only half a boxful of Bryant and May's safeties, we scraped the fat off the skins, melted it down into oil, made a

sort of lamp out of a piece of tin, and a wick out of the cotton padding in coats, etc., and burnt it whenever the fire was put out. Though the lamp sometimes went out, the upper shanty would most likely have a light, so we got it rekindled without reducing the stock of our precious matches. An ordinary housewife would be rather puzzled to keep up a fire with bird-skins — it requires experience.

We had been about a month on the island when the mollyhawks commenced to lay, and there was great rivalry between the two shanties to get the eggs, one striving to steal a march on the other by getting up before daylight, which was very cold work, having to grope our way in the dim light of the moon or breaking daylight over the frozen ground, with mere apologies for shoes, generally struggling against a high wind, for it was nearly always blowing a gale in that bleak quarter of the world, with snow, hail, and rain to make it worse, and our inner man very indifferently replenished; but the eggs were good and saved my mother's life, for at that time a few monthfuls of the soup we made was all that she could take of the former food. There was never a time when she was at her worst, but that something turned up just in time to save her.

Aug. 31st, every one was startled by the cry of "Sail ho!" and immediately we were in the highest state of excitement and hope; but it was a great deal too far off for them to see us, or we to signal them. Poor Mr. Henderson, who had been ill and low-spirited since we landed, got worse. I dare say the raised hopes that had so suddenly come and gone with the ship, were too much for him in his enfeebled state, and he died Sept. 2d. His body was mere skin and bone. He had been ill with a never-ceasing diarrhœa which nothing could stop. On account of the severe frost and bad weather we could not bury him for two or three days. His limbs up to the last were quite supple, and that was the case with all those who died after having been any time on the island. We seldom could clean ourselves; the dirt was too fast on us to allow of water alone taking it off, and the weather was so bitterly cold that we could only dabble a very little in it. But we had a mode of cleaning our faces a little by means of bird's skin, rubbing ourselves with the greasy side first, thereby softening the dirt, and afterwards rubbing that off with the feathery side. Our clothes were black with smoke and very filthy, and we were

crawling with vermin, which we could not get rid of. There was little of the birds that we did not find a use for; even the entrails were roasted and eaten, and the large guts we stuffed with chopped-up meat, and tried to imagine them sausages; but there was no such thing as anything with a taste on the island, except the soup when plenty of salt water was put in it.

We got very hard up for anything to eat at one time; one day there were only one or two mollyhawks for our last meal, and Black Jack's tent had had nothing to eat all day. We were very weak and low-spirited. I felt as if all the moisture in my joints was dried up, and I fancied I could almost hear them creak as I dragged myself along. It was with a heavy heart I went out to hunt, and instead of climbing up the hills, I went down by the side of the island, where I remembered to have seen a large quantity of nests, built of mud, smooth and round, about a foot from the ground, looking at a distance like the turrets of a small castle. Down the rocks I went, and saw, to my great delight, a quantity of beautiful white birds. We named them the "Freemasons," but we afterwards discovered their real name was mollyhawk. I killed about fourteen of these, as they let me come quite close to them, when I knocked them down with a club. They even flopped down among my feet. I carried about half of my prize down to the tent, and great was every one's delight and astonishment at the increase of our larder. Many of the others went out, and killed about a hundred in all. Such a feast of tails we had then! That appendage was cut off close to the back, the long feathers pulled out, and being burnt for a time in the fire, was considered a great delicacy, and one of the perquisites of the hunter. About this time, seven or eight who had been engaged building a shanty for themselves removed to it, thereby leaving us a little more room. Our larder being always supplied with the new birds, we began to look about us more, and shanty No. 4 was started; also another great and *real* delicacy came in about this time — viz., the "mutton-birds." We found the young, but never, I think, the old ones, who seemed most mysterious birds. Their nests were under the ground, and to find them we had to stamp about till we discovered a hollow place, our feet very often going right through the surface into their nests, when we had only to put in our hand and pull out our treasure. They had a delightful flavor, and were covered with

beautiful fat. We also had whale-birds, divers,* and what we called "the whistlers," from the noise they made. All these smaller birds lived in burrows underground, something after the manner of the mutton-bird. The whale-bird laid, I think, two eggs of a delicate pale color: the little diver's egg was noted for its size compared to its own bulk. We were visited also in great numbers by a ferocious brown hawk; they were most audacious birds, and if their nests were interfered with, they attacked with vehemence the trespassers. The underground residents, whale-birds and divers especially, were wofully preyed upon by these hawks; the latter would stand patiently for hours near their burrows, like keen terrier dogs watching a rat-hole, ready to pounce upon the unwary who ventured from their fortresses.

The weather was now getting rather less severe, but we could only recollect three fine days all the time we were there, and we always had to pay dearly for them. Another shanty was being built, and I was promised a very small old one for my mother and myself, which a third-class passenger had previously built, and had kindly offered us. On a cold, stormy day, September 13, a vessel, a full-rigged ship, under reefed topsails, as far as we could make out, came between Hoggs Island and ours, then, running close along our island, kept away to the east. I was in what was called the Skinning Cave, and saw the ship and gave the alarm first. Away went some of us, as hard as we could run, with blankets and counterpanes to the flagstaff, our black figures showing well against the snow-covered hill, so that I believe they could not have helped seeing us. The blanket-flag was up in a very short time, and the ship, when she had got past the end of the island, came into the wind, I believe, for previously she had been running with the wind aft, and we all thought that she had seen us, and was going to stay for us till finer weather came to take us off, when a squall of snow came on and hid her from view. She had gone off a little in the squall, but some of the men said she was still "hove to." She had not increased her distance much, but eventually she took to her heels. Of course it was a great disappointment, but we expected when in port she would report us, and hope kept us up for about a couple of

months. But no; we never heard anything more of her. Now I am sure she saw us, and to desert us thus was abominable. She was near enough to let us see her topmast and top-gallant and rigging; and when we could see all that, how could she not see our black figures and a large blanket and counterpane flying against a clear sky? Except during the squall the air was beautifully clear, and they must have had glasses, which we had not. Mr. Peters has the date of this ship's appearance, and I should like to find out her name.

About the end of September the penguins first made their appearance. They are a most remarkable set of birds, if we may call them so; for they have no wings, but just flippers, and their coats look more like fur than feathers; in fact I think them not unlike seals. It was very amusing to watch them making their nests: one would go to a little distance and pick up in its bill, with great ado, a small stone, and carry it with immense dignity to its mate, when they carefully arranged it in some mysterious way, shaking their heads and gobbling over it; then turned up their faces towards the sky and waved their flippers, as if asking a blessing on their labor or making incantations. A few stones thus got together constituted their nests: a single blade of grass or two I have seen treated in the same manner; but I never heard of them or saw them build in the grass, but always on stony places, often great heights above the sea.

The tracks that the penguins made through the grass wound up round the edges of cliffs; they were narrow and stony, and had the appearance of having been worn down to their present condition, through the soil and grass, by the tread of countless penguins seeking every year their favorite resorts, which must have been their choice for ages. Some of these paths in places were very steep; and really, to look at the rocks they managed to climb up, you would think they would require a ladder.

They made great fuss over their courting, and woe betide any unfortunate hen who dared to be frivolous, leaving its own nest to go a short walk; for no sooner was it noticed, than all the neighbors raised a cry of anger and horror, and prepared to give the delinquent an unmerciful pecking as it wended its way through the thick ranks of its comrades. If it returned to its lord and master, the tune was immediately changed from discordant howls and croaks to a more musical tone of thanks-

* Some of these names may have been applied to wrong birds, but they were what we believed them to be; if we knew nothing at all of a bird, we invented a name.

giving and rejoicing. I have seen in books of natural history that penguins lay only one egg; now our penguins laid three. The first was the smallest, and of a light-green color; the others whiter and larger, especially the last one. They all had strong rough shells, which, when the eggs were nearly hatched, had been worn by constant friction on the stones smooth and thin, easy for the young ones to break through. The position of the bird when "sitting" is upright, or very nearly so. The yolk of these eggs boiled hard before the white, the latter looking like arrowroot when quite boiled, and also tasting not unlike it; but our palates were perhaps not to be depended upon after living so long on coarse, fishy food. I noticed that the penguins always turned their backs to a squall, whilst the other birds — albatross, etc., — always faced it. Being always amongst the penguins, their habits were of great interest to us, and their noises my mother used to fancy resembled nearly all the sounds of the farmyard. A lot of them cawing at a distance seemed like the lowing of a cow; there was the cackling of ducks, the hissing of geese, the gobbling of turkeys, and even the noise of a donkey braying, to be distinguished amongst the babel of tongues.

When the penguins had been sitting some weeks on their eggs, a visible decrease in their numbers was noticed, and we thought at first that they were leaving us entirely; but the hens were left on the island, looking very lean and careworn, whilst the cocks went to sea. This was the first time we had seen any of the regular householders leave their homes, even for food, since their arrival on the island; and whilst on shore they were never seen to eat anything. However, I think in a week or so the cocks came back, and very fat, there being about an inch thick of fat on their skins, which was very precious to us. Most of them, too, had their paunches full of a sort of food which did not look unlike a linseed-meal poultice; this was for their young, which were either hatched, or very nearly so. The hens, when relieved by the cocks, then left for their holiday; but I do not think that they stayed so long away nor came back fat like their mates. After that, there was a constant traffic of penguins going down and returning from the sea.

The long lines of travelling penguins, meeting each other on their narrow tracks to the sea, seemed to be very particular about keeping their own side of the street. The homeward-bound ones, with their full

paunches, laboriously climbing up the steep paths, and their funny little short legs, white bosoms, and black, extended flippers, looked like fat old gentlemen in white waistcoats; and one could almost fancy that you could hear them puffing and blowing with their hard work.

Whether the penguins who had been out to sea always came back to their old mates, who had been left behind, or not, I would be afraid to say. Yet I think sometimes they did; but their numbers were so great, and they were so much alike, it would be impossible to decide.

We used to see great flocks of young penguins congregated together under the care apparently only of one couple. These young ones were very tender eating, but, except when very young, of rather a rank flavor. The penguins are plucky creatures; and I have even seen a weak, soft-looking youngster stand up manfully for itself against a fierce hawk.

The albatross were very majestic and graceful in their movements. We used to see them, when pairing, bending and bowing to each other like courtiers in the olden time dancing a minuet; but their voices were not equal to their appearance, sounding like a bad imitation of a donkey braying. At one time, when they were sitting on their eggs, we had, I daresay, about a couple of hundreds or more of the beautiful creatures scattered over the grassy parts of our island. They lay but one egg, and it is scarcely so large as you might expect from the size of the bird: it is white, with pinkish spots on the broad end.

I had almost forgotten to mention the real owners of the soil: the only unwebbed-footed birds on the island, and constant residents, were what we called "little white thieves," "white pigeons," or "white crows." They possessed many of the qualities of our jackdaw, being very inquisitive and mischievous, hardy, and not to be daunted by trifles. Their build was stronger and more compact than that of a pigeon, but they were about the same size. I do not think they were powerful flyers. Their feet and beak were black, the latter having a sort of wart on it about the nostril, larger in the male than in the female; whilst their plumage was pure white. Their eggs were dark and speckled. These little "thieves," when the penguins were on the island, never ceased watching them and their eggs. They would sit on a stone which gave them a commanding position over the multitude beneath, and wait for a chance of stealing an egg, and

they had a very knowing way of bending down and putting their head on one side to see under the penguin's tail. When a chance of robbing presented itself, they descended from their elevated position, fearlessly hopping amongst the crowded penguins, evading adroitly the pecks aimed at them, stuck their beak into the egg, and, if they had not time to enjoy it there, would open their beak whilst inserted therein, and lifting it in this way, would fly to their holes in the banks or rocks and demolish their cleverly-earned meal at their leisure. One of our men tells a story of one of these "white thieves," who, tired of an unprofitable vigil, had the audacity to come quietly up behind a penguin sitting on its egg and impertinently peck its tail (a great insult); and when the penguin got up to resent the injury, the little rascal dabbed its beak into the egg and carried it off. *Apropos* of their hardihood, an American sailor relates the following anecdote; but I daresay it requires to be swallowed *cum grano salis*. He had killed one of the birds, as he thought, and had sat down to pluck it warm; he had done so all but the wings, and had taken out his knife to cut the latter off, when away the bird fluttered minus the body-feathers. Their chirrup sounded like "Quick, quick!" which seemed to be their motto.

Some more of the men left the lower shanty, and my mother and I got installed in our new abode. It was high up on the hill at the other side, on one of these stony places frequented by the penguins. We had to force our way through a dense cloud of these to reach our hole, which we called Penguin Cottage. The height inside was about four feet in the highest place, length rather less than four feet, and a sort of shelf on the rock which we used as a bed-place about three feet wide and five in length. The bottom of this bed we called the "well," for the damp was so great that our coverlet would get as wet as if dipped in muddy water; consequently we kept our legs curled up, which took away from the width. When both were in the shanty, one often retired to bed to make more room, we were so crushed; besides, one side not being water-tight was too wet to sit down near, and we had to crouch under the rock to keep out of the rain. The wall was about four feet wide, built of sods; but not having a spade, tearing up these sods with our hands made them very uneven, and gave lots of channels for rain to find its way through. In the wall of our little shanty there was a whale-bird's nest. They were very quiet;

but before rain they cooed and moaned in the most plaintive and musical tones, and after that you never had to wait long for wet weather. Of course I plastered up these places with mud as well as I could, but to little purpose. Our cave was made by building a turf wall against a slanting piece of rough rock. We managed to have a fire as there were lots of penguins, though we were not very good at keeping it alight till we got accustomed to it. The way we managed was this: at night before the fire was quite out, I put in a piece of dry turf, which kept a spark in, or got red-hot through, and lasted, if a good piece, till morning. I then put dry grass or shavings from the mattress and blew it till it caught, or helped it with gunpowder, then hung strips of fat skin over the flame, thereby making a good fire. The fire once lit I put on the stone pot and prepared breakfast. A list of our furniture and effects might be interesting: a very small mattress of dirty shavings, a counterpane, a table-spoon (plated), a teaspoon (real), a fork, two bottles (great treasures), a small piece of tin made into a frying-pan, about six inches long and one in depth; a stone lamp, two stone frying-pans, in which we cooked all our meat; a fireplace, two or three umbrella-wires, which were used for pokers, or bars to rest the tin pan on. The most valuable articles in the cabin were my club and knife: the latter was simply invaluable — no money would have bought it; without it I could not have kept up an independent shanty, and upon it and my club depended every necessary of life. Another useful article was a needle made from the wire of an umbrella. The thread we used was unravelled worsted. I also had my revolver, and some precious rags I could make "touch" of, with the help of gunpowder. I had quantities of oil got from the fat of the penguins put in the large gut of the other sea-birds, also in what we called "pigs" — that is, the skin of a penguin without a cut in it, dried and made a bag of. They were also used for carrying water.

When we first went to our own shanty, I generally went down to one of the other shanties for boiled meat and soup; but I afterwards gave this up, and depended entirely upon myself. This was the usual daily routine, from which the reader will be able to form some idea of the life we led: I got up about seven o'clock and took the ashes out of the fireplace, lit the fire, and swept out the house with a bird's wing. When the stone pot got heated, I put in the grease, and if we had eggs, we fried

them in it, or cooked the meat in it. It generally took about a couple of hours to cook the breakfast, as we could do so little at a time: my mother looked after it sometimes. After breakfast I often went down to the gully and had a wash—with eggs when plentiful, often using a dozen of them; and when they could not be spared, I cut a penguin's throat over a piece of rag, scrubbing myself with the blood, and then washing it off with water: it was not such a good plan as the eggs, but was better than nothing. My wash over, I would get birds for our evening meal, either young penguins or mollyhawks, and then set to work skinning and cutting them up. After that I generally killed and skinned about fifty old penguins, and stored up the skins for winter fuel. Thirty fat skins were about as much as a man in our reduced state could carry easily. I packed them in stacks about four feet high. The old-kept skins burnt well, though they smelt strongly, and were full of maggots; but we were very glad to have them. I had stored about seven hundred or eight hundred, which would have lasted us some time, as we only burnt about five or six in our small fire during the day. I was always glad to get my skinning over, as I had got so sick of it; and dreadful-looking figures we must sometimes have been—our hands and clothes covered with blood, and our faces often spotted with it. The evening meal was generally cooked by my mother, of which I ate some, leaving a little for the morning, then got in water for the night, put the turf on the fire, and retired to bed, or rock rather. I generally slept well, except when I dreamt of skinning penguins. My mother also slept pretty well, considering the discomfort, etc. On Sunday I never did any skinning, but washed myself in the gully in the morning. We always had a supply of food ready for the Sunday. I then paid visits to some of the other shanties, and got all the news, such as a new yarn; and dreams were a great source of amusement—we dreamt in such a realistic manner. Having dreams was quite like a letter by post, for they took our minds off the island, and enabled us to forget for a time our miserable circumstances, and any interesting ones I retailed to my mother. In the night when we awoke we invariably asked each other's dreams, which were often about something to eat, often about being at home and the ship that was to take us off the island—always pleasant. Dreaming, in fact, was by far the pleasantest part of our exist-

ence on that miserable island. Many were the prophecies that were made about when we should get off. At first we anxiously paid attention to them; but when one or two turned out wrong, no one took much account of them.

A curious thing happened to my mother on the 1st of November. She was sitting by the fire when she said she saw a woman's face and head appear. It was a beautiful face—pale complexion and dark eyes, with a kerchief tied over the head under the chin. It smiled kindly to her and slowly faded away. I told some of them about it, and it was soon all over the island; but the curious thing is, that Captain Gifford's young wife, a most gentle, kind lady, when she leaned over the ship's side, saying "good-bye" to my mother as she was leaving the whaler, had the face of the vision on the island, even to the kerchief tied under the chin.

Other two ships passed us, but they either did not see us, or took no notice. One of them nearly ran ashore herself, as the weather was thick; but it cleared in time for them to see the land, though it was a narrow escape. Whilst the penguins were laying we had plenty of eggs, not only for the time, but for long afterwards, as I "pitted" about a thousand of them for future use. Even my mother has eaten seven at a meal, fried, roasted, or raw, beaten up with a little fresh water, which made a most refreshing drink. The eggs did every one a great deal of good, and we all felt satisfied and had not the longing desire for other food. Those who had been haggard and miserable got quite plump and fresh—some of them ate about thirty at a meal; and we saw each other with clean faces, for we used the eggs as soap; whilst a most remarkable thing was, that every one had fair skins and light hair, dark faces and hair being quite changed—black hair turning brown or red, and fairer people quite flaxen. As for myself, my complexion was pink and white, like a girl's, with white eyebrows, yellow hair and moustache. My mother did not change much, but she was a mere skeleton and very feeble. The old quartermaster, "Daddy" or "Nimrod" as he was called, died October 20th. The eggs came too late for him, poor old fellow! but he gave himself up from the first. He always said most of us would get off, but not himself, and that our greatest chance of getting off was after Christmas, which also came true. Of course, people would only come near these dreadful rocks of their own accord.

in fine weather, which we expected about Christmas-time.

Christmas-day was very cold, though midsummer, with snow-squalls — in fact, at home you would have called it seasonable weather. Poor little Watty died on Christmas-day at twelve o'clock noon, and was buried next morning. You could almost have blown him away, he was so thin and wasted. He was between three and four years old, I think, and looked like an old man of seventy. He would only take a drop of soup, and that from one of the quartermasters called Bill Vynning, an American. His shoulders were up to his ears, and his knees up to his chin, being drawn up that shape by the cold. He was buried near Henderson, and was happily the last of the unfortunate few whom it was our sad task to bury on that bleak, lonely island. Poor fellows! Though their graves lie far from all sounds of human toil, and only the dash of the waves or the sea-bird's cry is heard above their last resting-place; though no stone stands to bear the record of their virtues, and no affectionate hand marks the spot with the humble tribute of flowers — still they will not be forgotten. In some quiet hour their comrades' thoughts will turn to those lonely graves, far in the midst of the restless ocean, and surely their hearts will soften with some thought of pity or regret when they recall the existence there so miserably closed.

We were very much afraid of our engine-driver, John Nicoll, or "Steam," a nice cheery fellow, who was very delicate, and spitting blood in quantities. He was to have got the bottle of wine that was buried, but it was stolen — a great sin, for they knew it was for the sick. There was still a little rum left which did him good. (*N. B.* Get Henry White of London's "Redheart rum" if you want anything good in that line; it is medicinally better than brandy.) We were all getting very anxious to be off; another winter on the island would, I fear, have left very few to tell the tale, though we were storing skins to burn, and oil also, in case of such a dire necessity. There would have been little to eat. The young albatross were on the island when we landed in July; and just before we left, the old birds returned and built their nests and laid their eggs, so we presumed we had seen the round of the sea-birds. We never took any albatross-eggs, as we looked forward to depending on the young for food later on. The seals we used to hear barking like dogs at a distant hamlet; it sounded so

pleasant, for we could imagine ourselves near some village; indeed, our imaginations and dreams formed almost our only pleasures. We never could get near these seals, as they frequented places unapproachable to us. One day a huge beast, described as having a head like a bear and the body about ten feet long, was seen to attempt a landing, but, on second thoughts, it dived into the depths again. I suppose it was a sea-lion. I have seen several of what appeared to me large seals swimming about, but perhaps they were all sea-lions. We never knew what fish inhabited these waters, for it was impossible, on account of the quantities of seaweed and the constant swell of the sea dashing against the rocks, to keep anything that we could make for a line clear enough for fishing; and what made it worse was the height any likely place was from the water.

We used to see parts of fish in the big gut of the albatross when they had their young to feed. I remember once killing an albatross, and, as was often the case just before dying, it vomited up the contents of its bag, and amongst the mess was an eel quite perfect, and having the appearance of being cooked. I took it up and ate it, it and tasted quite like stewed eel. I daresay that was the only fish eaten on the island.

A good look-out was kept, and all who could were engaged building a turf tower upon which we were to plant a small staff, but we were rescued before it was completed. All the eggs were done, and my mother was getting exceedingly weak, for she could not eat the bird-flesh without its making her very sick, and it was only now and then she could manage to take a little; she said herself she could not last another fortnight; but relief was close at hand. On the 21st January, 1876, the happiest day we shall ever know on earth, the gallant little bark "Young Phoenix," American whaler, Captain Gifford, took my mother and myself and several others off that night, and the rest the next day. There was not much wind, and the day was fine. I thought I would give myself a holiday from skinning, so I had just got a "pig" full of young penguins' legs, and had hung them on a string on the roof to dry and smoke a little, and was backing out of the shanty, when, just visible, I saw a ship. I yelled out, "Sail ho!" and ran to see if the look-out had seen it from the flagstaff. They had seen her a short time before, and the flags and everything were up; fires were lit also on different parts of the

hill so that they might see the smoke, and blankets were about in every position that looked eligible. Of course we were all very much excited, hope and fear alternately predominating. I had gone to the flagstaff, and was running back to tell my mother not to be too sanguine, as the ship had not as yet altered her course, when a cheer made me look out to sea. There — delightful sight! — she had seen us, and was steering close in to the island. Some of us cried with joy. I packed up all our valuables — my club, revolver, knife, fork, and two spoons — and prepared everything for embarking. When the ship came closer, she ran up the American ensign, and lowered two boats. They came to the wrong side of the island for embarking; so Walter Smith, the sailmaker, swam out to them, though with considerable risk, for there was a heavy surf, and directed them to the other side, where our old landing-place was. It was now getting late, and Captain Gifford only took my mother, Mr. Peters, "Sails," two invalids, and myself off in the boat that night. When we got on board we got a warm bath, clean clothes, and tea; and every one was exceedingly kind to us. I don't know how my mother could have managed without Mrs. Gifford's kind assistance. She was comfortably cushioned up on a large sofa in the stern cabin; a nicely done up little place, with pictures, books, and harmonium. She was but a small vessel, and had a crew of thirty hands, so that there was little room to spare, and Mr. Peters and I slept on the floor. Captain Gifford was undecided whether he could take us all or not; however, he made up his mind to manage as well as he could, leave his fishing-grounds — which would be a great loss to him — and take us to the Mauritius or the Cape, unless he could tranship us to English ships. That night we stood off the land till morning. The day was lovely, and we steered for the island again, and took off the rest, Mr. Peters writing a short account of the wreck, and the names of the drowned on paper, which was enclosed in a bottle, sealed up, and buried at the top of one of the graves. Each grave, as well, had a wooden cross placed at the head of it.

Everybody, as they came on board, had a good wash in hot water, and clean clothes, boots, etc., all good new suits: we had every kindness shown us. We steered for the north; and on the 26th January a Liverpool ship, the "Sierra Morena," hove in sight, which the captain signalled, and twenty-four of us, including Mr. Peters,

went in her. She was bound for Kura-chee; and the same afternoon another Liverpool ship, the "Childers," Captain M'Phee, took the remaining twenty, including my mother and myself. She was bound to Rangoon, in Burmah. We were all very sorry to leave the whaler; and Mrs. Gifford was quite distressed at parting from my mother. Captain Gifford offered to keep my mother on board if she had the least objections to going to Rangoon. We were most kindly and courteously received by Captain M'Phee of the "Childers," and my mother is now getting quite fat and strong.

This ends my journal, and my mother adds the rest. C. F. W.

MY MOTHER'S ADDITIONS.

CAPTAIN M'PHEE carries a black crew, most of the men colossal and very handsome and strong: they are a merry lot, and their laugh is worth hearing. Charlie has been busy painting pictures on the sailors' boxes, and has also been employed to-day washing, and makes a first-rate washer. I shall go on with the narrative myself, as Charlie is busy to-day (16th March) pulling ropes and going through great exertion. We have had light variable winds or none at all, the days awfully hot and the evenings charming. At last we got near enough to sight land two days ago. It is a most dangerous coast, with sandbanks stretching far out, and the pilots will only come to the mouth of the river, when the worst danger is over. The captain has neither slept nor eaten for two days, and yesterday he seemed very anxious. He had put out signals for a pilot that we saw, but they took no notice, and we have been anchored for two nights. The currents are so strong that even with a strong breeze the ship cannot keep its own. It is very anxious work, and the captain constantly keeps sounding, and yesterday the man that was sounding took no notice though we got into shallow water. I had just gone to rest in my bunk after dinner, when I heard a great trampling on deck and hurrying about, sails being dragged up and down when, just at my window, I heard the man say, "Only three fathoms water," and I at once knew we were within a few inches of being aground. I started up; my face felt stiff, it was so white, and my lips blue with terror, and went up to see what was going on. The ship was like a bee-hive, every one was so busy. In a very short time every sail was furled and the anchor dropped. Charlie was hurrying me along to see it

go, when go it did with a vengeance, the huge chain snapping like a bit of wood, and off went the anchor with thirty fathoms of valuable chain cable. I was in horror; however, little Jemmie comforted me by telling me there were five more on board; and another was soon dropped. The ship slightly grazed the bottom, but of course we did not anchor till we were in deeper water. The captain said no wonder I turned pale; he felt he did so himself. A captain has indeed an awful responsibility. One of our men, Jack Evans, who has been wrecked five or six times, ran past me laughing, saying, "It would be queer if we were wrecked twice this voyage; there must be some Jonahs amongst us, I think." A breeze sprang up in the evening, too late, as usual, to do any good. At tea to-night the first mate told me what frightful danger we were in just as the anchor cable broke, as he feared the others might not act well at once. There was a strong tide drifting us into a river, out of which *nothing* — either ship or living creature — ever came again: it is certain death. They have tried to survey it, but it impossible; no one ever returned to tell the tale.* It is a frightfully dangerous coast. At every alarm I go and put on a full complement of clothes, and have our small bundle of possessions ready. The men have had very hard work, and they do it all so cheerfully. I have gained a great deal of nautical knowledge; the captain very kindly takes great trouble with me, and then I have long chats with "the man at the wheel." Sometimes the "man" is a boy, or rather child, elf, or sprite, called Jemmie, very small, and knows as much or more than most in the ship except the captain; up to every mischief, very often in disgrace, but neither captain nor any one else can keep a serious face with him, thanks to his *beaux yeux*. He is half Irish and half Spanish; you can imagine the gypsy beauty of the child. A big black called "Big Jo," when Jemmie teases him, brings his eyes to bear upon him from his height, and says, "Go 'way, child." He is from Liverpool, ran off to sea, and I suppose has given his parents more trouble than half-a-dozen usual boys. He comes with great graciousness to comfort me and explain things. He is inval-

able to the captain; he has such splendid eyes that he can see further than any one else. There is one comfort in being the only woman on board; I can poke about and go anywhere: two or three would be in the way. I understand the compasses pretty well, and can tell the course we are going by the stars.

17th March (*St. Patrick's Day*). — We are now all right, nearly in the roads, and see six or seven ships at anchor. We will surely get in to-morrow. After dinner-time boats came up to us, and some very curious individuals came on board. I immediately ran up to have a good stare at them, and found I was as much an object of curiosity to them as they to me. There was one young Mussulman, a great swell, with a long skirt of red checked stuff, and a beautiful figure and carriage. They were the stevedores. The pilot was not come, and we have anchored among a delightful lot of lights, and can see the bush and cocoanut-trees quite plain.

18th March. — The pilot came on board early this morning, and I had the honor of breakfasting with two turbaned Mussulmans. I am trying pigeon English, but can't resist the small words. We shall be up to Rangoon this evening, though we may not get on shore; oh, how glad I shall be! I never saw more extraordinary-looking individuals than some of these natives were — some with long skirts and no bodies, others with waistcoats and very little else. The little stevedore is quite a bright, merry Mohammedan, very stout and upright; he puts me in mind of an Italian singer. He took tea with us, and very kindly took down an enormous turban to show me how it was done. He was dressed something like a European, except the turban. What with our colossal Christies and copper-colored gentry, I feel as if I were in the "Arabian Nights;" even the "hump-backed cadi" came on board last night: you remember the trouble he gave to everybody by choking on a fish-bone. The "old man of the sea," our pilot, is very grand, with a long red silk skirt, a long white night-dress over that, and, when cold, a coat. The night-dress is kept on in my honor. Oh the bananas and fresh oranges! We don't know what oranges are in England. It is delightful to think of new milk and eggs, and abundance of delicious fruit, cocoanuts in perfection. I am a great believer in sugar now; I think it cured me of seasickness; Mrs. Gifford said it was so strengthening for the stomach. A little ginger and plenty of sugar-and-water

* Not quite correct. The river is very dangerous, but small craft or boats do occasionally go up. The name of the river is the Setang, and the danger lies in the shoals, quicksands, and swift tide, also what is called a "boa" — some description of tidal wave. — C. F. W.

makes a delightful drink. This afternoon Charlie called me to come on deck. All sorts of queer boats, Chinese junks, sampans, and barges, to be seen as we turned into the narrower parts of the river, and, what was an exquisite pleasure to me, *green trees*. We have been exactly eleven months at sea — nothing but bleak, dazzling sea; we could just see the dome of the golden pagoda. It has a thing like a huge umbrella of pure gold on the top worth £80,000, and the jewels on the gold-work are very valuable. There is more than one beautiful pagoda.

19th March (Sunday morning). — We had to drop anchor about five miles from Rangoon, and I suppose we shall be towed in to-day. The captain went ashore last night. Charlie and Mr. Walker sleep on the two couches in the saloon, Mr. Keith in a bunk; and last night when they came down to go to bed, to their astonishment they found two long dark figures stretched out in their places, so all they could do was to have a hearty laugh, and sleep on the floor. This morning I heard delightful sounds of birds singing just like larks, and we could see the monkeys playing about on the trees — such curious trees — it is all so strange!

And now my task is done. A gentleman, Mr. Case, asked us most hospitably to go on shore with him, though we said good-bye with great regret to Captain M'Phee, who has been most generous and kind to us. He took such care always to make everything comfortable for me, I must remember him with gratitude all my life.

Now our story is finished. We expect our letters to go to-morrow, and hope soon to follow them. F. W.

From The London Student.

THE INFLUENCE UPON GIRLS' SCHOOLS OF EXTERNAL EXAMINATIONS,

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE CAMBRIDGE
LOCAL EXAMINATIONS.

EVERYBODY is aware how rapidly of late years schemes of examination have been multiplied and extended. Some timid souls regard them as an incubus upon the land, a charge, and a mischievous charge, upon the freedom and the energies of young life. "You will examine people out of all their knowledge," says one. "Life will soon be altogether spent in examining, being examined, or showing cause why you have not been examined," says another.

The superstitious, on the other side, attach an unreasoning and unreasonable value to examinations. They are to be the grand cure of all educational ailments, to give tone and vigor to intellectual feebleness, to develop and train to their utmost perfection all latent faculties and energies. In the eyes of some, the present passion for examinations is a mere fashionable craze, which will have its day; in the minds of others, it is the inauguration of the reign of right reason and sound judgment in matters of education. Without rushing to either extreme, it may be safe to commit ourselves to the very general proposition, that for good or for evil, probably for both, methods and plans of examination do constitute one of the most powerful forces in our modern systems of education.

It may not be out of place to remark, however, that the use of examinations is no wonderful discovery of the nineteenth century. So long as there have been real teachers in the world, so long have they sought by the best methods they could devise to test and try their pupils, to discover the mental condition of each, how far they were passive recipients of another's ideas, or, less even than that — how far they were fellow-workers with their teachers. Now, whatever method the teacher may have chosen — and such methods are susceptible of almost infinite variation — the thing endeavored has been one and the same, — examination. There is one grand advantage of the lecture over the book, of the living teacher over the dead printed matter, — that examination can proceed *pari passu* with direct instruction, which, if possible, it exceeds in value and importance. When a book can ask and answer questions, when it can respond to the clouded, doubtful, puzzled look, or to the anxious inflections of the voice, then may we dispense with the living teacher, and then and not till then may we dismiss as unprofitable all inquiries into the just value (as also into the wisest methods) of examination. Seen from this point of view, the teacher is the examiner, *the examiner, the teacher*, a double function consentaneous and coincident.

It is not, however, as a *direct* instrument of teaching that we propose now to consider the influence of examinations. Those which alone come before the eye of the public have altogether another scope and purpose. Not that they do not (or may not) teach much directly, and indirectly even more; but that their special end is to test achieved results, not to help

in the achieving, and to weigh in the balance alike the teacher and the taught. That this is necessary who can doubt? So long as teachers are but mortals they will blunder, and, sorrowful to say, will repeat their blunders, which of their own unaided vision they are not likely to detect, the mental twist or crotchet which caused the original deflection disqualifying for its discovery.

So far then from the teacher being the best judge of the results of his teaching, he is usually the very worst; and it would not be too much to lay it down as a first principle in all examinations of results, that no teacher can rightly be a judge of his own teaching, no *body* of teachers of their own teaching. This principle, which applies equally to the highest and to the lowest, necessitates the provision of external tests, as such, — to take the instances best known to all of us, and of easiest application to the case of girls, those provided by the University of Cambridge in the local examinations.

But why, it may be asked, seek to test achieved results at all? Life will sufficiently prove and try them for us. Perhaps if we considered the case of individual students only, it might be possible to assent to this, though even then it would be fair to urge that the test of life comes too late to be of practical value.

The superficial knowledge and real ignorance which a well-considered examination would have exposed at a period when they might yet have been remedied, find too terrible a Nemesis when left to be corrected by the course of life and the progress of events. It is hard to find oneself less accurate, less ready, less able than one took oneself to be. It is better to know this, to take the just measure of one's attainments, than to be surprised hereafter by a sudden perception of mortifying and irremediable incapacity. The keen sense of power which seems specially to belong to the period of the rapidly developing faculties, needs to be thus chastened by the test of practical work within clearly defined limits. Untried and inexperienced, we feel capable of all things; failure teaches us modesty and charity.

The advantages, however, of systematic and practical examination are by no means confined to those who are directly submitted to it. In the case of schools sending in candidates to the local examinations, the candidates, their fellow-pupils, and their teachers are all more or less benefited; and this would be still more

largely the case if the examination, instead of being the conclusion of the school career, could be made an ordinary and regular incident during its continuance. This view is little likely to find favor with university men already overweighted with examining work, but it can scarcely fail to commend itself to teachers. External examinations have been spoken of as designed to test achieved results; but these results are not supposed to be final.

One grand advantage is the increased steadiness of school-work. Every teacher knows how difficult it is in the present confused state of the education of girls, to work out intelligently a comprehensive plan, which shall combine breadth of general principle with thoroughness and accuracy of detail. Our material is imperfect, our machinery faulty, our motive power fitful and irregular. We have neither perfect pupils, perfect methods, nor, reluctant as we may be to confess it, perfect teachers. We are constantly liable to fail and falter through difficulties arising out of the foolishness of parents, the perversity of pupils, and our own ignorance and indolence.

So long as this is the case, we may well be thankful to accept such support as any well-devised scheme of examination gives us. In the steady endeavor after a clearly defined standard, we are more likely to attain the best educational results, than in working according to ever-varying standards, or according to no standard at all. And to say this is by no means to fall into the mistake of making examination regulations the measure, and literal conformity with them the end, of all our teaching. A right apprehension of the spirit does away with all bondage to the letter. Within the prescribed limits there is abundant room for the highest originality of method, and the utmost fertility of invention of any teacher; and if the limits be too narrow, by all means let them be extended — only let what is done be well done. This steadying influence is an advantage to pupils, no less than to teachers. Whilst the place in the class-list is of the least possible moment, the habit of accurate and thoughtful work, and the perception of the difference between knowing a thing and knowing about it, are of incalculable importance, and we are fully sustained by experience in our belief that great support and stimulus are afforded to the young student by the knowledge that her work will be submitted to an independent and impartial tribunal. This advantage is not confined to candidates actually sent in for

examination, but is a gain more or less to the whole school. Those unwise teachers who prepare individual pupils for examination by that mysterious process called "cramming" forfeit, and deservedly so, this advantage. But it is surely unnecessary to do more by way of exposing this folly than to point out the hopeless confusion of such teachers as to what are the ends and what only the means of education.

Cramming is, moreover, as absolutely unnecessary for the purposes of examination, as it is mischievous morally and intellectually. Many of the most successful candidates from girls' schools have, to our certain knowledge, gone in without one hour of special preparation from the ordinary work of their class. Where this is the case, the influence upon the school is likely to be the best and strongest. A generous emulation is awakened, which has its root in sympathy, not in envious rivalry; and the success of one issues in the increased energy and application of her companions; the defeat of another in their greater thoroughness and accuracy. The precision in working secured thus to the school is invaluable.

It may be worth while here to remark that the predictions of those who expected that the opening of these examinations to girls would introduce jealousies, heart-burnings, and dissensions unknown before, have so far been curiously falsified by the results.

Whether we are to attribute it to the *moral* effects of the mental discipline involved in the attempt at real study, or to whatever other cause, the fact is certain, that the simplicity, sweetness, and good feeling of the girl candidates have hitherto been as remarkable as their orderliness and diligence. It has been pleasant to see the way in which they "fraternize" with each other, and how eager they are in all acts and offices of kindness. And here lies a great though altogether incidental advantage of such examinations. They tend to draw schools and teachers together and to break down the painful isolation hitherto so characteristic of the profession of schoolmistresses. The internal economy, the organization of no school is interfered with, yet each begins to regard itself, and to be regarded, no longer as a solitary organizer, but as a member of the great community of schools: each teacher as a member of the community of teachers. Now this, in the present state of things, is clear gain. There is no need that we should become pedantic and professional; there

is every need that we should exchange thought, experience, sympathy. Many of our greatest difficulties as teachers will be removed when once we have learnt to trust each other fully, and to work together heartily. Then indeed we may hope to secure that just economy of teaching-power, that wise distribution of forces, without which it is vain to look forward to any great advance in the education of girls. It is quite possible that such a result might have been brought about in one or other of many different ways. In any case there would have been needed some such bond of unity amidst infinite diversity as is afforded by the very nature of this common test. The interest taken by parents in the examinations has also been so great as to encourage the hope that English fathers and mothers do not intend, when they delegate their functions as educators to the professional teacher, to dismiss all serious care for the education of their daughters. We need not merely a closer union amongst teachers, but a greater sympathy and a fuller co-operation between parents and teachers. But it will be said in all this, You have assumed the perfection of present schemes of examination, whereas we all know — Yes, we all know the inherent and inevitable imperfection of all things human. No perfect scheme of examination has yet been devised, or, being devised, could be carried into effect. A test which, being uniform for all, must press unequally upon individuals of diverse capacities and powers, which gauges only some of the intellectual results, and is incapable of direct application to the moral results of education, how incomplete and defective this must be! We can only say that, so far as it goes, it is of inestimable value, and that it is one of the most foolish of all foolish objections to a thing good in itself, that it does not do something which it was never intended to do.

The ideally perfect examination has yet to be devised. Meanwhile, the university local examinations combine many of the most important requisites of such an examination. A standard of average attainments, pitched not at all too high for average ability and average industry; free play for special aptitudes and special attainments; methods devised to test, and on the whole pretty fairly, not only the memory, but the imagination and the judgment; absolute fairness and impartiality, — these are secured to us by the very structure of the examinations. What of disadvantage attaches itself to them would

seem to be chiefly the fault of teachers themselves. If these will confound means with ends, ignore the value of time in education, and try by cramming to crowd the work of years into months, stereotype their teaching to the dead level of a pass, or unduly press the eager and ambitious with a view to honors, on them be the shame, as theirs alone is the folly. To those who know how rightly to use them, such examinations are of the highest advantage; only let it be borne in mind, that these are not to be suffered to become the one determining force in education — that as the machinery becomes more highly wrought and finished, it will be ever more and more our duty to see that it is set in motion of the informing spirit.

[The foregoing paper was read and discussed at a meeting of the London Association of Schoolmistresses on March 24, 1868, and the following conclusions were arrived at:—

All teachers who are worth anything practise examination. But teachers are not always competent to test their own work, as the same causes which led to mistakes prevent their being found out.

It is better that the test should come early, while there is time to remedy faults, than to wait for the test of life. And this is a reason for using examinations during the school course, and not only at the end.

No scheme of examination is perfect. Its value chiefly depends on the manner in which it is worked by teachers.

The value of the Cambridge Local Examinations is greatly increased by their being alike in subjects and standard for both boys and girls.

For these examinations cramming is totally unnecessary. Steadiness and precision in the work of the *whole* school are encouraged. Ill-natured rivalry is not encouraged. The girls enjoy the examinations, and the effect on health is good, when reasonable precautions are taken against over-excitement.

The scheme has been found incidentally useful, as drawing teachers together, and as drawing parents and teachers together.]

Note. — At the Cambridge examination, held in 1865, a hundred and twenty-six girls were examined, at six centres. In 1872 the numbers had increased to eight hundred and forty-seven candidates and thirty-four centres. These figures do not include Oxford and Durham.

January, 1873.

HARVARD EXAMINATIONS FOR WOMEN, 1877.

THE examinations for women by Harvard University, were held for the first time at Cambridge, Mass., in June, 1874.

They are now part of the regular work of the university, and it is proposed to hold them every year after 1876, simultaneously in the city of New York and in Cambridge or Boston. In 1877 the examinations will take place in the first and second weeks of June. They are of two grades: I. a preliminary *general* examination; II. An advanced examination in *special* departments.

The examinations for women are not identical with the entrance examination of Harvard, or with any examination for resident students of the university.

The preliminary examination, however, is similar in grade to the average college entrance examination in this country, although somewhat different in the choice of subjects, and is intended as a test of elementary education of a liberal order. It is, therefore, distinctly a pre-collegiate examination, and should not be regarded as anticipating by its requisitions the work done in colleges. It is strongly recommended to girls in course of education at home or in private schools, who desire to test their progress *by a strict and publicly recognized standard*, instead of by the lax and partial criteria which prevail in private education. On the other hand, the graduates of our high schools and grammar schools, who have probably enjoyed a more solid elementary training than private education usually gives, may be tempted to take the Harvard preliminary examination by the fact that it offers a test of proficiency *in a wider range of subjects* than the ordinary public school course includes.

The advanced examination offers a test of *special* culture in one or more of five departments, namely, Languages, Natural Science, Mathematics, History, and Philosophy. It is not intended to be taken as a whole, and does not, therefore, represent the studies of a college course, but is adapted to persons of limited leisure for study, such as girls who have left school and are occupied with home cares, or teachers engaged in their professional labors. Many of the latter class who have not time or inclination for a normal school course may be glad to obtain a Harvard certificate of proficiency in one department.

I. — PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION.

The preliminary examination will embrace the following subjects: English, French, Physical Geography, either Elementary Botany or Elementary Physics, Arithmetic, Algebra through quadratic

equations, Plane Geometry, History, and any one of the three languages, German, Latin, or Greek.

This examination can only be taken as a whole by young women who are not less than seventeen years old. It may, however, be divided between two years, at the option of the candidate, and, in this case, the minimum age of admission is sixteen years. No candidate will, in any case, be admitted to examination on a part of any subject, and no account will be made of a partial examination, unless the candidate has passed satisfactorily in at least three subjects. If the candidate passes in three or more subjects, the results of a partial examination will be recorded by the university, but no certificate will be given until the whole examination has been passed. Candidates who divide the preliminary examination will be expected to attain a somewhat higher degree of excellence than those who present the nine subjects at once.

II. — ADVANCED EXAMINATION.

The advanced examination is for young women who have passed the preliminary examination, and are not less than eighteen years old. The advanced examination is divided into five sections, in one or more of which the candidate may present herself. The sections are as follows:—

1. *Languages.* Candidates may offer any two of the following languages: English, French, German, Italian, Latin, Greek.
2. *Natural Science.* Candidates may offer any two of the following subjects: Chemistry, Physics, Botany, Mineralogy, Geology.
3. *Mathematics.* Candidates must present Solid Geometry, Algebra, Logarithms, and Plane Trigonometry, and any one of the three following subjects: Analytic Geometry, Mechanics, Spherical Trigonometry and Astronomy.
4. *History.* In 1877 candidates may offer either of the two following subjects: The History of Continental Europe during the Period of the Reformation, 1517–1648; English and American History, from 1688 to the end of the Eighteenth Century.
5. *Philosophy.* Candidates may offer any three of the following subjects: Mental Philosophy, Moral Philosophy, Logic, Rhetoric, Political Economy.

It is to be observed that no person is admitted to the second grade till she has passed the first.

From The Argosy. OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

PERHAPS there never existed a time when the spirit of self-sacrifice was so little amongst us as at present. It is a virtue not understood of men: so sparsely practised that it seems—like many of the good old customs and fashions of our forefathers—to be dying out. Each for himself. Thus men argue: thus they act.

In seeking a reason, it may possibly be found—if, as some think, we have reached the beginning of the end—in the fulfilment of that prophecy which says that in the last days men shall run to and fro in the earth, that knowledge shall increase, and iniquity shall abound. Or it may be the result of the progress of the age, an evil of which the food that nourishes it is daily gaining strength and growth. The world is so over-populated—at least the world of our small island—that men are jostling each other; treading upon each other's heels; wrestling for place and power; for wealth, and the grandeur wealth brings. No matter what the cost to honor and integrity; what the increasing labor of mind and body; still they wrestle.

"I must climb the social ladder. I must increase in riches and importance. My neighbor just now fills the lofty goal I covet. If I cannot attain to it unless he come down, let him fall." So man soliloquizes, and proceeds to work accordingly.

Presently he gains his object. A. from his lofty height, with complacency and self-confidence, has looked down upon the struggling humanity below him. Suddenly, his very self-reliance assisting the downfall, he overbalances, and B. reigns in his stead. The latter in turn becomes self-gratulatory; he has gained his end; he cares little for the ruin he has effected. He goes forth to the high places of the world with songs triumphant.

This is no mere ideal picture. It is a truth and a fact, happening every day in a greater or less degree. All may witness for themselves who do not go through life with their eyes closed. The motto of the present hour is, *Every man for himself*. It cannot be too often or too emphatically reiterated. "What can *I* do? How shall *I* increase in importance, in riches, in the honor and glory of the world? In what manner can I further *my* happiness, *my* comfort and welfare, gratify *my* senses?" The question, "What can I do to help on others in a world laboring in care and misery?" is passed over. Self-sacrifice is not to be thought of, or

mentioned. "I have no time for it," says the worldly man: might he not add "no inclination"? "My whole days and nights are occupied in the furtherance of my own work, schemes, pleasures."

This is quite true. He has no time for anything but himself. He feels that we are living at a rapid rate. If he halts a moment on the way, some one else passes him swiftly, and he is lost. His place is gone. He cannot recover it. So he goes onwards in selfishness and self-absorption, till time creeps and creeps; leaving with the rich and luxurious few traces of furrows or grey hairs; until at last the eyes close in their last sleep: one more life is over, for whose soul a world would be no ransom; and the body, so restless hitherto, in the tomb has rest.

Not for this were we brought into the world. Each life has a distinct and separate purpose of its own. Each soul is created, not only to accomplish some great work—for even the humblest career earnestly fulfilled will, when the life is laid aside, leave behind it an impression of completeness—but also to help on other souls through their pilgrimage of pain and travail. This cannot be done without an amount, more or less, of self-sacrifice.

It is terrible to contemplate the dearth of this spirit, arising in part from a lack of sympathy in the human heart: a want, mark you, that may be cultivated. Take, reader, a little of your own experience. Imagine yourself in great trouble; in sore need; be it that of pity, of disburdening your soul, or the strait of poverty. How many friends or acquaintances do you possess to whom you could confidently apply with a sure feeling of trust; of being fully heard and fully answered? Five? Four? Three? No. Two? Probably not. One? Even one is doubtful. And yet, inasmuch as every soul is born into the world with the impress of the divine image, so no soul *need* have a heart without sympathy, and all those beauties of virtue which therefrom blossom into life.

Success itself is one of the greatest destroyers of self-sacrifice, unless the mind be noble and the heart large; just as wealth often closes its doors to the need of the world, because the thoughtless soul has come to be unable to realize in its fullness the need that exists. "I am rich, and lack naught; the distress and misery we hear of must be an idle tale; an overdrawn picture." Thus men cheat themselves. But, ye rich, believe it not. There is misery and wretchedness enough and to

spare, in spite of the purple and fine linen that screen you from it; much that is in your power to lessen. But shillings must not be given for pounds, or pounds where you should give tens and hundreds. Take, for example, the collections in our London churches, on behalf of some good and pressing object, as an instance of what is and what might be done. But the amount of charity in the world is quite apart from the question of self-sacrifice. People give out of their abundance, and much of it is terribly misapplied. There is no system in distributing.

Take the great world of commerce. How many of its members will exercise, in even a small degree, the spirit of self-sacrifice? "I am able to do this thing for A. He will be a thousand pounds the richer; I shall be minus the five hundred pounds it would put into my pocket if I do it for myself. A. wants the thousand; the five hundred to me is nothing. But it does not enter into the principle of business, and I cannot do it. No, I cannot. If I did do it, and the world knew, it would mock me." So A. does not get his thousand pounds, and B. pockets his five hundred. A. is ruined, perhaps: possibly drags down with him a wife and children; and he never recovers his footing. "Sorry for him," says B., stifling qualms of conscience. "But I couldn't help it, clearly. Business is business."

And undoubtedly every man should do the very best he possibly can for himself in business; *but only in fairness to his duty towards his neighbor*. I would repeat this and engrave it with a pen of iron if I could: as Job did those beautiful and awful words which tell us that though worms destroy our body—for which we toil so much and sacrifice so much—yet in our flesh shall we see God. You will sometimes hear a conversation after this manner: "Why did you not do so and so? It would have been better for you." "Yes; but would it have been better for the opposite side?" "No; but you had the power in your own hands. To *you* would have been the advantage."

The reader had need to steel his heart against sophistry so worldly, argument so ungenerous. It may cost a little self-sacrifice, but if the heart becomes warped, the mind narrowed and disennobled, the conscience seared, the body had better, ere that take place, be resting quietly in its last home. We all do fade as a leaf; so much for the body and the body only; but the good that men do lives after them, and the evil is never undone. Pause and turn

back ere launching out upon that wide road where return is so hard, which lays hold upon the soul with an iron grasp, to be loosened only by constant and painful struggles, ending, let us hope, in victory; but a victory gained, it may be, only through death itself.

Not to the persistently selfish will the grave be without its victory, death without its terrors and its sting. As self-sacrifice is more or less in the reach of all, so all must seek to acquire it. Look to the heart; make it green and keep it so; remember that your opportunities and your life will not last forever; you cannot live your life twice over; it will not return and enable you to redeem the days that have been misspent. Now or never must be said of the opportunities of to-day; for after to-day its opportunities, taken or neglected, have passed into the womb of time and the records of eternity.

And then, to go to the reverse side of the picture, self-sacrifice brings its own reward. It gives happiness far greater than any wealth or power can bestow. In the latter case, every man in the zenith of success may lay his head upon his pillow at night, and confess that it is not without much vanity and vexation of spirit at the best; a weariness of the flesh; a thing which must pass away as a shadow. Not that wealth and power are by any means to be despised, or not diligently sought after and received, when made subservient to the great ends of life. It is only when, as too often, they become the sole aim of heart and mind, that they bring with them ruin and destruction.

But self-sacrifice, it has been said, brings happiness. A happiness they wist not who cultivate it not. It transforms the mind; it enlarges the heart; it elevates the soul; it makes man loved; it assists him on in the right path; it helps him to that peace which passeth all understanding. Perhaps at the close his funded wealth may be somewhat less than it would have been, though this is doubtful, for (with all reverence be uttered; and let no man allow this thought to influence him in his good works) God is no man's debtor; but how much happier and nobler will he be, how much loftier and closer to heaven his soul! And what about the great day of reckoning, when the books are opened and each man's deeds are brought home to him?

Surely one of the great incentives to good, to glorifying God in ourselves, and in our works, is the thought of the *gratitude* we owe him for the untold mercies and

privileges we possess. Who can number his own individually? and who can say he deserves the least of them? "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." He it is who gives and has power to take away. Render, O reader! unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, but remember, what is far more important, to render unto God the things that are God's. What we owe to man in this world, the law makes us pay; if we do not, it is summarily enforced. God speaks to us only in the still small voice of conscience: we can pay him or not as we please; but there will come a day of reckoning.

But the most beautiful of all self-denial, and perhaps the most difficult to practice, is that which is, or ought to be, carried on in the sacred precincts of home. At home it is very probable that, if called upon, each would be found willing to lay down his life for the other. But we are not required to perform heroic deeds: if we were, and they became common, probably that very fact would cause them to lose their influence, and we should give them up also. Life is made up of small things, and it is precisely in these that it is most difficult to be self-sacrificing — every-day matters which seem too trivial to mention; arising with the hour and dying with it, to give place to something equally unremarkable. The constant giving way in trifles and trifling inclinations; sacrificing personal wants and whims to each other. One wishes to go here, another there; one wishes to do this, another that; two wish for some new bauble, or object of necessity — the purse will admit of the gratification of one only; two are invited to some delightful country place, or the attractions of a London season — the duties of home permit only one to be absent. The key to solve these difficulties, the only spirit able to meet them, is that of self-sacrifice. This will go far to form beauty of character; to render home that abode of harmony which all homes should be; giving up one to the other.

To those who have never tried it, cultivated or practised it, it will be a difficult matter at the outset. Nothing is so hard as for a selfish man to put down self. Self, self, self, has been so constantly the watchword and key-note of his life, that it comes uppermost in all cases; an object which pervades more or less every action; a weed choking the good seed that, let us hope, is lurking in every heart, ready to take root and spring up. It is an evil to which men are far more prone than women. Taken in the aggregate, men are essentially

and exceedingly selfish; women self-sacrificing, bearing in silence, yielding. To the shame of men be it spoken. They, the stronger, should be ready to put forth all the greatness of character which by their very strength is able to shine forth in them. They should be self-forgetful, not only towards women, but towards each other; seeking each other's good, promoting each other's welfare.

I would that each man reading these words should examine his own heart. If he sees lurking there the demon of selfishness, and so spoilt and petted are many of us from youth upwards that it often lurks there unknown and unsuspected until accident or something else points it out to us: if he finds lurking within him the hideous demon—one of the most hateful sins of our fallen nature—let him strive his utmost to cast it out. A great struggle will ensue; it may be a long one: but as no man ever fought in vain who fights earnestly in the right way, so will he in the end gain the crown of victory.

No selfish man or woman was ever yet completely happy. They may cheat themselves into a belief that they are, for thought and conscience are lost in the mad whirl and rush of life. But it is a mere delusive happiness, which disappears at the moment we think to clutch it; and, like the wily ignis-fatuus, leads us an endless dance over bog and moor, to escape us at last. Then, weary and spent, we lie down; and perchance that most terrible experience, the remorse of a wasted and misapplied life, comes in and takes possession of us forever.

The spirit of self-sacrifice is one of the great beauties of holiness. Husband yielding to wife, wife to husband; brother to brother, sister to sister; friend to friend: in great things; but in small especially. First and foremost, see that the spirit is with you at home; then carry it abroad into the world. It is a spirit that will sweeten happiness and lighten trouble; and when the soul is ready to wing its flight to its eternal home, it will have the unspeakable consolation of knowing that it has not lived to itself; that it has left the world happier and better in some degree than it found it; that it has been faithful to its earthly mission. So will it listen with unutterable bliss to the sentence: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

From The Saturday Review.

CRAZY CORRESPONDENCE.

It is said that prime ministers, and others who stand out specially before the eyes of mankind have a special box or pigeon-hole in which they lay aside their "crazy correspondence." And it is further said that the correspondence so laid aside fills, in bulk at least, a very respectable part of the great man's letter-bag. It is certain that any man who gets the least reputation in any way, especially if he brings himself into public notice about any great public question, is sure to be at once overwhelmed with a mass of correspondence as crazy as any that can be sent to any prime minister. The writings of crazy correspondents fall under several heads. There is first the style of letter, or circular, or communication of any kind, which is simply and purely crazy, which has no point whatever, no special reference to the person to whom it is sent. Such correspondents are those who send little diagrams to prove that the sun is only a very little way from the earth, which diagrams they say have altogether puzzled—as it is only natural that they should—the chief philosophers of Oxford and Cambridge. But the greater and the more important part of the crazy correspondence of any man who attracts crazy correspondence is more special to himself. First come the class of people whose craziness is not fully developed, who still have some kind of intelligible object in what they write. This class shades off by very gentle degrees from the positively crazy to the simply impertinent. A man is supposed to be a master of a certain subject, and people whom he never heard of write to him to tell them something which they have nothing to do but to look in his books and find for themselves. These last are simply impertinent, and may be ranked along with those who write for autographs. The two classes, in fact, are very nearly the same, as we may suspect that letters of this kind are often written simply in the hope of getting an answer to keep as an autograph. But these, who at least have some method in their madness, gradually shade off into a class whose craze is one of the strangest. They do not write to an author simply to get his autograph, or simply because they grudge the cost of buying his book or the trouble of reading it—not at all. They write in perfect good faith; they have bought and read and admired; only they want to have some little private revelation to themselves beyond what the book makes known to mankind.

in general. They write to ask what kind of looking man the hero of a great battle may have been, or what kind of weather it was on the day of the battle itself. This kind of question certainly shows that some men must have a very strange notion of the way in which history is written. They do not stop to think that, if a man who writes a minute account of a battle had any evidence as to the state of the weather at the time, he would certainly not leave out so important a part of his picture. The state of mind of a writer who would keep back such a fact from the mass of his readers, but would at the same time be willing to admit some perfectly unknown person into his confidence on the subject, would surely be as crazy as that of any of his correspondents. Yet such a state of mind must be taken for granted by the correspondent who assumes that the author can and will tell him things privately which he either could not or would not put in his book. The truth is that there are many people who really have not the faintest notion of the way in which history is written, who have no idea whatever of the nature of the materials for history. They seem to think that the historian writes by some kind of intuition or divination or inspiration. It is something quite new to them that he has his authorities before him, and that he can say nothing but what he finds in his authorities. It never comes into their heads that, if no contemporary writer says anything about the weather on the day of a certain battle, the modern historian has no means of finding out what the weather was. It seems to his correspondent that he may possibly have forgotten to think about the weather, but that, if his attention is once drawn to the point, he must be able to say something about it. A trifle crazier than this are the people who write to a man who is supposed to be master of one subject to tell them something about matters which belong to some quite different subject. This is part of the vulgar error that, because a man knows one thing, he must therefore know everything else — an error which is not more irrational and much more amiable than the opposite error of believing that, because a man knows one thing, he therefore can know nothing else.

Now it may ever and anon happen to any real inquirer into a subject, even to any scholar of the highest order, to wish to have some point resolved which cannot be so well resolved as by some other scholar with whose writings he is familiar, but of whom he has no personal knowl-

edge. No one can have given his life to reading and writing without now and then both sending and receiving letters of this kind; but then this is something quite different from crazy correspondence. It supposes a kind of knowledge, though not a personal knowledge, on each side, and questions of this kind, put soberly and with a rational object, have often led to personal acquaintance, and sometimes to personal friendship. And besides these there is a class of inquiries whose very earnestness and simplicity plead for them. It would be hard to refuse to help the ingenuous young student, writing perhaps from beyond the sea or beyond the ocean, who asks in all honesty for some piece of real guidance or information from the man whom he has learned to look up to in his writings. This kind of correspondence is not crazy, and it would be harsh to call it impertinent. It is a tribute, a sign of influence, a proof that he to whom it is addressed has really done what he has wished to do, while the purely crazy correspondence is a sign that he has done so only imperfectly. It would be harsh to thwart one who has really understood something in his honest effort to understand something more.

All these different classes naturally sign their names, because all of them, from whatever motives, wish to have answers. But there is another class of correspondents, some of whom may be safely added to the crazy ranks, who, as a rule, would seem not to wish for answers, because their letters are anonymous, with sham signatures or no signatures at all. Sometimes, however, with a strange inconsistency, the writer of an anonymous letter expects an answer, and perhaps complains, perhaps crows triumphantly, if he does not get one. Now it does sometimes happen that an anonymous letter is neither crazy nor impertinent. Real pieces of information, suggestions which are really to the point, are now and then given in anonymous letters. But this is quite exceptional; anonymous letters as a rule are either crazy or impertinent. Most commonly they are both at once; they are crazy, but not so utterly crazy as to absolve their writers from the charge of impertinence. Purely literary work does not call out very much of this class of correspondence, but what it does call out is sometimes of the strangest kind. The "young admirer" in a distant land is sometimes balanced by the young enemy, also in a distant land, who is so displeased with the author's treatment of an historical charac-

ter that he writes to say that he is sharpening a sword wherewith, as soon as he is old enough, he will slay the offender. Almost equally strange in another way is the pertinacity of the man who has got a philological craze, and who, on the strength of it, writes endless letters, with an endless variety of signatures, dated from an endless variety of places, but all of which are proclaimed by the handwriting and style to be the work of the same hand. The craze is the same, but the impertinence becomes a trifle greater, when letters of this kind are addressed, not to the avowed author of a book, but to the supposed author of periodical articles which happen to be displeasing to the owner of the craze. Like all writings of the kind, they do not annoy, though they often amuse, and they always excite a languid curiosity to know what kind of man he can be who has so little to do with his time that he can spend a good deal of it in writing letters which he must see have no kind of effect. The craze remains unheeded; the writer before whom it is so often set remains as unconverted as he was at the beginning. It is most amusing of all when the crazy correspondent, in some lucid moment, tells scholar A. that he is quite hopeless, and that he will for the future write to scholar B. instead. But the first love is still uppermost, and, after a few letters to B., he turns round again to write a second series to A. Of all the queer items which go to make up the revenue of the United Kingdom, surely none is queerer than the income which comes from the postage stamps thus hopelessly wasted by crazy correspondents.

So much for crazy correspondence on matters purely literary. But the depth and mystery of the whole thing increases a thousandfold when the subject of correspondence is not purely literary, but political. Setting aside prime ministers and other great leaders, as too high for us, a man whose name is in the least known cannot stir at all prominently in a political question without at once feeling the result, not only in the swollen size of his letter-bag, but in the increased strangeness of its contents. We set aside letters from friends; letters which, though from strangers, are in any way invited, and letters which, from whatever quarter they come, contain any reasonable information or suggestion. All these are in their measure welcome, even though they may be a little overwhelming in point of number. The really strange thing is the kind of letters which seem to have no practical object,

the letters which are purely gushing, whether it is with admiration or abuse that they gush over. It betokens a state of mind into which it is hard to enter—at all events, it is a thing which it would not enter into our own head to do—to sit down and write to a man of whom we have no knowledge, but whose speech or letter we have just read, simply to tell him how much we admire him, or how much we despise him. The admirer of course will always command a certain sympathy from the admired. The admiration may be a little crazy, and there may be so much of it as to be a distinct bore; still, there is after all a pleasant side to the feeling of being admired by anybody. The real puzzle is the kind of letter which gushes over, not from the sweet fountain, but from the bitter. If the writer's object is to give serious annoyance, he utterly fails; he causes a good deal of amusement, some curiosity, but of real annoyance not a jot. The receiver of such letters has so long been used to every degree of praise and blame that he is not greatly set up by praise or greatly set down by blame, unless they come from mouths which speak with unusual authority. What object does a man propose to himself when he sits down to write to any man, above all to a man of some reputation in the world, to tell him, sometimes in decent sometimes in indecent language, how great a knave or fool he must be, and how much better it would be if he would leave off writing such trash as he does write? Does he suppose that such advice will have the least effect? The letter which contains it bears no name at all, or a name which nobody ever heard of before. Alas for the censor! If his warnings are felt to be of any importance at all, it is simply because they are taken as proof that the blow must have hit hard when it causes the party which it was aimed at to yell so loudly. But a distinct feeling of curiosity is awakened. As a contribution to the philosophy of human nature, one would like to know what kind of people they are who write these things, where they live, how they were brought up, whether they have anything better to do than to write foolish letters, and what object they expect to compass by writing foolish letters. With what purpose does A. B., whom nobody ever heard of, sit down with the air of a master to lecture C. D., whom most people have heard of? If he wishes to cause some amusement and to awaken some curiosity, he certainly succeeds; but that is all. A good deal both of the curiosity and the amusement

extends to gushing admirers as well as to gushing enemies. But the position of the gushing admirer is more intelligible, as it is certainly more amiable. The gushing enemy is really so curious a form of humanity that one half wishes to see him in the flesh, and to subject him to a process of mental and moral vivisection.

From Nature.

THE INTRA-MERCURIAL PLANET OR PLANETS.

THE question of the existence of one or more planetary bodies revolving within the orbit of Mercury is again revived by Weber's observation of a round black spot just within the sun's eastern limb, on the afternoon of April 4 in the present year, which had not been visible on the same morning, and early on the following day had disappeared. The position at 2 3-4m. only from this limb is one where an ordinary spot would not be expected to exhibit a circular outline; and a round black disk, in such a position more especially, must instantly attract the attention of a practised observer. On April 4 clouds unfortunately prevented lengthened observation, and in Weber's notice there is no reference to any perceptible motion during the short time the spot could be watched.

This observation resembles others already upon record, made by persons equally worthy of credit, which it is hardly possible to explain except on the hypothesis that one or more planetary bodies exist with mean distance less than Mercury, the rate of motion, where motion has been detected by the most reliable observers, not being consistent with greater distance from the sun. While it is certain that comets with perihelia within the earth's orbit have transited the solar disk, and notwithstanding such transits may have been more frequent than is generally supposed, the appearance of the spots now in question seems, at least in several of the best-authenticated cases, to negative any idea of their being due to the passage of comets across the sun, near their nodes. At the same time there are several instances where the form of the spots would perhaps accord better with the assumption of a cometary transit, unless we can admit that the deviation from circular contour is attributable to an optical cause.

It may be remembered that the attention of astronomers was first seriously di-

rected to the possible existence of a planet or planets interior to the orbit of Mercury, by M. Leverrier's announcement that the motion of the perihelion of this planet was not explained by known causes of perturbation, but that an excess of thirty-eight seconds in the century must be admitted beyond the value derived from theory, to produce an agreement between calculation and observation in the discussion of the long series of observed transits across the sun's disk. The unexplained motion of the line of apsides might, as M. Leverrier remarked, be due to the existence of a single interior planet of a mass which would depend upon its mean distance. With a distance of 0.17 (period of revolution 25.6 days) the mass would be precisely equal to that of Mercury, and it would vary inversely with the distance. Or it might be due to a group of small planets circulating within the orbit of Mercury.

Having before us the whole of the recorded observations of the presence of suspicious spots upon the sun's disk, we shall soon discover that they hardly admit of explanation on the hypothesis of a single planet, even if we assume a small inclination of the orbit of this planet to the ecliptic, a condition which, while it would greatly extend the transit-limits, must at the same time render the transits so frequent that it is in a high degree improbable the planet could have so long escaped certain detection. Some few of the observations, as just remarked, we may perhaps refer to comets in transit; it remains to endeavor to ascertain from observations not thus explained what period or periods will best represent them, with the view to being warned of the probable times of future transits.

This subject has engaged the attention of M. Leverrier during the last few weeks, or since he became cognizant of Weber's observation last April, the notification of which was long delayed. It appears that the observations of Stark and Steinheil, 1820, February 12, Lescarbault, 1859, March 26, and that of Weber, may refer to the same planetary body if the revolution be supposed 28.0077 days; this being the sidereal revolution with respect to the node, the synodical period would be 30.33 days; the corresponding mean distance from the sun is 0.18, and the maximum elongation ten and one-half degrees. Such a planet would again be in conjunction with the sun on October 2nd or 3rd of the present year; and if Lescarbault's observation affords any approximation to the position of the line of nodes would pass

across the sun's disk, and for this reason M. Leverrier has directed attention to the importance of a close watch upon the same, during these days, such watch, if possible, to extend to distant meridians, so as to insure pretty continuous observation through the forty-eight hours, Paris time. He has already advised American observatories through Prof. Henry, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, and it is to be hoped the chance of making an important discovery at this time, may be made known to observers in the East. It will be seen that the aid of the telegraph is indispensable, in order to secure complete evidence of the existence or non-existence of the hypothetical planet this autumn.

Other observations may be reconciled with a period of similar length, but the planet to which they may be supposed to refer cannot be identical with the above. Thus if Mr. Lummis's sketch of the path of the small round black spot, which he remarked upon the sun at Manchester on the morning of March 20, 1862, is reliable in the hurried and otherwise disadvantageous circumstances under which it was made, the ascending node was almost diametrically opposite to that of Lescarbault's planet, elements which have been attributed to MM. Valz and Rádau, and exhibiting a near agreement in the position of the line of nodes, being certainly erroneous. Again, one of the most interesting observations bearing upon the existence of an intra-Mercurial planet is that made about the end of June or beginning of July 1847 in this country, which can hardly be supposed to refer to either of the objects seen by Lescarbault and Lummis respectively. The exact date of this observation is unfortunately lost beyond recovery.

Mr. B. Scott, the city chamberlain, observing the sun's disk near London, a short time before sunset late in June or on one of the first days in July, remarked upon it a perfectly circular black disk, and was so confident of the unusual character of the spot that he was on the point of making known his observation through one of the London daily journals on the evening of the same day, when unfortunately an astronomical friend, under the impression that an ordinary spot had been observed, dissuaded Mr. Scott from so doing.

It thus happened that the matter dropped until the announcement in 1860 of Lescarbault's observation on March 26 in the preceding year, when Mr. Scott, in a communication addressed to the *Times*, drew attention to his experience in the summer of 1847. It was then discovered that he had not been the only observer of the strange object. Mr. Wray, the well-known optician, then resident at Whitby, had remarked a small circular black spot upon the sun late one afternoon at the end of June or early in July, though he also had, in 1860, lost the exact date. Both these gentlemen have furnished the writer with every other particular of their observations. That they refer to the same object can hardly be doubted. Mr. Wray had it under observation for forty minutes, when the sun sank into a bank of cloud and was not again visible that day. In this interval the spot appeared to have moved about five minutes of arc, and when last perceived was so near the western wing of the sun that Mr. Wray believes if the cloud had not interfered, in about ten minutes he would have witnessed the egress. This circular spot, the diameter of which he judged to be about six seconds of arc, was not visible early on the following morning, though other spots of ordinary form which were present on the disk remained nearly unchanged. Mr. Scott was observing with a refractor of about four and one half inches aperture, Mr. Wray with a fine six-foot Newtonian reflector of equal aperture, which he was employing at the time in a study of the varying aspect of the solar spots. Notwithstanding the unfortunate loss of the date of these observations, such particulars as are available are still of value as certifying the existence of such objects in transit; there is no observation of the kind resting upon more excellent authority.

A letter from Prof. Heis, of Münster, the author of the "*Atlas Cælestis Nova*," received while closing these remarks, gives full details respecting Weber's observation. The spot was intensely black, perfectly round, and smaller than the planet Mercury in transit. Prof. Heis expresses the utmost confidence in this observation by his friend, who has long been accustomed to examine the solar disk.

J. R. HIND.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume XVI. }

No. 1690.—November 4, 1876.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CXXXI. }

CONTENTS.

| | | |
|---|---------------------------------------|-----|
| I. FRENCH PREACHERS, | <i>Contemporary Review</i> , | 259 |
| II. CARITA. By Mrs. Oliphant, author of "Chronicles of Carlingford," "Zaidee," etc. Part VIII., | <i>Cornhill Magazine</i> , | 275 |
| III. CHARLOTTE BRONTE. A MONOGRAPH. Part II., | <i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> , | 289 |
| IV. WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH. By Sarah Tytler, author of "Lady Bell," etc. Part XVIII., | <i>Good Words</i> , | 306 |
| V. ZEAL, | <i>Spectator</i> , | 315 |
| VI. QUIET GIRLS, | <i>Liberal Review</i> , | 317 |
| VII. THE PLANET VULCAN, | <i>Spectator</i> , | 318 |
| VIII. HIGHWAYMEN IN PARTNERSHIP, | <i>Notes and Queries</i> , | 320 |

POETRY.

| | | | |
|------------------------|-----|----------------------------------|-----|
| PRIMAVERA, | 258 | AUGUST ON THE MOUNTAINS, | 258 |
| FORGIVENESS, | 258 | THE YEARS, | 258 |

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

PRIMAVERA.

THE spring has passed this way. Look!
 where she trod
 The daring crocus sprang up through the sod
 To greet her coming with glad heedlessness,
 Scarce waiting to put on its leafy dress,
 But bright and bold in its brave nakedness.
 And further on — mark! — on this gentle rise
 She must have paused, for frail anemones
 Are trembling to the wind, couched low among
 These fresh green grasses, that so lush have
 sprung
 O'er the hid runnel, that with tinkling tongue
 Babbles its secret troubles. Here she stopped
 A longer while, and on this grassy sweep,
 While pensively she lingered, see! she dropped
 This knot of lovesick violets from her breast,
 Which, as she threw them down, she must
 have kissed,
 For still the fragrance of her breath they keep.
 And look! here too her floating robes have
 brushed,
 Where suddenly these almond-branches flushed
 To greet her, and in blossoms burst as she
 Swept by them — gladsomely and gracefully.

Where is she now? Gone! Vain it were to
 try
 To overtake her. Here, then, let us lie
 On this green bank and weave a wreath, and
 sing
 From our full hearts the joyous praise of
 spring,
 Grateful for these dear gifts she left behind —
 The flowers, the grass, the soft and odorous
 wind,
 The lingering effluence, the subtle grace
 That still, though she has vanished, haunts
 the place.

Pursuit is vain; for she, like all things fair,
 Will not be hunted down into her lair,
 And caught and prisoned. Let us not be
 rude,
 Nor seek into her presence to intrude,
 But praise her in the distance. Then, per-
 chance,
 She may not flee away with wingèd feet,
 But pause and backward cast a favoring
 glance,
 And waft a fragrance to us rare and sweet.
 Too eager, we our present joy may miss
 In the vain chase of an imagined bliss;
 The ideal joy no human hand can seize,
 The dream that lures us and before us flees.

The day is passing. Let us own its spell;
 And as these trees, feeling within them swell
 The blind, dim stirring of the spring, express
 In leaves and blossoms their mute thankful-
 ness,
 So, grateful, let us take what nature gives;
 Love be our blossoms — gentle thoughts our
 leaves.

Blackwood's Magazine.

W. W. S.

FORGIVENESS.

O GOD, forgive the years and years
 Of worldly pride and hopes and fears;
 Forgive, and blot them from thy book,
 The sins on which I mourn to look.

Forgive the lack of service done
 For thee, thro' life, from life begun;
 Forgive the vain desires to be
 All else but that desired by thee.

Forgive the love of human praise,
 The first false step in crooked ways,
 The choice of evil and the night,
 The heart close shut against the light.

Forgive the love that could endure
 No cost to bless the sad and poor;
 Forgive, and give me grace to see
 The life laid down in love for me.

Transcript.

AUGUST ON THE MOUNTAINS.

THERE is sultry gloom on the mountain's brow
 And a sultry glow beneath;
 Oh, for a breeze from the western sea,
 Soft and reviving, sweet and free,
 Over the shadowless hill and lea,
 Over the barren heath.

There are clouds and darkness around God's
 ways,
 And the noon of life grows hot;
 And though his faithfulness standeth fast
 As the mighty mountains, a shroud is cast
 Over the glory, solemn and vast,
 Veiling, but changing it not.

Send a sweet breeze from thy sea, O Lord,
 From thy deep, deep sea of love;
 Though it lift not the veil from the cloudy
 height,
 Let the brow grow cool and the footstep light,
 As it comes with holy and soothing might,
 Like the wing of a snowy dove.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

THE YEARS.

WHY do we heap huge mounds of years,
 Before us and behind,
 And scorn the little days that pass
 Like angels on the wind?

Each, turning round a small, sweet face
 As beautiful as near,
 Because it is so small a face
 We will not see it clear.

And so it turns from us, and goes
 Away in sad disdain;
 Though we could give our lives for it,
 It never comes again.

MISS MULOCK.

From The Contemporary Review.

FRENCH PREACHERS.

I.

THE French are the least poetical nation in Europe. They have neither the exuberant idealism of the north, nor the enthusiastic realism of the south. A brave, brilliant race, with a temperament of great contrasts, and an energy all but fatal in its restlessness, they are deficient in at least two qualities, without which there can be no truly great poetry — in earnestness and in repose. And their very language lends itself with difficulty to express the feelings of imagination. It has neither majestic strength nor ravishing sweetness; it is singularly poor in “concord of sweet sounds;” it has no music — it does not “sing.”

But the gods have not left themselves without a witness. France is the land of rhetoric; the French are a nation of rhetoricians. Rhetoric reigns supreme, for good or for evil, in every department, from the highest to the lowest. Its authority is unquestioned; Church and State bow before it; truth itself makes it now and then a humble courtesy. You may object that it teaches men to value expression above thought, to devote their chiefest energies to the study of the “how,” to sacrifice, if necessary, everything to form; but you cannot do away with the fact that it is in admirable harmony with the temper of the people. Hence it has met with a ready response; and the language is now no longer pressed into a reluctant service; it yields itself gladly. Where shall we find a match for the marvellous prose of France? where shall we look for another Montaigne or a Voltaire?

This national rhetorical tendency, with which the Frenchman is born, shows itself as much in the Church as in the world. The history of the pulpit in France is in reality the history of rhetoric in the Church. Church oratory is but one of the departments of *belles-lettres*. The unfortunate Protestant preacher has to leave nature behind him whenever he steps across the threshold of the temple of grace. Deeply imbued with the notion of the sanctity of his function, he takes

care to remove as far as possible from him all that savors of the wicked world, and his very thoughts are clothed in the *patois* of Canaan. Not so the French Catholic preacher. The arms of the statesman in the political assembly, the weapon of the lawyer before the judicial tribunal, the power of the *littérateur* with his motley audience, are transferred to the pulpits of the Church. The theme may be different; the method remains the same. Oh, happy land, where nature is not yet excluded from her pulpits!

The natural love for rhetoric finds itself strengthened by the Catholic Church, which, so far from looking upon it as an invasion, uses all its influence to promote it. The atmosphere of Catholicism is favorable to the cultivation of the æsthetic, for two reasons. First of all, the preacher is the mouthpiece of a faith, fixed in the cardinal points, and in the minutest details, and supported by all the authority and strength of an unbroken, united tradition. He asks no questions — blessed are they that ask none — he “only believes,” as the Evangelicals would say. This repose of faith leaves him, as a matter of course, time to devote himself to the development of outward graces. The substance is secured; he can now turn himself to the study of the form.

But the position of the Protestant preacher is altogether different. Whilst the strength of Catholicism lies in affirmation, the force of Protestantism is the grandeur of negation. Its climax is that sublime scene, when the brave Martin Luther defies the world gathered at Worms. Its basis is the right of the individual, its banner is the banner of unfettered criticism; its history, if true to itself, will therefore be a continual conflict, and its only consolation the mournful yet hopeful “I cannot do otherwise, God help me.” Consumed by the love of truth, and never pausing in its search after it — here is grand and sombre poetry — it gladly leaves vestments, and flowers, and forms, as an amiable weakness, to women and children.

In the second place, Catholicism has ever appealed to the latent poetry of humanity. A faith which does not appeal to

the imagination is doomed ; for what else is religion but the highest form of poetry ? The want of it was at first unfelt in Protestantism, for, as we remarked on a former occasion,* it was a great moral outburst, and its leaders were religious geniuses and heroes. But the Protestantism of later days resembles the perplexed king of Israel in the famous representation of the judgment. Whither shall it turn — to the right or to the left ? But it is too weak to be a religion, and too strong to be a philosophical school.

One may disapprove of the view which Catholicism has taken of art or of the method which it has adopted in regard to it. The distinction between "sacred" and "secular" is in our eyes intensely immoral. To us the music of Offenbach is as sacred as that of Bach ; to us the introduction of theology into art is an unpardonable sin. But no one can deny the soundness of the principle of Catholicism or cease to remember the debt of gratitude which we owe to it. The Catholic Church has bound together æsthetics and Christianity. She has attempted to give expression to the religious sentiment, which would otherwise have been condemned to silence ; she has imparted to the religious life color and harmony. The many voices of the inner life of adoration have found a tongue in her rites and forms ; the heart of humanity, wearied and saddened by the realities of life, has found in her ideals an imperishable source of rest and consolation.†

Under the twofold influence, therefore, of natural proclivity and of the encouragement of the Church, has the rhetorical element made its power felt in the pulpit. Nor is there any reason why the rhetorical method should not succeed as much as any other. We are unable to look to the Old Testament as our guide, for alas ! our preachers are in no sense of the word prophets. We cannot follow the example of the apostles, for they preached no sermons and limited themselves to the procla-

mation of certain facts with which we are familiar, thanks to those articles *de luxe* — the creeds of Christendom. Moreover, the Shemitic ideas of interpretation are not ours. It is true we cannot accept implicitly, as our master, a Cicero or a Demosthenes. As Herder has wittily remarked : "There is no Philippos at our gates, and we are not called upon either to condemn or to acquit a notorious criminal." Who ever dreamt of anything after a sermon except of going home ? But a sermon, being intended to keep alive and stir up within us the ideal temper, is as likely, if not more so, to gain its end by adopting a classical model as by following a Hebrew inspiration. At any rate, we shall now glance at the history of the pulpit, and see what it has become in the hands of succeeding rhetoricians.

II.

THE Catholic pulpit before the days of Bossuet has only a few names which deserve to be recorded. It was the misfortune of the preachers of the age of Louis XIII. to be succeeded by the three greatest preachers of French Catholicism. But, had it been otherwise, it is far from certain that their fame would have been greater or more lasting than it has proved to be. In fact, their chief title to recognition is simply that they preceded Bossuet.

The Renaissance which, like the spirit of the Lord, had gone forth to break the fetters of unhallowed tradition and tyrannical authority, had had but little influence on the Church. The Church is in all ages conservative *quand-même* ; in her eyes a thing is good simply because it exists. She generally looks upon what is new with suspicion if not with aversion, and, in nine cases out of ten, when she utters a word in favor of progress, we may be sure that, like Pilate, she says it not of herself, but that another has told her.

Scholasticism, though it had killed every atom of life in the Church,* still lingered

* "The Protestant Pulpit in Germany," *Contemporary Review* for August, 1874.

† I do not forget that the real cause of the hostility of Protestantism to art is to be looked for in its peculiar method of solving the dualism on which all religion is founded.

* It is almost superfluous to state that my remarks apply to scholasticism in general. Had the Middle Ages produced none other but the author of the "Imitation," that masterpiece of egotism — but all religion

behind, not merely in those cells of the cloister, where it had held undisputed sway for ages, but in the Church, in the pulpit, where it had celebrated so oft its barren triumphs. Its principle was indeed too invaluable to be given up. Its fundamental idea was, that there is but *one* truth, so that a thing, when theologically true, must be also philosophically true, and *vice versâ*, and that this *one* truth is to be found in the traditional dogma of the Catholic Church. This deification of the stereotype in matter and also in form had indeed made of the Church a vast graveyard. But, unlike the Greek hero, she preferred reigning over the dead to wandering in the midst of the living, at the risk of being nothing more than a fellow-laborer working together with others for the great common good.

Whilst, therefore, there was on all hands a general revival, and France, under one of her greatest kings — great because he was the concentration of the national virtues and vices and follies — Francis I., was rapidly becoming one of the civilizing centres of the world, the Church continued in a state of stagnation. The beautiful gods of Hellas, under whose tranquil reign joys had been great, and sorrows, though not unknown, had pressed but lightly, had dethroned the stern, sombre, violent God of mediævalism. And the world breathed once more freely, and felt like one who, waking from a terrible dream, finds himself still in the heyday of youth with life before him. But the Church remained in that past over whose grave the world had sung its *Te Deum*. Its form of teaching was undoubtedly somewhat changed; as in the days of Philo Plato and Moses walked hand in hand, so now the Greeks and the Hebrews appeared together. But the substance was altogether unchanged, and the form of the discourse, because of the want of assimilation, resembled oft the coat of the unfortunate Joseph — beautiful, I dare say, but withal with too many patches.

The Renaissance, translated in the dialect of the Church, is nothing more than

is egoistical — or the noble thinker and martyr Abelard, it would have been impossible to say that they had been devoid either of religious or of intellectual life.

scholasticism with a slight gloss. The celebrated preachers of the reign of Henri IV., such as Seguiran and Coton, are in reality nothing else but disguised scholastics. Even Francis de Sales, one of the most popular and most successful preachers of the day — it is said that he made about seventy-two thousand converts — is no exception to the general rule. His devotional writings have all the charms of a childlike spirit and a poetical temper. They display a richness of observation and a knowledge of the human heart such as one might expect of a man whose skill in the *direction des âmes* was unparalleled. They are also marked by a tenderness which, however passionate, never transgresses certain bounds, so that one feels no doubt about the safety of his spiritual wives. There is, lastly, a freshness of language which, by way of contrast with other productions of a similar kind, is singularly refreshing. But, whenever he ascends the pulpit, a complete change comes over him. His sermons abound in far-fetched allegories, treating the Bible as if it were a book of conundrums; long, dry explanations, tending more to the glorification of the “particle” than to the glory of God; curiously grotesque images, more productive of a smile than of a feeling of devotion. How shall we explain this falling-off? Is it because the pulpit is enthralled by some evil spell, or because the tyranny of fashion is nowhere more powerful and more successful than in the precincts of the Church?

But Francis de Sales contributed indirectly to the reformation of the pulpit, for he was one of the great leaders of the religious revival in the Catholic Church of France during the seventeenth century. Protestantism had rendered to the Church the services of a parliamentary opposition. It had been the misfortune of the Church to have reigned for centuries with well-nigh undisputed authority; it had been her sad fate to proclaim a truth all but unquestioned. Now, though nature may safely be left to its infinite developments, it would seem that the moral world, when thrown completely on its own resources, falls sooner or later into a state of atrophy. And as for truth, every truth being at the

same time true and false, it is incomplete without its contrary part. Truth ever includes an affirmation and a negation. There is but one great heresy, *i.e.*, to imagine that a *part* of the truth is *the* truth.

The dying Roman Church was roused into active life by Protestantism. This I consider an undeniable fact. But at no period of her history did she manifest more clearly her hidden vitality and her apparently inexhaustible resources of piety and of energy. When in the seventeenth century Protestantism, forsaking its original moral foundation, exhibited not-to-be-mistaken signs of weakness, Catholicism was once more full to the brim of life and vigor.

The Council of Trent had been a great logical folly. Francis de Sales and Vincent de Paul had an inspiration which was worth a thousand councils. The tendency of the Western Church, as distinguished from the speculative Eastern Church, had always been of a practical nature. These two men, true children of their Church, used therefore all their energies to stir up the latent life of the Church. Starting from the principle that "knowledge without virtue and virtue without knowledge are insufficient;" they insisted upon mental cultivation and moral reformation, as both equally indispensable to the priesthood.* They then founded schools, sent out mission-priests, covered the land with monasteries, and, above all, gave to the world that greatest glory of Catholicism — among the many incarnations of the divine one of the chiefest — the sister of charity.

The religious atmosphere being thus gradually purified, it is certain that its influence will at last be felt by the pulpit. The pulpit has never originated any religious movement, strange to say; it has contented itself with following in the wake and gathering up the fragments. The good results of the revival are to some extent perceived at once. Take, as an instance, the sermons of le Père le Jeune, one of the priests of the Oratory. They are simple and practical; it is impossible to say of them "that they aim at nothing and that they hit it." The preacher looks upon his audience as grown-up children to be catechised for the time being with more or less severity. There is a gentle firmness in everything he says, and an air of reality about his utterances so as to make one believe that the preacher is in the first place a man, and in the second

place a theologian. No doubt all this is not what we understand by "eloquence;" but is it not a good thing that for the first time during many centuries the pulpit should have as its occupant a man and not a scholastic?

Or look at the sermons of the Jesuit De Lingendes, written in Latin before they were delivered. He wears the garment of a *doctor ecclesiæ*, his reasonings and discussions are oft protracted to an inordinate length. But under the garment of the logician beats a passionate heart. Père le Jeune at his very best has a dead perfection; he has no *verve*, no inspiration. But Claude Lingendes has that holy spirit, the absence of which is death. His morality has none of those subtleties attributed to his order. It is simple, austere, naked, — not bedecked so as to excite the admiration of children and of monkeys. It makes vivid, passionate, nay, violent appeals to the audience. The great preacher must be almost tyrannical. The prophets, the greatest religious orators of the world, were men of violence; they built their morality chiefly on fear. Thus it was that they fell, but thus it was also that they had reigned for centuries in the face of a threefold opposition: the throne, the priesthood, and the majority of the nation.

We are still a long way from Bossuet, Bourdaloue, and Massillon; we have seen, however, some of the "missing links."

It is interesting to note the contrast between the Catholic and the Protestant preachers of the period. How different the tone, which breathes through the sermons of Pierre du Moulin, or Jean Mesprezat, or Jean Daillé. The Protestants are clad from head to foot in a theological armor. They spend all their energies in the exposition and the defence of a theological dogma. They cling to the *letter* of the Scriptures, guarding it with a lover-like jealousy, which, to say the least, is somewhat exacting. Their sermons are merely detailed explanations of their text, a custom, however, which has as much *raison d'être* as the modern fashion of speaking about everything except about the text. Unfortunately their literalism is mostly extreme, and their text says never anything but yea and amen to their theological system.

If in the contents of their sermons they offer a theological analysis, supposed to be founded on the Scriptures, the form in which they express their convictions is even less attractive. The style is as bare as their temples; devoid of imagery and ornament and every artistic element. It

* "La science à un prêtre, c'est le huitième sacrement de la hiérarchie de l'Eglise." — *Francis de Sales*.

is sombre, hard, oft bitter. It bears all the traces of pressure and haste; it does not make the faintest attempt to be rhetorical, for it would probably have looked upon oratory as a snare of the devil.

But let us do justice to those disciples of Calvin, the sternest of the Reformers, whom the strange chapter of accidents had thrown amongst a people, with great *religious instincts*, but without a *conscience*. The gloom of their faith was deepened by their lives, which were equally stern and sad. That dogma which they preached contained, in their eyes, the question of "to be or not to be," and they had the courage to suffer in its defence. It inspired them during a life of action, and sustained them amidst the horrors of the galleys, the weariness of exile, and the terrors of persecution. And if their style had not a Ciceronian polish, shall we blame them? It was manly, vigorous, oft heroic. There was eloquence after all in that man, standing in all simplicity before his audience, in a temple not made with hands, taking up his Bible, over whose pages he had pored in prayer and wept in silence, and speaking from the fulness of a God-loving heart, to a crowd which, before the shadows of evening had fallen, might number some of its members among "the noble army of martyrs."

But if the eloquence of the preachers of Protestantism was to be found above all in those obscure, holy, active, stormy, suffering lives, it can proudly point to the name of Jacques Saurin, as a proof that it had no inherent incapability of producing an orator. Saurin is the Protestant Bossuet. The son of a distinguished family at Nîmes, he spent his youth at Geneva. Thoroughly indoctrinated in the tenets of Calvinism, he came to London, where he became the minister of a French church. From England he went to Holland, where the martyrs of philosophy and of theology had found a welcome asylum, and it was at the Hague that he celebrated his oratorical triumphs.

He had all the outward qualifications, which, it is true, do not make an orator, but without which success is rarely obtained. His appearance was imposing, his voice was sonorous, and his delivery was so fascinating that one of his hearers, after having listened to him for the first time, exclaimed, "Was it an angel that spoke, or a man?" His sermons were long; he preached never less than an hour and a half, but in those days the length of sermons was not measured by time, but

by the interest of the subject and of the method of its treatment.

The chasm between Saurin and his predecessors, and, we are compelled to add, his successors also, is very wide. The circumstances under which he delivered his discourses were favorable. Far removed from the din of theological polemics, in the possession of complete liberty, and surrounded by a fashionable sympathetic audience, he had few barriers to his eloquence. But he was more than eloquent, he was an orator.

Protestantism till then, at its very best, had been eloquent. But it had moved in a very narrow circle, identifying Christianity with a theological formula, and forgetting, in its zeal for Christianity, that religion of Jesus which is as much above dogma as the sun is above the earth. Within that limited space, every inch of which it had contested with a tenacity worthy of a better cause, it had served as a guide to its adherents, taking them again and again over the well-beaten track. But it was getting monotonous; and in religion, as in everything else, one ought to be careful to avoid *ennui*. Its atmosphere, too, was somewhat stifling, and religion cannot flourish without fresh air.

Saurin's first merit was that he enlarged the horizon of Protestantism. The choice of his subjects is of the most varied description. He roams through heaven and earth, especially through the former. He is taken up too much, no doubt, with theological questions; but apart from the fact that he was fond of metaphysical subtleties, and skilled in the intricacies of dialectics, theology will always be paramount in a system which is based on a theological proposition: the free sovereignty of God, graciously electing a few and kindly damning the many.

But Saurin often deigns to be human. Then he leaves the dogma to take care of itself, and chooses a moral topic, bearing upon life, with its every-day struggles and trials. On these occasions he evinces both in his descriptions (he had a remarkable dramatic power) and in his direct applications and appeals, great breadth of view combined with a practical temper. The one keeps him from losing himself in details; the other prevents him from confining himself to generalities.

The divisions of his sermons are for the greater part very ingenious. He pours a wealth of learning on his subject, which even then fatigued the audience, and which in our days — days of the deification of

shallowness and of mediocrity — would be considered as perfectly appalling. There is at times something overwhelming about him; but he always gives one the idea of being possessed of an immense power to be wielded at his good pleasure. As to his style, it is at all times transparent and simple.

But how shall we impress our readers with the idea of his oratorical power? His printed sermons manifest a richness of thought, a power of imagination, and a force of expression, which must at all times command admiration. But we must go to his contemporaries to know what he really was. If it be the characteristic of a religious orator to rouse his audience from "moral stupidity" to moral consciousness, to stir up within them the dormant religious sentiment, to force them, by some mysterious power peculiar to himself, to contemplate themselves and their lives in the presence of the ideal, and to humiliate themselves before it — if it be the mark of a great orator that he knows how to make himself gradually master of the soul of his hearer, to make it think, and feel, and live with him for the time, however much it may be opposed to him when the spell is broken — if it be, in short, the badge of the orator to wield power, to make the truth live before his hearer and reign within him — then Saurin is an orator, and only next to the three great preachers of Catholicism.

III.

At last came Bossuet.

He came in an age when the world was exhausted. The great sixteenth century, which had given birth to the Renaissance and to the Reformation, was followed by a period of rest; and rest for humanity is retrogression. Great individualities, great characters, great conceptions, great instincts, belonged to the past. Nature with its spontaneity was giving place to art and the artificial.

Louis XIV., like another Augustus, had no greatness, except the power of appreciating it in others, and the desire to concentrate it around him. He gathered the illustrious men together, and proclaimed himself the centre of authority and of unity. In accordance with this idea he persecuted Protestantism, Port Royal, and the Papacy, and put himself forward as the defender of the liberties of the Gallican Church. There was no power to resist him, for though the *Reformation* had brought to light the *individual*, the

Revolution was still to come, which should make known the *people*.

There is but one Louis XIV., and Bossuet is his prophet. Bossuet was the apostle of absolutism in every form, only now and then modified, as at one time he was more under the influence of the Jesuits, and at another more under the influence of the king. His ideal was the theocracy, his political creed was the *droit divin* carried to its utmost limits. His religion was one of affirmation and authority. Doubt was unknown to him. With majestic mien and calm countenance, and surrounded by the pageantry which befits a pompous age, the religion of the Bishop of Meaux presented itself to his contemporaries.

A theocratic religion, in harmony with the State, as concentrated in and interpreted by Louis XIV., this is the great fundamental thought of Bossuet. It is the key-note, at any rate so it appears to us, of his many and varied writings; it makes itself heard also in those wonderful sermons, which began with the brilliant improvisations of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, and ended sixty years later in the quiet and comparative obscurity of a country church.

The sermons of Bossuet do not come before us like his funeral orations, which were written and revised by himself. But though without the master's finishing touch, they have all the characteristics of his other productions.

A glance at his predecessors convinced us of the little progress which pulpit oratory had made. Bossuet, not able to learn much from those immediately before him, turned to the original sources. He made himself a complete master of that petrified thought which is but another word for tradition. No one read the Fathers as he did; but what is more to the point, no one either before or after him knew how to use them as he did. His special study, however, was the Old Testament. Isaiah, and above all the unknown author of the second part of his book, so majestic and so sublime; Jeremiah, with his intense pathos; Ezekiel, with his gorgeous coloring; the author of the Book of Daniel, with his philosophical power; in short, all these men without parallel as lyrical poets, interpreters of the heart and prophets of the conscience, become models to the young preacher reading and meditating in the silence of his cell. And verily the mantle of one of those religious geniuses of Hebrew history fell upon him; Bossuet was an eastern echo on Western shores.

The subject of his sermons was principally the theological dogma. This was in accordance with his absolute tendencies. Morality holds but a subordinate place in his teaching; it oft blends skilfully with his theology, but it always remains somewhat in the background, never offers anything striking, and rarely descends into details.* The prominent bringing forward of the theological dogma is detrimental to morality. The man who is moral in obedience to an external authority, with some ulterior end in view, either of gain or of loss, is, in our eyes, not yet moral; his morality rests on an immoral foundation. Morality finds its great authority and sanction in the gospel written long before all others: the gospel of the conscience. But, whether or no, one thing is certain, that the triumph of Bossuet as preacher of the theological dogma is much greater than if he had been a preacher of morality. To inspire life into the latter requires talent; to make the former live is the work of genius.

And where shall we find the majesty of the Church's doctrine if not in Bossuet? I do not now refer to the kingly splendor of his style, the perfection of form which has never been equalled, or to the dignity of his office which has left its mark on every page. The developments of Catholicism had been altogether external; in the hands of Bossuet, the very *heart* of the dogma is laid bare. We see its hidden centre in the sublimity of its grandeur and the depth of its tenderness. Tenderness—it was forced upon Bossuet by the study of the Old Testament. It is a strange fancy which looks upon the God of Israel as cruel and vindictive. The God of the Old Testament is full of love. And no wonder, for Jewish theology is throughout anthropomorphic.

The genius of Bossuet made of the theological dogma a living reality. His audience could hardly follow him as he soared to heights on which few had ventured; they were dazzled by the variety, the strength, and the skill of his arguments; they were overwhelmed by a force, great at all times, greatest perhaps when it confessed his weakness; they were humbled, if not crushed, by the great problems which were set before them as demanding

a solution, and the vigorous demonstration of the weakness and the insufficiency of reason to supply the answer. But they were never allowed to forget that there was a way of escape, nay, more, that there was a path which, when trodden, would bring certainty and rest. It was the Catholic dogma, venerable because of its antiquity, fascinating because of the vitality with which the orator knew how to endow it. Here was the anchor in the midst of uncertainty; the remedy against every ill; the stay in the hour of weakness.

And as men listened to that wonderful inspiration which held them captive, however unwilling, some believed, others doubted, others again trembled. But upon all came that feeling of awe with which Jacob, rising from his dream at the brook of Jabbok, exclaimed, "I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved."

The funeral orations of Bossuet are as inferior to his sermons as art is to nature. The latter are a spontaneous outburst, the former are a work of reflection. They bear, as a matter of course, the impress of Bossuet's genius; they are full of grand thoughts couched in the sublimest of dictions. Nowhere, except in the prophets, are the glories of the Divine celebrated in more jubilant strains, or the miseries of humanity, in the midst of its greatness and dignity, described with more sorrowful accents. But the literary merits of these discourses are open to many strictures, and their tone is that of the polished courtier, who dexterously avoids an unpleasant topic, and, when unable to do so any longer, knows skilfully how to turn a reproach into a disguised flattery.

However, in this *genre* as in everything else, Bossuet is *facile princeps*. Compare his funeral orations with those of the preachers who stand foremost in the second rank—Fléchier and Mascaron. Fléchier was a great rhetorician, and his funeral orations, especially the one on Turenne, contain passages of great beauty. Mascaron also was a celebrated preacher, and known chiefly by his funeral orations. But how artificial is the atmosphere into which they usher us! The language is elegant, the words are well chosen, the harmony of the periods is admirable. We are inclined to forget for the moment the poverty of thought, and to be carried away by the richness of the garment which hides it from our view. But I forget who it was that said, "*L'éloquence continuée ennuit*." Ere long those high-sounding phrases grow wearisome; that flowery style, mistaken for poetry, palls upon us;

* It should be remarked that Bossuet had to contend with great difficulties. The age was theological but irreligious—an age of priests and of mistresses. Bossuet has been blamed for his want of boldness: as a matter of fact he was bolder than others. The rudeness of John the Baptist—"It is not lawful," etc.—would have been sadly out of place in the polite age of Louis XIV.

those well-meaning commonplaces irritate us; that long-continued strain of flattery gets fulsome.

Oh, over the grave let there be silence! But, if there must be speech, let it be the voice of nature,—majestic and meek, violent and tender, stern and consoling, sad and joyful; but in all her varying moods, simple, real, truthful. Chant on our graves thy requiem, thou whose lullaby has so often soothed us!

Bossuet occupies a unique place in the history of the pulpit; Bourdaloue, the inheritor of its old traditions, was in reality its reformer.

The contrast between the Bishop of Meaux and his successful rival, the Jesuit Bourdaloue, is very striking. Bossuet is original in his method of treating the dogmas. It is true he neither adds to nor takes from it; his excessive caution and common sense keep him from indulging in any extremes and from presenting it to his hearers in any but the orthodox form. But within the Church's limit he gives full scope to his power. He places the dogma in a relation to life which it had never yet had; he finds a way and creates a language to express it, and to make its power felt. Bourdaloue's method, on the other hand, is the old one marked with the stamp of centuries. Thanks to the age in which he lives, it is free from bad taste, pedantry, and the defects which had characterized it in the preceding age. The originality of Bourdaloue consists in the subjects which form the matter of his discourses. He returns to those fields from which the doctors of the Church should never have strayed. Can we doubt for a moment what is the legitimate province of the pulpit? Judaism was a theology, Christianity is morality.

His sermons are a complete manual of religious morality. He had a thorough knowledge of men by means of that splendid spiritual dissecting-room, the confessional. A knowledge of humanity is indeed independent of a knowledge of men. The observation of men is not necessary in order to understand humanity; nay, being generally partial, is rather detrimental than otherwise to that wider and more general knowledge. But the confessional enables every priest, unendowed though he may be with powers of abstraction or of imagination, to obtain a practical knowledge of the conscience; whilst the Protestant clergyman, with the sorry substitutes of visiting or of marriage,* flounders hope-

lessly, the Catholic priest stands on *terra firma*. The ordinary priests of the Catholic Church are not more eloquent as a rule than our Protestant curates. Universal eloquence would indeed be an unmitigated calamity. But they display an astounding knowledge of the human heart. Who that has stood in a little country church and listened to the discourse of the simple village priest, has not felt constrained to say, "This man may not be eloquent, but he knows the people"?

A plain, practical, every-day morality is, I must allow, somewhat tedious; but every-day life is tiresome, and it is useless to complain of it. It is useful, though not very beautiful; as we all know, "*Rien n'est beau que l'inutile*." It suits the majority, who are quite satisfied with the possession of five senses, and care little for that sixth sense without which it were better not to have been born—the sense of the ideal. It comforts the weak souls, which have got so used to crutches that they have forgotten how to walk. It has the merit of leaving few disturbing elements behind it, for who ever applied a moral description or precept to any one else save his neighbor?*

The method of Bourdaloue was that of the scholastics. His logical powers were unrivalled. He had the faculty of grasping his subject as a whole, and of mastering it into the very minutest details. He was a master in clearness of exposition. His subject was carefully laid out in a certain number of parts; each part contained a number of propositions, with divisions in which the matter under discussion was thoroughly ventilated, the arguments in favor of it enforced, and the objections to it refuted. It would be easy to point out an occasional excess of subtlety, a want of directness, a failure of progressiveness; but it is enough for our purpose to point out the method. Morality in a logical garb reduced to scientific formulas and appealing to reason—such is the strange spectacle which the preacher Bourdaloue presents to us.

It has been said that he had no imagination, and that he was dry and barren. In my opinion he is to be commended for the faithfulness with which he adhered to his method. The logic of the pulpit must be either scientific or rhetorical; it must be the

tion of a limited class of the people; and, as to marriage, does any clergyman ever make a study of his wife?

* I am only speaking of a certain kind of morality; not of the morality which, as I conceive it, should be the subject of the pulpit.

* Visiting reaches at the very best but a small por-

logic of the schools or that of the people. It may be said that the former is, at its best, too impersonal; that it is unsafe and provokes opposition, nay, possibly defeat. Good and well; let it be discarded.

But I think we should object most strenuously to the mixture of two different methods of argumentation—to the sermon which, after a train of reasoning, suddenly breaks off at a moment favorable to the preacher and rushes into a torrent of feeling, where it remains or whence it emerges again at the bidding of the preacher. Such sermons may be highly applauded by the faithful; but the world outside the chosen people will say to the minister, "If you put yourself on the standpoint of reason, come then, let us reason together; if you put yourself on the point of view of the religious sentiment, come then, let us compare souls." Bourdaloue, honest and straightforward, having adopted the method of the dialectician, remained faithful to it, and reached a standard of perfection never surpassed. And being beside an adept in gentlemanly satire and skilled in religious gossip, he succeeded in gaining the ear of the people. Audiences thronged round him, and acknowledged his power, returning homeward convinced if not persuaded.

The voice of Bossuet was no longer heard, and the utterances of Bourdaloue were few and far between, when, a young disciple of the Oratory, Massillon made his first appearance. A great age, which had been ushered in amidst shouts of joy, was drawing to a close amidst bursts of tears. Not merely because of political misfortunes. The rottenness and hollowness of the *régime*, was chiefly seen in the collapse of society. Autocrats keep their subjects in peace by pursuing a vigorous foreign policy. Thus their attention is drawn away from affairs at home, and no attempt is made to penetrate beneath the more or less gilded surface. But a defeat abroad involves a greater defeat at home. The tinsel, glitter, and polish being removed, there remains a material which, whatever it may be, is far from sound. Society which, during the brilliant years of Louis XIV., had revealed little of its corruption to the looker-on, or at any rate had impressed him with the idea that its vices and virtues were both splendid, was suddenly seen in its hideousness. The intrigues and sensuality, in short the immoral atmosphere in which Louis XV. lived and breathed, was the result. So great was the corruption that even taste and good manners deteriorated rapidly;

the former, because, though not dependent on the morality of the individual, it is the outcome of the general atmosphere; the latter, because society had been polite but not civil.

It has been said that the decay of pulpit oratory began with Massillon. The accusation is unjust. A gentle, Jeremiah-like nature, he coped boldly with the difficulties by which he was on all sides surrounded. His style, like that of the prophet, shows traces of literary decline. In both there is a want of ideas; a monotonous repetition of the same pictures and images, an excessive abundance of words, a seeming richness of style which is in truth but disguised poverty. But there are no traces of falling-off in Massillon when we look at the treatment of his subject. The choice of his theme in itself was masterly, it was the religious sentiment. The age, as we have seen, was immoral. In addition, a philosophy had sprung up which told man to study nature around him and within. Massillon, discarding the dogma with great wisdom, and avoiding a practical, detailed morality, went to the root of the matter, when he tried to show that human nature, closely interrogated, reveals the existence of a religious sentiment, and that its voice, when truly interpreted, proclaims in favor of virtue.

Massillon then placed himself on those serene heights of the religious sentiment where divisions and distinctions fade away like morning mists, and where men meet, in virtue of a common humanity, to give expression to a faith which shall interpret the feelings by which they all are inspired. He appealed to fear, to veneration, to admiration, to sorrow and joy, to love—in one word, to all that could stir up a sentiment which, denied by scepticism and trampled upon by vice, rises from its knees in moments when man's spirit is lonely and his heart is sad, and mutters in his ears, unwilling as they may be to hear: "*Eppure si muove.*"

Massillon's sermons abound in pictures. He delighted in word-painting, and was oft carried away by it. His love of antitheses is extreme, and there is a want of breadth about them which is decidedly disappointing. One feels that a few bold strokes would have been more efficient than the most detailed portrayal. On the other hand, some of those tableaux are highly effective. What glowing descriptions of the righteous and his death! What terrible pictures of the life and the condition of the wicked! Is it difficult

to imagine that as the preacher proceeded there rose from the heart of one of his hearers the prayer of the old prophet: "Let my soul die the death of the righteous"?

Massillon is fond of removing objections. It is to be feared that the ingenuity of the preacher oft suggests to the hearer some excuse or obstacle he had not thought of before. But if it be true that "the heart is desperately wicked and deceitful," it follows that it is most unwilling to love the highest, even when it is seen. It is well, therefore, to remove any real or seeming hindrances. The great orator must engage in a struggle with his audience. He has to fight, not for the victory of the truth—for it has conquered and goes on conquering—but for the acknowledgment of that victory and submission to it.

At other times Massillon, after having painted a certain moral condition in harmony with, or opposition to, the religious sentiment, points out the causes of which it is the result or the motives by which it is determined. Sometimes he dwells prominently on the effects produced by certain states, and draws from those and other characteristics a conclusion as to whether such a condition be desirable or no. He speaks at all times as if the question affected him personally, hence that temper of humility and of sadness which but rarely gives place to moderate joy.

It has been objected that his ideal was too high. An ideal which is too lofty deters the timid, drives those that are conscientious to despair, and produces in the indifferent a gay or melancholy recklessness. But it must not be forgotten that the majority of the audience are only too ready to lower the ideal which has been set before them, and to detract from the force of the preacher's words. Christianity has a very high ideal, and, though it would probably have chosen a lower standard had its conceptions been Hellenistic instead of being Shemitic, the fact remains that its ideal is one of the highest. In lessening it, in bringing it down to the level of the carnal, the selfish, or the ignorant, what shall we gain? Men are not won by concessions; they despise them as an avowal of weakness: they are won by those who know how to command. Or shall we abate its claims out of despair because the ideal has not yet been reached? The Christian religion is not a *fait accompli*; it is a religion which grows. A Christian is not he who believes in certain theories—that were seeking the liv-

ing among the dead; he is one who works out the principles which Jesus taught—the truths which are everlasting because they are the truths of the conscience. Shall there not be progress in this, as in everything else?

Bossuet, the preacher of dogma, appealing to the conscience; Bourdaloue, the preacher of morality, addressing himself to reason; Massillon, the interpreter of the religious instinct, speaking to the heart: a Church which has had three men like these is immortal.

IV.

THE eighteenth century was the child of the sixteenth. The leaders of great movements are generally unconscious of the real nature of the work in which they are engaged, and the gods, in pity for humanity—for what great work would otherwise have been carried out?—keep from them the knowledge of the consequences to which the principles which they lay down, with childlike frankness, must inevitably lead. There arises, therefore, sometimes a little confusion in the paternal relationship; and children, who appear very unlike their father, have in truth a perfect right to call him by that or any other endearing name. Thus Evangelicalism and Rationalism are both children of the Continental Reformation: the one, of the Reformation as practically understood or misunderstood by its authors; the other, of the Reformation as it was laid down in principle and in method.*

The eighteenth century was the protest of humanity against the State religion, and the attempted usurpation of the theocracy. The age of Louis XIV. had had an artificial religion. A State religion is the best substitute yet invented for no religion. It secures to religion a certain amount of stability and of respectability, and, above all, keeps it within certain limits. That religion, however, had had its day, and at the time of which we are speaking the subject which occupied the minds of men was morality.

The Thors of the age take up their hammer and shatter into atoms a religion which is in every way external. They are great in nothing but negation; but every negation is an affirmation. Unfortunately they go too far, or rather not far enough. In preaching an irreligious morality, in teaching man that his end is in himself, and that the end of society is in man, in

* In the English Church, e.g., a High-Churchman is the historical, a Broad-Churchman the logical, child of the Reformation.

thus carefully eliminating every divine and theocratic element, they keep out of sight the most intimate depths of human nature, and fail to penetrate to the ultimate principles which rule the world. Their punishment overtakes them: whilst they have rendered humanity never-to-be-forgotten services in protesting against hierarchy, in gathering up the fragments of true religion, in proclaiming the gospel of humanity, they failed in the ideal which they had set before them—the restoration of human nature—and ended, like their opponents (such is the irony of history), in establishing a despotism, and in promoting an order of things which, being merely external, was at its best a superficial morality and at its worst a glaring immorality.

The preachers of that period were in an unfortunate position. The pulpit had run through its three great phases, and seemed condemned to remain *in statu quo*, unless some great original force should unexpectedly come to its aid. This, however, was not the case. During the most revolutionary period in the world's history, the Church was for the greater part asleep. The few that were awake tried to make way against wind and waves by making use of the instruments which had formerly proved successful. In vain—the new order of things required to be met in a new way.

But some sank even lower: they fell to the level of the times and of the society whose guides they were supposed to be. The pulpit must indeed be of the world, but it must be at the same time above the world. The morality of the age became the theme of many a pulpit, and religion was made to play the part of a humble servant. The preachers were, it need scarcely be remarked, less enlightened than their rivals, and were opposed in the secret of their heart, though they might think it safer not to express their hatred, to the popular movement which was going on in their midst. For want of intellectual originality and moral sympathy, there remained therefore one thing: to display a force of character which should have secured respect if not sympathy. But they laid their head quietly on the lap of Delilah, and enjoyed it amazingly no doubt, till the Philistines, who had always suspected and hated them, came upon them in full force and led them away captives. They had attempted to be something between a priest and a man; the people, which detests halfness, rose against them and swept them away.

Among the preachers of the day, Poulle

and Neuville were the most popular. Poulle's fame rests chiefly on two charity sermons. Endowed with a lively imagination, and possessing a poetical style, it would be unfair to deny that there are passages in his discourses which go far to justify the public opinion. Neuville was chiefly known for his funeral orations. But his sermons, as judged by the standard of the times, are not without beauty. The style may be here and there too florid, or the tone savor now and then of pedantry—let us remember that we are in the day of small mercies, and “for these and all other mercies, may the Lord make us truly thankful!”

It would be easy to point to other names, such as Lenfant, on whom the mantle of Bourdaloue seemed to have fallen, master as he was of that direct argumentation in which the great preacher of Louis XIV. had been paramount; or the versatile Maury, a brilliant panegyrist and political orator, reviving by his eloquence classical days. Or one might call attention to the many excellent pastorals and charges issued by the bishops in times when the horizon wore a most threatening aspect. Or one might recall to memory some of the philosophical productions of the day, such as the works of Guenard, and, to pass on to days somewhat later, those of Boyer.

But such a catalogue of names, however interesting in the sense of completeness, would be, after all, dreary. The names and the works of those men, excellent as they were, are forgotten. Time never forgets what is worth remembering; if they perished it is because they did not deserve to live.

“Eighteenth century, thou callest thyself a philosophical age; how fatal thou shalt be in the history of the mind and of morality! We do not dispute the progress of thy knowledge, but could not the weak and proud reason of man control itself? Having succeeded in reforming ancient abuses, must it needs attack truth itself? . . . Revolution, thou art more fatal than the heresies which have changed the character of many surrounding countries; they left, at any rate, a worship and a morality behind them. But our unfortunate descendants shall be without either. Oh, holy Gallican Church! oh, Christian kingdom! God of our fathers, have mercy on their children!”

Thus spoke a known preacher of the day—De Beauvais, Bishop of Senes, in his funeral oration on Louis XV., a *genre* of eloquence in which he had only one

rival, the Abbé de Boismont. A gentle, moderate man, doing quietly his work in the Church, and, after the manner of many ecclesiastics of the times, a member of the political assembly, he had one of those moments of inspiration — or shall I call it intuition? — which come now and then, let us trust, to the man who earnestly and sincerely loves the truth. The storm of the French Revolution broke out at last over the Church and the nation. The year 1790 saw the last public ordination before the Revolution. In a few years the Church will be deprived of her temples, her altars desecrated, and her priests martyred. Ere-long the flocks will be without pastors, the living without guidance, the dying without consolation; and on the ruins irreligion and anarchy will celebrate their triumph, but a victory which is a defeat — the goddess of reason in the form of a handsome prostitute!

Then men will cry out for a religion. In epochs of national calamity, the people, which ever connects suffering and guilt, rushes to the altars to endeavor to appease the gods. Touching avowal of human weakness, the most sublime confession of human strength! But a religion cannot be created at command; a religious faith is not the work of a generous caprice or of a passionate impulse.

A Church, however, can be re-established by authority. On Easter Day, A.D. 1802, the celebrated Boisgelin, archbishop of Tours, preached a sermon in Notre Dame, on the re-establishment of religion.

V.

THE period upon which we now enter has none of the majestic repose which was the outcome of the revival at the close of the sixteenth century, or of the undignified sleep from which the Church of the eighteenth century had been roused so ungen- tly by the iron hand of revolution. The spirit of restlessness characteristic of our times — days when the multitude of ideas keeps men in continued suspense, and prevents them from ever coming to a conclusion — penetrates even into that Church whose loudest boast is that she is the mouthpiece of an unbroken tradition, a fixed dogma, and an infallible authority.

The Concordat, which Napoleon had concluded as a stroke of policy, threatened that spirit of independence and of nationality which had been characteristic of the Gallican Church in her golden age. Gallicanism, though anxious to live in an *entente cordiale* with the Papacy, had always protested against the usurpation of

the Italian element in the Catholic Church, and refused to be nothing but a vassal of Rome. Its clergy, too, had always had a leaning towards that form of Broad-Churchism which had been associated with Port-Royal. It had hated Ultramontanism as a foreign importation, and cultivated a Christianity of an enlightened nature and with moderate tendencies. Traditions such as these could not easily be effaced and never be completely obliterated. They continued to linger behind, and to find now and then an eloquent expression; but as years rolled on their influence became weaker and weaker, till at last it grew all but imperceptible.

The Restoration, however, was more destructive of the Church than the Empire. It identified the Church with a political party; it made of religion a political tool. When the Church is narrowed to the limits of a party, either religious or political, it ceases to be. It answers to its description only when it includes all parties and is above them all. The Church of the Restoration lent itself to the governmental theories of absolutism. Ultramontanism, though a religious absolutism in its extremest form, might have gained adherents. Who has not known hours of moral weariness, of spiritual tossings to and fro, when a man, in his passionate longing for rest, would sell his soul, if need be, to obtain it? And where is rest for humanity except in one or other extreme? But, identifying itself with a political party, Ultramontanism gained momentary strength and lost in the end; for it stirred up the political animosities of men who would have looked upon it with indifference from a religious point of view. The result was that its altars were once more overthrown, and that it had again the glories of martyrdom. But after all it may have gained; for, leaving the next world out of the question, there is nothing, even in this one, which has its reward like martyrdom.

Ultramontanism then and political absolutism effect an entrance, at the beginning of this century, in the Gallican Church. They are set forth as a metaphysical theory by Bonald, in whose eyes a limited monarchy is an abomination, and to whom the theocracy is the only legitimate form of government. They are defended by the paradoxical De Maistre, who hurls his thunderbolts against the age, finding the one remedy against the ills which he paints with the sombrest colors, in the death of Gallicanism and the supremacy of the pope. They find an

enthusiastic advocate at first in Lamennais, one of those characters whose life must needs be full of change and of tragedy, because their morbid idealism makes them believe in a future which can never be realized, and their whole-hearted nature, incapable of a *juste milieu*, or of any state bordering on halfness, drives them on with a passion which, like a fatal fire, burns and consumes, leaving nothing behind but ashes.

But the struggle which will soon divide men, and range them in opposing camps, is delayed for a brief moment. The voice of a poet, whose brilliant imagination casts a magical spell over all it comes in contact with, vibrates through the length and breadth of France. The poet paints Catholicism in all its splendor; its saints and ideals rise before the eyes of men in all their majesty and grandeur; the rites and ceremonies of its worship appeal to them in all their solemn pomp and stately glory. To a Protestant the "*Génie du Christianisme*" seems to offer a Christianity without backbone. He will complain of the enervating effect of the atmosphere; he will probably, from his common-sense point of view, accuse the book of sentimentalism. But religion and Catholicism appeal to the uncommon sense of man. I do not, indeed, deny the weakness of the romantic Christianity of Chateaubriand; I do not deny the dangers of a religion which is *exclusively* the development of the sense of the beautiful. But the "*Génie du Christianisme*" in bringing forward the æsthetic aspects of Christianity, in pointing out to men the beauties of those undying traditions and immortal recollections whose halo had grown pale and whose brilliancy had been dimmed, taught men at any rate to contemplate the ideal and to adore. Adoration is not necessarily prayer, but it may lead to it; the acknowledgment of the beauty of the ideal does not necessarily compel submission, but it is the only way to it.

Frayssinous was the great preacher of the Restoration, who endeavored to make the doctrine of absolutism popular among the masses. He began his ministry at the Carmelite church in Paris, and was the first to give a series of "conferences." He was a firm royalist and loyal Ultramontane. The pope was to him the centre of Catholicism; and the supremacy of the Catholic Church was in his eyes paramount both in the spiritual and in the political domain. In conjunction with Charles X. he did all he could to secure

the authority of the Jesuits. He fell a victim to his zeal, and died in obscurity.

As the chief originator of *conférences sur la défense du Christianisme*, he deserves a special mention. The "conference" is neither a sermon nor an essay; it is a religious oration. Evangelicalism, which sums up the gospel in a theological formula of St. Paul, has virtually abdicated in favor of the pulpit of Protestant countries—the press. But the gospel of Catholicism is wide enough to embrace everything. Theology, metaphysics, moral philosophy, physical sciences, political economy, in short, everything which belongs to human science or human life, is laid under contribution by the Catholic preacher. This had always been the wise policy of the Roman Church. But how astonished would the great preachers of the seventeenth century feel if they could enter the Notre Dame of to-day! What variety in the choice of subjects, what diversity of method in their treatment!

The defence of Christianity in most of the "conferences" is of a peculiar nature. The historical and critical school, the glorious fruit of German Protestantism, had shaken the very foundations of orthodoxy. The shock, though specially felt in a neighboring camp, was too great not to produce vibrations elsewhere. The origin of the dogma was laid bare; its history and necessary development were clearly and firmly traced. Who could henceforth attach any absolute value to a dogma, when he remembered its birth and progress?

The Catholic preacher generally avoids the question. As a rule he has not had the thorough training of Protestantism, and he would probably find it a difficult matter to meet in detail the objections of Rationalism. But apart from this, the Church resembles a woman who begins to reason. She may or may not be lost, but she has left the safer platform of mild obstinacy for a dangerous parley with the enemy. The Catholic preacher knows how to be silent; his Church has reduced silence to a science. Marvellous and unsurpassed as is the eloquence of the Roman Church, its silence is more astonishing still. The audacity of its silence is sublime; it does not affirm, it gives no denials, it simply ignores.

The Catholic preacher leaves the dogma untouched; it is a *fait accompli*: we all know the power of facts. For the greater part he carries the war into the enemy's country; he shows his greatest brilliancy in attack and not in defence. But he

knows, if necessary, how to maintain his cause. Avoiding as much as possible historical and critical questions, he entrenches himself within the stronghold of the conscience. He points out the moral aspects of religious truths; he exhibits them in their bearing on political, social, and individual life. Sometimes he gives nothing more than a brilliant exposition and defence of a spiritualistic philosophy, or a powerful justification of his principles from the events of the day and the conditions of life. Thus he gains a twofold object. The masses of the people judge by results; they willingly believe in the truth of a principle, if its use has been demonstrated. The philosopher, who knows that the *belief* in a reality is quite as powerful for good or for evil, whether that reality have an *objective existence or no*, can have no objection to a preacher stirring up a faith productive of good, so long as he passes by the truth of the object to be believed in.

From the days of Frayssinous to the present time the great preachers of Catholicism have continued to hold "conferences." The traditions of the Church have found representatives in Ravignan, discussing the dogma with perilous subtlety and denouncing sternly the tendencies of modern times, yet withal carrying his audience before him by the combined power of a logical method and an ascetic life; in Dupanloup, the eloquent advocate of education, passionate apologist of Christianity as a safeguard against anarchy, and, above all, violent defender of the Papacy, compelling admiration from friends and foes by the exhibition of extraordinary versatility, unusual skill and brilliancy in debate, and unmistakable enthusiasm; in Père Felix, to mention only one other name, who boldly attacked modern criticism, in "*Jésus-Christ et la Critique Nouvelle*," and the world of to-day in his "*Conférences sur le Progrès par le Christianisme*." A semi-theological, philosophical mind, he discussed the *questions brûlantes* with comparative moderation, declaring himself in favor of progress — progress in faith, humility, holiness, and love.

But, however distinguished the preachers of tradition may have been, what were they when put next to the leaders of the small band, which may be called the Broad-Church party of French Catholicism? The disciples of Lamennais, differing widely in many respects, had one thing in common; they were *francs-tireurs* engaged in a holy warfare. In the conflict

between authority without liberty and liberty without authority, they wished to find a formula of reconciliation. They desired to show to the world that it was possible to be a good Catholic and a good Liberal; that the principles of Catholicism and of modern civilization were not in themselves antagonistic. Noble endeavor, in which to fail was glorious, in which to conquer was to be immortal!

Three men stood out prominently from among the rest — Gratry, Lacordaire, and Hyacinthe.

Gratry preached in the chapel of the Oratory; he was chiefly known as a writer. One evening, he tells us, when he was a young man, he had a dream. Life was stretched out before him, and as he looked down along its vista he saw honor, fame, love. But suddenly the dream vanished, and he was left alone. In the midst of a peaceful existence, given up to contemplation, he felt a void which demanded to be filled. Then religion revealed itself to him.

So much is certain, that this man was an enthusiastic priest all his life. "If there were twelve men," he said, on one occasion, "absolutely bent on doing God's will, and ready to proclaim it even unto death, they would usher in a new epoch in the world's history." But the priest's heart beat warmly for the world, for the age in which he lived. With all his idealism he had the passion of the reality, which he tried to understand and to love. Saddened as his heart must have been, vibrating to every human voice around him, disappointed as he must have felt when loyal aspirations were misunderstood or failed to meet with a response, he never despaired of humanity, for he never ceased to believe in God. "One thing astonishes me," he said, "it is to see Christians despairing of the world and of its progress on the way to justice."

But let us leave the brilliant philosopher, strange mixture of mysticism and of algebra, so subtle, so imaginative, so passionate, and pass on to Lacordaire.

We know his life. A young man describing himself in after days as one whose eyes had been bandaged, whose bandage gradually falling away reveals to him glimpses of light, till being removed altogether, he finds himself face to face with the sun, the voice of Lamennais calls him from the dream of unbelief and of freedom to the supposed realities of faith and of liberty. With his friend he hails the Revolution of July as the dawn of a better day, when religion, freed from the chains of

State, shall reign in spiritual supremacy and celebrate its triumph in a liberated hierarchy. As a priest, he will raise the dogma to a place of honor, by striking off its fetters; as a Liberal, he will attempt to reconcile Democracy and Catholicism. In the midst of his high ambitions he hears the voice of censure from Rome. He submits, and whilst remaining an "impenitent Liberal" became a "penitent Catholic."

His career as an orator reached its climax in the conferences of the Notre Dame. The domain where the preacher loved to dwell was the borderland of religion and philosophy. In that wide, somewhat vague region between heaven and earth, the preacher breathed freely, never forgetting, when he soared to the clouds, the earth which he had left behind; ever remembering, when he stood on the ground, the sky which stretched out above him. One time he invoked philosophy, then he appealed to history, now he came forward as the preacher of a wide morality, discussing those general principles which should be the theme of the pulpit and not merely enumerating duties; then he discussed questions which belonged specially to Christianity, now he became the interpreter of society, of the individual in his doubts, struggles, aspirations, then he made heard the voice of the Church, of that divine authority which will guide men amidst the bewilderments of life and lead them to the haven where they would fain be.

Artist, philosopher, poet, religious thinker, liberal politician, Christian—all these met in Lacordaire. His generalizations were often dangerous; his knowledge was not profound enough, and his imagination carried him away; his logic was frequently at fault, swayed as it was more by sentiment than by reason; his historical views were often partial, for they stood under the influence of a dogma, or at any rate of an *à priori* idea; his political theories were often visionary and inconsistent, but what a problem—to be consistent as a Catholic and as a Liberal! his social views were often too theoretical and too subtle; his diction, in fine, was sometimes too pompous; but notwithstanding all these criticisms, and many more which it would be easy to bring forward, Lacordaire was the greatest orator of Catholicism since the days of Bossuet, and his *conférences*, both in subjects and in method, in my opinion, the nearest approach to the realization of the ideal of Christian eloquence.

Look at the grand majestic style, free from all mannerism, the affectation of would-be great men! It is the reflection of a lofty individuality; it is worthy of the exalted ideas which it has to convey. There are no artificial tricks, no unnecessary phrases, no straining after an effect; the grandeur and beauties of the style, which is subservient to thought, produce not merely a literary effect, they stir up feelings and emotions which lead men to inquire what subject is capable of inspiring an eloquence like this. Or think of the boldness of the preacher, his flights of imagination and depths of passion. Unlike Chateaubriand, his magic wand does not content itself with calling from the dead a bygone world; a splendid painter of the past, as he shows himself to be, he directs his chiefest efforts to present the Church and the world of to-day in their poetry and beauty. And whilst his imagination opens up to men the horizon of the ideal, he throws himself, so to speak, upon his audience. His firm hand sweeps across the strings of their hearts—hearts which, it may be, had not vibrated to any touch since the days when the little child knelt at his mother's knee—and the silent strings, which seemed doomed to break without so much as a sigh, break forth once more into music.

For this passionate Dominican, in his picturesque garb, is very human. He knows what it is to wrestle, to weep, to suffer, to pray, to triumph, to rejoice; he knows what is to fear, to hope, to believe, to love; he understands what it is to be "troubled on every side, yet not distressed; to be perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed." His wounds are now healed, but the scars remain. Hence, "who is weak, and he is not weak? who is offended, and he burns not?" His experience makes him gentle, full of tenderness and of sympathy; let others preach damnation, he will proclaim salvation; let others command, he is willing to beseech men. And the result is, that dazzled as men are by the marvels of his imagination and carried away by his poetry, they continue to hear, when the effects of these have passed away, that "still small voice" which murmurs in broken accents of a "paradise lost" to point to a "paradise regained."

There seemed no limits to his sympathy. In his wide treatment of the great general questions which he invariably discussed, and to which the pulpit should chiefly confine itself, he showed an ardent

desire to understand his age and to sympathize with it. Striking the key-note that Christianity is the foundation on which the life of societies and of individuals must be built, and endeavoring to show in every way, with a zeal worthy of a better cause, that the rock on which the world is to rest, in order to ensure its safety and progress, is to be found in the doctrines of Catholicism, he was at the same time the enthusiastic defender of liberty, and the opponent of every form of despotism, either ecclesiastical or political. His eloquence brought the world to the Church's altar; it kept it there for a brief moment; was it possible to do more?

The religious tribune passed away; the Carmelite Hyacinthe succeeded him. His heroic eloquence, imaginative rather than scientific, bearing witness to his intellectual sympathies with and moral affinities to all that is best and noblest in modern science and life, was worthy of the pulpit which Lacordaire had made glorious. Père Hyacinthe, discussing at times the most abstruse questions of philosophy, as far as it is possible to do so before a mixed audience, did not shrink at others from bringing forward the political and social problems of the moment. In language, glowing not merely with a poetical fire or an ardent temperament, but with the warmth of an earnest conviction, he laid bare the wounds of society, that he might point out its remedy.

Suddenly his voice was silenced. Europe was moved by the spectacle of a soul in moral agony; it rang with the voice which raised the protest of the conscience. And when at last he was cast out it was felt that here was more than the loss of an orator. The last representative of Catholic Broad-Churchism had departed; Ultramontanism had triumphed.

VI.

MEANWHILE Protestantism had been revived at the end of the eighteenth century, and officially recognized by Napoleon I. Two influences were soon at work: the rationalistic spirit of the eighteenth century, and the Methodist revival, which under Scottish inspiration had originated in Switzerland, and from thence spread to France. The former found its preacher in Cocquerel, the latter in Adolphe Monod.

Both were men of great eloquence. Cocquerel preached in elegant language a gentle morality; he laid little stress on the dogmas, for to him practice seemed all-important; he loved truth, but he loved charity better. Monod, on the other hand,

proclaimed the theology of the Reformation. But he knew how to combine with it a deep knowledge of the human heart, a profound insight in life, a keenness of analysis and of observation, and, lastly, a mysticism, which bore golden fruits in those touching "*Adieux*," probably unsurpassed by any Protestant mystic. Protestantism has had no preacher like him since the days of Saurin. Fearless, earnest, without guile, with a touch of sadness, laying siege to the conscience with the weapons of terror, or with the entreaties of love, his words produced a powerful effect. The *chef d'œuvre* of his eloquence is probably his "St. Paul."

But the timid rationalism of Cocquerel was destined to give way to a rationalism more logical and more powerful. Dissatisfied with a theory which makes of the Holy Ghost a schoolmaster, and of apostles and evangelists a party of schoolboys, and which desires to make men bend before the authority of the Scriptures, which, from a Protestant point of view, can mean nothing else but the authority of Jones or of Brown as the case may be, the brilliant thinker Scherer raised the cry of liberty. And this was the origin of the famous Strasburg school, and of the movement in France of which the younger Cocquerel and Paschoud were distinguished representatives.

That school committed off the great mistake of discussing questions of criticism and of history in the pulpits of the Church. It forgot that the atmosphere of the Church is one of faith, and not of science. Not satisfied with the knowledge that the facts of Christianity are facts of the religious consciousness, and that they are sometimes the allegorical embodiments of the highest moral truths, they occupied themselves with investigations as to whether these facts were historical, in the ordinary sense of the word, or no. Thus their teaching was oft vague and unsatisfying; it appeared to present to the hearers a religion *à la carte*. But religion, being for the many, must be definite. Great without contradiction are the Eleusinian mysteries, but only for the few.* Great also is "Diana of the Ephesians." Whoever without cause denies her greatness, whoever needlessly disturbs a little child in its innocent slumber, let him be anathema!

But whenever the distinction between faith and science was clearly grasped, when the preacher laid bare with psycho-

* φιλόσοφον πλῆθος ἀδύνατον εἶναι. — Plato.

logical skill the depths of the human heart, when he tried to show the harmony of religious morality with all that is truest and best in human nature, when he held up the *ethical* Christ as a living perfection, and insisted on faith in him — that is, attachment to his person — can his words have been in vain?

The orthodoxy of Monod, if not superseded, was somewhat softened down by a modern Evangelical school. The distinguished and eloquent Edmond de Presensé is the chief leader of what might be called the right centre. Adhering to the principal doctrines of the Reformation, he acknowledges the rights of historical criticism and allows himself to be influenced by its results. Characteristic of him and his school is the frequent use of the psychological argument. Protestantism has here made a step in advance.

VII.

IN conclusion, it will be seen that France is divided once more into two opposite camps. Liberal Catholicism being silenced, there remains, on the one hand, Ultramontanism, reaping at present the fruits of a reaction, and unbelief more respectful, more in earnest, than in the days of Voltaire, and equally determined and destructive. Between the two extremes are the masses of the people, indifferent, gay, or sad, in accordance with the event of the hour, careless about anything beyond the present moment.

Never was the Roman Church more powerful, as an organization, than at present. Never was its hold stronger, notwithstanding appearances to the contrary. It has learnt nothing; it has anathematized its reformers, and cast out those who wished to bring it in harmony with the age. It stands forward in glaring opposition to modern civilization, but it continues to reign. Shall the storm, now heard faintly in the distance, once more sweep it from its moorings? shall it drift once more helpless on the sea of human passions, or shall it be able to hush into the silence of submission the cry which will otherwise sooner or later swell into the clamor of rebellion, and to ride safely at anchor in the midst of gathering gloom?

The triumph of Ultramontanism cannot be permanent; but when it falls what can replace that great Catholic Church which, notwithstanding its frequent crimes and sins, has a right to the gratitude of humanity and to a respectful farewell, as one which in ages past nobly fulfilled its mission? Can Protestantism? But what is a

Church without authority and without tradition? or a Church which embodies a compromise between Rome and Protestantism? The spirit of Truth answers, "Rome I know, and Geneva I know; but who are you?"

The thinker is no prophet, but he has no fears. On the ruins of Catholic and Protestant Churches he will chant no *Te Deum*, and still less a *Miserere*. He will turn to that East, which has given the world its religions; he will bow himself before the revelations of Shemitic genius. He knows that the principles of Jesus, admitting of indefinite development and infinite application, can never be surpassed; that, seated on the throne of the ideal, the Virgin's Son shall reign for ever. He knows that humanity is necessarily religious; that, however led astray for a time, its conscience will demand a religious morality, its pious sentiment long for an altar, and its artistic instincts cry out for a poetic ritual.

A. SCHWARTZ.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
CARITA.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

CARA'S second evening at home was passed much more happily than the first, thanks to Mrs. Meredith, and her spirits rose in consequence; but next morning there ensued a fall, as was natural, in her spiritual barometer. She went to the window in the drawing-room when she was all alone, and gazed wistfully at as much as she could see of the step and entrance of the house next door. Did they mean her to "run in half-a-dozen times a day," as Mrs. Meredith had said? Cara had been brought up in her aunt's old-fashioned notions, with strenuous injunctions not "to make herself cheap," and to cultivate "a proper pride." She had often been told that running into sudden intimacy was foolish, and that a girl should be rather shy than eager about overtures of ordinary friendship. All these things restrained her, and her own disposition which favored all reserves. But she could not help going to the window and looking out wistfully. Only a wall between them! and how much more cheerful it was on the other side of that wall. Her heart beat as she saw Oswald

come out, not because it was Oswald — on the whole she would have preferred his mother; but solitude ceased to be solitude when friendly figures thus appear, even outside. Oswald glanced up and saw her. He took off his hat — he paused — finally, he turned and came up the steps just underneath where she was standing. In another moment he came in, his hat in his hand, his face full of the brightness of the morning. Nurse showed him in with a sort of affectionate enthusiasm. "Here is Mr. Oswald, Miss Cara, come to see you."

The women servants were all the slaves of the handsome young fellow. Wherever he went he had that part of the community on his side.

"I came to see that you are not the worse for your dull dinner last evening," he said. "It used to be etiquette to ask for one's partner at a ball; how much more after a domestic evening. Have you a headache? were you very much bored? It is for my interest to know, that I may be able to make out whether you will come again."

"Were *you* bored that you ask me?" said Cara. "I was very happy."

"And, thanks to you, *I* was very happy," he said. "Clearly four are better company than three. Your father and my mother have their own kind of talking. Why I have not been in this room since I was a child; how much handsomer it is than ours! Come, Cara, tell me all about the pictures and the china. Of course you must be a little connoisseur. Should one say *connoisseuse*? I never know. *Virtuosa*, that is a prettier word, and we are all in the way of the cardinal virtues here."

"But I am not at all a *virtuosa*. I don't know. I was a child, too, when I used to be at home, and I suppose it hurts papa to come into this room. He has never been here since I came; never at all, I think, since mamma died."

"Does he leave you by yourself all the evening? what a shame!" said Oswald. "Is he so full of sentiment as that? One never knows people. Come, Cara, if that is the case, it is clear that I must spend the evenings with you."

Cara laughed frankly at the suggestion. She did not understand what he meant by a slight emphasis upon the pronouns, which seemed to point out some balance of duties. She said, "I have only been here for two evenings. The first was very dull. I had nothing to read but that book, and I was not happy. The second was last night. Oh, I am not accustomed to

much company. I can be quite happy by myself, when I am used to things."

"That means you don't want me," said Oswald, "but I shall come all the same. What is the book about? You don't mean to say you understand that! What is unconscious cerebration, Cara? Good heavens, how rash I have been! Are you an F.R.S. already, like the rest of your father's friends?"

"I don't know what it means," said Cara, "no more than I know about the china. But I read a chapter that first night; it was always something. You see there are very few books in this room. They have been taken away, I suppose. Nobody, except mamma, has ever lived here."

She gave a little shiver as she spoke, and looked wistfully round. Even in the morning, with the sunshine coming in, how still it was! Oswald thought he would like to break the china, and make a human noise, over the head of the father who was sitting below, making believe to think so much of the memory of his dead wife, and neglecting his living child. The young man had a grudge against the elder one, which gave an edge to his indignation.

"You shall have books," he said, "and company too, if you will have me, Cara: that will bring them to their senses," he added to himself in a half-laughing, half-angry undertone.

What did he mean? Cara had no idea. She laughed too, with a little color starting to her face, wondering what Aunt Charity would think if she knew that Oswald meant to spend his evenings with her. Cara herself did not see any harm in it, though she felt it was a joke, and could not be.

"You were going out," she said, "when you saw me at the window. Had you anything to do? for if you had you must not stay and waste your time with me."

"Why should I have anything to do?"

"I thought young men had," said Cara. "Of course I don't know very much about them. I know only the Burchells *well*; they are never allowed to come and talk in the morning. If it is Reginald, he always says he ought to be reading; and Roger, he is of course at work, you know."

"I don't know in the least," said Oswald; "but I should like to learn. What does this revelation of Rogers and Reginalds mean? I never supposed there were any such persons. I thought that Edward and myself were about the limit of friendship allowed to little Cara, and

here is a clan, a tribe. I forewarn you at once that I put myself in opposition to your Reginalds and Rogers. I dislike the gentlemen. I am glad to hear that they have no time to talk in the mornings. I, for my part, have plenty of time."

"Oh, you are not likely to know them," said Cara, laughing, "unless, indeed, Roger comes on Sundays, as he said. They are probably not so rich as you are. Their father is a clergyman and they have to work. I should like that myself better than doing nothing."

"That means," said Oswald, with great show of savagery, setting his teeth, "that you prefer the said Roger who must not talk o' mornings, to me, presumably not required to work? Know then, young lady, that I have as much need to work as your Roger; more, for I mean to be somebody. If I go in for the bar it is with the intention of being lord chancellor; and that wants work—work! such as would take the very breath away from your clergyman's sons, who probably intend to be mere clergymen, and drop into a fat living."

"Roger is an engineer," said Cara; "he is at the college; he walks about with chains, measuring. I don't know what is the good of it, but I suppose it is of some good. There are so many things," she added, with a sigh, "that one is obliged to take for granted. Some day, I suppose, he will have bridges and lighthouses to make. That one can understand—that would be worth doing."

"I hate Roger!" said Oswald. "I shall never believe in any lighthouses of his making; there will be a flaw in them. Do you remember the Eddystone, which came down ever so often? Roger's will tumble down. I know it. And when you have seen it topple over into the sea you shall come and see me tranquilly seated on the woolsack, and recant all your errors."

Upon which they both laughed—not that there was much wit in the suggestion, but they were both young, and the one lighted up the other with gay gleams of possible mirth.

"However," said Oswald, "that we may not throw that comparison to too remote a period, where do you think I was going? Talk of me as an idler, if you please. Does this look like idling?" He took from his pocket a little roll of paper, carefully folded, and breaking open the cover showed her a number of MS. pages, fairly copied out in graduated lines. Cara's

face grew crimson with sudden excitement.

"*Poetry!*" she said; but capital letters would scarcely convey all she meant. "Oswald, are you a poet?"

He laughed again, which jarred upon her feelings, for poetry (she felt) was not a thing to laugh at. "I write verses," he said; "that is idling—most people call it so, Cara, as well as you."

"But I would *never* call it so! Oh, Oswald, if there is anything in the world I care for—— Read me some, will you? Oh, do read me something. There is nothing," cried Cara, her lips trembling, her eyes expanding, her whole figure swelling with a sigh of feeling, "nothing I care for so much. I would rather know a poet than a king!"

Upon this Oswald laughed again, and looked at her with kind admiration. His eyes glowed, but with a brotherly light. "You are a little enthusiast," he said. "I called you *virtuosa*, and you are one in the old-fashioned sense, for that is wider than bric-a-brac. Yes; I sometimes think I might be a poet if I had any one to inspire me, to keep me away from petty things. I am my mother's son, Cara. I like to please everybody, and that is not in favor of the highest pursuits. I want a muse. What if you were born to be my muse? You shall see some of the things that are printed," he added; "not these. I am more sure of them when they have attained the reality of print."

"Then they are printed?" Cara's eyes grew bigger and bigger, her interest grew to the height of enthusiasm. "How proud your mother must be, Oswald! I wonder she did not tell me. Does Edward write, too?"

"Edward!" cried the other with disdain; "a clodhopper; a plodding, steady, respectable fellow, who has passed for the civil service. Poetry would be more sadly in his way than it is in mine. Oh, yes, it is sadly in mine. My mother does not know much; but instead of being enthusiastic she is annoyed with what she does know. That is the kind of thing one has to meet with in this world," he said, with a sigh over his own troubles. "Sometimes there is one like you—one more generous, more capable of appreciating the things that do not pay—with some people the things that pay are everything. And poetry does not pay, Cara."

"I don't like you even to say so."

"Thanks for caring what I say; you have an eye for the ideal. I should like

to be set on a pedestal, and to have something better expected from me. That is how men are made, Cara. To know that some one — a creature like yourself — expects something, thinks us capable of something. I am talking sentiment," he said, with a laugh; "decidedly you are the muse I am looking for. On a good pedestal, with plenty of white muslin, there is not a Greek of them all would come up to you."

"I don't know what you mean, Oswald. Now you are laughing at me."

"Well, let us laugh," he said, putting his papers into his pocket again. "Are you coming to my mother's reception this afternoon? I hear you were there yesterday. What do you think of it? Was old Somerville there with his wig? He is the guardian angel; he comes to see that we all go on as we ought, and that no one goes too far. He does not approve of me. He writes to India about me that I will never be of much use in the world."

"To India?"

"Yes; all the information about us goes out there. Edward gives satisfaction, but not the rest of us. It is not easy to please people so far off who have not you to judge, but only your actions set down in black and white. Well, I suppose I must go now — my actions don't tell for much: 'Went into the house next door, and got a great deal of good from little Cara.' That would not count, you see; not even if I put down, 'Cheered up little Cara, who was mopish.' Might I say that?"

"Yes, indeed; you have cheered me up very much," said Cara, giving him her hand. Oswald stooped over her a moment, and the girl thought he was going to kiss her, which made her retreat a step backwards, her countenance flaming, and all the shy dignity and quick wrath of her age stirred into movement. But he only laughed and squeezed her hand, and ran down-stairs, his feet ringing young and light through the vacant house. Cara would have gone to the window and looked after him but for that — was it a threatening of a visionary kiss? How silly she was! Of course he did not mean anything of the kind. If he did, it was just as if she had been his sister, and Cara felt that her momentary alarm showed her own silliness, a girl that had never been used to anything. How much an only child lost by being an only child, she reflected gravely, sitting down after he left her by the fire. How pleasant it would have been to have a brother like Oswald. And if he should be a poet! But this ex-

cited Cara more when he was talking to her than after he was gone. He did not fall in with her ideas of the poet, who was a being of angelic type to her imagination, not a youth with laughter glancing from his eyes.

That evening Cara sat solitary after dinner, the pretty silver lamp lighted, with its white moon-orb of light upon the table by her; the fire burning just bright enough for company, for it still was not cold. She had said, timidly, "Shall you come up-stairs this evening, papa?" and had received a mildly evasive answer, and she thought about nine o'clock that she heard the hall-door shut, just as John came into the room with tea. She thought the man looked at her compassionately, but she would not question him. The room looked very pretty in the firelight and lamplight, with the little tray gleaming in all its brightness of china and silver, and the little white figure seated by the fire; but it was very lonely. She took up a book a little more interesting than the one which had been her first resource, but presently let it drop on her knee wondering and asking herself, would Oswald come? Perhaps he had forgotten; perhaps he had noticed her shrink when he went away, and, meaning nothing by his gesture, did not know why she had retreated from him; perhaps — But who could tell what might have stopped him? A boy was not like a girl — he might have been asked somewhere. He might have gone to the theatre. Perhaps he had a club, and was there among his friends. All this passed through her head as she sat with the book in her hand, holding it open on her knee. Then she began to read, and forgot for the minute; then suddenly the book dropped again, and she thought, with a sort of childish longing, of what might be going on next door, just on the other side of the wall, where everything was sure to be so cheerful. If she could only pierce that unkindly wall, and see through! That made her think of Pyramus and Thisbe, and she smiled, but soon grew grave again. Was this how she was to go on living — lonely all the evening through, her father seeking society somewhere else, she could not tell where? She thought of the drawing-room at the Hill, and her eyes grew wet; how they would miss her there! and here nobody wanted Cara. Her father, perhaps, might think it right that his child should live under his roof; but that was all he cared apparently. And was it to be always thus, and never change? At seventeen it is so natural to think that every-

thing that is, is unalterable and will never change. Then Cara, with a gulp, and a determination to be as happy as she could in the terrible circumstances, and, above all, to shun Oswald, who had not kept his word, opened her book again, and this time got into the story, which had been prefaced by various interludes of philosophizing, and remembered no more till nurse came to inquire if she did not mean to go to bed to-night. So the evening did not hang so heavy on her hands as she thought.

Next day Oswald came again, and told her of a forgotten engagement which he had been obliged to keep; and they chattered gaily as before; and he brought her some poems, printed in a magazine, which sounded beautiful when he read them, to her great delight, but did not seem so beautiful when she read them over herself, as she begged she might be allowed to do. After this there was a great deal of intercourse between the two houses, and Cara's life grew brighter. Now and then, it was true, she would be left to spend an evening alone; but she got other friends, and went to some parties with Mrs. Meredith, Oswald attending them. He was always about; he came and had long private talks with her, reading his verses and appealing to her sympathies and counsel; he walked with her when she went out with his mother; he was always by her side wherever they went. "I know Edward will cut me out when he comes, so I must make the running now," he said often, and Cara no longer wondered what making the running meant. She got so used to his presence that it seemed strange when he was not there.

"It's easy to see what that will end in," said nurse to John and cook in the kitchen.

"I wish as one could see what the other would end in," cook replied. But the household watched the two young people with proud delight, going to the window to look at them when they were out, and rejoicing over the handsome couple.

"I always said as our Miss Cara was one as would settle directly," her faithful attendant said. "Seventeen! it's too young, that is, for anything."

"But he haven't got a penny," said cook, who was more prudent, "and he don't do nothing. I'd like a man as could work for me, if I was Miss Cara."

"I'd like him better if he hadn't no call to work," said nurse, with true patrician feeling.

But the chief parties knew nothing of

these remarks. They were very cheerful and full of mutual confidences. Oswald confiding to Cara his doubts and difficulties, his aspirations (which were chiefly in verse) and light-hearted anticipations, not going so far as to be called hopes, of sitting one day on the woolsack. Cara, though she had a great respect for Oswald, did not think much about the woolsack. But it was astonishing how she got used to him, how she liked him, and, notwithstanding the occasional dull evenings, how much more variety seemed to have come into her life. Sometimes Mrs. Meredith herself would talk to the girl about her son.

"If he would work more steadily I should be happier, Cara," she would say; "and perhaps if he had a strong inducement he would work. He is so clever, and able to do what he likes."

Cara did not know about this; but she liked his lively company. They were the best of friends; they talked to each other of every foolish thing that comes into the heads of young people; but she had a vague idea that he did not talk to her as the others thought he did. He was not like Roger even; though Roger was no more like him than night was like day. Roger was — different. She could not have told how, and nobody knew of this difference nor spoke to her on the subject. And this life floated on very pleasantly, with more excitement than had existed in that placid school-girl life at the Hill. Miss Cherry came two or three times on a day's visit to her darling, and observed what was going on and was puzzled; but Aunt Charity had her first attack of bronchitis that year, and it was winter weather, not good for travelling.

"Yes, I think she is happy on the whole," was Miss Cherry's report to the elder aunt when she went home — which, as may be supposed, was not a clear enough deliverance for Aunt Charity.

"Is the young man in love with her?" said the old lady; "is she in love with him? James should not be such a fool as to let them be constantly together, unless it is a match that would please him."

"James is not thinking of anything of the kind," said Miss Cherry impatiently. "James is taken up with his own affairs, and he thinks Cara a little girl still."

"To be sure he does — that is where men always go wrong," said Aunt Charity, "and James will always be a fool to the end of the chapter."

Cherry winced at this, for she was the model of a good sister, and never had seen

any man who was so much her ideal as James — though in some things he was foolish, she was obliged to allow. Perhaps, as Aunt Charity was ill, and the house, as it were, shut up and given over to invalidism for the winter, it was as well that Cara should be away, getting some enjoyment of her young life. Had she been at home it would have been dull for her, for Miss Cherry was in almost constant attendance upon the old lady. Thus things had turned out very well, as they so often do, even when they look least promising. Had Cara been at the Hill, Miss Cherry would not have been so free to devote herself to Aunt Charity, and both the child and the old lady would have suffered. True, Miss Cherry's own life might have had a little additional brightness, but who thought of that? She did not herself, and you may be sure no one else did. It was altogether a fortunate arrangement, as things had turned out, and as for Cara, why, was there not Providence to watch over her, if her father was remiss? Miss Cherry felt that there was something like infidelity in the anxious desire she felt sometimes to go and help Providence in this delicate task.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE OLD PEOPLE.

WHEN Mrs. Beresford died, as has been described, there was a great flutter of talk and private discussion among all who knew her about the particulars of her death. It was "so sudden at the last," after giving every indication of turning out a lingering and slow malady, that public curiosity was very greatly excited on the subject. True, the talk was suppressed peremptorily by Mr. Maxwell whenever he came across it, charitably by other less authoritative judges; but it lingered, as was natural, and perhaps the bereaved husband did not have all that fulness of sympathy which generally attends so great a loss. There were many people, indeed, to whom it appeared that such a loss was worse even than a more simple and less mysterious one, and that the survivor was entitled to more instead of less pity; but mysterious circumstances always damp the public sympathy more or less, and people do not like to compromise themselves by kindness which might seem complicity or guilty knowledge, if in the course of time, anything not known at the moment should be found out. Thus James Beresford, though much pitied, did not meet with that warmth of personal sympathy which circumstances

like his so often call forth. He was not himself sensible of it indeed, being too miserable to take any notice of what was going on around him; but most of his friends were fully sensible of this fact, and aware that but few overtures of active kindness were made to the melancholy man, whose very abandonment of his home and life made another item in the mysterious indictment against him, of which everybody felt the burden yet nobody knew the rights. It was in these painful circumstances that Mrs. Meredith first formed the link which now associated her with her next-door neighbor. The first time he had come home after his wife's death, which was only for a week or two, the kind woman had met him, indeed had laid her simple, tender-hearted plan to meet him — going listlessly into his forsaken house. She had gone up to him, holding out her hand, her features all moved and quivering with feeling. "Won't you come in and sit with me in the evening?" she said. "It is the time one feels one's loneliness most — and my boys are away, Mr. Beresford." Her soft eyes, as she raised them to him, were full of tears; her look so pitiful, so full of fellow-feeling, that his heart was as much touched for her as hers seemed to be for him. Of all ways of consolation is there any so effective as that of leading those whom you grieve for to grieve also a little for you, as a fellow-sufferer? His heart was touched. He could not persuade himself to go the very first evening, but he came soon, and when he had come once returned again and again. It was the first new habit he formed after that mournful breaking-up of all his habits. He could not bear much at a time of the dismal place which he still called home; but now and then he was forced to be there, and when he came this new sweet habit gave him a little strength to meet the chaos into which his life otherwise was thrown. Did not Dante, too, get a little comfort from the sweet looks of that sympathizing woman who used to glance at him from her window after the lady of his heart was carried by the angels to heaven? There was no wrong to his Annie in that refuge which kindness made for him from the miseries of the world. Eventually it became a matter of course that he should seek that shelter. He went out of his own house and knocked at her door mechanically, and would sit by her, content only to be there, often saying little, getting himself softly healed and soothed, and made capable of taking up again the burden of his life. She was not the same kind of

woman as his wife—her habits of mind were different. The variety, the fluctuating charm, the constant movement and change that were in Mrs. Beresford did not exist in this other. She would sit and work by the lamplight, looking up sweetly to answer, but happy to be silent if her companion liked it. She made herself always the second and not the first, responding, not leading; her gift was to divine what was in others, to follow where they went. It was this that made her so popular with all her friends. When they came to her for advice she would give it without that doubt and fear of responsibility which restrains so many people. For why? she had a rule which was infallible, and which made her safe from responsibility, although she was not herself aware how closely she acted upon it. Her infallible guide was a faculty of seeing what people themselves wished, how their own judgments were tending, and what individually they wanted to do. This she followed sometimes consciously, but often quite unconsciously, as habit led her, and she never was afraid of saying do this, or do that. It was one of her great attractions. She might be wise or she might be less than wise, in her decisions, her friends said, but she never shilly-shallied, never was afraid of saying to you with sweet frankness and boldness what she thought it would be good to do.

The consequence of this simple rule was that good advice from Mrs. Meredith's lips was ever so much more popular than good advice had ever been known to be before. It is not a commodity which is generally admired, however admirable it may be; but those whom she advised were not only edified but flattered and brightened. It made themselves feel more wise. It was sweet at once to the giver and to the receiver, and kindled an increased warmth of sympathy between them. Now and then, to be sure, the course of action she recommended might not be a successful one, but is not that the case with all human counsel? This, which was the secret of her power with all her other friends, subjugated James Beresford too. As there is nothing so dear to a man as his own way, so there is no individual so dear as that friend who will recommend and glorify his own way to him, and help him to enjoyment of it. This she did with a gentle patience and constancy which was wonderful. It was natural to her, like all great gifts, and the great charm of it all was that few people suspected the reflection from their own feelings and sentiments which

colored Mrs. Meredith's mind, nor was she at all invariably aware of it herself. Sometimes she believed implicitly in her own advice as the natural growth of her own thoughts and experiences, and believed herself to have an independent judgment. And it is to be supposed that she had opinions and ideas—certainly she had ways of her own, the brightest, and kindest, and most caressing that could be conceived.

This was the secret of those absences which had left Cara so lonely. They had become now the confirmed and constant habit of her father's life. And it would be vain to say that this had been done without remark. While he was at home for a week or two only in a year no one said anything about his frequent visits to the kind neighbor who was not even a widow; but lately he had stayed longer when he came back to the square, sometimes remaining a month instead of a week, and now it was understood that he had returned "for good." Both Mrs. Meredith and Mr. Beresford had, it may be supposed, friends who took the responsibility of their conduct, and thought it necessary to supervise them in their innocent but unusual intimacy, and these excellent persons were in the attitude of suspended judgment waiting to see what difference Cara's presence would make, and that of Oswald, in the one house and the other. But it had not as yet made any very apparent difference. At nine o'clock, or thereabouts, the door would shut in the one house, and cook and John would exchange glances; while in the other the bell would tinkle, and the two maids, who divided John's duties between them, would say, "There is Mr. Beresford, as usual!" and shrug their shoulders. He came in, and they did not take the trouble now even to announce the habitual visitor, who had his special chair and his special corner, as if he belonged to the house. Sometimes the two friends would talk long and much, sometimes they scarcely talked at all. They knew each other like brother and sister, and yet there was between them a delicate separation such as does not exist between relations. In the warm room, softly lighted and friendly, the man who had been wounded found a refuge which was more like the old blessedness of home than anything else could be, and yet was not that blessedness. It did not occur to him that because his daughter had come back to him he was to be banished from this other shelter. Cara's coming, indeed, had scarcely been her father's doing. Many discussions on

the point had taken place among all his friends, and Mrs. Meredith had been spurred up by everybody to represent his duty to him. She had done it with a faint sense in her mind that it would affect herself in some undesirable way, and with a certainty that she was departing altogether from her usual rule of argument with the personal wishes of her clients. Mr. Beresford had no personal wish on the subject. He preferred rather that Cara should stay where she was happy. "If she comes here what can I do for her?" he said. "My society is not what a girl will like. I cannot take her to the dances and gaieties which will please her."

"Why not?" Mrs. Meredith had said.

"Why not!" He was petrified by her want of perception. "What could I do in such places? And she is happy where she is. She has women about her who know how to manage her. Her coming would derange my life altogether. You, who feel everybody's difficulties, you must feel this. What am I to do with a girl of seventeen? It would be wretched for her, and it could not be any addition to my happiness."

"Don't you think too much of that," said Mrs. Meredith, faltering; for indeed this was not at all her way. And it was hard for her to go against those feelings on the part of her companion which, on ordinary occasions, she followed implicitly. Even for herself Cara's presence would complicate the relations generally; but when she saw her duty, she did it, though with faltering. Everybody else had spurred and goaded her up to this duty, and she would not shrink. "If you are going to settle you ought to have your child with you."

"That you should dwell like this upon abstract oughts!" said Mr. Beresford; "you, who are so full of understanding of personal difficulties. It is not like you. If I feel that Cara is better where she is — happier, more suitably cared for —"

"Still, you know when the father is settled at home, his only child should be with him," Mrs. Meredith reiterated. She was faithful to her *consigne*. If she did not see it, other people did, for whom she was the mouthpiece. But it will be perceived that those persons were right who said she was not clever. When she was not following her favorite and congenial pursuit of divining others and reflecting them in her own person, she was reduced to this helpless play of reiteration, and stuck to her one point till everybody was tired of it. Beresford was so impatient that he

got up from his chair and began to pace up and down the room.

"There is reason in all things," he said. "My house now is emphatically a bachelor house, my servants suit me, my life is arranged as I like it, or at least as I can support it best. Cara would make a revolution in everything. What should I do with her? How should I amuse her? for, of course, she would want amusement. And she is happy, quite happy, where she is; nowhere could she be so well as she is now. My aunt and my sister are wrapped up in her. Yes, yes, of course I am fond of my poor little girl; but what could I do with her? You are always so reasonable — but not here."

"She should be with her father," said Mrs. Meredith, sticking to her *consigne*; and of course he thought it was perversity and opposition, and never divined what it cost her to maintain, against all her habits of mind, the opposite side. When, however, it appeared by the Sunninghill letters that the ladies there took the same view, Mr. Beresford had no more to say. He yielded, but not with a good grace. "You shall have your will," he said; "but Cara will not be happy." He did not take Oswald Meredith into consideration, or any such strange influence; and as for changing his own habits, how was that to be thought of? Life was hard enough anyhow, with all the alleviations which fate permitted. Did any one suppose that a girl of seventeen, whom he scarcely knew, could be made into a companion for him by the mere fact that she was his daughter? No: his mornings, which were occupied with what he called hard work; his afternoons, which he spent among his serious friends in his clubs and learned societies; and that evening hour, most refreshing to his soul of any, in which the truest sympathy, the tenderest kindness proved a cordial which kept him alive — which of these, was it to be supposed, he would give up for the society of little Cara? He was very glad to give her all that was wanted for her comfort — a good, careful attendant, plenty of dresses and pocket-money, and so forth; but he could not devote himself, surely, (who could expect it?) to the society of a child. That any one should expect this gave him even a little repulsion from, a half prejudice against her. When she appeared, with that serious, half-disapproving look of hers, and when he realized her, seated up-stairs in that drawing-room which he had never entered since her mother's death, among all her mother's relics, recalling to him at

once a poignant sense of his loss and a sharp thrill of conscious pain, in having so far surmounted that loss and put it behind him, the impulse of separation came still more strongly upon him. He shut himself up in his study more determinedly in the morning, and in the evening had more need than ever of the consoling visits which wound him up and kept his moral being in harmony. He had to ask Mrs. Meredith her advice and her opinion, and to ask even her guidance in respect to Cara. Who could tell him so well what to do with a girl as the kindest and best of women? Oswald, who had been at home for some time, did not like these visits so well as his mother did. No one ever suggested to the young man that he was *de trop*; but to be sure there were pauses in their conversation when this third person was present, and allusions would be made which he did not understand. So that latterly he had been out or in the library down-stairs when Mr. Beresford came; very often out, which Mrs. Meredith did not like, but did not know how to prevent, for to be sure she felt the embarrassment also of her son's slight disapproval, and of the restraint his presence produced. Why should he cause a restraint? her boy! but she felt that he did so, and it made her unhappy. It was pleasanter in the former evenings, when Mr. Beresford came home only now and then, and there was neither a Cara nor an Oswald to perplex the simple state of affairs.

"How is she to amuse herself?" Mr. Beresford said to her. "Yes, yes, I know you will do what you can—when was there ever a time when you did not do what you could and more?—but I cannot take her about, I cannot have any one in the house to keep her company, and how is she to live there, a young girl, alone?"

"I think Cara will do very well," said Mrs. Meredith. "She can always come to me. I have told her so; and the people we know are all beginning to call. She will soon have plenty of friends. People will invite her, and you must go with her here and there."

"I go with her? You know how I hate going out!"

"Once at least—say only once. You must do that, and then you will find Cara will have her own friends; she will not be a difficulty any longer. I am glad you trust in me to do what I can for her—and Oswald."

"Of course I trust in you," he said; "but it will break up everything. I know it will—after coming to a kind of calm,

after feeling that I can settle down again, and that life is not utterly distasteful to me—you will not wonder that I should be frightened for everything. And you, who have done so much for me."

"I have not done anything," said Mrs. Meredith, looking up smiling from her book.

"You say so, but it is you who have done everything; and if I am to be plucked from my refuge now, and pitched forth upon the world—I believe I am a coward. I shrink from mere outside intercourse, from being knocked up against one and another, and shut out from what I prize most."

"How can that be?" she said; "you get fretful, you men, when everything does not go as you wish. Have a little patience. When Oswald came home, it seemed at first as if he, dear boy, was going to upset all my habits; but it was a vain fear. The first little strangeness is over, and he has settled down; and we are happy—happier than ever. It will be the same with Cara and you."

Beresford gave a half-groan of dissent. I fear Mrs. Meredith saw that it had a double meaning, and that it expressed a certain impatience of her son as well as of his daughter; but this was one of the things which she would not see.

"Yes," she said, with a little nod of her head, "I will answer for it, it will be just the same with Cara and you."

Mr. Beresford gave a little snort at this of absolute dissatisfaction. "I don't like changes of any kind," he said; "when we have got to be tolerably well in this dismal world, why not be content with it, and stop there? '*Le mieux est l'ennemi du bien*.' How true that is! and yet what can be better than well? I dislike changes, and this almost more than any other. I foresee it will bring me a thousand troubles—not to you, I hope," he said, his voice slightly faltering; "it would be unbearable indeed if it brought any trouble to you."

"Cara cannot bring any trouble to me," she said brightly; "of that I am sure enough: you are making a ghost of the dearest child. By-and-by you will see how sweet she is and how good."

"All girls have a way of being sweet and good," he said cynically, which was a mood quite uncongenial to him and out of his way.

"That is not like you," said Mrs. Meredith.

He knew it was not. The thought had passed through his own mind that the saying was ungenerous and unworthy of

him, and unworthy of utterance in her presence. What could any man be worth who could utter one of those foolish stock taunts against women in any stage of life, before a woman who was to him the queen of friends, the essence of everything consolatory and sweet. "You are always right," he replied hastily, "and I am wrong, as a matter of course. I am out of sorts. I had but just caught hold of life again and found it practicable, and here seems something that may unsettle all; but I am wrong, it is almost certain, and you must be right."

"That is a delightful sentiment — for me; but I am sure of my ground about Cara. Oh, quite sure!" she said; "as sure — as I am of my own boys."

Beresford did not say anything, but he breathed a short impatient sigh. Her boys were all very well at a distance. When they had been absent he had been fond of them, and had shared in the sentiment expressed by all Mrs. Meredith's friends, of regret for their absence; but when a small share even of a woman's company has become one of your daily comforts it is difficult not to find her grown-up son in your way. He reflected upon this as he shook hands with her, and went back to his dwelling-place next door with a consciousness of impatience which was quite unjustifiable. To be sure her grown-up son had a right to her which nothing could gainsay, and was, in a sort of a way, master of the house under her, and might even have a kind of right to show certain mild objections and dislikes to special visitors. Mr. Beresford could not deny these privileges of a son; but they galled him, and there was in his mind an unexpressed irritation against those troublesome members of the new generation who would thrust themselves in the way of their elders, and tread upon their heels perpetually. Children were much pleasanter than these grown-up young people. He did not see the use of them. Cara, for instance, though it was supposed she was to keep house for her father, of what use was she in the house? Cook (naturally) knew a hundred times more than she did, and kept everything going as on wheels. As for Oswald Meredith, who had been a sprightly and delightful boy, what was he now? — an idle young man about town, quite beyond his mother's management; doing nothing, probably good for nothing, idling away the best years of his life. Why did not she send him to India, as he was doing so little here? What an ease to everybody con-

cerned that would be! He thought of it in the most philosophical way, as good for everybody, best for the young man — a relief to his mother's anxieties, a thing which his best friends must desire. What a pity that it could not be done at once! But it would scarcely be good policy on his part to suggest it to Oswald's mother. She might think he had other motives; and what motive could he have except to promote the welfare of the son of such a kind friend?

CHAPTER XV.

ROGER.

ROGER BURCHELL had set his mind steadily, from the moment of Cara's translation to her father's house, upon spending those Sundays, which he had hitherto passed at home, with his aunt at Notting Hill. But the rest of the world has a way of throwing obstacles in the path of heroes of twenty in a quite incredible and heartless manner. It was not that the authorities at the rectory made any serious objections. There was so many of them that one was not missed — and Roger was not one of the more useful members of the family. He had no voice, for one thing, and therefore was useless in church; and he declined Sunday-school work, and was disposed to be noisy, and disturbed the attention of the little ones; therefore he could be dispensed with at home, and nobody cared to interfere with his inclinations. Neither had the aunt at Notting Hill any objection to Roger — he was a friendly boy, willing to take a quiet walk, ready to be kind to those who were kind to him — and to have somebody to share her solitary Sunday's dinner, and make her feel like other people when she went to church, was pleasant to her. He was a boy who never would want to shirk morning church, or keep the servants from it, to get him a late breakfast, like so many young men. But accident, not evil intention, came in Roger's way. His aunt fell ill, and then something went wrong at the engineering college, and leave was withheld — entirely by caprice or mistake, for Roger, of course, was sure of being entirely innocent, as such youthful sufferers generally are. The upshot was, that his first Sunday in London did not really occur until Cara had been a whole month in her new home. How he chafed and fretted under this delay it is unnecessary to tell. It seemed to him an age since that October afternoon when the sun was so warm on the Hill, and Cara stood by his side

looking over the country in its autumn tints, and watching the shadows fly and the lights gleam over St. George's. What a long time it was! The mellow autumn had stolen away into the fogs of winter; November is but the next month, yet what a difference there is between its clammy chills, and the thick air that stifles and chokes you, and that warmth and sunny glow with which red-breasted October sings the fall of the leaves and the gathering-in of the fruit! And in that time how much might have happened. Had it been dreary for her all by herself in London, separated from her friends? or had she found new people to keep her cheerful, and forgotten the friends of her youth? These were the questions the lad asked himself as he went up to town from Berkshire, on the evening of Saturday, the 25th of November. All that he had heard of since she left had been from a letter which Miss Cherry had read to his sister Agnes, and from which it appeared that Cara felt London lonely and regretted her friends in the country. "How I wish I could have a peep at all of you or any of you!" she had said. Agnes had been pleased with the expression, and so was he. "All of us or any of us," he said to himself for the hundredth time as the train flew over the rain-sodden country. He thought, with a thrill at his heart, that her face would light up, as he had seen it do, and she would be glad to see him. She would put into his that small hand, that seemed to melt in his grasp like a flake of snow; and perhaps there would come upon her cheek that faint crimson, which only things very pleasant brought there—the reflection of a sweet excitement. What an era that would be for Roger! he dreamt it out moment by moment, till he almost felt that it had occurred. Sometimes a dream of the other kind would start across him—a horrible fancy that he would find her happy among others, making new friends, forgetting the old; but this was too painful to be encouraged. He thought the train as slow as an old hackney coach, when at last, after all these delays, he got away and found himself actually on the road to London and to her, and thought of a story he had heard of some one in hot haste, as he was, who had jumped out of his carriage and pushed it on behind to arrive the sooner. Roger felt disposed to do so, though his train was an express, and though he knew he could not go to the square that evening to see her. But he was so much nearer her when he got to Notting Hill. She was on one side of the

Park and he on the other. Next day he would walk across, through all the Sunday people, through the yellow fog, under the bare-branched trees, and knock at her door. There was still a moment of suspense, still a long wintry night—and then!

His aunt thought very well of the young man when he got to Notting Hill. She was his mother's sister, a widow and without children, and Roger had been named after her husband, the late Captain Brandon, whose portrait hung over her mantel-piece, and whose memory was her pride. She thought her nephew was like her side of the house, not "those Burchells," and felt a thrill of pride as he came in, tall and strong, in his red-brown hair and budding moustache, with a touch of autumn color about him in the heavy despondency of the November day.

"What weather!" she said, "what weather, Roger! I daresay it is a little better in the country; but we have nothing else to expect in November, when the wind blows up the smoke out of the city."

Roger hastened to assure her that the country was a great deal worse, that the river was like a big, dismal ditch, full of mists and rains, and that town, with its cheerful lights and cheerful company, was the only place. Aunt Mary let herself be persuaded. She gave him a nice little dish of cutlets with his tea. She asked him questions about his mother and sister, and whether his papa's opinions were not getting modified by experience and by the course of events.

"Hasn't he learned to take warning by all this Romanizing?" she asked, and shook her head at Roger's doubtful reply. She differed so much in ecclesiastical opinion from her brother-in-law, that she very seldom went to the rectory. But she was glad to hear all about her godchild, little Mary, and how Philip was getting on at Cambridge. And how pleasant it was to have some one to talk to, instead of sitting all alone and melancholy, thinking, or reading the newspaper. She made much of Roger, and told him he would always be welcome; he was to come as often as he pleased.

"I shall see her to-morrow," Roger said to himself, as he laid his head upon his pillow. The thought did not stop him from sleeping; why should it? but it suggested a string of dreams, some of which were terribly tantalizing. He was just putting out his hand to take hers, just about to hear the answer to some momentous question, when he would wake sud-

denly and lose it all; but still even the disappointment only awakened him to the fact that he was to see her to-morrow; he was to see her to-morrow! nay, to-day, though this yellow glimmer did not look much like daylight. He got up the moment he was called, and dressed with much pains and care—too much care. When his toilette was careless Roger looked, as he was, a gentleman; but when he took extra pains, a Sunday look crept about him, a certain stiffness, as of a man occupying clothes to which he was unaccustomed. His frock-coat—it was his first—was uglier and squarer than even frock-coats generally are, his hat looked higher, his gloves a terrible bondage. Poor boy! but for Cara he never would have had that frock-coat; thus to look our best we look our worst, and evil becomes our good. But his aunt was much pleased with his appearance when he went to church with her, and thought his dress just what every gentleman ought to wear on Sunday.

"But your gloves are too tight, my dear," she said.

Roger thought everything was tight, and was in twenty minds to abandon his fine clothes and put on the rough morning-suit he had come in; but the frock-coat carried the day. He could not eat at Mrs. Brandon's early dinner. She was quite unhappy about him, and begged him not to stand on ceremony, but to tell her frankly if it was not to his mind. "For if you are going to spend your Sundays with me it is just as easy to buy one thing as another," Aunt Mary said, good, kind, deceived woman. She was very glad he should take a walk afterwards, hoping it would do him good.

"And I think perhaps I had better call at the square and see Miss Beresford. Her aunt is sure to ask me when I see her," he said.

"Do, my dear," said the unsuspecting woman. And he set off across the park. It was damp enough and foggy enough to quench any man's courage. The Sunday people, who were out in spite of all disadvantages, were blue, half with the cold and half with the color of the pitiless day. A few old ladies in close broughams took their constitutional drive slowly round and round. What pleasure could they find in it? still, as it is the ordinance of heaven that there should be old ladies as well as young men of twenty, it was a good thing they had comfortable broughams to drive about in; and they had been young in their time, Roger supposed, feeling it hard

upon everybody not to have the expectations, the hopes, that made his own heart beat. How it beat and thumped against his breast! He was almost sorry, though he was glad, when the walk was over and the tall roofs of the houses in the square overhadowed him. His heart jumped higher still, though he thought it had been incapable of more when he got to the house. "Doors where my heart was used to beat." He did not know any poetry to speak of, and these words did not come to him. He felt that she must be glad to see him, this dull damp Sunday afternoon, the very time when heaven and earth stood still, when there was nothing to amuse or occupy the languid mind. No doubt she and her father would be sitting together suppressing two mutual yawns, reading two dull books; or, oh, blessed chance! perhaps her father would have retired to his library, and Cara would be alone. He pictured this to himself—a silent room, a Sunday solitude, a little drooping figure by the chimney-corner, brightening up at sight of a well-known face—when the drawing-room door opened before him, and his dream exploded like a bubble, and with a shock of self-derision and disappointment more bitter than honest Roger had ever felt in all his simple life before. There were several people in the room, but naturally Roger's glance sought out the only one he was interested in, the only one he knew in the little company. She was standing in front of one of the windows, the pale wintry light behind making a silhouette of her pretty figure, and the fine lines of her profile; but curiously enough, it was not she, after the first glance, who attracted Roger's gaze, but the other figure which stood beside her, close to her, young, and friendly, in all the confidence of intimacy. It was Oswald Meredith who was holding a book in which he was showing Cara something—she, holding the corner of it with one hand, drew it down to her level, and with a raised finger of the other seemed to check what he was saying. They made the prettiest group; another young man, sitting at the table, gazing at the pair, thought so too, with an envious sentiment not so strong or so bitter as Roger's, but enough to swear by. Oswald had all the luck, this young fellow was saying to himself: little Cara, too! Behind was Mrs. Meredith, sitting by the fire, and Mr. Beresford, gloomy and sombre, standing by her. It was the first time he had been in this room, and the visit had been made expressly for the purpose of dragging him into it.

He stood near his friend, looking down, sometimes looking at her, but otherwise never raising his eyes. This, however, was a side scene altogether uninteresting to Roger. What was it to him what these two elder people might be feeling or thinking? All that he could see was Cara and "that fellow," who presumed to be there, standing by her side, occupying her attention. And how interested she looked! more than in all the years they had known each other she had ever looked for him.

Cara started at the sound of his name. "Mr. Burchell? oh, something must be wrong at home!" she cried; then, turning round suddenly, stopped with a nervous laugh of relief. "Oh, it is only Roger! what a fright you gave me! I thought it must be your father, and that Aunt Charity was ill. Papa, this is Roger Burchell, from the rectory. You remember, he said he would come and see me. But, Roger, I thought you were coming directly, and it is quite a long time now since I left home."

"I could not come sooner," he said, comforted by this. "I came as soon as ever I could. My aunt was ill and could not have me; and then there was some trouble at the college," he added hurriedly, feeling himself to be getting too explanatory. Cara had given him her hand; she had pointed to a chair near where she was standing; she had given up the book which Oswald now held, and over which he was looking, half-amused, at the newcomer. Roger was as much occupied by him, with hot instinct of rivalry, as he was with Cara herself, who was the goddess of his thoughts; and how the plain young engineer, in his stiff frock-coat, despised the handsome young man about town, so easy and so much at home! with a virulence of contempt which no one could have thought to be in Roger. "Do you bite your thumb at me, sir?" he was tempted to say, making up to him straight before the other had time to open his lips. But of course, being in civilized society, Roger did not dare to obey his impulse, though it stirred him to the heart.

"You don't introduce us to your friend, Cara," said Oswald, smiling, in an undertone.

The fellow called her Cara! Was it all settled, then, and beyond hope, in four short weeks? Oh, what a fool Roger had been to allow himself to be kept away!

"Mr. Roger Burchell—Mr. Meredith—Mr. Edward Meredith," said Cara, with a slight evanescent blush. "Roger is almost as old a friend at the Hill as you

are at the square. We have all been children together;" and then there was a pause which poor little Cara, not used to keeping such hostile elements in harmony, did not know how to manage. She asked timidly if he had been at the Hill — if he had seen —

"I came direct from the college last night," he said; and poor Roger could not keep a little flavor of bitterness out of his tone, as who should say, "A pretty fool I was to come at all!"

"The — college?" said Oswald, in his half-laughing tone.

"I mean only the scientific college, not anything to do with a university," said Roger, defiant in spite of himself. "I am an engineer — a working-man" — and though he said this as a piece of bravado, poor fellow! it is inconceivable how Sundayish, how *endimanché*, how much like a real working-man in unused best raiment, he felt in his frock-coat.

"Oh, tell me about that!" said Mrs. Meredith, coming forward; "it is just what I want to know. Mr. Roger Burchell, did you say, Cara? I think I used to know your mother. I have seen her with Miss Cherry Beresford? Yes; I thought it must be the same. Do you know I have a particular reason for wishing to hear about your college? One of my friends wants to send his son there if he can get in. Will you tell me about it? I know you want to talk to Cara —"

"Oh, no; not if she is engaged," said Roger, and blushed hot with excessive youthful shame when he had made this foolish speech.

"She will not be engaged long, for we are going presently," said the smiling, gracious woman, who began to exercise her usual charm upon the angry lad in spite of himself. She drew a chair near to the spot where he still stood defiant. "I shall not keep you long," she said; and what could Roger do but sit down, though so much against his will, and allow himself to be questioned?

"Your friend from the country is impatient of your other friends," said Oswald, closing the book which he held out to Cara, and marking the place as he gave it to her. "Do you want to get rid of us as much as he does?"

"He does not want to get rid of any one, but he does not understand — society," said Cara, in the same undertone. Roger could not hear what it was, but he felt sure they were talking of him, though he did his best to listen to Mrs. Meredith's questions. Then the other one rose, who

was not so handsome as Oswald, and went to her other side, completely shutting her out from the eyes of the poor fellow who had come so far, and taken so much trouble to see her. The college — what did he care for the college! about which the soft-voiced stranger was questioning him. He made her vague, broken answers, and turned round undisguisedly, poor fellow! to where Cara stood; yet all he could see of her was the skirt of her blue dress from the other side of Edward Meredith, whose head, leaning forward, came between Roger and the girl on whom his heart was set.

"Mr. Burchell, Cara and her father are dining with my boys and me. Edward is only with me for a few hours; he is going away by the last train. Will not you come, too, and join us? Then Cara can see a little more of you. Do you stay in town to-night?"

Two impulses struggled in Roger's mind — to refuse disdainfully, or to accept gratefully. In the first case he would have said he had dined already, making a little brag of his aunt's early hours, in the second — a calculation passed very quickly through his mind, so quick that it was concluded almost before Mrs. Meredith's invitation.

"I could," he said, faltering; "or, perhaps, if your son is going I might go, too, which would be best —"

"Very well, then, it is a bargain," she said, putting out her hand with a delightful smile. He felt how warm and sweet it was, even though he was trying at the moment to see Cara. This was the kind of mother these fellows had, and Cara living next door! Surely all the luck seems to be centred on some people; others have no chance against them. He stood by while Mrs. Meredith got up, drawing her sons with her. "Come, boys, you can carry on your talk later," she said. "Good-bye for the moment, *Cara mia*." Then she turned to Mr. Beresford who stood gloomily, with his eyes bent on the fire. "You are not sorry you have broken the spell?" she said, with a voice which she kept for him alone, or so at least he thought.

He gave his shoulders a hasty shrug. "We can talk of that later. I am going to see you to the door," he said, giving her his arm. The boys lingered. Oswald was patting his book affectionately with one hand. It was Edward who was "making the running" now.

"You are still coming to dine, Cara?" he said. "Don't turn me off for this

friend. He cannot be such an old friend as I am; and I have only a few hours —"

"So has he," said Cara; "and he told me he was coming. What am I to do?"

"There are three courses that you can pursue," said Oswald. "Leave him, as Ned recommends; stay with him, as I certainly don't recommend; or bring him with you. And which of these, Cara, you may choose will be a lesson as to your opinion of us. But you can't stay with him; that would be a slight to my mother, and your father would not allow it. The compromise would be to bring him."

"Oh, how can I do that, unless Mrs. Meredith told me to do it? No; perhaps he will go away of himself — perhaps —"

"Poor wretch! he looks unhappy enough," said Edward, with the sympathy of fellow-feeling. Oswald laughed. The misery and offence in the new-comer's face was only amusing to him.

"Cara," he said, "if you are going to begin offensive warfare, and to flaunt young men from the country in our faces, I for one will rebel. It is not fair to us; we were not prepared for anything of the sort."

"My mother is calling us," said Edward, impatiently. Two or three times before his brother had irritated him to-day. Either he was in a very irritable mood, or Oswald was more provoking than usual. "I have only a few hours," he continued, aggrieved, in a low tone, "and I have scarcely spoken to you, Cara; and it was you and I who used to be the closest friends. Don't you remember? Oswald can see you when he pleases; I have only one day. You won't disappoint us, will you? I wish you'd go" — this was to his brother — "I'll follow. There are some things I want to speak to Cara about, and you have taken her up all the afternoon with your poetry. Yes, yes; I see, there is *him* behind; but, Cara, look here, you won't be persuaded to stay away to-night?"

"Not if I can help it," said the girl, who was too much embarrassed by this first social difficulty to feel the flattery involved. She turned to Roger, when the others went down-stairs, with a somewhat disturbed and tremulous smile.

"They are our next-door neighbors, and they are very kind," she said. "Mrs. Meredith is so good to me; as kind as if she were a relation" (this was all Cara knew of relationships). "I don't know what I should do without her; and I have

known the boys all my life. Roger, won't you sit down? I am so sorry to have been taken up like this the very moment you came."

"But if they live next door, and you know them so well, I daresay you are very often taken up like this," said Roger, "and that will be hard upon your country friends. And I think," he added, taking courage as he found that the door remained closed, and that not even her father (estimable man!) came back, "that we have a better claim than they have; for you were only a child when you came to the Hill, and you have grown up there."

"I like all my old friends," said Cara, evasively. "Some are — I mean they differ — one likes them for different things."

The poor boy leaped to the worse interpretation of this, which, indeed, was not very far from the true one. "Some are poorer and not so fine as others," he said; "but perhaps, Cara, the rough ones, the homely ones, those you despise, are the most true."

"I don't despise any one," she said, turning away, and taking up Oswald Meredith's book.

By Jove! even when he was gone was "that fellow" to have the best of it with his confounded book? Roger's heart swelled; and then he felt that expediency was very much to be thought of, and that when a man could not have all he wanted it was wise to put up with what he could get.

"Cara, don't be angry with me," he said. "I shall like your friends, too, if — if you wish me. The lady is very nice and kind, as you say. She has asked me to go there to dinner, too."

"You!" Cara said, with (he thought) a gleam of annoyance. Roger jumped up, wild with rage and jealousy, but then he sat down again, which was certainly the best thing for him to do.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË. A MONOGRAPH.

VI.

THE "storm and stress" period of Charlotte Brontë's life was not what the world believes it to have been. Like the rest of our race, she had to fight her own battle in the wilderness, not with one devil, but with many; and it was this sharp contest with the temptations which crowd the threshold of an opening life which made her what she was. The world be-

LIVING AGE. VOL. XVI. 799

lieves that it was under the parsonage roof that the author of "Jane Eyre" gathered up the precious experiences which were afterwards turned to such good account. Mrs. Gaskell, who was carried away by her honest, womanly horror of hardened vice, gives us to understand that the tragic turning-point in the history of the sisters was connected with the disgrace and ruin of their brother. We are even asked to believe that but for the folly of a single woman, whom it is probable that Charlotte never saw, "Currer Bell" would never have taken up her pen, and no halo of glory would have settled on the scarred and rugged brows of prosaic Haworth.

It is not so. There may be disappointment among those who have been nurtured on the traditions of the Brontë romance, when they find that the reality is different from what they supposed it to be; some shallow judges may even assume that Charlotte herself loses in moral stature when it is shown that it was not her horror at her brother's fall which drove her to find relief in literary speech. But the truth must be told; and for my part I see nothing in that truth which affects, even in an infinitesimal degree, the fame and the honor of the woman of whom I write.

It was Charlotte's visit to Brussels then, first as pupil and afterwards as teacher in the school of Madame Héger, which was the turning-point in her life, which changed its currents, and gave to it a new purpose and a new meaning. Up to the moment of that visit she had been the simple, kindly, truthful Yorkshire girl, endowed with strange faculties, carried away at times by burning impulses, moved often by emotions the nature of which she could not fathom, but always hemmed in by her narrow experiences, her limited knowledge of life and the world. Until she went to Belgium her sorest troubles had been associated with her dislike to the society of strangers, her heaviest burden had been the necessity under which she lay of tasting that "cup of life as it is mixed for governesses" which she detested so heartily. Under the belief that they could qualify themselves to keep a school of their own if they had once mastered the delicacies of the French and German languages, she and Emily set off for this sojourn in Brussels.

One may be forgiven for speculating as to her future lot had she accepted the offer of marriage she received in her early governess-days, and settled down as the

faithful wife of a sober English gentleman. In that case "Shirley" perhaps might have been written, but "Jane Eyre" and "Villette" never. She learnt much during her two years' sojourn in the Belgian capital; but the greatest of all the lessons she mastered whilst there was that self-knowledge the taste of which is so bitter to the mouth, though so wholesome to the life. Mrs. Gaskell has made such ample use of the letters she penned during the long months which she spent as an exile from England, that there is comparatively little left to cull from them. Everybody knows the outward circumstances of her story at this time. For a brief period she had the company of Emily; and the two sisters, working together with the unremitting zeal of those who have learned that time is money, were happy and hopeful, enjoying the novel sights of the gay foreign capital, gathering fresh experiences every day, and looking forward to the moment when they would return to familiar Haworth, and realize the dream of their lives by opening a school of their own within the walls of the parsonage. But then Emily left, and Charlotte, after a brief holiday at home, returned alone. Years after, writing to her friend, she speaks of her return in these words: "I returned to Brussels after aunt's death against my conscience, prompted by what then seemed an irresistible impulse. I was punished for my selfish folly by a total withdrawal for more than two years of happiness and peace of mind." Why did she thus go back "against her conscience"? Her friends declared that her future husband dwelt somewhere within sound of the chimes of St. Gudule, and that she insisted upon returning to Brussels because she was about to be married there. We know now how different was the reality. The husband who awaited her was even then about to begin his long apprenticeship of love at Haworth. Yet none the less had her spirit, if not her heart, been captured and held captive in the Belgian city. It is not in her letters that we find the truth regarding her life at this time. The truth indeed is there, but not all the truth. "In catalepsy and dread trance," says Lucy Snowe, "I studiously held the quick of my nature. . . . It is on the surface only the common gaze will fall." The secrets of her inner life could not be trusted to paper, even though the lines were intended for no eyes but those of her friend and confidante. There are some things, as we know well, the heart hides as by instinct, and which even frank

and open natures only reveal under compulsion. One of the hardest features of the last year she spent at Brussels was the necessity that she was under of locking all the deepest emotions of her life within her own breast, of preserving the calm and even cold exterior, which should tell nothing to the common gaze, above the troubled, fevered heart that beat within.

When do you think I shall see you? [she cries to her friend within a few days of her final return to Haworth;] I have of course much to tell you, and I dare say you have much also to tell me — things which we should neither of us wish to commit to paper. . . . I do not know whether you feel as I do, but there are times now when it appears to me as if all my ideas and feelings, except a few friendships and affections, are changed from what they used to be. Something in me which used to be enthusiasm is tamed down and broken. I have fewer illusions. What I wish for now is active exertion — a stake in life. Haworth seems such a lonely, quiet spot, buried away from the world. I no longer regard myself as young; indeed I shall soon be twenty-eight, and it seems as if I ought to be working and braving the rough realities of the world as other people do. It is, however, my duty to restrain this feeling at present, and I will endeavor to do so.

Yes; she was "disillusioned" now, and she had brought back from Brussels a heart which could never be quite so light, a spirit which could never again soar so buoyantly, as in those earlier years when the tree of knowledge was still untasted, and the mystery of life still unrevealed. This stay in Belgium was, as I have said, the turning-point in Charlotte Brontë's career, and its true history and meaning is to be found, not in her "Life" and letters, but in "Villette," the master-work of her mind, and the revelation of the most vivid passages in her own heart's history. "I said I disliked Lucy Snowe," is a remark which Mrs. Gaskell innocently repeats in her memoir of Charlotte Brontë. One need not be surprised at it. Lucy Snowe was never meant to be liked — by everybody; but none the less is Lucy Snowe the truest picture we possess of the real Charlotte Brontë; whilst not a few of the fortunes which befell this strange heroine are literal transcripts from the life of her creator. One little incident in "Villette" — Lucy's impulsive visit to a Roman Catholic confessor — is taken direct from Charlotte's own experience. During one of the long, lonely holidays in the foreign school, when her mind was restless and disturbed, her heart heavy, her nerves jarred and jangled, she fled from the great

empty schoolrooms to seek peace in the streets; and she found, not peace perhaps, but sympathy at least, in the counsels of a priest, seated at the confessional in a church into which she wandered, who took pity on the little heretic, and soothed her troubled spirit without attempting to enmesh it in the folds of Romanism. It was from experiences such as these, with a chastened heart and a nature tamed down, though by no means broken, that she returned to familiar Haworth, to face "the rough realities of the world."

Rough, indeed, those realities were in her case. Her brother, once the hope of the family, had now become its burden and its curse; and from that moment he was to be the prodigal for whom no fatted calf would ever be killed. Her father was fast losing his eyesight; she and her sisters were getting on in life, and "something must be done." Charlotte had returned home, but her heart was still in Brussels, and the wings of her spirit began to beat impatiently against the cage in which she found herself imprisoned. It was only the old story. She had gone out into the world, had tasted strange joys, and drunk deep of waters the very bitterness of which seemed to endear them to her. Returning to Haworth she went back a new woman, with tastes and hopes which it was hard to reconcile with the monotony of life in the parsonage which had once satisfied her completely.

"If I *could* leave home I should not be at Haworth," she says soon after her return. "I know life is passing away, and I am doing nothing, earning nothing; a very bitter knowledge it is at moments, but I see no way out of the mist." And then, almost for the first time in her life, something like a cry of despair goes up from her lips: "Probably when I am free to leave home I shall neither be able to find place nor employment. Perhaps, too, I shall be quite past the prime of life, my faculties will be wasted, and my few acquirements in a great measure forgotten. These ideas sting me keenly sometimes; but whenever I consult my conscience it affirms that I am doing right in staying at home; and bitter are its upbraidings when I yield to an eager desire for release."

But this outburst of personal feeling was exceptional, and was uttered in one ear only. Within the walls of her home Charlotte again became the house-mother, busying herself with homely cares, and ever watching for some opportunity of carrying her plan of school-keeping into execution. Nor did she allow either the

troubles at home or that weight at her own heart which she bore in secrecy to render her spirit morbid and melancholy. Not a few who have read Mrs. Gaskell's work labor under the belief that this was the effect which Charlotte Brontë's trials had upon her. As a matter of fact, however, she was far too strong, brave, cheerful—one had almost said manly—to give way to any such selfish repinings. She never was one of those sickly souls who go about "glooming over the woes of existence, and how unworthy God's universe is to have so distinguished a resident." Even when her own sorrows were deepest and her lot seemed hardest, she found a lively pleasure in discussing the characters and lots of others, and expended as much pains and time in analyzing the inner lives of her friends as our sham Byrons are wont to expend upon the study of their own feelings and emotions. Let the following letter, hitherto unpublished, written at the very time when the household clouds were blackest, speak for her freedom from morbid self-consciousness, as well as for her hearty interest in the well-being of those around her:—

You are a very good girl indeed to send me such a long and interesting letter. In all that account of the young lady and gentleman in the railway carriage I recognize your faculty for observation, which is a rarer gift than you imagine. You ought to be thankful for it. I never yet met with an individual devoid of observation whose conversation was interesting, nor with one possessed of that power in whose society I could not manage to pass a pleasant hour. I was amused with your allusions to individuals at —. I have little doubt of the truth of the report you mention about Mr. Z—— paying assiduous attention to —. Whether it will ever come to a match is another thing. *Money* would decide that point, as it does most others of a similar nature. You are perfectly right in saying that Mr. Z—— is more influenced by opinion than he himself suspects. I saw his lordship in a new light last time I was at —. Sometimes I could scarcely believe my eyes when I heard the stress he laid on wealth, appearance, family, and all those advantages which are the idols of the world. His conversation on marriage (and he talked much about it) differed in no degree from that of any hackneyed fortune-hunter, except that with his own peculiar and native audacity he avowed views and principles which more timid individuals conceal. Of course I raised no argument against anything he said. I listened and laughed inwardly to think how indignant I should have been eight years since if any one had accused Z—— of being a worshipper of mammon and of interest. Indeed I still believe that the Z—— of ten years ago is not the Z—— of to-

day. The world with its hardness and selfishness has utterly changed him. He thinks himself grown wiser than the wisest. In a worldly sense he is wise. His feelings have gone through a process of petrification which will prevent them from ever warring against his interest; but Ichabod! all glory of principle and much elevation of character are gone. I learnt another thing. Fear the smooth side of Z——'s tongue more than the rough side. He has the art of paying peppery little compliments which he seems to bring out with a sort of difficulty, as if he were not used to that kind of thing, and did it rather against his will than otherwise. These compliments you feel disposed to value on account of their seeming rarity. Fudge! They are at any one's disposal, and are confessedly hollow blarney.

Still more significant, however, is the following letter, showing so kindly and careful an interest in the welfare of the friend to whom it is addressed, even whilst it bears the bitter tidings of a great household sorrow:—

July 31, 1845.

I was glad to get your little packet. It was quite a treasure of interest to me. I think the intelligence about G—— is cheering. I have read the lines to Miss —— . They are expressive of the affectionate feelings of his nature, and are poetical, inasmuch as they are true. Faults in expression, rhythm, metre, were of course to be expected. All you say about Mr. —— amused me much. Still I cannot put out of my mind one fear, viz., that you should think too much about him. Faulty as he is and as you know him to be, he has still certain qualities which might create an interest in your mind before you were aware. He has the art of impressing ladies by something involuntary in his look and manner; exciting in them the notion that he cares for them, while his words and actions are all careless, inattentive, and quite uncompromising for himself. It is only men who have seen much of life and of the world, and who are become in a measure indifferent to female attractions, that possess this art. So be on your guard. These are not pleasant or flattering words; but they are the words of one who has known you long enough to be indifferent about being temporarily disagreeable, provided she can be permanently useful.

I got home very well. There was a gentleman in the railroad carriage whom I recognized by his features immediately as a foreigner and a Frenchman. So sure was I of it that I ventured to say to him, "*Monsieur est français, n'est-ce pas?*" He gave a start of surprise, and answered immediately in his own tongue. He appeared still more astonished and even puzzled when after a few minutes' further conversation I inquired if he had not passed the greater part of his life in Germany. He said the surmise was correct. I had

guessed it from his speaking French with the German accent.

It was ten o'clock at night when I got home. I found Branwell ill. He is so very often, owing to his own fault. I was not therefore shocked at first. But when Anne informed me of the immediate cause of his present illness I was very greatly shocked. He had last Thursday received a note from Mr. —— sternly dismissing him. . . . We have had sad work with him since. He thought of nothing but stunning or drowning his distressed mind. No one in the house could have rest, and at last we have been obliged to send him from home for a week with some one to look after him. He has written to me this morning and expresses some sense of contrition for his frantic folly. He promises amendment on his return; but so long as he remains at home I scarce dare hope for peace in the house. We must all I fear prepare for a season of distress and disquietude. I cannot now ask Miss —— or any one else.

The gloom in the household deepened; but Charlotte was still strong enough and brave enough to meet the world, to retain her accustomed interest in her friends, and to discuss as of yore the characters and lives of those around her. Curious are the glimpses one gets of her circle of acquaintances at this time. Little did many of those with whom she was brought in contact think of the keen eyes which were gazing out at them from under the prominent forehead of the parson's daughter. Yet not the least interesting feature of her correspondence is the evidence it affords that she was gradually gaining that knowledge of character which was afterwards to be lavished upon her books. A string of extracts from letters hitherto unpublished will suffice to show how the current of her life and thoughts ran in those days of domestic darkness, whilst the dawn of her fame was still hidden in the blackest hour of the night:—

I have just read M——'s letters. They are very interesting, and show the original and vigorous cast of her mind. There is but one thing I could wish otherwise in them, and that is a certain tendency to flightiness. It is not safe, it is not wise; and will often cause her to be misconstrued. Perhaps *flightiness* is not the right word; but it is a devil-may-care tone which I do not like when it proceeds from under a hat, and still less from under a bonnet.

I return you Miss ——'s notes with thanks. I always like to read them. They appear to me so true an index of an amiable mind, and one not too conscious of its own worth. Beware of awakening in her this consciousness by undue praise. It is a privilege of simple-hearted, sensible, but not brilliant people that they can *be* and *do* good without comparing

their own thoughts and actions too closely with those of other people, and thence drawing strong food for self-appreciation. Talented people almost always know full well the excellence that is in them. . . . You ask me if we are more comfortable. I wish I could say anything favorable; but how can we be more comfortable so long as Branwell stays at home and degenerates instead of improving? It has been lately intimated to him that he would be received again on the same railroad where he was formerly stationed if he would behave more steadily, but he refuses to make an effort. He will not work, and at home he is a drain on every resource, an impediment to all happiness. But there's no use in complaining.

I thank you again for your last letter, which I found as full or fuller of interest than either of the preceding ones—it is just written as I wish you to write to me—not a detail too much. A correspondence of that sort is the next best thing to actual conversation, though it must be allowed that between the two there is a wide gulf still. I imagine your face, voice, presence very plainly when I read your letters. Still imagination is not reality, and when I return them to their envelope and put them by in my desk I feel the difference sensibly enough. My curiosity is a little piqued about that countess you mention. What is her name? you have not yet given it. I cannot decide from what you say whether she is really clever or only eccentric. The two sometimes go together, but are often seen apart. I generally feel inclined to fight very shy of eccentricity, and have no small horror of being thought eccentric myself, by which observation I don't mean to insinuate that I class myself under the head clever. God knows a more consummate ass in sundry important points has seldom browsed the green herb of His bounties than I. O Lord, Nell, I'm in danger sometimes of falling into self-weariness. I used to say and to think in former times that X—— would certainly be married. I am not so sanguine on that point now. It will never suit her to accept a husband she cannot love, or at least respect, and it appears there are many chances against her meeting with such a one under favorable circumstances; besides, from all I can hear and see, money seems to be regarded as almost the Alpha and Omega of requisites in a wife. Well, if she is destined to be an old maid I don't think she will be a repining one. I think she will find resources in her own mind and disposition which will help her to get on. As to society, I don't understand much about it, but from the few glimpses I have had of its machinery it seems to me to be a very strange, complicated affair indeed, wherein nature is turned upside down. Your well-bred people appear to me, figuratively speaking, to walk on their heads, to see everything the wrong way up—a lie is with them truth, truth a lie, eternal and tedious botheration is their notion of happiness, sensible pursuits their *ennui*. But this may be only the view ignorance takes of what

it cannot understand. I refrain from judging them, therefore, but if I was called upon to *swop*—you know the word I suppose—to swop tastes and ideas and feelings with—for instance, I should prefer walking into a good Yorkshire kitchen fire and concluding the bargain at once by an act of voluntary combustion.

VII.

THE reader has seen that it was not the degradation of Branwell Brontë which formed the turning-point in Charlotte's life. Mrs. Gaskell, anxious to support her own conception of what *should have been* Charlotte's feelings with regard to her brother's ruin, has scarcely done justice either to herself or to her heroine. Thus she makes use of a passage in one of the letters quoted in the foregoing chapter, but in doing so omits what are perhaps the most characteristic words in it. "He" (Branwell) "has written this morning expressing some sense of contrition; . . . but as long as he remains at home I scarce dare hope for peace in the house." This is the form in which the passage appears in the "Biography," whereas Charlotte had written of her brother's having expressed "contrition for his frantic folly," and of his having "promised amendment on his return." Mrs. Gaskell could not bring herself to speak of such flagrant sins as those of which young Brontë had been guilty under the name of "folly," nor could she conceive that there was any possibility of amendment on the part of one who had fallen so low in vice. Moreover one of her objects was to punish those who had shared the lad's misconduct, and to whom she openly attributed not only his ruin but the premature deaths of his sisters. Thus she felt compelled to take throughout her book a far deeper and more tragic view of this miserable episode in the Brontë story than Charlotte herself took. Having read all her letters written at this period of her life to her two most confidential friends, I am justified in saying that the impression produced on Charlotte by Branwell's degrading fall was not so deep as that which was produced on Mrs. Gaskell, who never saw young Brontë, by the mere recital of the story. Yet Charlotte, though too brave, healthy, and reasonable in all things to be utterly weighed down by the fact that her brother had fallen a victim to loathsome vice, was far from being insensible to the sadness and shamefulness of his condition. What she thought of it she has herself told the world in the story of "The Professor" (p. 198):—

Limited as had yet been my experience of life, I had once had the opportunity of contemplating near at hand an example of the results produced by a course of interesting and romantic domestic treachery. No golden halo of fiction was about this example; I saw it bare and real, and it was very loathsome. I saw a mind degraded by the practice of mean subterfuge, by the habit of perfidious deception, and a body depraved by the infectious influence of the vice-polluted soul. I had suffered much from the forced and prolonged view of this spectacle; those sufferings I did not now regret, for their simple recollection acted as a most wholesome antidote to temptation. They had inscribed on my reason the conviction that unlawful pleasure, trenching on another's rights, is delusive and envenomed pleasure—its hollowness disappoints at the time, its poison cruelly tortures afterwards, its effects deprave forever.

Upon the gentle and sensitive mind of Anne Brontë the effects of Branwell's fall were such as Mrs. Gaskell depicts. She was literally broken down by the grief she suffered in seeing her brother's ruin; but Charlotte and Emily were of stronger fibre than their sister, and their predominant feeling, as expressed in their letters, is one of sheer disgust at their brother's weakness, and of indignation against all who had in any way assisted in his downfall. This may not be consistent with the popular conception of Charlotte's character, but it is strictly true.

We must then dismiss from our minds the notion that the brother's fate exercised that paramount influence over the sisters' lives which seems to be believed. Yet as we have seen, there was a very strong, though hidden influence working in Charlotte during those years in which their home was darkened by Branwell's presence. Her yearning for Brussels, and the life that now seemed like a vanished dream, continued almost as strong as ever. At Haworth everything was dull, commonplace, monotonous. The school-keeping scheme had failed; poverty and obscurity seemed henceforth to be the appointed lot of all the sisters. Even the resource of intercourse with friends was almost entirely cut off; for Charlotte could not bear the shame of exposing the prodigal of the family to the gaze of strangers. It was at this time, and in the mood described in the last letter quoted in the preceding chapter, that she took up her pen and sought to escape from the narrow and sordid cares which environed her by a flight into the region of poetry. She had been accustomed from childhood to write verses, few of which as yet had passed the limits

of mediocrity. Now, with all that heart-history through which she had passed at Brussels weighing upon her, she began to write again, moved by a stronger impulse, stirred by deeper thoughts than any she had known before. In this secret exercise of her faculties she found relief and enjoyment; her letters to her friend showed that her mind was regaining its tone, and the dreary outlook from "the hills of Judæa" at Haworth began to brighten. It was a great day in the lives of all the sisters when Charlotte accidentally discovered that Emily also had dared to "commit her soul to paper." The younger sister was keenly troubled when Charlotte made the discovery, for her poems had been written in absolute secrecy. But mutual confessions hastened her reconciliation. Charlotte produced her own poems, and then Anne also, blushing as was her wont, poured some hidden treasures of the same kind into the eldest sister's lap. So it came to pass that in 1846, unknown to their nearest friends, they presented to the world—at their own cost and risk, poor souls!—that thin volume of poetry "by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell," now almost forgotten, the merits of which few readers have recognized and few critics proclaimed.

Strong, calm, sincere, most of these poems are; not the spasmodic or frothy outpourings of Byron-stricken girls; not even mere echoes, however skilful, of the grand music of the masters. When we dip into the pages of the book we see that these women write because they feel. They write because they have something to say; they write not for the world, but for themselves, each sister wrapping her own secret within her own soul. Strangely enough it is not Charlotte who carries off the palm in these poems. Verse seems to have been too narrow for the limits of her genius; she could not soar as she desired to do within the self-imposed restraints of rhythm, rhyme, and metre. Here and there, it is true, we come upon lines which flash upon us with the brilliant fire of genius; but upon the whole we need not wonder that Currer Bell achieved no reputation as a poet. Nor is Anne to be counted among great singers. Sweet indeed her verses are, radiant with the tenderness, resignation, and gentle humility which were the prominent features of her character. One or two of her little poems are now included in popular collections of hymns used in Yorkshire churches; but as a rule her compositions lack the vigorous life which belongs to those of her sis-

ters. It is Emily who takes the first place in this volume. Some of her poems have a lyrical beauty which haunts the mind ever after it has become acquainted with them; others have a passionate emphasis, a depth of meaning, an intensity and gravity which are startling when we know who the singer is, and which furnish a key to many passages in "Wuthering Heights" which the world shudders at and hastily passes by. Such lines as these ought to make the name of Emily Brontë far more familiar than it is to the students of our modern English literature:—

Death! that struck when I was most confiding
In my certain faith of joy to be—
Strike again, time's withered branch dividing
From the fresh root of eternity!

Leaves upon time's branch were growing
brightly,
Full of sap and full of silver dew;
Birds beneath its shelter gathered nightly;
Daily round its flowers the wild bees flew.

Sorrow passed, and plucked the golden blossom;
Guilt stripped off the foliage in its pride;
But within its parent's kindly bosom
Flowed forever life's restoring tide.

Little mourned I for the parted gladness,
For the vacant nest and silent song—
Hope was there, and laughed me out of sadness;
Whispering, "Winter will not linger long!"

And behold! with tenfold increase blessing,
Spring adorned the beauty-burdened spray;
Wind and rain and fervent heat, caressing,
Lavished glory on that second May!

High it rose—no winged grief could sweep
it;
Sin was scared to distance with its slime;
Love, and its own life, had power to keep it
From all wrong—from every blight but
thine;

Cruel death! The young leaves droop and
languish;
Evening's gentle air may still restore—
No! the morning sunshine mocks my anguish—
Time, for me, must never blossom more!

Strike it down, that other boughs may flourish
Where that perished sapling used to be;
Thus at least its mouldering corpse will
nourish
That from which it sprung—eternity.

The little book was a failure. This first flight ended only in discomfiture; and Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell were once more left to face the realities of life in Haworth parsonage, uncheered by literary

success. This was in the summer and autumn of 1846; about which time they were compelled to think of cares which came even nearer home than the failure of their volume of poems. Their father's eyesight was now almost gone, and all their thoughts were centred upon the operation which was to restore it. Yet at the very time when they were thus beset by bitter anxieties they were engaged in another and more important literary venture. The pen once taken up could not be laid down. By poetry they had only lost money; but the idea had occurred to them that by prose-writing money was to be made. At any rate in telling the stories of imaginary people, in opening their hearts freely upon all those subjects on which they had thought deeply in their secluded lives, they would find relief from the solitude of Haworth. Each of the three accordingly began to write a novel. The stories were commenced simultaneously, after a long consultation, in which the outlines of the plots, and even the names of the different characters, were settled. How one must wish that some record of that strange literary council had been preserved! Charlotte, in after life, spoke always tenderly, lovingly, almost reverentially, of the days in which she and her well-beloved sisters were engaged in settling the plan and style of their respective romances. That time seemed sacred to her, and though she learnt to smile at the illusions under which the work was begun, and could see clearly enough the errors and crudities of thought and method which all three displayed, she never allowed any one in her presence to question the genius of Emily and Anne, or to ridicule the prosaic and business-like fashion in which the novel-writing was undertaken by the three sisters. Returning to the old customs of their childhood, they sat round the table of their sitting-room in the parsonage, each busy with her pen. No trace of their occupation at this time is to be found in their letters, and on the rare occasions on which the father or the brother came into their room, nothing was said as to the work that was going on. The novel-writing, like the writing and publishing of the poems, was still kept profoundly secret. "There is no gentleman of the name in this parish," said Mr. Brontë to the village postman, when the latter ventured to ask who the Mr. Currer Bell could be for whom letters came so frequently from London. But every night the three sisters, as they paced the barely-furnished room, or strained their eyes

across the tombstones, to the spot where the weather-stained church-tower rose from a bank of nettles, told each other what the work of the day had been, and criticised each other's labors with the freedom of that perfect love which casts out all fear of misconception. Is it needful to tell how the three stories — "The Professor," "Wuthering Heights," and "Agnes Grey," — are sent forth at last from the little station at Keighley to fare as best they may in that unknown London which is still an ideal city to the sisters, peopled not with ordinary human beings, but with creatures of some strangely different order? Can any one be ignorant of the weary months which passed whilst "The Professor" was going from hand to hand, and the stories written by Emily and Anne were waiting in a publisher's desk until they could be given to the world on the publisher's own terms? Charlotte had failed, but the brave heart was not to be baffled. No sooner had the last page of "The Professor" been finished than the first page of "Jane Eyre" was begun. The whole of that wondrous story passed through the author's busy brain whilst the life around her was clad in these sombre hues, and disappointment, affliction, and gloomy forebodings were her daily companions. The decisive rejection of her first tale by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. had been accompanied by some kindly words of advice; so it is to that firm that she now entrusts the completed manuscript of "Jane Eyre." The result has already been told. On August 24, 1847, the story is sent from Leeds to London; and before the year is out all England is ringing with the praises of the novel and its author.

Need I defend the sisters from the charge sometimes brought against them that they were unfaithful to their friends in not taking them into their confidence? Surely not. They had pledged themselves to each other that the secret should be sternly guarded, as something sacred, kept even from those of their own household. They were not working for fame; for again and again they give proof that personal fame is the last thing to which they aspire. But they had found their true vocation, the call to work was irresistible, they had obeyed it, and all that they sought now was to leave their work to speak for itself, dissevered absolutely from the humble personality of the authors.

In a letter from Anne Brontë, written in January, 1848, at which time the literary quidnuncs both of England and America

were eagerly discussing contradictory theories as to the authorship of "Jane Eyre," and of the two other stories which had appeared from the pens of Ellis and Acton Bell, I find the following passage: "I have no news to tell you, for we have been nowhere, seen no one, and done nothing (to *speak* of) since you were here, and yet we contrive to be busy from morning till night." The gentle and scrupulously conscientious girl, whilst hiding the secret from her friend, cannot violate the truth even by a hair's-breadth. The italics are her own. Nothing *that can be spoken of* has been done. The friend had her own suspicions. Staying in a southern house for the winter, the new novel about which everybody was talking was produced — fresh from town. One of the guests was deputed to read it aloud, and before she had proceeded far Charlotte Brontë's schoolfellow had pierced the secret of the authorship. Three months before, Charlotte had been spending a few days at Miss N——'s house, and had openly corrected the proof-sheets of the story in the presence of her hostess; but she had given the latter no encouragement to speak to her on the subject, and nothing had been said. Now, however, in the surprise of the moment Miss N—— told the company that this must have been written by Miss Brontë, and astute friends at once advised her not to mention the fact that she knew the author of "Jane Eyre" to any one, as her acquaintance with such a person would be regarded as a reflection on her own character! When Charlotte was challenged by her friend, she uttered stormy denials in general terms which carried a complete confirmation of the truth, and when, in the spring of 1848, Miss N—— visited Haworth, full confession was made, and the poems brought forth and shown to her, in addition to the stories.

Very quietly and sedately did "Currer Bell" take her sudden change of fortune. She corresponded freely with her publishers, and with the critics who had written to her concerning her book; she told her father the secret of her authorship, and exhibited to him the draft which was the substantial recompense of her labors; but in her letters to her friend no difference of tone is to be detected. Success was very sweet to her, as we know, but she bore her honors meekly, betraying nothing of the gratified ambition which must have filled her soul. In truth her thoughts were soon turned from her literary triumph to more pressing matters nearer

home. It was after one brief visit to London, accompanied by Anne, to satisfy her publishers that Currer Bell was a distinct individuality not to be confounded with either Ellis or Acton, that she returned home to find that death was setting its seal upon the household. Branwell, who had been so long the dark shadow in their "humble home," was taken from them without any lengthened preliminary warning. Sharing to the full the eccentricity of the family, he resolved to die as nobody else had ever died before, and when the last agony came on, he rose to his feet, as though proudly defying death itself to do its worst, and expired standing. In the following letter, hitherto unpublished, to one of her friends — not to her old school-fellow — Charlotte thus speaks of the last act in the tragedy of her brother's life: —

HAWORTH, *October 14, 1848.*

The event to which you allude came upon us indeed with startling suddenness, and was a severe shock to us all. My poor brother has long had a shaken constitution, and during the summer his appetite had been diminished and he had seemed weaker, but neither we, nor himself, nor any medical man who was consulted on his case thought it one of immediate danger: he was out of doors two days before his death, and was only confined to bed one single day. I thank you for your kind sympathy. Many, under the circumstances, would think our loss rather a relief than otherwise; in truth, we must acknowledge, in all humility and gratitude, that God has greatly tempered judgment with mercy; but yet, as you doubtless know from experience, the last earthly separation cannot take place between near relations without the keenest pangs on the part of the survivors. Every wrong and sin is forgotten then; pity and grief share the heart and the memory between them. Yet we are not without comfort in our affliction. A most propitious change marked the few last days of poor Branwell's life; his demeanor, his language, his sentiments, were all singularly altered and softened, and this change could not be owing to the fear of death, for within half an hour of his decease he seemed unconscious of danger. In God's hands we leave him! He sees not as man sees. Papa, I am thankful to say, has borne the event pretty well. His distress was great at first. To lose an only son is no ordinary trial. But his physical strength has not hitherto failed him, and he has now in a great measure recovered his mental composure; my dear sisters are pretty well also. Unfortunately illness attacked me at the crisis, when strength was most needed; I bore up for a day or two, hoping to be better, but got worse; fever, sickness, total loss of appetite and internal pain, were the symptoms. The doctor pronounced it to be bilious fever — but I

think it must have been in a mitigated form; it yielded to medicine and care in a few days; I was only confined to my bed a week, and am, I trust, nearly well now. I felt it a grievous thing to be incapacitated from action and effort at a time when action and effort were most called for. The past month seems an overclouded period in my life.

Alas! the brave woman who felt it to be "a grievous thing" that she could not bear her full share of the family burden, little knew how terribly that burden was to be increased, how much heavier and blacker were the clouds which awaited her than any through which she had yet passed. The storm which even then was gathering upon her path was one which no sunshine of fame or prosperity could dissipate. The one to whom Charlotte's heart had always clung most fondly, the sister who had been nearest to her in age and nearest to her in affection, Emily, the brilliant but ill-fated child of genius, began to fade. "She had never," says Charlotte, speaking in the solitude of her fame, "lingered over any task in her life, and she did not linger now." Yet the quick decline of Emily Brontë is one of the saddest of all the sad features of the story. I have spoken of her reserve. So intense was it that when dying she refused to admit even to her own sisters that she was ill. They saw her fading before their eyes; they knew that the grave was yawning at her feet; and yet they dared not offer her any attention such as an invalid needed, and such as they were longing to bestow upon her. It was the cruellest torture of Charlotte's life. During the brief period of Emily's illness, her sister writes as follows to her friend: —

I mentioned your coming to Emily as a mere suggestion, with the faint hope that the prospect might cheer her, as she really esteems you perhaps more than any other person out of this house. I found, however, it would not do; any the slightest excitement or putting out of the way, is not to be thought of, and indeed I do not think the journey in this unsettled weather, with the walk from Keighley and back, at all advisable for yourself. Yet I should have liked to see you, and so would Anne. Emily continues much the same: yesterday I thought her a little better, but to-day she is not so well. I hope still, for I *must* hope; she is as dear to me as life. If I let the faintness of despair reach my heart I shall become worthless. The attack was, I believe, in the first place inflammation of the lungs; it ought to have been met promptly in time; but she would take no care, use no means, she is too intractable. I *do* wish I knew her state and feelings more clearly. The

fever is not so high as it was, but the pain in the side, the cough, the emaciation are there still.

The days went by in the parsonage, slowly, solemnly, each bringing some fresh burden of sorrow to the broken hearts of Charlotte and Anne. Emily's resolute spirit was unbending to the last. Day after day she refused to own that she was ill, refused to take rest or medicine or stimulants; compelled her trembling hands to labor as of old. And so came the bitter morning in December, the story of which has been told by Mrs. Gaskell with simple pathos, when she "arose and dressed herself as usual, making many a pause, but doing everything for herself," even going on with her sewing as at any time during the years past; until suddenly she laid the unfinished work aside, whispered faintly to her sister, "If you send for a doctor I will see him now," and in two hours passed quietly away.

The broken father, supported on either side by his surviving daughters, followed Emily to her grave in the old church. There was one other mourner — the fierce old dog whom she had loved better almost than any other human being.

Yes [says Charlotte, writing to her friend], there is no Emily in time or on earth now. Yesterday we put her poor wasted mortal frame quietly under the church pavement. We are very calm at present. Why should we be otherwise? The anguish of seeing her suffer is over. We feel she is at peace. No need now to tremble for the hard frost and the keen wind. Emily does not feel them. She died in a time of promise. We saw her taken from life in its prime. But it is God's will, and the place where she is gone is better than that she has left.

It was in the very month of December, 1848, when Charlotte passed through this fierce ordeal, and wrote these tender words of love and resignation, that the *Quarterly Review* denounced her as an improper woman who "for some sufficient reason" had forfeited the society of her sex!

Terrible was the storm of death which in three short months swept off two of the little household at Haworth; but it had not even yet exhausted all its fury. Scarcely had Emily been laid in the grave than Anne, the youngest and gentlest of the three sisters, began to fade. Very slowly did she droop. The winter passed away, and the spring came with a glimmer of hope; but the following unpublished letter, written on the 16th of May, shows with what fears Charlotte set forth on that

visit to Scarborough which her sister insisted upon undertaking as a last resource: —

Next Wednesday is the day fixed for our departure; Ellen accompanies us at her own kind and friendly wish. I would not refuse her society, but dared not urge her to go, for I have little hope that the excursion will be one of pleasure or benefit to those engaged in it. Anne is extremely weak. She herself has a fixed impression that the sea air will give her a chance of regaining strength. That chance therefore she must have. Having resolved to try the experiment, misgivings are useless, and yet when I look at her misgivings will rise. She is more emaciated than Emily was at the very last, her breath scarcely serves her to mount the stairs, however slowly. She sleeps very little at night, and often passes most of the forenoon in a semi-lethargic state. Still she is up all day, and even goes out a little when it is fine. Fresh air usually acts as a temporary stimulus, but its reviving power diminishes.

Just two weeks after this Anne died at Scarborough, rendering up her soul with that sweetness and resignation of spirit which had adorned her throughout her brief life, and even in the last hour crying, "Take courage, Charlotte, take courage," as she bade farewell to the sister who was left.

Before me lie the few letters which remain of Emily and Anne. There is little in them worth preserving. Both make reference to the fact that Charlotte is the great correspondent of the family, and that their brief and uninteresting epistles can have no charm for one who is constantly receiving letters from her. Yet that modest reserve which distinguished the greatest of the three is plainly visible in what little remains of the correspondence of the others. They had discovered before their death the real power that lay within them; they had just experienced the joy which comes from the exercise of these powers; they had looked forward to a future which should be sunny and prosperous, as no other part of their lives of toil and patient endurance had been. Suddenly death confronted them, and they recognized the fact that they must leave their work undone. Each faced the dread enemy in her own way, but neither shrank even from that blow. Emily's proud spirit refused to be conquered, and, as we have seen, up to the last agony she carried herself as one sternly indifferent to the weaknesses of the flesh, including that final weakness which must conquer all of us in the end. Anne found consolation, pure and deep, in her religious faith, and she died cheerfully

in the firm belief that she was but entering upon that fuller life which lay beyond the grave. The one was defiant, the other resigned; but courage and fortitude were shown by each in accordance with her own special idiosyncrasy.

VIII.

CHARLOTTE went back from Scarborough to Haworth alone. Her father met her with unwonted demonstrations of affection, and she "tried to be glad" that she was once more under the familiar roof. "But this time joy was not to be the sensation." Yet the courage which had held her sisters to the end supported her amid the pangs of loneliness and bereavement. Even now there was no bitterness, no morbid gloom in the heart which had suffered so keenly. Setting aside her own sorrow quietly but resolutely, refusing all the invitations of her friend to seek temporary relief in change of scene, she sat down to complete the story which was intended to tell the world what the lost Emily had seemed to be in the eyes of her fond sister. By herself, in the room in which a short year ago three happy sisters had worked together, within the walls which could never again echo with the old voices, or walking on the moors, which would never more be trodden by the firm, elastic step of Emily, she composed the brilliant story of "Shirley" — the brightest and healthiest of her works. As she writes she sometimes sends forth messages to those who love her, which tell us of the spirit of the hero or the martyr burning within the frail frame of the solitary woman. "Submission, courage, exertion when practicable, these seem to be the weapons with which we must fight life's long battle;" and that these are no mere words she proves with all her accustomed honesty and sincerity, by acting up to them to the very letter. But at times the burden presses upon her till it is almost past endurance. Strangely enough, it is a comparative trifle, as the world counts it, the illness of a servant, that occasions her fiercest outburst of open grief: —

You have to fight your way through labor and difficulty at home, it appears, but I am truly glad now you did not come to Haworth. As matters have turned out you would have found only discomfort and gloom. Both Tabby and Martha are at this moment ill in bed. Martha's illness has been most serious. She was seized with internal inflammation ten days ago; Tabby's lame leg has broken out, she cannot stand or walk. I have one of Martha's sisters to help me, and her mother

comes up sometimes. There was one day last week when I fairly broke down for ten minutes, and sat down and cried like a fool. Martha's illness was at its height; a cry from Tabby had called me into the kitchen, and I had found her laid on the floor, her head under the kitchen-grate. She had fallen from her chair in attempting to rise. Papa had just been declaring that Martha was in imminent danger; I was myself depressed with headache and sickness that day; I hardly knew what to do or where to turn. Thank God, Martha is now convalescent; Tabby, I trust, will be better soon. Papa is pretty well. I have the satisfaction of knowing that my publishers are delighted with what I sent them — this supports me, but life is a battle. May we *all* be enabled to fight it well.

This letter is dated September 24, 1849, at which time "Shirley" is written, and in the hands of her publishers. She has painted the character of Emily in that of Shirley herself; and her friend Ellen is shadowed forth to the world in the person of Caroline Helston. When the book, with its vivid pictures of Yorkshire life at the beginning of the century, and its masterly sketches of character as real as those which Shakespeare brings upon the stage, is published, there is but one outcry of praise, even from the critics who were so eager to condemn "Jane Eyre." Up to this point she had preserved her anonymity, but now she is discovered, and her admirers in London persuade her at last to visit them, and make acquaintance with her peers in the republic of letters, the men and women whose names were household words in Haworth parsonage long before "Currier Bell" had made her first modest appeal to the world.

A passage from one of the following letters, written during this first sojourn in London, has already been published; but it will well bear repeating: —

December, 1849.

I have just remembered that as you do not know my address you cannot write to me till you get it. I came to this big Babylon last Thursday, and have been, in what seems to me, a sort of whirl ever since; for changes, scenes, and stimulus which would be a trifle to others are much to me. I found when I mentioned to Mr. — my plan of going to Dr. —'s, it would not do at all. He would have been seriously hurt: he made his mother write to me, and thus I was persuaded to make my principal stay at his house. So far I have found no reason to regret this decision. Mrs. — received me at first like one who has had the strictest orders to be scrupulously attentive. I had fire in my bedroom evening and morning, two wax candles, etc., and Mrs. — and her daughters seemed to look on me with

a mixture of respect and alarm. But all this is changed; that is to say, the attention and politeness continue as great as ever, but the alarm and estrangement are quite gone; she treats me as if she liked me, and I begin to like her much. Kindness is a potent heart-winner. I had not judged too favorably of — on a first impression—he pleases me much: I like him better as a son and brother than as a man of business. Mr. W— too is really most gentlemanly and well-informed; his weak points he certainly has, but these are not seen in society. Mr. X— (the little man) has again shown his parts. Of him I have not yet come to a clear decision. Abilities he has, for he rules his firm and keeps forty young men under strict control by his iron will. His young superior likes him, which, to speak the truth, is more than I do at present. In fact I suspect he is of the Helston order of men, rigid, despotic, and self-willed. He tries to be very kind, and even to express sympathy sometimes, and he does not manage it. He has a determined, dreadful nose in the middle of his face, which when poked into my countenance cuts into my soul like iron. Still he is horribly intelligent, quick, searching, sagacious, and with a memory of relentless tenacity: to turn to — after him is to turn from granite to easy down or warm fur. I have seen Thackeray.

As to being happy, I am under scenes and circumstances of excitement, but I suffer acute pain sometimes—mental pain, I mean. At the moment Mr. Thackeray presented himself I was thoroughly faint from inanition, having eaten nothing since a very slight breakfast, and it was then seven o'clock in the evening. Excitement and exhaustion together made savage work of me that evening. What he thought of me, I cannot tell. This evening I am going to meet Miss Martineau—she has written to me most kindly—she knows me only as Currer Bell—I am going alone—how I shall get on I do not know. If Mrs. — were not kind, I should sometimes be miserable; but she treats me almost affectionately, her attentions never flag. I have seen many things; I hope some day to tell you what. Yesterday I went over the new Houses of Parliament with Mr. —. An attack of rheumatic fever has kept poor Mr. X— out of the way since I wrote last. I am sorry for his sake. It grows quite dark. I must stop. I shall not stay in London a day longer than I first intended. On those points I form my resolutions, and will not be shaken. The thundering *Times* has attacked me savagely.

The following letters (with one exception not previously published) belong to the spring of 1850, when Charlotte was at home again, engaged in attending to her father and to the household cares which shared her attention with literary work and anxieties. The first, which refers exclusively to her visit to London, was

addressed to one of her old friends in Yorkshire:—

Ellen it seems told you that I spent a fortnight in London last December. They wished me very much to stay a month, alleging that I should in that time be able to secure a complete circle of acquaintance; but I found a fortnight of such excitement quite enough: the whole day was usually devoted to sight-seeing, and often the evening was spent in society: it was more than I could bear for any length of time. On one occasion I met a party of my critics—seven of them. Some of them had been my bitter foes in print, but they were prodigiously civil face to face. These gentlemen seemed infinitely grander, more pompous, dashing, showy than the few authors I saw. Mr. Thackeray, for example, is a man of very quiet, simple demeanor; he is however looked upon with some awe and even distrust. His conversation is very peculiar, too perverse to be pleasant. It was proposed to me to see Charles Dickens, Lady Morgan, Mesdames Trollope, Gore, and some others; but I was aware these introductions would bring a degree of notoriety I was not disposed to encounter; I declined therefore with thanks. Nothing charmed me more during my stay in town than the pictures I saw; one or two private collections of Turner's best water-colors were indeed a treat. His later oil paintings are strange things—things that baffle description. I have twice seen Macready act, once in "Macbeth" and once in "Othello." I astounded a dinner party by honestly saying I did not like him. It is the fashion to rave about his splendid acting; anything more false and artificial, less genuinely impressive than his whole style, I could scarcely have imagined. The fact is the stage system altogether is hollow nonsense. They act farces well enough; the actors comprehend their parts and do them justice. They comprehend nothing about tragedy or Shakespeare, and it is a failure. I said so, and by so saying produced a blank silence, a mute consternation. I was indeed obliged to dissent on many occasions, and to offend by dissenting. It seems now very much the custom to admire a certain wordy, intricate, obscure style of poetry, such as Elizabeth Barrett Browning writes. Some pieces were referred to, about which Currer Bell was expected to be very rapturous, and failing in this, he disappointed. London people strike a provincial as being very much taken up with little matters, about which no one out of particular town circles cares much. They talk, too, of persons, literary men and women, whose names are scarcely heard in the country, and in whom you cannot get up an interest. I think I should scarcely like to live in London, and were I obliged to live there I should certainly go little into company—especially I should eschew the literary critics.

I have, since you went, had a remarkable epistle from Thackeray, long, interesting,

characteristic; but it unfortunately concludes with the strict injunction, *Show this letter to no one*. Adding that if he thought his letters were seen by others, he should either cease to write, or write only what was conventional. But for this circumstance I should have sent it with the others. I answered it at length. Whether my reply will give satisfaction or displeasure remains yet to be ascertained. Thackeray's feelings are not such as can be gauged by ordinary calculation: variable weather is what I should ever expect from that quarter. Yet in correspondence, as in verbal intercourse, this would torment me.

I believe I should have written to you before, but I don't know what heaviness of spirit has beset me of late, made my faculties dull, made rest weariness, and occupation burdensome. Now and then the silence of the house, the solitude of the room has pressed on me with a weight I found it difficult to bear, and recollection has not failed to be as alert, poignant, obtrusive, as other feelings were languid. I attribute this state of things partly to the weather. Quicksilver invariably falls low in storms and high winds, and I have ere this been warned of approaching disturbance in the atmosphere by a sense of bodily weakness, and deep, heavy mental sadness, which some would call *presentiment*. Presentiment indeed it is, but not at all supernatural. The Haworth people have been making great fools of themselves about "Shirley," they take it in the enthusiastic light. When they got the volumes at the Mechanics' Institution, all the members wanted them; they cast lots for the whole three, and whoever got a volume was only allowed to keep it two days and to be fined a shilling *per diem* for longer detention. It would be mere nonsense and vanity to tell you what they say. I have had no letters from London for a long time, and am very much ashamed of myself to find, now when that stimulus is withdrawn, how dependent upon it I had become. I cannot help feeling something of the excitement of expectation till post-hour comes, and when day after day it brings nothing, I get low. This is a stupid, disgraceful, unmeaning state of things. I feel bitterly enraged at my own dependence and folly. It is so bad for the mind to be quite alone, to have none with whom to talk over little crosses and disappointments, and laugh them away. If I could write I daresay I should be better, but I cannot write a line. However (D.V.) I shall contend against the idiocy. I had rather a foolish letter from Miss — the other day. Some things in it nettled me, especially an unnecessarily earnest assurance that in spite of all I had gone and done in the writing line I still retained a place in her esteem. My answer took strong and high ground at once. I said I had been troubled by no doubts on the subject, that I neither did myself nor her the injustice to suppose there was anything in what I had written to incur the just forfeiture of esteem. I was aware, I intimated, that some persons thought proper

to take exceptions at "Jane Eyre," and that for their own sakes I was sorry, as I invariably found them individuals in whom the animal largely predominated over the intellectual, persons by nature coarse, by inclination sensual, whatever they might be by education and principle.

I inclose a slip of newspaper for your amusement. Me it both amused and touched, for it alludes to some who are in this world no longer. It is an extract from an American paper, and is written by an emigrant from Haworth. You will find it a curious mixture of truth and inaccuracy. Return it when you write again. I also send you for perusal an opinion of "Jane Eyre," written by a *working-man* in this village; rather, I should say, a record of the feelings the book excited in the poor fellow's mind; it was not written for my inspection, nor does the writer now know that his little document has by intricate ways come into my possession, and I have forced those who gave it to promise that they will never inform him of this circumstance. He is a modest, thoughtful, feeling, reading being, to whom I have spoken perhaps about three times in the course of my life; his delicate health renders him incapable of hard or close labor; he and his family are often under the pressure of want. He feared that if Miss Brontë saw what he had written, she would laugh it to scorn. But Miss Brontë considers it one of the highest, because one of the most truthful and artless tributes her work has yet received. You must return this likewise. I do you great honor in showing it to you.

Once more we can see that the healthy, happy interest she takes in the welfare of others is beginning to assert itself. For a time, under the keen smart of the wounds death had inflicted on her, she had found little heart to discuss the affairs of her circle of friends in her correspondence; but now the outer world vindicates its claim to her renewed attention, and she again begins to discuss and analyze the characters of her acquaintances with a skill and minuteness which make them as interesting even to strangers as any of the most closely-studied characters of fiction can be.

I return Q——'s letter. The business is a most unpleasant one to be concerned in. It seems to me *now* altogether unworthy in its beginning, progress, and ending. Q—— is the only pure thing about it; she stands between her coarse father and cold, unloving suitor, like innocence between a pair of world-hardened knaves. The comparison seems rather hard to be applied to V——, but as I see him now he merits it. If V—— has no means of keeping a wife, if he does not possess a sixpence he is sure of, how can he think of marrying a woman from whom he cannot expect she should work to keep herself? V——'s

want of candor, the twice-falsified account he gave of the matter, tells painfully and deeply against him. It shows a glimpse of his hidden motives such as I refrain from describing in words. After all he is perhaps only like the majority of men. Certainly those men who lead a gay life in their youth, and arrive at middle life with feelings blunted and passions exhausted, can have but one aim in marriage—the selfish advancement of their interest. And to think that such men take as wives—as second selves—women young, modest, sincere, pure in heart and life, with feelings all fresh and emotions all unworn, and bind such virtue and vitality to their own withered existence, such sincerity to their own hollowness, such disinterestedness to their own haggard avarice! to think this, troubles the soul to its inmost depths. Nature and justice forbid the banns of such wedlock. This note is written under excitement. Q——’s letter seems to have lifted so fraudulent a veil, and to show both father and suitor lurking behind in shadow so dark, acting from motives so poor and low, so conscious of each other’s littleness, and consequently so destitute of mutual respect! These things incense me, but I shall cool down.

I cannot find your last letter to refer to, and therefore this will be no answer to it. You must write again, by return of post if possible, and let me know how you are progressing. What you said in your last confirmed my opinion that your late attack had been coming on for a long time. Your wish for a cold-water bath, etc., is, I should think, the result of fever. Almost every one has complained lately of some tendency to slow fever. I have felt it in frequent thirst and in frequent appetite. Papa too, and even Martha, have complained. I fear this damp weather will scarcely suit you; but write and say all. Of late I have had many letters to answer; and some very bothering ones from people who want opinions about their books, who seek acquaintance, and who flatter to get it; people who utterly mistake all about me. They are most difficult to answer, put off, and appease, without offending; for such characters are excessively touchy, and when affronted turn malignant. Their books are too often deplorable.

In June, 1850, she is induced to pay another visit to London, going upon this occasion whilst the season is at its height, though she has stipulated before going that she is “not to be lionized.”

I came to London last Thursday. I am staying at —. Here I feel very comfortable. Mrs. — treats me with a serene, equable kindness which just suits me. Her son is as before—genial and friendly. I have seen very few persons, and am not likely to see many, as the agreement was that I was to be very quiet. We have been to the exhibition of the Royal Academy, to the opera, and the Zoölogical Gardens. The weather is splendid.

I shall not stay longer than a fortnight in London; the feverishness and exhaustion beset me somewhat, but I think not quite so badly as before—as indeed I have not yet been so much tired.

I am leaving London if all be well on Tuesday, and shall be very glad to come to you for a few days if that arrangement still remains convenient to you. My London visit has much surpassed my expectations this time. I have suffered less, and enjoyed more than before; rather a trying termination yet remains to me. Mrs. —’s youngest son is at school in Scotland, and her eldest is going to fetch him home for the vacation. The other evening he announced his intention of taking one of his sisters with him, and the evening after he further proposed that Miss Brontë should go down to Edinburgh and join them there, and see that city and its suburbs. I concluded he was joking, laughed and declined. However, it seems he was in earnest, and being always accustomed to have his will, he brooks opposition ill. The thing appearing to me perfectly out of the question, I still refused. Mrs. — did not at all favor it, but her worthy son only waxed more determined. This morning she came and entreated me to go; G—— wished it so much, he had begged her to use her influence, etc., etc. Now, I believe that he and I understand each other very well, and respect each other very sincerely. We both know the wide breach time has made between us. We do not embarrass each other, or very rarely. My six or eight years of seniority, to say nothing of lack of all pretensions to beauty, etc., are a perfect safeguard. I should not in the least fear to go with him to China. I like to see him pleased. I greatly dislike to ruffle and disappoint him; so he shall have his mind, and if all be well I mean to join him in Edinburgh, after I have spent a few days with you. With his buoyant animal spirits and youthful vigor he will make severe demands on my muscles and nerves; but I daresay I shall get through somehow.

IX.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE’S letters during 1850 and 1851 are among the most valuable illustrations of the true character of the woman which we possess. Stricken as she had been by the successive bereavements which had robbed her of her dearest friends and companions, and left her the sole prop of the dull house on the moors and of its aged head, she had yet recovered much of her peace of mind and even of her vitality and cheerfulness. She had now, also, begun to see something of life as it is presented, not to despised governesses, but to successful authoresses. Her visits to London had brought her into contact with some of the leaders of the literary world—who can have forgotten her interview with Thack-

eray, when she was "moved to speak to the giant of some of his shortcomings"? Haworth itself had become a point of attraction to curious persons, and not a few visitors found their way under one pretence or another to the old parsonage, to be received with effusive courtesy by Mr. Brontë, and with shy indifference by his daughter. Her correspondence, too, became widely spread among men and women of distinction in the world and in society. Altogether it was a different life upon which she now looked out from her remote eyrie among the hills — a life with many new interests in it, with much that was calculated to awaken chords in her heart hitherto untouched, and to bring to light new characteristics of her temper and genius. One would fain speculate upon what might have been, but for the desolation wrought in her home and heart by that tempest of death which raged during the autumn of 1848 and the spring of 1849. As it was no novelty could make her forget what had been; no new faces, however welcome, could dim the tender visions of the faces that were seen no more, or could weaken in any degree the affection with which she still clung to the friend of her school-days. Simplicity and sincerity are the prevailing features of her letters, during this critical time in her life, as during all the years which had preceded it. They reflect her mind in many moods; they show her in many different situations; but they never fail to give the impression of one whose allegiance to her own conscience and whose reverence for truth and purity remain now what they had been in her days of happy and unworldly obscurity. The letters I now quote are quite new to the public.

July 18th, 1850.

You must cheer up, for your letter proves to me that you are low-spirited. As for me, what I said is to be taken in this sense, — that, under the circumstances, it would be presumptuous in me to calculate on a long life — a truth obvious enough. For the rest, we are all in the hands of Him who apportions His gifts, health or sickness, length or brevity of days, as is best for the receiver: to him who has work to do time will be given in which to do it; for him to whom no task is assigned the season of rest will come earlier. As to the suffering preceding our last sleep, the sickness, decay, the struggle of flesh and spirit, it *must* come sooner or later to all. If, in one point of view, it is sad to have few ties in the world, in another point of view it is soothing; women who have husbands and children must look forward to death with more pain, more fear, than those who have none. To dismiss

the subject, I wish (without cant, and not in any hackneyed sense) that both you and I could always say in this matter, the will of God be done. I am beginning to get settled at home, but the solitude seems heavy as yet. It is a great change, but in looking forward I try to hope for the best. So little faith have I in the power of any temporary excitement to do real good that I put off day by day writing to London to tell them I have come home; and till then it was agreed I should not hear from them. It is painful to be dependent on the small stimulus letters give. I sometimes think I will renounce it altogether, close all correspondence on some quiet pretext, and cease to look forward at post-time for any letters but yours.

Sept. 14th, 1850.

I wish, dear Ellen, you would tell me what is the "twaddle" about my marrying, which you hear. If I knew the details I should have a better chance of guessing the quarter from which such gossip comes. As it is, I am quite at a loss. Whom am I to marry? I think I have scarcely seen a single man with whom such a union would be possible since I left London. Doubtless there are men whom, if I chose to encourage, I might marry. But no matrimonial lot is even remotely offered me which seems to me truly desirable. And even if that were the case there would be many obstacles. The least allusion to such a thing is most offensive to papa. An article entitled "Currer Bell" has lately appeared in the *Palladium*, a new periodical published in Edinburgh. It is an eloquent production, and one of such warm sympathy and high appreciation as I had never expected to see. It makes mistakes about authorship, etc., but those I hope one day to set right. Mr. — (the little man) first informed me of this article. I was somewhat surprised to receive his letter, having concluded nine months ago that there would be no more correspondence from that quarter. I inclose a note from him received subsequently, in answer to my acknowledgment. Read it, and tell me exactly how it impresses you regarding the writer's character, etc. He is deficient neither in spirit nor sense.

Jan. 20th, 1851.

Thank you heartily for the two letters I owe you. You seem very gay at present, and provided you only take care not to catch cold with coming home at night, I am not sorry to hear it; a little movement, cheerfulness, stimulus is not only beneficial, but necessary. Your last letter but one made me smile. I think you draw great conclusions from small inferences. I think those "fixed intentions" you fancy are imaginary. I think the "under-current" amounts simply to this, a kind of natural liking and sense of something congenial. Were there no vast barrier of age, fortune, etc., there is perhaps enough personal regard to make things possible which now are impossible. If men and women married because they like each other's temper, look, conversa-

tion, nature, and so on — and if, besides, years were more nearly equal — the chance you allude to might be admitted as a chance; but other reasons regulate matrimony — reasons of convenience, of connection, of money. Meantime I am content to know him as a friend, and pray God to continue to me the common sense to look on one so young, so rising, and so hopeful in no other light. The hint about the Rhine disturbs me; I am not made of stone, and what is mere excitement to others is fever to me. However it is a matter for the future, and long to look forward to. As I see it now, the journey is out of the question — for many reasons — I rather wonder he should think of it. Good-bye. Heaven grant us both some quiet wisdom, and strength not merely to bear the trial of pain, but to resist the lure of pleasure when it comes in such a shape as our better judgment disapproves.

Feb. 26th, 1851.

You ought always to conclude that when I don't write it is simply because I have nothing particular to say. Be sure that ill news will travel fast enough, and good news too when such commodity comes. If I could often *be* or *seem* in brisk spirits, I might write oftener, knowing that my letters would amuse. But as times go, a glimpse of sunshine now and then is as much as one has a right to expect. However, I get on very decently. I am now and then tempted to break through my resolution of not having you to come before summer, and to ask you to come to this Patmos in a week or two. But it would be dull — very dull — for you. . . . What would you say to coming here the week after next to stay only just so long as you could comfortably bear the monotony? If the weather were dry, and the moors fine, I should not mind it so much — we could walk for change.

About this time it is clear that Miss Brontë was suffering from one of her periodical attacks of nervous exhaustion. She makes repeated references in her letters to her ailments, attributing them generally to her liver, and she also mentions frequently an occurrence which had given her not a little anxiety and concern. This was an offer of marriage from a business man in a good position, whom she had already met in London. The following letters, which are inserted here without regard to the precise date, and of which Mrs. Gaskell has merely used half-a-dozen lines, relate to this subject: —

You are to say no more about "Jupiter" and "Venus." What do you mean by such heathen trash? The fact is no fallacy can be wilder, and I won't have it hinted at, even in jest, because my common sense laughs it to scorn. The idea of X — shocks me less; it would be a more likely match, if "matches" were at all in question, *which they are not*. He still sends his little newspaper, and the

other day there came a letter of a bulk, volume, pith, judgment, and knowledge, worthy to have been the product of a giant.

X — has been, and is gone; things are just as they were. I only know, in addition to the slight information I possessed before, that this Australian undertaking is necessary to the continued prosperity of his firm, that he alone was pronounced to possess the power and means to carry it out successfully, that mercantile honor, combined with his own sense of duty, obliged him to accept the post of honor and of danger to which he has been appointed, that he goes with great personal reluctance, and that he contemplates an absence of five years. He looked much thinner and older. I saw him very near, and once through my glass. The resemblance to Branwell struck me forcibly; it is marked. He is not ugly, but very peculiar. The lines in his face show an inflexibility, and, I must add, a hardness of character, which does not attract. As he stood near me, as he looked at me in his keen way, it was all I could do to stand my ground tranquilly and steadily, and not to recoil as before. It is no use saying anything if I am not candid. I avow then that on this occasion, predisposed as I was to regard him very favorably, his manners and his personal appearance scarcely pleased me more than at the first interview. He gave me a book at parting, requesting in his brief way that I would keep it for his sake, and adding hastily, "I shall hope to hear from you in Australia; your letters *have* been and *will* be a greater refreshment than you can think or I tell." And so he is gone, and stern and abrupt little man as he is, too often jarring as are his manners, his absence and the exclusion of his idea from my mind, leave me certainly with less support and in deeper solitude than before. You see, dear Nell, we are still precisely on the same level. *You* are not isolated. I feel that there is a certain mystery about this transaction yet, and whether it will ever be cleared up to me, I do not know. However, my plain duty is to wean my mind from the subject, and if possible to avoid pondering over it. . . . I feel that in his way he has a regard for me; a regard which I cannot bring myself entirely to reciprocate in kind, and yet its withdrawal leaves a painful blank. I have just got your note. Above, you have all the account of my visitor. I dare not aver that your kind wish that the visit would yield me more pleasure than pain has been fulfilled. Something at my heart aches and gnaws drearily. But I must cultivate fortitude.

Thank you for your kind note. It was kind of you to write it, though it *was* your school-day. I never knew you to let a slight impediment stand in your way when doing a friendly action. Certainly I shall not soon forget last Friday, and never, I think, the evening and night succeeding that morning and afternoon. Evils seldom come singly, and soon after X — was gone papa grew much worse. He

went to bed early. Was sick and ill for an hour, and when at last he began to doze and I left him, I came down to the dining-room with a sense of weight, fear, and desolation hard to express and harder to endure. A wish that you were with me did cross my mind; but I repelled it as a most selfish wish. Indeed it was only short-lived; my natural tendency in moments of this sort is to get through the struggle alone; to think that one is burdening others makes all worse. You speak to me in soft, consolatory accents; but I hold far sterner language to myself, dear Nell. An absence of five years; a dividing expanse of three oceans; the wide difference between a man's active career and a woman's passive existence. These things are almost equivalent to a lifelong separation. But there is another thing which forms a barrier more difficult to pass than any of these. Would X—and I ever suit? Could I ever feel for him enough love to accept of him as a husband? Friendship, gratitude, esteem, I have; but each moment that he came near me, and that I could see his eyes fastened upon me, my veins ran ice. Now that he is away I feel far more gently towards him; it is only close by that I grow rigid, stiffening with a strange mixture of apprehension and anger which nothing softens but his retreat and a perfect subsiding of his manner. I did not want to be proud nor intend to be proud, but I was forced to be so. Most true is it that we are overruled by One above us, that in His hands our very will is as clay in the hands of the Potter.

I trust papa is not worse; but he varies. He has never been down to breakfast but once since you left. The circumstance of having him to think about just now is good for me in one way; it keeps my thoughts off other matters which have been complete bitterness and ashes; for I do assure you a more entire crumbling away of a seeming foundation of support and prospect of hope than that which I allude to can scarcely be realized.

I have heard from X—to-day, a quiet little note. He returned to London a week since on Saturday. He leaves England next month. His note concludes with asking whether he has any chance of seeing me in London before that time. I must tell him that I have already fixed June for my visit, and, therefore, in all human probability we shall see each other no more. There is still a want of plain, mutual understanding in this business, and there is sadness and pain in more ways than one. My conscience, I can truly say, does not *now* accuse me of having treated X—with injustice or unkindness. What I once did wrong in this way I have endeavored to remedy both to himself and in speaking of him to others. I am sure he has estimable and sterling qualities; but with every disposition—with every wish—with every intention even to look on him in the most favorable point of view at his last visit,

it was impossible for me in my inmost heart to think of him as one that might one day be acceptable as a husband. . . . No, if X—be the only husband fate offers to me, single I must always remain. But yet at times I grieve for him; and perhaps it is superfluous, for I cannot think he will suffer much—a hard nature, occupation, change of scene will befriend him.

I have had a long, kind letter from Miss Martineau lately. She says she is well and happy. Also I have had a very long letter from Mr. —, the first for many weeks. He speaks of X—with much respect and regret, and says he will be greatly missed by many friends. I discover with some surprise that papa has taken a decided liking to X—. The marked kindness of his manner to him when he bade him good-bye, exhorting him to be "true to himself, his country, and his God," and wishing him all good wishes, struck me with some astonishment at the time; and whenever he has alluded to him since, it has been with significant eulogy. . . . You say papa has penetration. On this subject I believe he has indeed. I have told him nothing, yet he seems to be *au fait* to the whole business. I could think at some moments his guesses go further than mine. I believe he thinks a prospective union, deferred for five years, with such a decorous, reliable personage, would be a very proper and advisable affair. However I ask no questions, and he asks me none; and if he did I should have nothing to tell him.

The summer following this affair of the heart witnessed another visit to London, where she heard Mr. Thackeray's lectures on the humorists. How she enjoyed listening to her idol, in one of his best moods, need not be told. Some there are still living who remember that first lecture, when all London had assembled to listen to the author of "Vanity Fair," and the rumor suddenly ran round the room that the author of "Jane Eyre" was among the audience. Men and women were at fault at first, in their efforts to distinguish "Currer Bell" in that brilliant company of literary and social notabilities; but at last she was discovered hiding under the motherly wing of a chaperon, timid, blushing, but excited and pleased—not at the attention she herself attracted, but at the treat she had in prospect. One or two gentlemen sought and obtained introductions to her—amongst them Lord Carlisle and Mr. Monckton Milnes. They were not particularly impressed by the appearance or the speech of the parson's daughter. Her person was insignificant, her dress somewhat rustic, her language quaintly precise and formal, her manner odd and constrained. Altogether this was

a woman whom even London could not lionize; somebody outwardly altogether too plain, simple, unpretending, to admit of hero-worship. Within there was, as we know, something entirely exceptional and extraordinary; but, like Lucy Snowe, she still kept her real self hidden under a veil which no casual friend or chance acquaintance was allowed to lift. It was but a brief visit to the "Big Babylon," and then back to Haworth, to loneliness and duty! In July, 1851, she writes from the parsonage to one of her friends as follows:—

My first feeling on receiving your note was one of disappointment, but a little consideration sufficed to show me that "all was for the best." In truth it was a great piece of extravagance on my part to ask you and Ellen together; it is much better to divide such good things. To have your visit in prospect will console me when hers is in retrospect. Not that I mean to yield to the weakness of clinging dependently to the society of friends, however dear; but still as an occasional treat I must value and even seek such society as a necessary of life. Let me know then whenever it suits your convenience to come to Haworth, and, unless some change I cannot now foresee occurs, a ready and warm welcome will await you. Should there be any cause rendering it desirable to defer the visit, I will tell you frankly. The pleasures of society I cannot offer you; nor those of fine scenery. But I place very much at your command—the moors, some books, a series of quiet "curling-hair-times," and an old pupil into the bargain. Ellen may have told you that I spent a month in London this summer. When you come you shall ask what questions you like on that point, and I will answer to the best of my stammering ability. Do not press me much on the subject of the "Crystal Palace." I went there five times, and certainly saw some interesting things, and the *coup d'œil* is striking and bewildering enough. But I never was able to get up any raptures on the subject, and each renewed visit was made under coercion rather than my own free will. It is an excessively bustling place; and after all its wonders appeal too exclusively to the eye, and rarely touch the heart or head. I make an exception to the last assertion in favor of those who possess a large range of scientific knowledge. Once I went with Sir David Brewster, and perceived that he looked on objects with other eyes than mine.

T. WEMYSS REID.

From Good Words.

WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH.

BY SARAH TYTLER,
AUTHOR OF "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIII.

A DOWAGER LIFE.

THE first thing that Pleasance did at Stone Cross was to extend largely, by means of the instalment of her income with which Mr. Woodcock had furnished her, the purchases that she had made before leaving London, by way of preparation for entering into another sphere. She bought, alike boldly and judiciously, from the principal linen-draper in Stone Cross, what might constitute the simple wardrobe of a lady. But she declined Mrs. Perry's respectful suggestion to send the materials to be made up for her.

"I can make my own clothes, my gowns among the rest, Mrs. Perry, and I suppose there is no objection to my sewing," said Pleasance.

"One of her queer speeches," commented Mrs. Perry to herself; "but sewing is soothing, they say, and I can fit the things on: I have fitted on for Mrs. Douglas when I was her maid."

Pleasance did not refuse the aid, which, though named by Mrs. Perry with proud humility, was far more available than Lizzie Blennerhasset's.

Pleasance sat in the drab rooms and stitched her heart from breaking and her brain from a fever, and having made the clothes, she put them on and appeared in outward attire like other ladies.

Mrs. Perry could not take it upon her, at the height of her own frenzy, to hinder Pleasance from walking abroad by herself in a place so quiet and so freely frequented by ladies as Stone Cross. Pleasance always came home again, and even paid regard to hours—a watch having been one of her purchases.

At first Pleasance had gone abroad with a vague idea of finding something to do, somebody to aid in her new circumstances. She was a lady in spite of herself, and was no longer at liberty to provide for her own wants. She must find the occupation—alas! not so unmistakable or so certain of its reward, which she understood was the resource of ladies, that of ministering to their poorer brethren and sisters.

As to ministering to her own household, it was out of the question—they did not seem to need it, and they certainly would not permit it—unless in the single rite of

reading prayers, which Mrs. Perry had formally requested Pleasance to perform.

Pleasance's own household would have none of her ministrations. But surely there were other households that would be glad of those qualities of manual skill and strength on which poor Pleasance had learned to pride herself at the manor farm, and which were now likely to rust for want of employment, and to leave their former possessor as useless a creature in her own eyes, as in those of other people.

But Mrs. Perry, from whom Pleasance solicited information, spoke in perfect accordance with facts when she said, with a mildly resolute shade of reprobation of any project in which the poor should figure, that there were not many poor people about Stone Cross, and such as did exist were looked after and relieved by organized committees of ladies and clergymen.

Pleasance, making an investigation for herself, could see no such wretchedness at Stone Cross as she had relieved in a small way at Saxford; and the poor tradesmen and mechanics of the cathedral town were a totally different class from the rough agricultural laborers.

She was too unused to her present position, too innocently a beggar turned porter, to be possessed of the tact and perseverance which might have disarmed opposition. She relinquished the campaign in despair. "I see that I am condemned to stand and wait like a blind man or a disabled invalid. Perhaps it is a punishment on me for my pride of usefulness which matched my pride of independence. Once I was told that I was the proudest woman in the world," she recalled.

Pleasance pursued her walks for her own personal profit and pleasure. And though she still protested against and lamented over such a waste of life, she was capable of receiving a considerable amount of profit and pleasure from her solitary expeditions.

The cathedral was a consolation to her; and it was so near her, that though the principal sitting-rooms of the house looked perversely into the gloomy grassy walk, she never glanced out of her bedroom window, she never came out of her high iron gate, without confronting the cathedral gates — those gates which had each an old Saxon name, while the arch of one of them was crowned by a triangular building, — chamber or chapel of saint, which seemed to her, by comparison, not so very much smaller than the thatched-roofed, white-washed little church at Saxford. Within, there was first the grammar

school, pinnacled, buttressed, half-draped in green, once a separate chapel. Then there were the hoary tower and massive building of the cathedral itself. She could visit it and linger in it at all hours, until nave, aisles, and choir, and great rose window, cloisters and crypt, were as familiar to her as to beadle or guide, who ceased to pester her, or even to the dean himself, who, in the fashion of the day, was an ardent antiquarian. She took an interest in everything, from the Norman pillars — up to the triforium and the richly-carved roof, and down to the elaborate wood-work of the stalls, and the monumental brasses in the pavement. She studied the tombstones of bishop, lord, and lady, and wondered what life had felt like to them. She questioned what the old monks of the original chapel of St. John's would have made of the troop of merry boys who rushed out of the grammar school. She admired the endless patience of the carvers in wood and stone that had put the finishing touches to the work of the master-builders of the Middle Ages. She did everything save attempt to sketch. She sometimes saw artists sketching this or that vista, or central spot, screen, or canopy. But she smiled at the idea that her random, scrambling pencil sketches which had just succeeded occasionally in catching the primitive outline and expression of a wind-mill or a barge, or "Daisy" or "Jowler," could transfer and make their own of the stately magnificent minor cathedral, which was not only full of all law and science of art, but teeming with symbol and emblem.

After the cathedral, Pleasance liked the close, which she traversed and re-traversed, unconscious that she attracted any observation, since she was neither openly stared at, nor pointed at and jostled, as at Saxford. She held that the ancient, half-ecclesiastical houses, some of which had arched entrances to cloistered and grim courts, were next in interest to the ancient church.

She was fond of strolling about the whole old red town, watching for those green and brown glimpses into wooded and moorland country, which were supplied by its side-streets and lanes, with the effect of gaps in mason-work. She had a special partiality for the ferries and the bridges, which were in fact gateways — one of them with a round tower in addition to the low, but substantial house over its arch — for Stone Cross was built on a river full and slow, like the east country rivers. Pleasance would stand on the

bridges, and look up at the red houses in close proximity to the cool, green water, and fancy these must be similar to bits of German towns of which she had read.

But what Pleasance visited more regularly than the cathedral was the market, in the widest portion of the widest street, with the country stalls, and the country-women seated before them. She did not go there to buy, for the most part; she did not feel as if she belonged to the buyers. She went to gaze at the market-carts and ponies, the fowls and ducks, butter and eggs, and early vegetables, as if they were so many relics of a lost paradise. She had a great longing to speak to the wives and daughters of the humbler farmers, and who sat there, weatherbeaten, but tidy, even smart in their hats and jackets, with here and there a bright-colored neckerchief or a white apron, as she never experienced a longing to speak to any of the ladies who passed her, sauntering along the pavement. But an ever-increasing shyness was stealing over her. She did not belong to them now, any more than to the others; she belonged to nobody. She did not resent the fate, though it was hard on a woman like her.

When her walks extended into the country near Stone Cross, Pleasance used to stand and watch the field-work for many minutes at a time. Once she did more than watch. A flock of sheep had been driven out of a pen, and the shepherd and his dogs had gone on, driving the main body of the flock, without observing that a straggler remained behind. A lame young sheep had fallen in a rut by the hedgerow, in the long grass of which its legs were entangled; and it lay half hidden and struggling, unable to recover its footing. Pleasance climbed without hesitation over the barrier, and raised and freed the sheep, getting her dress all smeared with the mire which recent rainy weather and the hoof-tread of the sheep had combined to produce. Mrs. Perry was rendered both frightened and fretful by that mud, though Pleasance did not fail to account for it, as she believed satisfactorily.

The adventure got abroad, as most things even distantly concerning the upper ten thousand oozed out in the close circle at Stone Cross in much the same spirit that gossip was rampant at Saxford. It gave rise to the report in certain quarters that the low-born, half-crazy young woman whom Douglas of Shardleigh had been mad to marry, was, in addition to her other demerits, the most masculine of her sex. This was said by the young ladies

who, when the county hunt was in the neighborhood, boasted of being able to ride across country and be in at the death, and who were fain to consider themselves good sportswomen in other respects, since they could wield a rod in a salmon stream and land a panting fish, or fire a pistol at a target, in training for a tournament of doves, at which they hoped to be more than mere complacent spectators.

Pleasance had got all her little possessions, including her old school-books, forwarded by Lizzie from the manor-house. But there was already a small library in Willow House. Pleasance read in it for a time, and enlarged her knowledge of English classics.

Then she bethought herself of modern literature, and began to invest money in new books, and to read in a branch of Mudie's, at the principal bookseller's, and in Smith's at the station, pondering much over the latest tendencies of thought, revealed to her particularly in the novels of the day.

As Pleasance read and read with a world of books for her sole world, she began to entertain and cherish the idea of seeing more of the outer world for herself. Her wings were expanding, her sense of self-reliance increasing, her inclination for change and movement developing. If she could do nothing else, if she belonged to nobody, she might in time, when she was a little older, use the income she possessed to travel, to become even a great traveller like Lady Franklin or Madame Pfeiffer. The project was conditional on Mr. Woodcock's consent, for Pleasance was not without a painful sense of obligation, a feeling that as she was a pensioner on the Shardleigh estate, she must submit to authority, like other pensioners. But she did not think that Mr. Woodcock would prove adverse in this instance, and in the mean time the hope of visiting foreign countries in her own person, and learning to know another life and other manners, was productive of results.

Pleasance took the enterprising step of engaging an elderly Swiss lady who advertised in one of the Stone Cross newspapers, and who was resident in the town for the purpose of giving lessons in French and German to the young daughters of the canons and church dignitaries, to renew the slight acquaintance of Pleasance's youth with the current languages of continental Europe.

If Pleasance had also a lurking hope to gain in Madame Barbier a friend for her

friendliness, she found herself mistaken. Madame Berbier was indeed a citizeness of the world, open to advances and advantages from any quarter; but she was also an exceedingly artificial and affected woman, from whose manifest falseness and egregious conceit Pleasance at once recoiled, and confined herself to the business of the lessons.

In truth "Madame Douglas" was a positive windfall to Madame Berbier, insuring her sundry social attentions from the ladies of the close, who, in the dearth of other entertainment, desired to hear the last report of the proscribed intruder into their ranks, the wife of Archie Douglas, sent to Coventry, and kept out of the way at Stone Cross.

"Mrs. Perry," said Pleasance one day, when the silence of the stony and drab house, and its dearth of animal life, had been more dreary than usual, "don't you keep a cat?"

"No, ma'am, there ain't no rats nor mice," answered Perry, with a drab-like neutrality in her voice; "but if you would care to have a cat, I shall make Perry inquire, and get one for you."

"No, thank you, don't trouble yourself about it," said Pleasance, in a disheartened tone, and she added to herself when Mrs. Perry had left her alone, "the poor beast would feel from home; it would be sure to commit depredations; and Mrs. Perry could not help seeking to keep it in its proper place, till its life became a burden to it."

But Pleasance was tempted by the contents of a bird-seller's shop, and first she bought a cage full of young canaries, carrying them home herself. Then she bought nest after nest of young linnets and goldfinches, taking a melancholy pleasure in letting the birds fly away as soon as they were fully fledged.

At last, passing over a pair of turtle-doves, which the bird-seller pressed upon her, she brought home such a tame young jackdaw as she had seen Ned take out of one of the chimneys of the manor-house, and rear into all imaginable boldness and trickery. "It will live in the tool-house, and it will not do the least harm to the garden," insinuated Pleasance, for she was conscious that though the Perrys were too good servants to contradict her, she had got into disgrace with Mr. Perry on several recent occasions. He had taken to heart her last enfranchisement of native birds, and her begging him to spare the two crows' and the one wood-pigeon's nests in the row of trees beyond the gar-

den. He had been still more wounded by her saying inadvertently, while looking at his worshipped melon-beds, that she had only eaten melon once (Long Dick had brought a melon as an offering from a foreign ship in Cheam harbor), and she did not like it; she thought it tasted like sweetened turnip with a certain sickly flavor superadded.

"Ladies may think as they choose, Perry," his wife had admonished in private. "If our mistress sees fit to turn the drawing-room into a haviary, and that not with love-birds or even parrots, as we have known ladies make pets of, but with common hedge-birds that she could see in the fields any day; and if she chooses to walk about the garden with a nasty sooty daw fluttering and hopping, and caw-cawing after her — even if the vegetables and the fruit should suffer, is no business of ours. It is our part to please her, and a good thing it is that a lady like her, with her ways, is pleased so easy. We have nothing to do to interfere and prevent her goings-on."

Notwithstanding Mrs. Perry's excellent advice and her corresponding practice, Perry aimed at Pleasance, behind his wife's back, a few severe reflections "on them wretched little birds, the most cunningest, destructivest creatures in creation," and on the insatiable appetite of even a single pair of wood-pigeons, which rendered Perry's sowing of late peas, or of smaller seed that season an idle farce.

Pleasance appropriated the speeches, without making any remark on their point, for she was acquiring social tactics. She was partly diverted, partly disconcerted; but she preserved her individuality and independence, and she was not deprived of her rights, never openly attacked, only subtilly impugned. She kept Jacky and revelled in his forwardness and eccentricity.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE OCCUPANTS OF THE GABLE HOUSE.

WHEN Mrs. Douglas gave Mrs. Perry the instructions which she misinterpreted, the lady had no notion that they would be so thoroughly carried out, as to admit of no reservation.

"Of course her clergyman will call for her," Mrs. Douglas had reflected with regard to her daughter-in-law, "no doubt she will attend either church or chapel; very likely she is a Dissenter, perhaps a Methodist. If she has no higher motive

— I am sure I hope she has — she will at least have been accustomed to go to church or chapel as the chief place for showing off her best clothes, and seeing her neighbors. Her clergyman will be kind to her, and his wife will take a little notice of her; they are bound to look after and do the best they can for any member of their flock, whatever her disadvantages. Her doctor will attend her. That kind of person is always fancying herself ailing, from finding her time hang heavy on her hands, and liking to feel herself of consequence. I daresay she suffers also—let us be charitable—from a new mode of life. Oh! she will soon get quite a little set of her own round her. But it will be far better for her, and for all, that she should not be exposed to overtures—mischievous and malicious—from idle members of our set; though I believe I shall never go near Stone Cross again, and I shall certainly keep Jane from that neighborhood in future.” Such had been Mrs. Douglas’s expectations, but the sequel did not bear them out.

Pleasance was very healthy, and did not so much as fancy herself ill, or dream of calling in a doctor. As for her clergyman—the incumbent of her parish whom she heard along with the other dignitaries in the cathedral—he did call, and was admitted by Perry, who was also a regular and well-known attendant on his ministrations. After a few friendly words with his elder parishioner, his visit to Pleasance was of the shortest and most cautious description; and his following visits were all on the same model.

Thus Pleasance led an utterly solitary life, with her interest in her neighbors reduced to a casual curiosity. But she grew to know a good many people by sight; and none among the better class attracted her attention more than a family consisting of two ladies, with a large retinue of servants, who occupied the Gable House leading out of the close.

The Gable House shared in many peculiarities of the close architecture, and had undoubtedly been included in the ecclesiastical bounds in its day. It had not figured in a humble capacity, for it was one of the finest old houses—not excepting the deanery—in Stone Cross, with a covered entrance, pointed windows, and a coat of arms carved above the door, which when open afforded a glimpse of a grand old oak staircase.

However, it was not the house, with its venerable stately charm, which fascinated Pleasance, nor was it so much its mis-

tresses in themselves, as an intangible impression that they made on her.

The elder lady was a large, overgrown woman, with handsome, heavy features, who went little abroad even in her carriage, and never without pomp and ceremony, as in the progress of a sovereign. The younger lady, about the age of Pleasance, was the reverse of the elder in looks and deeds. Certainly, she, too, was inclined to be stout, while she was not above the middle height; but it was the description of stoutness which may exist in company with much *verve* and buoyance. There was nothing sleepy about her, except her eyes, when they were not laughing, which was very often. She went a great deal about, and varied her goings in every way, for she seemed her own mistress, in spite of the dictatorial air of her senior. She walked early and late, as if she were in the heat of a match against her *embonpoint*, which, indeed, she was; she rode, and she drove, though she did the latter more rarely. She was accompanied by other girls, she was escorted by troops of men, young and old, or she was alone. In her rich silk, her delicate muslin, her yachting-flannel, her grey camlet, she was forever to be seen playing croquet, sketching in the cathedral, boating on the river, singing in the choir, or visiting the poor as the member of a visiting association.

Yet any one who studied her, might have had a perception that she knew exactly where to stop within certain prescribed limits; and that in a worldly sense she was very well able to take care of herself. Clearly she had established a license for herself. She could do with impunity what other girls like her were not permitted to do. She was even trusted as a person who had experience, and who, with all her bravado, kept safely within conventional barriers.

Pleasance could not tell for a time why she should be—not so much drawn or repelled, as somehow arrested—by the ladies at the Gable House. She was driven to dwell on their characteristics and to try to recall similar traits in people she had known; while all the time her reason told her that she could never have been acquainted with anything like what she saw, in the different world in which she had lived, and that she was setting herself an impossible and unprofitable task.

The explanation came when Pleasance asked Mrs. Perry a few questions which were fully answered.

The one line of conversation in which Mrs. Perry felt at liberty to indulge with her mistress, was the annals of the close and county families. These, like bits out of the *Court Journal* or *Morning Post*, were quite proper topics for discussion, and could not be too much discussed by Mrs. Archie Douglas. If Mrs. Perry had a weakness which rendered her garrulous, it had reference to her familiarity with such histories.

The ladies at the Gable House were Mrs. and Miss Wyndham, the widow and one of the daughters of Mr. Wyndham, of Sefton Hall in the same county. The Gable House belonged to Sefton Hall, just as Willow House belonged to Shardleigh, from which it was much farther removed; but in the old days the cathedral towns were connected, far and near, with the county gentry. Now the only other county house left in Stone Cross was Bridge House, the residence of old Lady Lewis, who was a connection of the family — only she was so very old that she visited nobody.

Miss Wyndham was a beauty, and a very lively young lady. She had known Miss Douglas when the two were children, meeting occasionally at Stone Cross. They had renewed the acquaintance when both families were on the Continent last year; and Miss Wyndham had been up in town, living with Mrs. Douglas in Grosvenor Square, at the beginning of the season.

Mrs. Perry hastened to quit this part of her subject, which her discretion warned her was trenching on dangerous ground.

Mrs. Wyndham had also been a beauty in her day, and was still a fine, big lady. She had been an heiress as well, her father's property having come to her; and there had been mines put down on a bit in Staffordshire which had doubled its value. Yet it had all been needed, for Mr. Wyndham had been a gentleman much given to horse-racing; people said his son took after him; and the other daughter had married into a high but poor foreign family, and it was believed required assistance from her own people in addition to her portion.

Mrs. Perry — of all people to be bitten with diffuseness, conveyed the whole information to Pleasance without the least suspicion that her listener was particularly interested in it.

Yes, Pleasance remembered everything — the name of Sefton Hall, the traits of the aunt, whom Pleasance had seen first and last, when she herself was only a girl

of thirteen years, on the memorable occasion of her leaving the Hayes.

Even the laughing black eyes and mocking mouth of the young lady were the features of which Pleasance had got a glimpse in the companion of Archie Douglas and his sister in that miserable encounter in the Park.

How it had all come round! What a tangled web life was, with the same threads perpetually recurring and crossing each other as Pleasance had said to herself in the hollow of the Saxford moor.

And now she was sitting in the drab-colored drawing-room of Willow House, surrounded by her bird-cages and her books. She was looking out on the dull green walk under the willow-trees, which was nevertheless rendered less depressing by the figure of Jacky walking up and down stealthily in search of a place of concealment for some of his stolen goods, and when he had accomplished his secret deposit, strutting backwards and forwards as if he were a gentleman with his hands beneath his coat-tails. She asked herself what difference could it make to her that her aunt and cousin — save one person, the nearest, nay, the sole relations she had in the world — were dwelling in the same town, within a stone's throw of her, as utterly unconscious of her proximity as she had been of theirs till within the last half-hour. They were probably even more unaware of her existence, for they had never heard of her, as far as she knew, since she was a school-girl; and she had at least made a wild guess at her cousin's identity with the Miss Wyndham of Clem Blennerhasset's story three or four months ago.

As for bearing malice against her cousin, Pleasance was incapable of it. She judged that she and Miss Wyndham were two different beings, brought up in entirely different spheres — for that matter, she could not fancy that in any circumstances she would have resembled Miss Wyndham.

Pleasance had not great sympathy with the other girl's superabundant laughter; and yet she heard the echo of the gaiety wistfully in midst of her own gravity, unbroken nowadays, as she would have looked at a ray of sunshine darting into a shady place. Whatever Rica Wyndham was, she was no hypocrite; and Pleasance, very true herself, turned instinctively to every form of truth in man or woman.

Pleasance had grown so well accustomed to the knowledge of who were the occu-

pants of the Gable House that she had ceased to avoid them—which had been her first impulse—or to feel agitated when they did meet; and the ladies stared in a modified polite fashion at Pleasance.

One morning when the dog-roses were in blossom, as Pleasance was returning from a country road to which she repaired because it abounded in chickweed and groundsel for her birds, she encountered Miss Wyndham, as the latter would have said, “doing her constitutional” before breakfast.

The road was unfrequented at this hour, when the cousins were about to pass, as Pleasance supposed, without a word; but she reckoned without her host.

“Good morning, Mrs. Douglas,” said Rica Wyndham in ringing tones; “I see that we are of one mind about rising early and improving the shining hour in this beautiful June weather; though upon my word I do not see why you should do it.”

“I have always risen early,” said Pleasance, a little fluttered by her own superior knowledge, but still more tickled by the coolness of the young lady.

“So have not I,” said Rica Wyndham; “I used to enjoy my morning snooze immensely; all our mesdemoiselles and Fräuleins were at their wits’ end to get me up; but now no more sweet forbidden naps for me. I am forced to be self-denying. I have to get Hastings (your Perry knows her) to rout me out betimes every morning while mamma sleeps the sleep of the just, regardless of her figure, till ten o’clock. I should soon be a monster, and run the risk of ruining my whole prospects in life, if I did the same. Don’t you envy the old matrons their privileges? Oh! I forgot that you are a matron—the enviable character that all we poor girls are dying to sustain.”

Pleasance could not tell whether Rica Wyndham had an intention of being specially impertinent—or whether, being in the habit of laughing at everybody and everything, she could not pull herself up and break herself of the habit, on the instant.

But what Pleasance could not divine was why Miss Wyndham should speak to her now. She had lived without question of greeting in Stone Cross for the last three months. Miss Wyndham had passed her, on an average, three times a day, during the greater portion of that time, without an attempt to make her acquaintance.

If Pleasance had been told that Rica Wyndham—in addition to the species of pride which bade her prove to herself how

little she had been disappointed by finding Archie Douglas disposed of—had wagered, as she was fond of wagering, in contempt of scrupulous people, that she would make the acquaintance, without any formal introduction, of this tabooed, cracked Mrs. Douglas, and would be seen at least once walking and talking with her in the streets of Stone Cross, a light would have been cast on the difficulty.

As it was, Pleasance was not so resentful as she was diverted. Her spirit rose at the notion of an adventure with regard to which she herself, after all, was the holder of the secret that lent the incident all its zest and whimsicality.

“I don’t think you look like dying of anything, and least of all of envy,” said Pleasance.

“Now, I call that malicious chaff, whereas mine was perfectly innocent,” retorted Rica, not at all ruffled, however surprised, by the terms of equality on which the rustic young Mrs. Douglas had met her audacious advances. “Of course it is a sore point with me that I don’t appear as if I were pining away; and I suppose you think envy implies pining. Well, I dare say you are right. Don’t you think Stone Cross awfully slow? I am sure it is the stagnant atmosphere which prevents me from growing small by degrees and beautifully less.”

“I don’t believe you would choose to be other than what you are,” said Pleasance; “and I don’t know about slow places. I have lived in the country all my life. I fear that the country would always be slow in your eyes.”

“How plain-spoken you are! I shall tell everybody that you are dreadfully sarcastic.”

“I shall not mind, and I don’t think that any other body will mind either.”

“You are philosophic as well as sarcastic,—that is taking my trade over my head. But it passes my philosophy to understand how you can find Stone Cross lively—you who do not attend choir practice, or play croquet, or join in any of the mild dissipations of the place, unless, indeed, you call cathedral service a dissipation.”

“I should hope that I call it something better,” said Pleasance, indignantly, “and I did not say Stone Cross was lively.”

“Pray, wherein consisted the liveliness of the country where you lived?” pressed Rica Wyndham.

“In honest hard work to do for one’s self and one’s neighbors,” answered Pleasance, without an instant’s hesitation, “in

life to be lived thoroughly in sharing familiar joys and sorrows."

"How delightful!" exclaimed Rica ironically, "though I must confess I find necessary exercise—I need a great deal of it—hard enough work, and that if my neighbors would considerably bestow on me the full reversion of their joys, I could dispense with their sorrows. What is your opinion of Banting's system?"

"I never thought about it."

"Humph! very selfish of you; and you call that sharing your neighbor's sorrows! I am afraid, Mrs. Douglas, you are a humbug."

The two young women looked at each other, and laughed, and the laugh established a sort of freemasonry between them.

While they had talked they had come into the town, and Miss Wyndham had not broken off from Pleasance, as Pleasance had half expected. Far from it, Miss Wyndham sauntered on ostentatiously, by Pleasance's side (according to the terms of Rica Wyndham's wager), receiving steadily the brisk fire of glances directed upon the couple by sundry clergymen and matrons of Rica Wyndham's set abroad for early service. She only consented to part with a friendly bow at the gate of Willow House.

From that date Rica Wyndham proclaimed loudly that she had found Mrs. Archie Douglas, instead of being insane, a character, a barn-door wit, as well as a beauty. She said poking fun at her was the last best thing out. She insisted on accosting, and having a small war of words with Pleasance whenever it was possible.

Now it was, "What is your plan for cultivating wild flowers, Mrs. Douglas? Will you impart it to me?"

To which Pleasance would answer, "I have none, unless it be like that of the wise doctor who gave the advice to his patient how to eat celery, he should sprinkle it with salt, and fling it over the left shoulder. I would let wild flowers alone; I do not believe they bear transplanting; certainly they do not repay the pain of the process."

Or it would be from Rica, "Did you ever hear of a quizzing-glass? Lady Lewis still gives that name to her eye-glass. I accuse you of quizzing us all through your spectacles."

From Pleasance, "If I do, I only give what I take, you cannot deny that."

Rica, —conscious that she had raised quite a controversy in the close by her conduct, and that her mother, who could

not in general see harm in what her daughter did, was yet puzzled and disturbed by her last act,—was greatly instigated in place of deterred from the course which she had adopted towards Pleasance.

As for Pleasance, she had her own thoughts of all this odd, fitful intercourse.

CHAPTER XLV.

JANE DOUGLAS COMES TO THE CLOSE.

JANE DOUGLAS was with her friends, the Tuffnells, in the close for the June Stone Cross musical festival, in spite of two facts. Mrs. Douglas had resolved that Jane should never, while she was under her guardianship, revisit Stone Cross; and Jane was an obedient, devoted daughter, with a young girl's implicit reliance on and faith in her mother.

The first explanation was that Archie Douglas had started on a yachting-cruise to Norway and northern Russia.

The second, that Mrs. Douglas, after remaining quietly with Jane at Shardleigh, seeking, according to the elder lady's tactics, to live down her son's great blunder and disaster, had gone in the middle of June to pay an annual visit to a sister in Wales.

This sister, whom Mrs. Douglas described with truth as her favorite sister, especially dear to her, had made a poor marriage with an officer in the army, who possessed little private fortune, and who had been compelled by bad health, while still young, to retire from the service and lay out the price of his commission on the purchase of a sheep-farm in Wales. There he and his family could live simply and cheaply; and there with his subalterns, the shepherds, he could command an employment which was healthful, and which afforded some small return of profit.

Happily, Rhyngally was a beautiful place in a pleasant neighborhood. Other families of small gentry, country clergy, and gentlemen farmers, made common cause to be content with a very moderate endowment of this world's goods, and to assert their gentility rather by refined intelligence and cultivated frugality, than by desperate attempts at outward show and luxury.

Mrs. Douglas had always declared herself—and had really been to some extent—captivated by the unassuming cheerfulness and magnanimity which had prevailed at Rhyngally. She had lamented feelingly that she could not exchange her son's great house at Shardleigh, with its staff

of butler, footmen, grooms, and gardeners, its housekeeper and multiplied maid-servants, its carriages and horses, for another farmhouse *ornée* on a Welsh lake, with but a single elderly boy as groom, gardener, and general factotum, a cook and one tidy horsemaid, a one-horse shay of the most primitive description for the elders of the family, and plenty of Welsh ponies for the young people.

So long as Archie and Jane were young, the two, above all Jane, went every summer to Wales with Mrs. Douglas, and spent several happy weeks in what was, to children, Elysium. But as Jane grew older her mother found more and more excuses for making the pilgrimage alone. The limitation was remarkable, since she had, over and over again, volunteered the premature assurance to her sister and brother-in-law that she could know no dearer wish than that there should be a mutual fancy between her poor rich little Jane and her eldest cousin. The latter was the most stalwart and worthy of fellows, who was reading for orders, with no higher destination before him, in the mean time, than that of assisting his old rector in his Welsh parish.

The time had come for Ned to be ordained a deacon, and to act as curate to his rector; but he and his cousin Jane were growing out of acquaintance with each other, it was so long since they had been brought together. Notwithstanding, Mrs. Douglas was as ready as ever to whisper to her sister that it would be a rest to one half of her cares, if ever there should arise anything between Ned and Jane. Only the mother of a girl with a fortune was not like any other happy mother who could do as she would. There was so much interference and counsel from those who considered they had a right to advise; and she could not bear to bring the reproach on herself, far less on her beloved friends, that she had not afforded Jane every opportunity of seeing the world before she decided for herself in the most important step in her life.

Before Mrs. Douglas had gone to Rhynally on this occasion, she had disposed of Jane safely, not on any account at Stone Cross, but in a country-house fully fifty miles away. She had persuaded both herself and Jane that her daughter's visit was absolutely due; and that Jane must deny herself the pleasure of seeing her Welsh relations this year again, in order that she might not disappoint and affront the dear good Russels who had every right to expect their cherished guest.

But Mrs. Douglas had not calculated that one of the dear good Russels was a musical enthusiast, who after she had attended all the major musical festivals of the last two years, had set her heart on not missing the minor festival at Stone Cross, and urgently persuaded her family to go over there for the occasion. "The hotels will be choke full," represented this special pleader, "but we can fall back on Dr. Hynd, who will put us up somehow; and if we cannot dispose of you, Jane, so unceremoniously, you have your old family connection, Lady Lewis, or your friends the Wyndhams, or the Tuffnells in the close to go to. Madame Lemmens Sherrington is to sing; I never heard her in the solo she is to take. Shouldn't you like it, Janet? it would be charming variety for you. There will not be a great choir, still it will be a musical titbit in its way."

The Russels had only been made dimly acquainted with the scandal of Archie Douglas's unfortunate marriage, and could not appeal to Jane for more definite details. They had not even heard that young Mrs. Douglas was gone to reside at Stone Cross. Jane had not forgotten it; she was not a girl of lively imagination, but she had warm, tenacious affections.

Necessarily Jane had become aware that her brother and his wife were separated for the present, but as to the separation being final she had no distinct conception. Loving her brother as she did, lamenting his error, and suffering with him in seeing him a changed man, Jane could not resist nourishing fond visions of atonement and reconciliation, almost as romantic as if she had possessed her mother's and Archie's imaginations.

She had not an older woman's scruple at interfering in a private matter which concerned others so nearly. She had a child's single-heartedness; and she could not resist the temptation of gratifying her intense curiosity, and seeing and judging for herself with regard to her offending yet innocent sister-in-law.

Jane did not imagine that her mother would seriously disapprove the step which she — Jane — was about to take in going to Stone Cross. Mrs. Douglas had not anticipated any chance of Jane's being enticed in that unpropitious direction, and whatever she had decided in her own mind, she had not seen the necessity of making the little cathedral town forbidden ground to her daughter.

Jane really believed that her mother would be thankful after it was over, that

she had gone on an easy natural pretext and made her private observations.

In addition to her other strong impulses, she had a young girl's oddly exaggerated reluctance to hamper her friends, and baulk them in a projected excursion.

Jane had by no means forgiven Rica Wyndham for her gratuitous implications with regard to the scene in the Park, the less so that poor Jane had been forced to acknowledge there had been some truth in the insinuations. Her own and her mother's Archie had not been the Bayard beyond reproach, that Jane had believed and boasted him to be.

In these circumstances she would rather not elect to bestow her company upon Rica Wyndham, though Jane was sure to meet Rica continually during the three days of the festival. She would prefer her close friends the Tuffnells to the Wyndhams, and to her ancient kinswoman, who might lay hold of her and detain her by main force to do honor to the all-important celebration of that ninetieth birthday which had begun to take overpowering proportions in its tottering heroine's dim eyes.

From The Spectator.

ZEAL.

BISHOP TEMPLE, with characteristic courage, began his address to the Church Congress on Tuesday by a lively criticism on zeal, as the quality most likely to bring men far from their ordinary duties to attend a heterogeneous meeting, in which the predominance of neither knowledge nor thoughtfulness could be secured,—a quality, too, not necessarily connected with either an earnest love of truth as truth, or the sort of learning and ability best qualified to sift truth from error. And no doubt Dr. Temple is right. Zeal, of the commoner kinds at least, is not often combined with the highest qualities for discriminating truth from error, and is very often indeed combined with a remarkable absence of these qualities. The zeal of the world is apt to be as separable, and too often separated, from the higher moral and intellectual discrimination, as the motive power in the steam-engine from the engineer or engine-driver. The greatest zeal is in one person, the highest power to direct the zeal in another, but the two unfortunately are far too apt to be disconnected. The zealots of old days have not the best reputation in the world, and so far as the desire to make a proselyte is

the characteristic of zeal, they have a very bad reputation; indeed, on the authority of Christ himself, their eager compassing sea and land to make one proselyte has been not only condemned, but said to result in making him "twofold more the child of hell than themselves." If, then, Bishop Temple were at all right in suspecting that it is zeal of this kind which fills Church congresses, he had some reason for his warning that those who attend them are by no means the best representatives of the Church, and may be the representatives of something very different indeed from the Church.

It would be, however, we think, a mistake to confound zeal absolutely with the *animus* of the proselytizer. The evil in the proselytizer is not at all the ardor with which his own convictions fill him, but the ardor for absolutely ruling other minds and hearts with which he so often confounds the desire to make them share his convictions. So long as zeal is limited to the emotion and the action produced by a vivid vision of what seems true, and has its chief effect, so far as regards others, in the effort to share that vision with them, it is not evil, but purely good, and moreover, contains within it the very principle which most tends to moderate and restrain it from excess. For every one who really loves that which has given him life and rest, will be keenly alive to the sort of difficulties with which other minds meet what he has to say, and will be effectually warned in this way of the shortcomings and weak points of the faith which he entertains. Accordingly, in all zeal of the higher and finer kinds we find a certain pliancy and susceptibility to reflex influence from those to whom it addresses itself, which marks the distinction between true enthusiasm and the hard dictatorial urgency of the mere proselytizer. There is nothing rigid about the zeal of St. Paul, or St. Augustine, or Francis of Assisi, or Fénelon, or Hooker, or Butler, or, to come to our own day, Dr. Liddon, or Mr. Martineau, or F. D. Maurice, or John Henry Newman. The object of such zeal as theirs is to inspire in others the vision of the truth which they have themselves felt, and they are always changing their mental attitude,—even restlessly, one might sometimes say,—the moment they perceive that there is anything in the truth as they have uttered it which has jarred on the spirit of those to whom they have addressed themselves, and brought out, instead of the tones it had to their own ear, some discord of the soul. What zeal of

this kind really aims at, is not to get a spiritual instrument, but to awaken the same intense conviction in another; they who feel it do not hold that they have succeeded if they fall short of this, and the very fact that they do fall short of this makes them humble, and disposed to reconsider the elements of their own conviction. The zealot of the proselytizing kind is a very different person. What he aims at is not to produce the inward vision which he himself has,—indeed, not unfrequently he has none,—but to sweep arbitrarily away that disturbing resistance to his own self-confidence which makes him vaguely uneasy, as he would be uneasy if he found the foundations of his house quaking, or his feet sinking in a quicksand. What true zeal tries to remedy by recurring to its own inward vision of truth, and regaining the light and peace which that vision originally gave, the zealot tries to remedy by getting rid, if possible, of the external occasion for uneasiness,—by removing the unpleasant reminder of his own fallibility. Whenever a controversialist begins to hector,—to frighten his opponent away from his positions, instead of really entering into them and showing their shortcomings,—we may be sure that he is doing in a shallow and perfunctory way just what the persecutor does in a more thorough way, when he says at once that the uncomfortable opinion had better be put out of the way, by putting out of the way him who holds it. The zealot cares—not for restoring the vision of truth to the mind which has lost it, but for the power of saying that no one openly rebels against it, that “order reigns,” that is, that others outwardly respect the order which the zealot himself believes that he inwardly respects. Thus, the zeal which means intrinsic love of the truth, and the zeal which means irritation and impatience against every one who questions it, are not only essentially different, but result in action of an utterly opposite kind.

With regard to zeal of the finer and nobler kind, we believe that it is not only compatible with a very high sifting and discriminating power, but that the highest sifting and discriminating power cannot exist at all without it. It is a mistake to suppose that cold, calm minds are the best fitted to discriminate truth, just as it is a mistake to suppose that cold, calm minds are the best fitted to discriminate beauty, and for exactly the same reason. Cold, calm minds unquestionably judge better on what they have before them, than eager

and impulsive minds which have precisely the same materials before them. But then they so seldom have the same materials before them. The liability to passion or affection is a power as well as a source of weakness; it brings new materials within the scope of the judgment, and new materials of the most important kind. The commonplace man does not *see* the same sights as the painter whose mind is filled with the love of beauty. The calm, critical intellect does not behold the same vision as the mystic whose heart is full of the love of God. Zeal in the highest sense,—the zeal which comes of true vision and the love of that vision,—is quite as much a discerning power as a motive power. It is only zeal of the lower kind, the zeal which cannot endure the contradiction of particular prejudices, which is a motive power essentially and chiefly, and a very mischievous motive power, too. At the same time, it must be admitted that zeal even of the higher kind is sometimes but badly furnished with that critical and discriminating learning which would be most useful in guarding it from the mistake of confusing between the insight of the spirit and the set of intellectual conclusions which are most commonly associated with that insight. Zeal of the best sort has a fine discrimination of its own, but it often mistakes greatly the limits of that discrimination, and trusts to it in spheres with which it has really no competence to deal. Still we are fully persuaded of this,—that zeal as distinguished from zealotry,—the passion which the vision of truth itself inspires,—has a humane pliancy, an intellectual adaptability of its own, which is a very great safeguard against bigotry of any kind. Undoubtedly, however, zeal of this sort is very much rarer than zealotry,—very much rarer than impatience of contradiction in that special sphere of prejudice which has got on it the conventional mark of “sacredness.” We fear Bishop Temple is right that it is the latter zeal which chiefly fills Church congresses and denominational gatherings of all sorts, and that it is a sort of zeal generally much more dangerous than beneficial. Perhaps, however, even that is better than complete indifference, to which zeal is often much more closely allied than the sometimes diametrically opposite external results which zealotry and indifference produce, would give any idea of. For occasionally we have an opportunity of seeing how cruel indifference can be,—as cruel as the zeal of the zealot, though it seems

much less gloomy, and has much less excuse.

From The Liberal Review.
QUIET GIRLS.

IT would be affectation to pretend that admiration when it is openly expressed is not very sweet to girls. Extremely few people are above the influence of vanity, and maidens, as a class, are certainly not among those who are. There is no valid reason why they should be condemned upon this account. To wish to be thought well of is a perfectly laudable ambition; indeed it is to be feared that if most persons did not desire to be held in favorable estimation the world would be a very much worse place than it is. The misfortune is that many well-meaning individuals mistake notoriety for admiration, and in so doing are naturally led to indulge in excesses and follies of various kinds. It is to be regretted that this is particularly true so far as regards a number of girls who, lacking knowledge of the world and an insight into human nature, are contaminated when they are thrown into association with young men and women of a certain order. You will see them, in their desire to attract notice, unsteadily balancing themselves upon the line which separates the polite from the unpolite, and coquetting with what public opinion has decided to be naughty. No doubt, their intentions are in most cases perfectly innocent, and if they were not applauded by unprincipled flatterers, who being tinged with badness themselves like to make others the same, they would not continue to indulge in their little indiscretions. Unhappily, they are encouraged to believe that they are favorably distinguishing themselves when they are outraging good taste. There are men who like a girl who talks at a great rate and indulges in those descriptions of sneering and backbiting which are often mistaken for wit. There are conceited snobs who love a young woman ten times as much as they would otherwise do if they see that she treats those whom she does not deem it politic to conciliate with something very much resembling insolence. There are beaux who appreciate the creature who is everlastingly giggling, smirking, posing herself in what she deems picturesque attitudes, and shouting utter nonsense at the top of her voice. Quiet girls see this. They perceive, further, that because they lack what seem to be

supposed to be accomplishments, but which are really social vices, they are ignored. Over and over again are the sweetest-natured as well as the cleverest women stigmatized as dull, stupid, and prim, because they are disinclined to shriek and to show all the teeth in their head to the first male who philanthropically condescends to indicate that he is disposed to look with favor upon them.

Quiet girls may feel the manner in which they are often treated or they may not. It is to be hoped, however, that they have the good sense to perceive that they will gain nothing by attempting to imitate their faster and more gushing sisters. The chances are that if they have the inclination they lack the peculiar talent which will enable them to do so successfully. Thus if they do attempt to be noisy, flippant, and publicly spiteful at the expense of their neighbors the probability is that they will make a bungle of the whole business and end by feeling thoroughly ashamed of themselves. To try to do a discreditable thing and fail is, perhaps, the most bitter of all failures, and this is a fact which should speak emphatically to those quiet girls who are contemplating some audacious step in order to escape from the obscurity in which they hopelessly languish. It may as well be stated that to be a noisy, forward, self-assured member of society it is necessary that a girl shall have no deep feelings upon any subject, that she shall not think upon matters outside the special sphere of her operations, and that she shall have no person's welfare so much at heart as her own. In a word she must neither possess a squeamish taste nor a tender conscience. Now, hosts of quiet girls are burdened with those encumbrances; hence, perhaps, their constant humiliation. If you want to find a girl who is a treasure in the home in which she lives; who does real, honest, substantial work; who possesses the strongest affection of those who thoroughly know and understand her; and who is endowed with as noble a soul as she has a pure mind, look for a quiet girl. It is from the ranks of the quiet girls that the best wives, and the truest friends, and the hardest workers come. Of the women who really distinguish themselves by their intellectual achievements the majority are subdued and modest—yet lively and pleasant enough if properly approached—in company. Often treasures, the existence of which has been unsuspected, have been revealed in quiet girls. It always will be so; for a genuine woman will never show

the sterling stuff of which she is made to the first impertinent inquisitor, who may be unworthy alike of her confidence and her regard. She will continue to astonish those who pretend to understand her by rising to heights, when she is summoned thither, which are unapproachable to her complacent and courted critics. Yet, in spite of all this, it may happen that quiet girls of the best type may lack the wit, the adaptability to that with which they have no sympathy, the glibness, and that unlimited faith in themselves which must be possessed by those who desire to attract the notice of the more shallow portion of society. The truth is that the noisy girl is as much the product of education and training as anything else, and it may as well be frankly admitted that in her own horrible way she is unapproachable.

We do not wish to be misunderstood. We have no desire to imply that all quiet girls are endowed with genius and the virtues, for some are simply fools who would be noisy enough if they could find anything to say. What we do protest against is the habit which prevails of slighting quiet girls and speaking ill of them before they have been fairly tried, and of paying sickening homage to the conceited chatterboxes of little moral sense and principle. What we would indicate is that while noisy damsels will often turn out to be gaudy impostors, many quiet ones will amply repay the time, trouble, and love which any one may bestow upon them.

From The Spectator.

THE PLANET VULCAN.

DURING the last few weeks, attention has been directed afresh to the planet which, seventeen years ago, the French doctor, Lescarbault, was said to have discovered. For years none saw any trace of it, and it seemed about to take its place among astronomical myths, like the rings of Uranus, the satellite of Venus, and the second moon of our earth (seen by Petit, of Toulouse, but usually escaping discovery, because concealed by the earth's shadow). Other objects which had held an apparently more secure position, as the second moon of Neptune, and the four extra satellites of Uranus, which Sir W. Herschel supposed he had discovered, have quite recently been dismissed from our text-books of astronomy, where they had long been recorded without any expression of doubt or suspicion. We our-

selves, who write, had done battle for the Uranian satellites, trusting in Sir W. Herschel's care and customary accuracy; but there can be now no question that these satellites no more exist than the ring which the forty-feet reflector of the great astronomer seemed to show round Uranus. As for the satellite of Venus, though few now suppose the planet has any attendant, such faith was once placed in its existence, that Frederick the Great proposed to give to it the name of his illustrious friend D'Alembert. It does not appear from D'Alembert's reply that he doubted the reality of that astronomical phantasm. "Your Majesty," he said, "does me too much honor, in wishing to baptize this new planet with my name. I am not great enough to become the satellite of Venus in the heavens, nor young enough to be so on the earth. I know too well how small a place I occupy in this lower world to covet one in the sky." To this day, French writers on astronomy regard the question as undecided, and it was but a month or so ago that the Abbé Moigno devoted several pages of his journal, *Les Mondes*, to consider the evidence for and against that mysterious attendant upon the planet of love.

The case of Vulcan is somewhat different. If Venus has a satellite, the smaller body cannot usually be concealed behind the planet, or (lying between the planet and us) be lost to view upon her disc. Therefore, the satellite should have been seen thousands of times by the hundreds of observers who have studied Venus, whereas there have been but twenty or thirty observations of the supposed satellite. But if there is really a planet travelling nearer to the sun than Mercury, we should only expect to see this planet on very rare occasions. During total eclipse it might be seen, and indeed, as Sir J. Herschel said, it ought long since to have been seen during eclipse, if it has any real existence. When passing between the sun and the earth, too, it would sometimes pass across the sun's face, like Venus in transit; and for the same reasons which render transits of Mercury far more common than transits of Venus, transits of Vulcan would be far more common than transits of Mercury. It was during a transit, if Lescarbault's account be correct, that Vulcan was seen by him seventeen years ago, and news recently received from China respecting the planet describe another passage which Vulcan is said to have made across the face of the sun.

The account given by Lescarbault in

1859 was not altogether satisfactory; the principal flaw has not hitherto, we believe, been noticed, except very passingly. Leverrier published in the latter half of that year the result of his investigation of the motions of Mercury, and at the close of his paper expressed the opinion that either Venus must be heavier by one-tenth than had been supposed, or else there must be a planet within the orbit of Mercury disturbing Mercury's movements. On this, Lescarbault announced that nine months before, namely, on March 26th, 1859, he had observed the passage of a round, black body across the face of the sun, which he thought might be the body whose existence was suspected by Leverrier. But he said he did not like to announce its discovery until he had seen it again. Considering how many years had elapsed during which the sun had been constantly observed by astronomers without this planet being seen, the chance of Lescarbault's securing a second view should have seemed so small, that one cannot well understand his reticence. This seems to have been Leverrier's opinion at the time. In "calling at the residence of the modest and unobtrusive practitioner, Leverrier said to him, in an abrupt and authoritative tone, 'It is, then, you, sir, who pretend to have discovered the intra-Mercurial planet, and who have committed the grave offence of keeping your observation secret for nine months. I warn you that I have come here with the intention of doing justice to your pretensions, and of demonstrating that you have been either dishonest or deceived. Tell me unequivocally what you have seen.'" This abrupt address, which in England would probably have led to the visitor's descending from the observatory much more abruptly even than he had entered it, seems to have been met very calmly by Lescarbault, who succeeded in satisfying Leverrier that an inter-Mercurial planet had really been observed. "Leverrier congratulated the medical practitioner upon his discovery, and left with the intention of making the facts thus obtained the subject of fresh calculations."

Three years after Lescarbault's observation, viz., on March 20, 1862, Mr. Loomis, of Manchester, saw a round spot on the sun's face. He called a friend's attention to it, and both remarked its sharp, circular form. Unfortunately business duties only allowed him to watch the spot for twenty minutes, during which time he found that it changed considerably in position. He wrote to Mr. Hind, who made

the observation the subject of a calculation, and two French mathematicians showed that Loomis's results could be reconciled with Lescarbault's, on the assumption that they had both seen the same planet. One cannot but regret that the idea did not occur to Mr. Loomis of forwarding a telegram to Greenwich Observatory. Or, if he were unwilling to do this, he might have sent a messenger to one of the many persons who have observatories in and around Manchester. As Loomis's telescope was only a small one (less than three inches in aperture), he could hardly have failed to know of half-a-dozen persons provided with at least equal telescopic power, and residing within a half-hour's journey of his place of business.

A similar remark cannot certainly be applied to the observation last made upon this mysterious planet, seeing that the observer, M. Weber, was in Pe-chee-lee, when he saw the spot on the sun, and may be forgiven for not telegraphing to Madras or Melbourne, the nearest well-provided observatories. The news reached Europe by post. "It will interest you," wrote M. Wolf to Leverrier, on the receipt of Weber's letter, "to know that on April 4, at half past four Berlin time, M. Weber saw, at Peckeloh, a round spot on the sun, which was without spots in the morning and on the next day, as seen not only by M. Weber, but by myself and M. Schmidt at Athens." Wolf adds, with natural satisfaction, that the interval between Lescarbault's observation and Weber's amounts to exactly one hundred and forty eight times the period which he had himself assigned to Lescarbault's planet. Lescarbault was not so well pleased as might have been expected with Weber's observation. It appears that during the late war the Germans plundered his library and observatory, and having discovered the place where his instruments were concealed, destroyed them. "I should, therefore, have preferred," he says, "since I myself have failed to find Vulcan again, that either a Frenchman or a non-German foreigner had made the discovery." He admitted, however, that he was under obligation to M. Weber.

So satisfactory was Weber's observation considered, that on the strength of it M. Leverrier made fresh calculations, and it was presently announced to the world that probably Vulcan would again cross the sun's face on October 2nd or 3rd. Waiting to hear from colonial observers whether anything remarkable was seen on those days, we may be permitted to call

attention to an observation made at Madrid about five hours before Weber observed his round spot. On April 3, as Weber, Wolf, and Schmidt agree, there were no spots on the sun's face, and such was the experience also of the director of the Madrid Observatory. On April 5, again, he found the sun's face clear of spots. But on the 4th, in the morning, there was a small oval spot, of the kind sometimes seen, showing a nucleus only, without penumbral fringe (*puró nucleo, sin penumbra*). It was clearly seen (*se observaba muy bien*). We might suppose that this was Vulcan (though Vulcan has no right to an oval shape), but for one circumstance, which shows that the spot was on the surface of the sun; there was a small facula (or bright streak) on one side of the spot (*una fâcula pequeña por el lado*). May we not see in such a phenomenon as this the explanation of, at least, those supposed observations of Vulcan in which all that the observer noted was that a round spot, seen at one hour, had disappeared a few hours later? Lescarbault's observation cannot, indeed, be thus explained. But Liais, a French observer of repute, who was studying the sun at Brazil during a part of the time when Lescarbault says he saw Vulcan, asserts that at that time, with a much more powerful telescope, he saw no such spot. It certainly would seem that at present astronomers have hardly sufficient reason for adding Vulcan to the list of known planets.

From Notes and Queries.

HIGHWAYMEN IN PARTNERSHIP.

As an oasis in the desert is the following droll case in the heart of a learned legal treatise. I have just lighted upon it, and note it as an illustration of the, in a twofold sense, amenities of the law, — of the "*locos lætos et amœna vireta*" *juris*, and of the considerate and delicate euphemism to which the legal mind can, when need is, condescend. *Everet v. Williams*, (2 Pothier on Obligations, by Evans, p. 3, note, citing *Europ. Mag.*, 1787, vol ii., p. 360) is said to have been a suit instituted

by one highwayman against another for an account of their plunder. The bill stated that the plaintiff was skilled in dealing in several commodities, such as plate, rings, watches, etc.; that the defendant applied to him to become a partner, and that they entered into a partnership, and it was agreed they should equally provide all sorts of necessaries, such as horses, saddles, bridles, and equally bear all expenses on the roads and at inns, taverns, alehouses, markets, and fairs; that the plaintiff and the defendant proceeded jointly in the said business with good success on Hounslow Heath, where they dealt with a gentleman for a gold watch, and afterwards the defendant told the plaintiff that Finchley, in the county of Middlesex, was a good and convenient place to deal in, and that commodities were very plenty at Finchley, and it would be almost all clear gain to them; that they went accordingly, and dealt with several gentlemen for divers watches, rings, swords, canes, hats, cloaks, horses, bridles, saddles, and other things; that about a month afterwards the defendant informed the plaintiff that there was a gentleman at Blackheath who had a good horse, saddle, bridle, watch, sword, cane, and other things to dispose of, which he believed might be had for little or no money; that they accordingly went and met with the said gentleman, and, after some small discourse, they dealt for the said horse, etc.; that the plaintiff and the defendant continued their joint dealings together until Michaelmas, and dealt together at several places, viz., at Bagshot, Salisbury, Hampstead, and elsewhere, to the amount of 2,000*l.* and upwards. The rest of the bill was in the ordinary form for a partnership account. The bill is said to have been dismissed, with costs to be paid by the counsel who signed it, and the solicitors for the plaintiff were attached and fined 50*l.* apiece. The case is said to have come before the courts in the early part of the last century, and to have been referred to by Lord Kenyon; "but there is some doubt whether it actually occurred." (*Lindley on Partnership*, third ed.)

JOHN W. BONE, F.S.A.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume XVI. }

No. 1691. — November 11, 1876.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CXXXI. }

CONTENTS.

| | | |
|--|--|-----|
| I. SECULAR CHANGE OF CLIMATE, | <i>British Quarterly Review,</i> | 323 |
| II. WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH. By Sarah Tytler, author of "Lady Bell," etc. Part XIX., | <i>Good Words,</i> | 339 |
| III. WHEN THE SEA WAS YOUNG. Part II., | <i>Cornhill Magazine,</i> | 348 |
| IV. THE FRIEND OF THE HERO, | <i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i> | 359 |
| V. A STRAW-PLAIT MARKET, | <i>All The Year Round,</i> | 368 |
| VI. SIXTY-NINE YEARS AT THE COURT OF PRUSSIA, | <i>Athenæum,</i> | 373 |
| VII. THE AMERICAN SUMMER AND AMERICAN SOCIETY, | <i>Pall Mall Gazette,</i> | 375 |
| VIII. THE LUXURY OF GRIEF, | <i>Saturday Review,</i> | 378 |
| IX. EDIBLE AND POISONOUS FUNGI, | <i>Hardwicke's Science-Gossip,</i> | 380 |
| X. GEORGE WHITEFIELD, THE FAMOUS PREACHER, | <i>Sunday Magazine,</i> | 381 |
| XI. AN ANTIQUARY IN A DIFFICULTY, | <i>Athenæum,</i> | 382 |
| XII. AMERICAN "WATERING-PLACE" ACQUAINT- ANCE, | <i>Pall Mall Gazette,</i> | 383 |

POETRY.

| | | | |
|------------------------------|-----|----------------------------|-----|
| REUNION, | 322 | A RHYMER'S WISH, | 322 |
| LINKS TO THE PAST, | 322 | AMONG THE VINES, | 322 |

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

REUNION.

WHERE shall we meet who parted long ago?
 The frosty stars were twinkling in the sky,
 The moorland lay before us white with snow,
 The north wind smote our faces rushing by.
 Where shall we meet? On such a moorland
 lone?

In crowded city street, or country lane?
 On sandy beach-walk, while the sea makes
 moan?

In quiet chamber? Shall we meet again
 On any spot of old familiar ground,
 Our childish haunts? or in a far-off land?
 Ah me! what if on earth no spot be found
 For longing eyes to meet, and clasping hand?
 What then? — If angry fate reunion bars,
 A better meeting waits beyond the stars.

When shall we meet who parted in the night?
 At some calm dawning, or in noontide heat?
 To-day? to-morrow? or will years take flight
 Before our yearning hearts find welcome
 sweet?

When shall we meet? While summer roses
 lie

Beside our path, and rustle overhead?
 Or later, when a leaden winter sky
 Looks coldly on the empty garden-bed?
 While youthful faith and hopefulness are ours?

Or only when our hair is growing gray?
 Ah me! we may have done with earthly hours
 Before it comes to us, that happy day!

What then? — Let life's lone path be humbly
 trod,

And where or when we meet, we leave to
 God.

All The Year Round.

LINKS TO THE PAST.

WHEN the first ripe blush of youth has van-
 ished,

With its changing hue of hopes and fears;
 When all memories of the past seem banished,
 By the shadow of succeeding years:

When the loving heart, becoming colder,
 Loses much of wonted faith and trust;
 When, too, sorrow day by day grown older,
 Half forgot lies trodden in the dust, —

How at such time will some little token,
 Drawn by chance from some long-forgotten
 nook —

Mayhap but a flower all crushed and broken
 Lying hid in some once-cherished book —

Stir again the icy heart to sadness,
 Rouse once more the memories of the past,
 Bringing mingled thoughts of grief and glad-
 ness,
 Whisp'ring of the haven found at last.

Till at length from past to present waking,
 Once again peeps forth a hopeful beam;
 As full oft the sun through dull clouds break-
 ing
 Tints the autumn lands with ruddy gleam.
 Quiver.

A RHYMER'S WISH.

WHEN death with no unwelcome touch
 Shall free my weary sprite,
 I would not be lamented much,
 Nor yet forgotten quite.

Let art devise no sounding mask
 Affliction's voice to aid;
 The softest sigh is all I ask
 To soothe my wistful shade.

The tribute of a silent tear
 Would satisfy the claim
 Of one who found few friendships here,
 And never dreamt of fame.

No marble mound to load my breast
 Should I arise to sue,
 Would Love his constancy attest
 With a fresh flower or two.

While Memory, from her grassy seat,
 Might now and then incline
 O'er the mute rhymster to repeat
 A verse of his, — a line.

With such memorials to endear
 Some lone, sepulchral spot,
 I should not wake too sad a tear,
 Nor yet be quite forgot.

Spectator.

J. S. D.

AMONG THE VINES.

THE clustering vines spring up through the
 clear air;

They grow twice over; once, high up and
 green,

And once deep down in the blue lake, be-
 tween

The purple mountains, — both alike so fair,
 One scarce can tell the sunshine from the glare.

Here, the light ripples through a leafy
 screen,

There, it flows on all golden and serene,
 In both the dark-eyed children stand and stare;

While up and down their weary parents pace
 Those stony ways, with long, deep baskets

slung
 Over their shoulders; yet with easy grace

They bear their burdens, whether old or
 young;

For here they play at work — in many a place
 They work at play — for those, no song be

sung.

Spectator.

H. A. DUFF.

From The British Quarterly Review.
SECULAR CHANGE OF CLIMATE.*

OF the many facts in physical geography which modern study has brought to light, none, perhaps, is more startling than the certainty that, in former ages, the climate of the earth has been very different from what it now is. Our forefathers had so accustomed themselves to the idea that the present is the natural order of things, that heat and cold are the essential and necessary characteristics of the tropical and arctic zones, that they received with incredulity the announcements of geological discoveries which seemed to speak of widely different conditions; and maintained that the remains of tropical beasts or plants found, as in our country, must have been carried there in some convulsion or cataclysm, probably by the great deluge itself.

This state of doubt, incredulity, and unbelief has long since passed away, and it is now well known, not only by professed students of geology and geography, but by the general reader, that from the earliest ages the climate, as well as the surface of the earth, has been subject to continual change. The knowledge, however, is a living reality to but few. The fossils of the coal-fields have indeed long accustomed the public to the idea of a period of great warmth, an idea accepted the more readily as in apparent unison with the received belief in the once molten state of the globe, which was thus supposed to have been still cooling down to its present temperature within comparatively recent times; but the idea of frequent alternations, of periods of great cold succeeding or preceding periods of great warmth, is one of which indeed many may have read or heard, but without, by any means, fully grasping the meaning of it.

In fact, the old notion, as formulated by Sir David Brewster, that temperature, and climate as depending on temperature,

is a simple function of the latitude, has stood very much in the way, and has rendered it difficult for any more exact statement to win belief; so that even now the great difference between the climates of places on the same parallel, such as Labrador and England, is an every-day source of wonder and vague guessing. But the experience of modern geographers has shown that such irregularities are the rule, and the labors of geologists have proved that, in past ages, climate has varied and alternated in almost every possible way, from the poles to the equator. The geological record is in many places obscure, in many places altogether obliterated; but enough remains to establish the general truth of the proposition, and to propound it as a physical problem of no less interest than difficulty.

It is the interpretation of this record, the investigation of this problem, that the authors of the two works which we have named above have attempted. They have done so in a patient and earnest manner, searching after truth with a zeal that recognizes no hindrance, with a practised skill that luxuriates in difficulties; and they have given us books of an interest more thrilling than the most sensational tale of broken vows or violated commandments which has gone the round of the circulating libraries. Mr. Geikie's book, indeed, is principally historical or descriptive, and is eminently readable and intensely exciting; but Mr. Croll's will scarcely meet with such popular acceptance, for though its interest is, if possible, even greater, than that of the other, it bristles with facts, and arguments, and stern arithmetic, which will delight the earnest student, but will be as a quickset hedge from which the mere casual reader will turn in dismay. For such, the book does not profess to be written; and whilst we could call special attention to it, as well as to its fellow, as both requiring and deserving a careful examination, we think we shall be doing the world of letters good service in presenting to it some account of the subject-matter of these very remarkable works, whose publication may be said to mark a scientific epoch.

We would not, of course, be understood

* (1.) *The Great Ice Age, and its Relation to the Antiquity of Man.* By JAMES GEIKIE, F.R.S.E., F.G.S., of Her Majesty's Geological Survey of Scotland. 8vo. London. 1874.

(2.) *Climate and Time in their Geological Relations: a Theory of Secular Changes of the Earth's Climate.* By JAMES CROLL, of Her Majesty's Geological Survey of Scotland. 8vo. London. 1875.

to imply that the phenomena treated of in these works are now for the first time described and discussed. So far from this being the case, the outline of the facts has been before the public for more than thirty years, and their interpretation has been investigated by most of the leading geologists of Europe and America, and more particularly in our own country by Lyell, Ramsay, and Archibald Geikie, the elder brother of one of our present authors. But in the writings of all these, the subject of climate has been more or less subsidiary to some other principal design, an incidental episode or illustration in the body of some more general essay, and its details have not been worked out in a comprehensive and collected manner. In this sense "The Great Ice Age" and "Climate and Time" form the first complete exposition of these phenomena and their correlative theories, and have thus a distinct value, irrespective of the skilled labor and scientific acumen which have been brought to bear on the complex problems under consideration.

When the early dispute between the rival claims of fire and water began to die out, and the less sensational theory of Sir Charles Lyell made its way, geologists perceived that there were many facts which neither fire nor water, nor any other familiar agency, could explain; such, for instance, as huge angular boulders found many hundreds of miles from the place of their origin; heaps of rough stones or of dirt piled up or scattered about in situations where water could not have carried them; fixed rocks, smoothed, rounded, polished, and regularly scratched; or vast quantities of finely-ground and well-kneaded but unstratified clay intimately mixed up with stones scratched and polished as the rocks. And yet these appearances, common over the whole of northern Europe and America, are peculiarly so in our own country: the clay, especially, is a distinct geological feature of a great part of the Scottish lowlands, where it is known as "till," and of England, where it has been more commonly called "boulder clay;" but its characteristics are everywhere the same; it is a firm, tough, tenacious, stony clay, more

objectionable to engineers than the hardest rocks. These phenomena were the subject of much debate: it was only by slow degrees that the prejudices of habit and of former modes of thought could be overcome, and it became recognized that ice was the one and only agent in nature which could give rise to them.

Long observation in Switzerland, where glaciers still exist, showed that the grinding and kneading of the clay is even now going on; that rocks are even now being smoothed, rounded, polished, and scratched; that irregular heaps of stones are being piled up as lateral or terminal moraines; and that enormous boulders are being carried far from their parent cliff. More exact observation showed that the glaciers of modern Switzerland are mere pigmies in comparison with those which must have existed long ago, and pointed out the moraines of the past, identical in fashion with those of the present, the rounded and scratched rocks, the transported boulders, and all the other marks which the modern glaciers could be seen duly registering. Here then was the key: the marks in England, in Scotland, in Denmark, in Norway, or Sweden, were identical with those found in Switzerland, and there clearly recognized as made by an extended system of glaciers. But it was difficult to believe that glaciers of a size at all adequate to produce the observed effects could ever have existed in this temperate and low-lying part of Europe; and even to those who were prepared to admit the effect of glacier action, there were many apparent contradictions which seemed to render the proposed theory untenable. Still, the enormous power of ice, both to carry and to grind, was generally admitted; and it was eagerly and positively maintained that the particular form of ice which had, in past ages, been at work in this part of the globe, was that of bergs borne on an arctic current.

This did not seem to involve any extreme change of climate. It was well known that on the other side of the Atlantic, bergs of an enormous size annually come down to a much lower latitude than ours, and that in the south they approach very near to the Cape of Good Hope.

There was, therefore, little difficulty in the way of admitting the possibility of icebergs coming out of the Arctic, and drifting on their way over such parts of this country as happened at the time to be under water. An able and popular writer enlarged on this idea a few years ago, in that most interesting work, "Frost and Fire," and argued that the precise track of these icebergs was over what is now Russian Lapland, then the bottom of the sea, down the Gulf of Bothnia, and so out over the submerged south of Sweden, Denmark, and England.

Plausible as Mr. Campbell's theory undoubtedly is, and though in many respects ingenious and suggestive, it is none the less founded on fancy rather than on observation, and has not stood the test of severe scientific scrutiny. Indeed, when such scrutiny is uncompromisingly carried out, it is found that there is no evidence at all showing that icebergs do or can smooth, round, polish, or even regularly scratch rocks over which they pass; there is no evidence at all showing, or tending to show, that they ever grind over rocks in such a way as to produce any of these effects in the very slightest degree. The evidence is indeed rather to the contrary, that they do not and cannot grind along the bottom; that they either float freely or bring up with a violent shock, that may smash, or contort, or plough up the bottom, but most certainly does not mark it with long series of fine scratches, or *striae*.

These *striae* are amongst the most common of ice-markings; they exactly resemble those now made by glaciers; they therefore may have been made by glaciers; and no other natural agent is known by which they can have been made. The necessary inference then is that they were made by glaciers; that the ice which has crushed and ground the surface of our country, not only on the mountains, but on the low lands, was land ice; and that therefore the climate of this part of the world was, at that time, such as to admit of land ice in very large masses. When the various glacial phenomena are examined step by step, in full detail, it is found that the action of land ice will explain them all, if only it can be supposed to

have been in sufficient quantity; but the great difficulty has been in the conception of the enormous extent of ice which must have been at work. Glaciers, as ordinarily understood, are quite insufficient; and the idea, stupendous as it seems, which has been gaining ground, and which is now very generally held by all competent geologists, is that at the period of this world's history to which these glacial phenomena are to be referred, the whole adjacent surface of the earth was covered, to the depth of several thousand feet, with one solid mass of ice.

So far as Europe is concerned, the ice-cap extended over the greater part of Germany, Sweden, and Norway, the Baltic, Denmark, the North Sea, Great Britain and Ireland, and seaward for some distance into the Atlantic, where it terminated, probably near the present hundred-fathom line, in an ice wall or cliff, not unlike that now existing in the Antarctic Ocean. This is, in bare outline, the description of northwestern Europe in what is known as "the glacial period;" whilst further south and east the glaciers of the Alps, Apennines, and other mountain ranges, even as far as the Lebanon, had an exaggerated development. The condition of North America was similar: the ice-covering extended in one unbroken sheet as far as the parallel of 40° , and reached in exceptional though enormous glaciers to a much lower latitude.

The evidence however stands out very clearly that these masses of continental ice were not connected; that they were not parts of a huge ice-cap covering the pole, and stretching down to the parallel of 40° or 50° . The *striae* left in the far north of Lapland lead down towards the Arctic Sea; those in the north of Scotland also lead north; those in the east lead east, towards the North Sea. It would appear that the bed of this sea was the low-lying part of the enormous glacier, slowly creeping north, and terminating beyond the Shetland Islands, in a continuation of the Irish ice-cliff. In the southern hemisphere the action of ice in a manner equally beyond present possibility is also well attested; though the comparatively limited area of land, and the relative scant-

iness of observation even over that limited area, prevent our attempting to trace its extent.

It is difficult to accept the idea of such a climatic condition, whether in the northern or southern hemisphere, an idea so utterly subversive of all preconceived notions. What! one might be tempted to exclaim, — England with a climate like that of Greenland! As well speak of Greenland with a climate like that of England. A climax of absurdity; and yet it is exactly this change which has taken place. We cannot get rid of evidence by, ostrich-like, ignoring it. The evidence of this remarkable change of climate is overwhelming, and though its extreme copiousness prevents our even attempting to recapitulate it, we may illustrate the general statement of fact by calling attention to some of its more salient features.

Glaciers, such as we now know them in Switzerland, may be properly called rivers of ice; they descend from the sides of mountains into valleys, and continue their course down the valleys until they reach their bounding limit. Whatever may be eventually proved to be the cause of the motion of glaciers, it is quite certain that the downward force of gravity plays an important part in it; hence, when blocks of stone fall on to, or become imbedded in, a glacier, they descend with it, and when left by the melting ice, are almost necessarily at a lower level than their origin. But the travelled blocks now found in many parts of Europe do not correspond to this condition: they are frequently found at a higher level, and in positions such that they must have passed over hill ranges of considerable altitude. Amongst these, special mention is made of a large mass of mica-slate, at a height of ten hundred and twenty feet on the Pentland Hills, which must have come from fifty miles to the north or eighty to the west. Boulders of highland rocks have been found on the northern slopes of the Lammermuir Hills, and on the crests of the hills between the valleys of the Clyde and the Irvine. These blocks passed not only over wide valleys, such as the Forth or Clyde, but over the Campsie or Orchil Hills; and if we admit that ice was the carrying agent, it is clear that the valleys must have been filled up, and the intervening hills buried in the one sea of ice which swept down from the highlands over the low country. And whilst the scratching, polishing, and rounding of rocks, everywhere noted, as well as the mingled and confused mass of ground clay and stones, may be considered as cer-

tain proofs of glacial action, the portage of these and many other boulders over vast distances, across wide valleys or even seas, and up steep slopes, is conclusive as to the stupendous size of the glaciers which performed the work.

The evidence of a once genial climate in the now ice-bound Arctic is equally conclusive. The readers of arctic voyages — and during the last twelve months they have been numerous — will be familiar with McClure's discovery of the remains of a forest of pine-trees on the northern shores of Banks Land, in latitude 74° 48m. , three hundred feet above sea level. "From the perfect state of the bark," he wrote, "and the position of the trees so far from the sea, there can be but little doubt that they grew originally in the country." Many other instances have been noted; and though some eminent geologists, including the late Sir Roderick Murchison, have suggested the possibility of these trees having been drifted there, as perhaps from the mouth of the Mackenzie, such a supposition demands a sea nearly clear of ice, which would itself speak of a widely different climate.

But the tree found by Sir Edward Belcher, near the northern end of Wellington Sound, in latitude 75° 32m. , and longitude 92° W., about a mile and a half inland, is conclusive against this supposition. It was unmistakably *in situ*, and was dug out of the ground, with the soil immediately in contact with its roots. When brought home, it was examined by Sir William Hooker, whose report is curious. "The structure of the wood," he says, "differs remarkably in its anatomical character from that of any other conifer with which I am acquainted." The peculiarity, described at great length, consists in the division of each concentric ring, or annual growth, into two zones, of which the inner, or first formed, "must be regarded as imperfectly developed, being deposited at a season when the functions of the plant are very intermittently exercised, and when a few short hours of sunshine are daily succeeded by many of extreme cold." In the outer zone, on the other hand, formed whilst the sun's heat and light are continuous throughout the twenty-four hours, the wood fibres are more perfectly developed than is usual in the natural order to which this tree belongs.

Of a much earlier age, but bearing evidence to a still milder climate, are the coal measures, which, as is well known, have been found in many parts of the arctic

regions, and notably in Melville Island, latitude 74° – 76° ; and corals, found, amongst other places, in Beechy Island. Almost still more startling are the ammonites, which have been found in great numbers, in widely different parts; by Lieutenant Anjou of the Russian navy, on the southern shores of New Siberia, in latitude 74° , and by Captain McClintock, at Point Wilkie in Prince Patrick's Land, latitude 76° 20m. These last were examined by Professor Houghton. "It appears to me," he says, "difficult to imagine the possibility of such fossils living in a frozen, or even a temperate sea. All idea of accounting for the occurrence of such remains by drift must be abandoned, as the fossils found by McClintock were unquestionably *in situ*, and it is impossible to evade the consequences that follow to geological theory from their discovery."

Equally strong is the evidence of a tropical or semi-tropical climate in England and the neighboring parts of Europe. The fossil remains of animals peculiar to tropical climates, huge carnivora — lions, tigers, spotted hyænas — which require not only warmth, but abundance of animal food; elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotami, requiring warmth, water, and luxuriant vegetation; are sufficient proofs that our climate was not only warm, but was, for the time, permanently so. The suggestion that warm summers and cold winters permitted the alternation of animals and plants of tropical and arctic types, will not meet the consideration that beasts, such as the hippopotamus, could neither endure the winter cold, nor migrate, with the seasons, across the whole breadth of Europe; and that the amount of vegetable food requisite for these gigantic pachydermata, and for the herds which formed the sustenance of the carnivora, could not grow each year as the winter glaciers disappeared.

These extreme changes of climate have naturally been much discussed amongst geologists, and many widely different theories have been proposed as attempts to explain them. Many of these can be regarded only as guesses, which will not stand the test of exact reasoning; others again, although imperfect and not altogether satisfactory, must be accepted as having some foundation in fact. We propose to consider these theories in some detail, and more especially that which for the last eleven years has been associated with Mr. Croll's name.

The first of these theories to which we have to refer was, that different parts of

space might have very different temperatures, and that in the onward march of the solar system the earth might successively arrive at spaces of excessive cold and especial heat. Now, beyond the mere fact that the passing through a cold part of space might lower the temperature of the earth, or passing through a hot part might raise it, it is quite clear that there can be no evidence in support of such a supposition. But, on purely physical grounds, the theory is untenable. The distinctive feature of the glacial period, as producing geological results, was not the cold, but the enormous quantity of snow, that is, of condensed vapor. When then there was snow, there must have been also vapor to condense; when there was much snow, there must have been much vapor, and much heat to make that vapor; and therefore, as Professor Tyndall has well shown, the glacial period, though a period of intense cold towards one or both of the poles, cannot have been a period of intense cold all over the earth. On the other hand, the warm arctic climate cannot have been caused by the general addition of some fifty or sixty degrees to the mean temperature; for such addition, affecting the intertropical as well as the polar regions, would have been fatal to animal and vegetable life. And again, as Mr. Croll has argued, since space, of itself, cannot be hot, any such hypothetical hot space must be in the neighborhood of some source of heat, some other sun, the attraction of which must necessarily have interfered with the orbital motion of the several members of the solar system.

A theory of a somewhat similar nature is that the sun has been of very variable magnitude, or that its heating power has been subject to excessive fluctuations. But the diminution of the sun's heating power, though of course it could produce a period of great cold, could not, as we have seen, give rise to a glacial period; and any great increase must, as before, have caused an alternation in the conditions of life, and have left behind it unmistakable proofs of its having occurred. We may therefore put these crude, unsupported, and unscientific fancies entirely out of the question, and pass on to the theory proposed by Sir Charles Lyell, and examined by him at considerable length in the later editions of his well-known works.

This would refer the changes of climate principally, if not altogether, to changes in the relative distribution of land and sea. Basing his argument on a remark of Humboldt's, that the climatic difference be-

tween North America and Europe was to be attributed to the American land reaching so much farther towards the pole, Sir Charles Lyell has maintained, with his usual clearness and copiousness of illustration, that an excess of land near the poles would give rise to a glacial condition; and that, contrariwise, an excess of land near the equator would occasion a sub-tropical climate all over the world. It is quite certain that changes in the distribution of land and sea must cause, and have caused, very different climatic conditions; it is also certain that, as a rule of the present time, land under the equator is hotter, land near the poles is colder, than the sea adjacent. But it is difficult to say how much of this difference is to be attributed to specially existing circumstances; and Humboldt's original idea of the cause of the rigor of the American climate, as compared with the European, cannot be accepted in this age of more exact geographical knowledge. It is beyond a doubt that the ocean currents and the winds which sweep over them are the cause of this present extreme difference, and it is logical to conclude that in any past age ocean currents must have contributed largely to the climatic conditions. But if at any time the intertropical area of the earth's surface was occupied almost entirely by land, no large current of intertropical water could have carried tropical warmth to temperate and arctic regions; and referring merely to our own present experience, the absence of such a current would be at once severely felt. We would therefore agree with Mr. Croll in the argument he has put forward, that marked as might be the effect of a redistribution of land and sea, it is extremely doubtful whether the particular form of redistribution suggested by Sir Charles Lyell could have led to the results which he has described; and that though the probability of great changes in the relative shape and position of the land must be taken into account, we can scarcely admit that such changes were principally and primarily the causes of the very great changes of climate testified to by the geological record.

A difficulty almost still more conclusive against our accepting this theory in its entirety, is that there is no reason to believe that there has been any such complete redistribution of the areas of land and sea during recent geological periods. There is, on the contrary, strong reason to believe that the present form of the oceans and continents, in its principal features, stretches very far into the past; and it is

quite certain that the last glacial period was, geologically speaking, very recent — so recent, in fact, that it touched on the arrival of man in western Europe. Of the possible date of this we shall have to speak further on, but the evidence of man as absolutely contemporary with the reindeer in the south of France is very generally known.

The theory which would attribute the great changes of climate to great changes in the direction, or even in the being of ocean currents, has, during the last twenty years, been brought very prominently forward by many writers on physical geography; and very great weight is attached to it by Mr. Croll, whose investigations in connection with this branch of his subject have excited a good deal of scientific interest, and are now reproduced in a more connected form.

The simple fact of the existence of ocean currents, or what Captain Maury has aptly called "rivers in the ocean," is, of course, familiarly known; and of all the currents which traverse the ocean, none has been more frequently talked of and discussed than the Gulf Stream: if mere discussion could have arrived at any settlement of the questions respecting it, they must have been settled long ago. The facts about which there is no dispute may be briefly stated thus:—

A rapid current of warm water issues through the narrow passage geographically known as the Straits of Bimini, between Florida and the westernmost of the Bahamas, and follows very closely the coast of North America as far as the banks of Newfoundland. This current, coming out of the Gulf of Mexico, is called the Gulf Stream.

The surface water of the North Atlantic, about the latitude of 40° , is, on the average, much warmer than that of other oceans in the same latitude; and this unusual warmth stretches away towards the north and east, conveyed by a slow motion of the water, and reaches as far as the North Cape of Norway and into the Spitzbergen or Barentz Sea.

To the north-west of this area of warm water with a north-easterly set, is an area where the water is cold and sets to the southward, whether on the east coast of Greenland, or out of Baffin's Bay, or down the coast of Labrador; and this cold southerly current, with a very contracted breath, passes inside the Gulf Stream, and so washes the eastern coast of the United States.

Underneath the warm water, which on

the north-east is flowing northwards, is a bed of icy cold water, the coldest of which lies in certain deep channels between the Faroe and Shetland Islands. And, lastly,

A great part of the warm water of the North Atlantic sets southward, down the coast of Portugal and Africa, into the tropics.

These are the very bare facts, concerning which there is no doubt; but everything beyond — every attempt to connect these facts together, to form a reasonable system out of them, or to offer any scientific explanation of them — has led to controversy and discussion, and very unscientific assertion.

The disputants may, however, be perhaps fairly considered as resolving themselves into two classes; one of which, maintaining that there is no break of continuity or flow between the water which issues through the Straits of Bemini and that warm water which spreads over the middle latitudes of the North Atlantic, and passes to the north on the coast of Norway, or to the south on the coast of Africa, applies to the whole, collectively, the one title of Gulf Stream, and confers the name more distinctly on that northern part of it which passes into Barentz Sea; the other, holding that the Gulf Stream, as such, cannot be traced beyond the banks of Newfoundland, where its distinctively warm water has thinned out to the merest surface layer, and its velocity has died away, argues from familiar physical principles that the warm water of the tropical Atlantic and the cold water of the Arctic establish a circulation resembling, in its main points, that circulation which goes on through the pipes of an ordinary low-pressure hot-water warming apparatus; that, being such, the northerly flow of warm water along our coasts and the coast of Norway has no relationship to, and is quite independent of, the Gulf Stream; and that the name Gulf Stream applied to it is a geographical blunder and a physical misconception.

According to the first of these two classes the Gulf Stream is, in its origin, due to the trade winds, which drive the tropical surface water with considerable pressure into the Gulf of Mexico, from which it escapes through the Florida Narrows, as through the nozzle of a squirt, and is assisted by the prevailing south-westerly winds on the coast of the United States and by the strong west winds of the North Atlantic, known familiarly to seamen as "the roaring forties." These, it is argued, driving the water away from the

American coast, call for a supply from behind. The so-called Gulf Stream is therefore strictly the continuous motion of the water that issues from the Florida Channel, maintained, supported, and strengthened by the persistent westerly winds of the North Atlantic, and divided by the pressure of the European coast-line, so that the northern part of it flows towards the north, the southern part towards the south; both of which branches are again still further supported by the winds of these regions, prevailing respectively from the south-west and north-west. That the water, so driven under pressure into the Arctic should seek an escape as soon as, or wherever the pressure is withdrawn, is a necessary correlation; and in this sense the southerly flow of water down each coast of Greenland is a complement of the northerly flow on the west coast of Norway. It is argued also that the water so pressed towards the Arctic is more than can possibly get into that confined basin, and that thus a considerable portion of it, having lost its heat in high latitudes, is, as it has been called, banked down, and escapes as a southerly underflow of cold water.

This systematic explanation of the Gulf Stream in connection with the general circulation of the currents of the North Atlantic, seems to us satisfactory, not only in its broad outline, but in its more special details; whilst any theory which seeks to account for the existing state of oceanic circulation by reference to differences of temperature and density, falls far short of the geographical facts, and necessarily ignores the southerly currents on the coast of Greenland, or that grand southerly flow of water on the coast of Portugal and Africa. It is, at any rate, difficult for any one who has studied the subject of ocean currents as a geographer, and has based his theories on geographical observation, to admit the effect claimed for what he knows as paltry and uncertain differences of specific gravity; although such may arise from differences of temperature, if, indeed, they are not more than counterbalanced by differences of salinity caused by differences of evaporation.

It is, of course, easy to produce any wished-for effect, as a lecture-room illustration; but no theory can be accepted which is based on such, unless it can be shown that the conditions are similar, if not identical. Now, very great stress has been laid by those who have advocated the temperature theory, on the illustration shown by Dr. Carpenter; that is to say, on

the fact that by heating the water at one end of a long narrow tank, and by cooling that at the other, a vertical circulation can be established, a motion towards the cold end above, towards the warm end beneath. The conditions in such a tank and in the basin of the North Atlantic, of the small body of uniform water and the very large body of water of many diverse degrees of salinity, are too different to permit us to accept Dr. Carpenter's experiment as even an illustration of a theory of oceanic circulation, which, when applied to the geographical area, does not conform to observation, and does not explain existing facts.

An examination into the arguments which Dr. Carpenter on the one side, Mr. Croll and many geographers on the other, have adduced in support of their several views, would lead us into the recesses of a controversy unsuitable for this review. They will be found at length in the papers which Dr. Carpenter has contributed to the proceedings of the Royal Society or of the Royal Geographical Society, and in Mr. Croll's papers in the *Philosophical Magazine*, or more recently in his latest work, "Climate and Time," as well as in other writings to which he refers. For our present purpose it will be quite sufficient to say that on the main point of causation we agree entirely with Mr. Croll. We believe that not only the Gulf Stream and its various branches and ramifications, but the ocean currents generally, are due solely to the system of prevailing winds; not—as Mr. Croll has well specified—to winds in any one particular locality, but to the connected system of winds, which act in relation to each other, and transmit their pressure to the surface of the sea through wide extents of ocean.

Now it might be considered that the theoretical explanation of ocean currents has little to do with the question of climatic change, and that the bare fact of their presence or absence is all that we are now concerned with. This is not the case; for it is clearly difficult, if not impossible, to say whether, in the distant past, warm or cold currents did or did not, might or might not, traverse certain seas, unless we have a correct understanding of the forces which call them into being and direct their course. Dr. Carpenter, for instance, has maintained that the effect of the Gulf Stream upon the climate of this country is imperceptible. On the other hand, an American writer, Mr. Silas Bent, came before the transatlantic public some few years ago with a proposal to cut, through the Isthmus of Panama, a passage

sufficiently large to allow the water forced into the Gulf of Mexico to escape into the Pacific, with the avowed intention of ruining this country as the commercial rival of the United States. Bent's proposal was so utterly absurd from an engineering point of view, that it escaped the notice due to it as a study in morality: but nevertheless, believing as we do that the Gulf Stream exercises a most direct and important influence on our climate, we believe that the submergence of Central America to such a depth as to permit the tropical waters driven by the trade winds to pass through into the Pacific, would produce a disastrous effect on the climate of north-western Europe; that glaciers might again flow down the valleys of Scotland, of Westmoreland, or of Wales; and that our harbors might be closed each winter with impenetrable ice: whilst Dr. Carpenter, believing that the warm current which passes to the north is quite independent of the Gulf Stream, and is the necessary circulation of tropical and arctic water at different temperatures, believes also that such a submergence of Central America would in no way interrupt this circulation, and would be to us a matter of little or no consequence.*

Similarly, he believes that the circulation would go on irrespective of other changes in the formation of the land, and that therefore oceanic currents cannot play any important part in the history or theory of the climatic changes of the past. It is on this account that Mr. Croll has devoted a very considerable portion of his work to the examination of different theories of ocean currents, arriving, as we have already said, at the conclusion that the circulation supposed to be due to differences of temperature does not exist—we would rather say, is insensible—and that the currents are due solely and entirely to the prevailing winds.

Believing then in the extreme importance of ocean currents as agents of climatic change, Mr. Croll has attempted to calculate their actual effect under present existing conditions. The labor of this calculation must have been very great, and we are by no means sure that its value is commensurate; for, with all possible care, the data are so very uncertain, that the results cannot be depended on as even approximately correct. The utmost we can allow is that they dimly shadow out the nature of the effect, and it is only with this comprehensive limitation that we accept them.

* *Contemporary Review*, March, 1871.

Very different estimates have been formed of the quantity of water which passes through the Narrows of Bimini. Anxious to avoid any charge of exaggeration, Mr. Croll has accepted the lowest: he assumes that 459 cubic miles of water pass through every day. He further assumes that the mean temperature of this mass of water as it passes through the straits is 65° F., and that the mean temperature of the same water as it returns south is 40° F. These estimates are purely hypothetical. Certainly very much of the water in the straits has a temperature far higher than 65° , and much of that which returns has a temperature far lower than 40° . As before, Mr. Croll purposely understates his case, and concludes from these data that the water projected each day into the northern part of the North Atlantic loses there twenty-five degrees of its temperature; that is to say, each cubic foot loses upwards of one thousand five hundred units of heat,* and the total loss in these units is somewhat more than one hundred thousand billions.

Such a number is, of course, only useful for purposes of arithmetic, as affording a means of comparison with other numbers equally beyond our powers of conception. It enables us to compare the quantity of heat so thrown off by the Gulf Stream with that received directly from the sun. It shows us that, according to the calculations and experiments of Herschel, Pouillet, and Meech, the quantity of heat so carried into our temperate regions by the Gulf Stream in one year is equal to that received directly from the sun over an area equal to the fourth part of the North Atlantic north of the Straits of Florida. The heat thrown off by the Gulf Stream in temperate latitudes is therefore equal to one-fourth of that supplied directly by the sun, and constitutes one-fifth of the whole heat of this vast area of the Atlantic.

Having arrived at this relative value of the heating power of the Gulf Stream, he next endeavors to form some idea of its absolute value by calculating the whole effect of the sun. The method which he follows is undoubtedly correct, though the results he obtains are so startling, that we cannot be surprised that both method and results have been controverted and denied.

The temperature of space is, according to Herschel and Pouillet, about 239 de-

grees below the zero of Fahrenheit, and to this, if the sun were extinguished, they believe the temperature of the earth would rapidly sink. The mean annual temperature of the North Atlantic, north of the tropic, may be taken as 56° F.; the whole effect of the sun on the water of the North Atlantic is, therefore, fifty-six degrees more than 239 , or 295 degrees; but we have just seen that one-fifth of this is imported by the Gulf Stream: it follows, therefore, that the stoppage of the Gulf Stream would withdraw fifty-nine degrees, and reduce the mean temperature of the North Atlantic below zero.

Now, although we cannot attach any idea of exactness to this calculation of the effect of the Gulf Stream, we do believe that it shows more correctly than any previous attempt the enormous influence which that current has on our climate. It shows how important must be the general action of ocean currents, and leads us directly to the consideration of the great currents in other parts of the world. None of these have been examined with that care which has been bestowed on the Gulf Stream, and the conditions of their origin render it impossible to form even the roughest estimate of their volume. The Japan Current in the North Pacific corresponds in many respects to the Gulf Stream, but there are no observations which enable us to say whether its volume and mean temperature are greater than those of its counterpart, or are less. It is nowhere confined in a narrow channel, where its dimensions can be, however rudely, measured; its surface flow is intermittent, and it has not yet been discovered what becomes of it during the month of February, when it disappears from the coast of Japan. The general impression amongst geographers is that it is altogether less than the Gulf Stream, and, compared with the larger area of the Pacific, there is little reason to doubt that it is so: still, its climatic effect is unquestionably very great.

The currents which, in the southern hemisphere, correspond to these, are small, in both the Atlantic and Pacific, and their volume and temperature insignificant in comparison. The only current of any note which flows from the tropics into the Southern Ocean is that which escapes from the Indian Ocean along the coast of Natal, and its waters are almost entirely spread out and carried away to the eastward by the prevailing drift: being thus dispersed, it has little direct influence

* A unit of heat is the quantity of heat necessary to raise the temperature of one pound of water by one degree Fahrenheit.

on the climate of any of the southern lands.

Small, however, as the heat-bearing currents of the southern hemisphere are in comparison with those of the northern, it is quite clear, by reference to the calculations which have been made as to the effect of the Gulf Stream, that they must exercise an important influence on the southern climate, and that if they were altogether withdrawn, the climate of the higher latitudes of the southern hemisphere would be very much worse than it even now is. If, for instance, the whole of the tropical drift to the southward of the line was to be pressed to the northward, the climate of the southern hemisphere would become much more severe; whilst at the same time the volumes of both the Gulf Stream and Japan Current would be much increased, and the northern hemisphere would be made much warmer. And conversely, if all the warm currents were driven to the south, then the northern hemisphere would have a glacial climate, and the southern a mild and warm one.

Now the median line between the northern and southern trade winds, which is also the median line of the equatorial drift, is undoubtedly coincident, or nearly so, with the line of greatest heat. When, therefore, one hemisphere is chilled and the other warmed, so that this line of greatest heat (thermal equator) passes far into the warmer hemisphere, the middle line of the equatorial drift, and the main body of the equatorial drift with it, passes also into the warmer hemisphere; and the volume of the warm currents of the warm hemisphere is increased, and that necessarily at the expense of the cold hemisphere. There is thus a tendency for the warm hemisphere to increase its warmth, and for the cold one to become more cold.

Mr. Croll explains this tendency by reference to a supposed increase of the strength of the trade winds in the colder hemisphere; but this seems at least doubtful. We would agree with him as to the effect produced, but would attribute it, rather, to the movement of the thermal equator; and we may support our objection by the evidence of the existing condition in the Pacific Ocean. Over none of the intertropical seas are the trade winds so irregular and uncertain as over the South Pacific; but the thermal equator is some 3° or 4° to the north of the line, and undoubtedly a great part of the equatorial drift passes into the northern hemisphere.

But in connection with this, there is one

important point on which Mr. Croll has scarcely laid sufficient stress; and that is the effect, on this interchange of currents, of even comparatively slight alterations in the form of the land. We have already referred to the possible effect of an alteration so slight as the submergence of Central America: the submergence of the low land of South America would produce a much greater. Notwithstanding the present position of the mean thermal equator some 5° to the north of the line, it is quite evident that the main cause of the intrusion of so much of the equatorial drift into the North Atlantic is rather the position of Cape St. Roque and the general lay of the coast of South America. Cape St. Roque is in latitude 5° 10m S., and intercepts a considerable part of the north-westerly drift of the South Atlantic. It is quite clear that, when once caught, this has no escape to the southward, but must go north towards the Caribbean Sea. Similarly, all the water that, during a great part of the year, is pressed up against this coast-line by the north-east trades, is also compelled to go towards the north-west. But if this coast-line did not exist, if the plains of the Orinoco, the Amazon, and the Paraguay were at the bottom of the sea, — and it is certain they were there at no very distant geological period, — this restraint on the equatorial drift would no longer exist, and the greater portion of that heated water which now flows into the Gulf of Mexico would, beyond doubt, be pressed to the south, warming the southern hemisphere at the expense of the northern.

In the same way a slightly different arrangement of the islands in the west of the Pacific, the line of which now slopes away towards the north-west, and forces a great part of the equatorial drift to the north as a supply to the Japan Current, would either divert it to the south, or would permit it to pass through into the Indian Ocean, and so increase in volume and in heating power the current of the coast of Natal. The effect of these changes cannot, of course, be calculated: they might vary in intensity; they might be whole or partial. All that we can say is, that having attempted to calculate the effect of the Gulf Stream, and, whilst fully acknowledging the roughness and imperfection of that calculation, having convinced ourselves of the enormous climatic influence of that current, we are able to form a shadowy idea of the possible effect of other currents which might, under different conditions, flow in very different directions; and we arrive necessarily at the conclusion

that the ocean currents are a most important cause of the conditions of climate now existing, and, changing in magnitude and direction obedient to changes in the coast-line, in the thermal equator, and in the prevailing winds, must have been so ever since the world began.

But Mr. Croll, admitting the very great influence of ocean currents on climatic conditions, and arguing most ably on their causes and changes, has considered them throughout as secondary to cosmical changes, changes, that is, in the earth's orbit and position at different seasons relative to the sun. His theory on this point is entirely his own; and though, during the ten or twelve years which have passed since he first broached it in the *Philosophical Magazine* it has been much discussed, it has continually gathered strength, and is now very generally accepted as an extremely probable solution of the many difficulties involved in the question of climatic change.

From the days of our childhood, we, dwelling in the northern hemisphere, have been familiar with what then seemed the startling fact that the earth is nearer the sun in winter than in summer; and that winter and summer depend not so much on the lesser or greater distance from the sun, but on the degree of the divergence of the sun's rays from the perpendicular. We learnt, in fact, the meaning of the terms "tropics," "arctic," and "antarctic;" and, in all probability, learnt also many climatic rules which we have been now proving to be erroneous. We therefore refer to this early instruction in the use of the globes only to remind our readers that the northern winter now occurs when the earth is nearest the sun, the southern winter when the earth is farthest from the sun. The difference between the two distances, the nearest and the farthest, is at present about one-thirtieth of the mean distance, or three million miles; but it is subject to continual though exceedingly slow change, and may increase till it is rather more than fourteen millions of miles, or between one-sixth and one-seventh of the mean distance. At the present time, the hemisphere which is nearest the sun in winter has a winter eight days shorter than its summer; at the time of the greatest difference just spoken of, the winter would be thirty-six days shorter. Now it might well be supposed that a difference of even eight days between the length of summer and winter, and much more a difference of thirty-six days, would make a very great difference

between the warmth in summer, or the cold in winter, of the two hemispheres. It might well be supposed that the hemisphere whose summer was eight days longer than the other would be the warmer in that proportion, and still more when the summer was thirty-six days longer.

Accordingly, no sooner was it shown from geological evidence that the earth had been subject to very great changes of climate, than the idea was started that these changes were due to corresponding changes in the shape, or, mathematically speaking, the eccentricity* of the earth's orbit; and to there having been, at some former time, this great difference in the length of summer and winter. But it was shown by physical reasoning from observed facts—we may say that it was satisfactorily shown—that notwithstanding this great difference, and whatever the difference between the length of summer and winter, the quantity of heat received from the sun in the course of the year by each hemisphere was exactly and always the same; from which fact it was argued that any climatic difference in the two hemispheres, either from each other or from a fixed mean, could not be due in any way to such a change in the orbit of the earth.

Sir John Herschel, indeed, as far back as 1830, was inclined to believe that these differences might give rise to remarkable changes of climate, but he would appear to have been dissatisfied with the evidence to that effect; and in the early editions of his "Outlines of Astronomy" he taught that since the quantity of solar heat received by the two hemispheres was the same, the effects which might arise from the difference of distance and of the length of the seasons would be counterbalanced. In the fourth edition, published in 1858, he considerably modified this opinion, and wrote that, on the supposition of a very great eccentricity of the earth's orbit, other things remaining the same, in the northern hemisphere "we should have a short but very mild winter, with a long but very cool summer; while the southern hemisphere would be inconvenienced, and might be rendered uninhabitable, by the fierce extremes caused by concentrating half the annual supply of heat into a summer of very short duration, and spreading the other half over a long and dreary

* An ellipse is described on paper by drawing a pencil along in the bight of a string, fastened at the two ends to pins firmly driven in. The distance between these two pins as compared with the length of the string is the *eccentricity* of the ellipse.

winter, sharpened to an intolerable intensity of frost, when at its climax, by the much greater remoteness of the sun."

This, then, may be considered the most advanced view of the effect of the changing eccentricity of the earth's orbit previous to Mr. Croll's taking up the subject in 1864. Accepting Sir John Herschel's views of the perpetual spring climate of the hemisphere whose midwinter occurs when the earth is nearest the sun (*in perihelion*), Mr. Croll dissents altogether from the opinion that the other hemisphere will have a climate of violent contrasts; an intensely hot, almost unendurable summer, contrasted with a winter as intensely cold. His argument amounts to this: that during the long, cold winter of a period of maximum eccentricity, all the precipitation over that hemisphere would be in the form of snow; that this snow would lie unmelted, and would cover the surface of the ground at the commencement of the short summer; that the summer sun shining on this snow-clad surface could not warm it, but that a great portion of the heat rays would be reflected back into space; and of those rays which were not so reflected, the effect would be to convert some of the snow into water or vapor; the vapor so formed, being partially condensed by the neighborhood of vast masses of snow, would hang in the air as cloud and fog, and in great measure shut off the heat of the sun from the surface of the earth, or rather of the snow which covered it.

He considers that we have a feeble analogy to this in the existing state of things in the southern hemisphere, in which, according to Sir James Ross, at the comparatively low latitude of 59° , in longitude 171° E., snow was falling on the longest day, and during the month of February (the month corresponding to August in the northern hemisphere) there were only three days free from snow-showers. More recently Captain Nares has given evidence to the same effect. He says: "Whilst in the neighborhood of the ice, between the 13th and 25th February, the temperature of the air ranged between 34.8° and 21.5° F., the mean being 31.5° ; a slightly colder climate in an average latitude of 64° S. than is found in the month of August in the Arctic seas, in latitude 74° N."*

In the same strain Mr. Croll argues that the cold of Greenland and other

arctic countries continues during the summer, not from the absence of heat, but because the snow-covering prevents the earth's receiving it. During the early summer fogs are extremely frequent, shutting off a great part of the sun's rays, and those which reach the earth do not warm the surface. He adduces on this point the evidence of Captain Scoresby, that the general obscurity of the atmosphere arising from fogs or clouds is such that the sun is frequently invisible during several successive days; and snow is so common in the arctic regions, that it may be boldly stated that, in nine days out of ten during the months of April, May, and June, more or less falls. Other arctic voyagers have given the same testimony. We will only add that from the latest voyage of which a report has been published, the cruise of the "Tigress" in 1873. "At 10 o'clock," writes Lieutenant-Commander White, "on the morning of Sunday, the 10th of August, the ship was brought to anchor in the harbor of Upernivik. A dense snow-storm lasted the entire day, making the country look all the more dreary for its new, fresh covering. From this time forward, snow-storms, storms of sleet, and a sort of frozen fog, were not unfrequent."*

This snow, this fog is, according to Mr. Croll, due entirely to the snow-covering of the surface; for the quantity of heat directly incident from the sun, during the long summer days, is very great, greater even than at the equator. Even as to momentary effect, a thermometer exposed to the direct radiation of the sun will stand at 100° F. or upwards, although the temperature of the surrounding air is below freezing point; and it is well known that, whilst snow and ice are lying in the immediate neighborhood, the pitch of a ship's seams will melt, or the black paint blister in the sun.

Mr. Croll's argument, then, amounts to this: that the present summers of Greenland and the Arctic are cold by reason of snow. "If," he says, "by some means or other we could remove the snow and ice from the arctic regions, they would then enjoy a temperate, if not a hot, summer. In Greenland snow falls even in the very middle of summer, more or less, nine days out of ten; but remove the snow from the northern hemisphere, and a snow-shower in Greenland during summer would be as great a rarity as it would be on the plains of India."

* Reports, etc., of H.M.S. "Challenger. No. 2, p. 10.

* Proceedings of the United States Naval Institute, vol. i. p. 41. 1875.

If we agree with Mr. Croll in this view of existing conditions, it follows that if, in any locality, the snow of winter does not melt during the summer, the climate of the locality is deteriorated; a continually increasing quantity of snow will be left each summer, and by degrees the whole face of the country will be covered. Now the eccentricity of the earth's orbit changes very slowly, and any climatic change resulting from it alone would come on also very slowly. The accumulation of snow might go on for thousands and thousands of years, and might, it will be evident, reach almost any conceivable extent.

But the climates of the two hemispheres during a point of maximum eccentricity would be extremely different, and, so to say, complementary. That hemisphere whose winters occurred at or near the time of the earth being in perihelion would have a mild and equable climate; winters warm, with little or no snow, by reason of the nearness of the sun; summers temperate, by reason of the distance, but not cold, because there would be no snow-covering to melt away. The precipitation might be great, but if so, it would be as rain; and the condensation of vapor into rain sets free vast stores of latent heat. A climate of extreme rain is, as far as the thermometer is concerned, necessarily mild; and the vegetation of a country depends rather on the minimum temperature than on the mean. We are all familiar with the damage often done by a frosty night in May; and the effect of three such nights on the vineyards of the south of France was brought tangibly home to many of us, some four years ago, by a considerable advance in the market price of Bordeaux wines. It is thus an equable climate, in which such minima are unknown, that is most favorable to vegetation; and even now, the vegetation under the most thoroughly wretched climate on the whole earth, in Tierra del Fuego, is almost tropical in many of its characteristics. But whilst one hemisphere would have a climate thus favorable to vegetation, equable and warm, the other would be subjected to the extreme rigor of cold; the snow-covering would reach far into the temperate zone, and the whole hemisphere would be chilled.

In so considering the changes of climate, there is then another astronomical condition, no less important than the eccentricity of the orbit, and that is the position of the earth in its orbit during the summer and winter halves of the year. At

the present time the line which joins the positions of the earth at midsummer and midwinter is very nearly, though not quite, coincident with the greatest diameter of the earth's orbit, and midsummer and midwinter fall very nearly at the time at which the earth is respectively at its greatest and least distance from the sun—in astronomical language, when the earth is in aphelion and perihelion. Now this line continually changes its position, by virtue of a movement due, for the most part, to what is known as “the precession of the equinoxes.” It turns slowly round the sun, and makes a complete circuit in rather less than twenty-one thousand years; that is to say, in about ten thousand years the position of the earth relative to the sun at midsummer and midwinter will be exactly the opposite of what it is now. Our midsummer will be when the earth is in perihelion, our midwinter when the earth is in aphelion; our winter will be about eight days longer than our summer, and the difference arising from this cause, such as it is, will be in favor of the southern hemisphere, as it now is in favor of the northern. But the same continual movement, the same precession of the equinoxes, goes on independently of any change in the eccentricity of the earth's orbit; and it may thus have happened that, during a period of maximum or very great eccentricity, the earth might be in both these positions, and, at intervals of some ten thousand years, both northern and southern hemispheres each be subjected to an extreme state of glaciation and to the very opposite conditions of a sub-tropical climate.

Amongst the many objections which have been made to this theory, there was one pointed out by Sir Charles Lyell, which cannot be overlooked. It amounts to this: that in this, as in other meteorological phenomena, the maximum effect would not be coincident with, but would follow at some distance, the maximum cause. The greatest accumulation of snow on the hemisphere supposed to be glaciated would not be when midwinter fell when the earth was in aphelion, but, rather, towards the end of the period during which the winters were longer than the summer, that is, as the earth at midwinter approached the point of quadrature. Now, in the gradual change of the earth's position, the accumulation of snow must take as long to disappear as to collect; and if the accumulation went on through the whole period during which the winter was longer than the summer, the removal

of this accumulation would last through the whole complementary period, and begin again at the end of it. In this way each hemisphere would be subjected to continual, never-ending glaciation, instead of to an alternation of cold and warm periods.

A reference to the existing condition of the southern hemisphere permits us, to some extent, to explain away this difficulty. The winter of the southern hemisphere is now about eight days longer than the summer, but the accumulation of snow has scarcely made any approach towards that of the glacial period. There is no reason to believe that it increases at all; but if it does, it is so slowly that a hundred years have not made it evident. We are therefore within our right in assuming that, under a condition of extreme eccentricity, the accumulation of snow would not approach the zone now called temperate until the excess of winter was considerably more than eight days, and would attain its maximum at the corresponding position of the solstice on the other side of aphelion. This snowy covering might thus well have disappeared before the position of midwinter in perihelion was reached, and the maximum effect of the sun would be some time after that position was passed. There is no doubt that in this there is a great difficulty; but as Mr. Croll has not referred to it, he is not responsible for the imperfect explanation which we have offered.

From his more especial point of view, Mr. Darwin has considered that the alternation of cold and warm periods, as described, will explain certain problems in the distribution of plants, which seem inexplicable on any theory of simultaneous glaciation at both poles. There are some species of plants common to the temperate zones of both hemispheres which are not found in the tropics, except on elevated mountains. How did they get there? How did they cross the equator? According to the theory we have been discussing, during a period of glaciation in one hemisphere, the line of greatest heat would reach far into the other, and the geographical equator might well be virtually included in the temperate zone. The plants of the colder hemisphere, flying from the increasing cold, or, rather, attracted by more favorable conditions nearer the equator, would gradually spread in that direction, and during the glacial period would flourish in the geographical tropics. As the thermal equator began again to approach the geographi-

cal, these would be driven into the higher lands, and would stay there till the hot zone had passed by into the opposite hemisphere: they would then descend, and, occupying the lowlands, would spread as far as possible towards the new ice-cap. Representatives of the species would thus be on both sides of the equator, and would necessarily retire to the temperate zones beyond the tropics, as the climate again changed. The probable solution of this botanical problem lends a strong support to the view which Mr. Croll has taken of the very different and alternating climate of the two hemispheres during the cold periods.

A peculiarly tempting feature of this theory is that it offers an explanation of the many puzzling changes of sea-level, traces of which are still manifest on our own and neighboring coasts. That many, and the most important, of these changes have been brought about by the action of internal forces, which we do not and probably never shall understand, is accepted by all geologists; but, in Mr. Croll's opinion, it is unnecessary to appeal to these forces as an explanation of all. He believes that many of them are due, not to a raising or lowering of the land, but to a lowering or raising of the sea; and that this raising or lowering is due to the attraction of the mass of ice accumulated near one or the other pole. His reasoning on this point is a necessary corollary of the theory on which he founds it, the alternation of the glacial period in the two hemispheres. Assuming this, he argues that an enormous mass of ice at or near one pole must alter, to some extent, the position of the earth's centre of gravity; that an excess of sea will therefore be drawn over towards the glaciated hemisphere, causing in it an apparent sinking of the land, whilst in the other hemisphere the land will appear to rise. He believes, then, that the "raised beaches," distinctly marked at many points of our coast, are the beaches so made at a higher level during the last period of glaciation; and that, further back, the junction of England with the continent was due to a withdrawal of the water from the North Sea, rather than to a real raising of the sea-bed.

That the accumulation of snow at one pole would tend to produce some such effect is mathematically certain; but the extent to which it would actually produce it is doubtful, and would depend entirely on the extent of the displacement of the centre of gravity, and, therefore, on the thickness of the ice-cap over the glaciated

pole. Mr. Croll believes this to have been, in some instances, very great: he believes that, even now, it is very great at the south pole; but the measure of this belief is founded on assumptions that will scarcely be generally accepted. He assumes, for instance, that the south polar region is occupied by a continent, which reaches in every direction to an average distance of twenty degrees from the pole, or rather more; and that this continent is covered with an ice-cap of a thickness sufficient to permit it to discharge icebergs by the natural motion of the ice. Now, he argues from experiment that ice will not move over a slope of less than one degree, and that this slope, carried from the coast-line to the centre of the hypothetical continent, gives a thickness of twenty-four miles.

That icebergs of enormous size are discharged from the south polar region is well known. Mr. Croll has given the estimated dimensions of many that have been seen, from which it appears that a thickness of more than a mile is not uncommon; but the evidence of a continent three thousand miles across, or of an ice-cap twenty-four miles thick, is scarcely satisfactory. Mr. Croll is indeed willing to accept one-fourth of this thickness; but clearly, if the bases of his argument are sound, twenty-four miles, and not six, are necessary to meet the requirements of the known fact that huge icebergs are discharged. If he accepts a possible thickness of six miles, it is that he admits that ice may move on a much less slope than has been experimentally proved, and the very groundwork of his argument crumbles away; for there is as much reason to suppose that ice may move on a slope of one-hundredth part, as on one of one-fourth part of a degree, and, for aught we know to the contrary, it may be merely a question of time.

We thus find ourselves without any trustworthy data on which to base any calculations regarding the displacement of the earth's centre of gravity during the periods of maximum glaciation; and though we would freely admit the possibility of a displacement that would lay bare the North Sea, and carry our coast westward to the one-hundred fathom line, or that would, on the contrary, lay under water a great part of the lowlands of England, Scotland, and the adjacent countries, we are unable to admit it as a certainty, and are the more compelled to doubt, as a familiar proverb warns us ever to mistrust what seems probable. We think it is extremely

likely; we know that it is extremely tempting; but it is not proved.

Another feature of Mr. Croll's theory, which is still more tempting, and which seems based on more certain evidence, is the possibility, the long-wished-for possibility, which it promises of a really scientific estimate of geological time; for all attempts that have been made on purely geological bases have proved, on investigation, unsound and altogether unsatisfactory. Of these attempts, the most common has been by reference to the thickness of different strata, and an estimate of the time requisite for their deposition. But the calculations so made have been wild in the extreme, the general tendency of uniformitarians having been to run away into appalling statements of hundreds and thousands of millions of years. Mr. Croll considers that this propensity to exaggerate is due partly to the inability of the human mind to form any real conception of the meaning of very high numbers. A unit, followed by six, or twelve, or eighteen ciphers, is an arithmetical expression, and nothing more.

This incapability, however, whilst it has perhaps permitted the acceptance of the exaggerated estimates, is not responsible for their being. This has followed from the method which has been adopted of referring different formations to a mean rate of deposit, instead of to an exceptional one; of virtually supposing, in fact, that earthy matter washed into the sea is uniformly spread out over the whole bed of the ocean. This, of course, is not the case: probably no one for a moment would think of asserting it, though many calculations have been made after tacitly assuming it. Deposits washed into the sea cannot, as a rule, reach beyond a distance of a hundred miles, and spread over even that very partially. The Mississippi, for instance, brings down from the sea each year upwards of seven thousand millions of cubic feet of solid matter; but as this is almost all laid down in the northern part of the Gulf of Mexico, clearly in a future age the thickness of this stratum can form no measure of time if compared with the formation of river deposits under very different conditions.

Similarly, although from the quantity of solid matter carried down each year by the principal rivers of the globe, we can calculate the mean rate of denudation now going on in their respective basins, it is utterly impossible to say what is the rate of denudation in any specified district. Professor Geikie (Archibald) has com-

puted that the sediment brought down by the Mississippi in six thousand years, the Ganges in 2,358, or the Po in 729 years, is equivalent to a mean denudation, throughout their respective basins, of one foot; but no geologist would maintain that the demonstrated removal of one foot, at any given spot, necessarily corresponded to the computed number of years, or, in fact, bore any relation to it. Attempts to fix the chronology of the past by any such calculations have always appeared to us utterly futile, a waste of much labor and ingenuity.

Mr. Croll, for the first time in geological science, has proposed to calculate the past epochs on an astronomical basis. From a formula given by Leverrier, he has computed the eccentricity of the earth's orbit at intervals of fifty thousand years, or, in special cases, at intervals of ten thousand years, for a period extending, in all, over four millions of years. This calculation is liable to the objection that the formula is proposed by Leverrier only with reference to a comparatively short period—a hundred thousand years—backwards or forwards, and its application to a period so extended as three million years is quite uncertain. It is beyond the power, even of astronomers, to say positively what was the condition of the solar system three million years ago, or what it will be one million years hence. Mr. Croll's calculation is, therefore, based on the doubtful hypothesis that the solar system through all ages has been and will be subject to the same forces and disturbances as at present; and on this hypothesis he arrives at the conclusion that periods of extreme eccentricity have happened one, two, and three hundred thousand years ago; again between seven and nine hundred thousand years ago; and at other epochs still more remote, the greatest within the limits of his calculations occurring two and a half million years ago.

Comparing these figures with the geological record, he concludes that the last glacial period, whose signs are those which most clearly remain, coincided with and extended over the two latest of these epochs, being at its astronomical maximum two, and again one, hundred thousand years ago, and continuing as distinctly a cold period to between seventy and eighty thousand years ago. Within this limit the computation may be accepted as fairly trustworthy. The more remote determinations, reaching back to a million or three million years ago, astronomical epochs which Mr. Croll wishes to

identify with the periods of the middle and early divisions of the Tertiary age (Miocene and Eocene), must be considered as much more doubtful; but, failing any more exact knowledge, they may be accepted as vaguely measuring the lapse of time since the beginning of the present forms of life.

Sir William Thomson's calculations, that the age of the world cannot exceed one hundred millions of years, have at least a mathematical and physical basis. Professor Ramsay, perhaps the first of living geologists, has expressed his opinion that, as compared with the vast extent of geological time, the oldest formations are things of yesterday. The collocation of these two decided opinions of men, of all others the most competent to form opinions, serves at least to bridle the imagination, which has been apt to run riot in a labyrinth of unmeaning numerical expressions.

The reference of the last glacial period to an astronomical epoch eighty thousand years ago, gives a plausible estimate of the antiquity of man in this part of the world. From a long examination of the older stone deposits, Mr. Geikie has shown that palæolithic man was in this country contemporaneous with the last tropical mammalia, and that beyond a doubt these were antecedent to the last glacial period. All the geological evidence is to the effect that since then our climate has been continually improving: there has been no intervening warm period. It has long been admitted that between palæolithic and neolithic man there was a distinct gap: the one did not merge by gradual improvement into the other. Mr. Geikie would conclude that the cause of this gap was the burying the greater part of Scotland and England under ice, and the small remainder under water. He considers, then, that the remains of the tropical mammals and of palæolithic man are to be referred to the last warm period, that is to say, about ninety or a hundred thousand years ago. These, as far as England was concerned, were exterminated or driven out by the increasing cold; the man maintaining his ground long enough to mingle his bones with those of the arctic animals which took possession of the country. After the lapse of many ages, when the ice-cap had partially disappeared, other men took his place—men of different form, habits, manners—neolithic men. These were contemporary with many of the arctic mammals not yet withdrawn to the north; amongst others,

the musk-ox and reindeer. It is of course impossible to fix the date of this new intrusion: the amelioration of our climate was very gradual, and both musk-ox and reindeer continued for a long time to roam as far south as the Pyrenees. Neolithic man certainly lived with them and on them, and nothing in the evidence would point to a later date for the post-glacial colonization of this country than about sixty thousand years ago.

Mr. Croll's theory is so pretty, and the results are so fascinating, that it is difficult to avoid being carried away by a feeling of æsthetic admiration unsuited to scientific inquiry. It costs us an effort, as we conclude, to call to mind any of the objections against it. Of these, we think the one which we have mentioned as raised by Sir Charles Lyell has very great weight; but of even greater weight do we consider the objection that the ocean currents — having the enormous climatic influence which Mr. Croll has proved them to have — may increase, but may, on the other hand, act contrary to the effect of the orbit's eccentricity. Mr. Croll believes that they must necessarily increase it; he believes that the greater part of the inter-tropical drift must necessarily pass into the warm hemisphere. So far as depends on the position of the thermal equator, we fully agree with him, but we cannot, with him, ignore the effect of the trend of the coast-line, which must act independently of cosmical conditions; and whatever effect we may allow to changes in the eccentricity of our earth's orbit, we believe that the relative severity or mildness of the cold and warm periods must have been measured out by the coast-line of Central or South America, of New Guinea, and the adjacent islands, and have been determined by the volume and temperature of the Japan Current and of the Gulf Stream.

From Good Words.

WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH.

BY SARAH TYTLER,

AUTHOR OF "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE SUGGESTION OF AN OLIVE BRANCH.

JANE was full of breathless expectation when she arrived at the close, and in passing glanced across to Willow House, where she had occasionally lived with her mother

and brother when she and Archie were young.

So far as the tall old red house was concerned, it gave no sign. No face or figure appeared at window or gate, to electrify Jane into making the silent emphatic note, "That is she — the humble woman who bewitched Archie, but having won him could not keep him."

Even after Jane had reached her destination, and was in the middle of a group consisting of merry, chattering girls, gracious mother, father given to old-fashioned, courtly compliments, and freer, blunter brothers home from barracks and college for the festival, she made no way in the attainment of her object. She became all at once painfully aware that she dare not approach by a single leading question her real reason for coming to Stone Cross; and she despaired of getting her ignorance enlightened and her curiosity gratified by a single incidental allusion to Willow House and Mrs. Archie Douglas. Not only were the speakers bound to avoid these interesting topics, as too awkward and distressing for Jane Douglas to be referred to even in the most masked and distant manner in her presence; in addition, the festival was engrossing the natives of Stone Cross as her birthday was engrossing Lady Lewis.

Helen Tuffnell was to sing in the choir, and so there was no end to the discussion of the choir's dress — in the case of its female members — to its obligations, and its expected triumph. Ralph Tuffnell had seen the professionals arriving, and was able to tell, if he chose — that is, if sufficient force were put upon him — who had kept faith, what the stars least known to Stone Cross were like, and which of them were gone to be the guests of the musical archdeacon and his sister.

There had been a dreadful whisper that the bishop looked coldly on the whole affair, and set his face against some of the pieces to be given at the second concert; but Mr. Tuffnell had been at a meeting of the chapter that morning, and was happy to have it in his power — from the private conversation which had preceded the business — to contradict authoritatively the unworthy stigma on their excellent bishop's liberality.

Mrs. Tuffnell wished to hear if anything more had been learned — if Jane Douglas had noticed anything said at the Hynds, where she had lunched with the Russels — of the story that "Mrs. Dean" was to have all the great singers, irrespective of social disadvantages, at her party; and

that one of them had agreed to sing her special ballad, "The Lady of the Lea," for the delectation of Mrs. Dean's guests, and the glorification of her party.

Jane Douglas was musical in her tastes. Not having come out, even the mild clerical gaiety of Stone Cross festival ought to have been to her, as one of the poor dear Russels had said, for her own ends, a "charming variety." But Jane's young head was full of her own personal speculations and private cares for poor Archie and his poor wife. Mrs. Archie must be terribly out of place, and constantly exposing her deficiencies in the Stone Cross circle. Still Jane would be tender of her for Archie's sake, even though he was puzzling and confounding his sister far more than he was perplexing his mother. Was he not acting as if he were heartlessly abandoning the woman whom he had chosen to withdraw from her natural sphere, in exposing her unsupported to all the difficulties of a strange region?

Jane had a somewhat formidable apprehension of what Mrs. Archie must be like, not altogether removed from that which Mr. Woodcock had entertained before his visit to the Yorkshire Grey.

Mrs. Archie ought to be a brilliantly painted piece of clay — rich red and white, perhaps already getting too deeply colored. She should have chubby lips like those of a child, apt to fall open into a gape. She should have round cheeks, round eyes, a little round forehead, and fat dimpled hands. Her feet, like her hands, must be unpresentable and hard to dispose of, as things not wanted, and therefore always in the way.

She would be prone to render herself conspicuous by indulging in the gayest of clothes, worn in the height of the fashion. She would stalk, or trot, or gallop, instead of walking. She would either mumble or shout, when she ought to speak. She would abuse her h's at the beginning, and her g's at the end of her words. She would run wild in her grammar, and betray ignorance, all the more dense and appalling that it was entirely unsuspected by herself, whenever she had the opportunity.

Jane took all these particulars as a matter of course, was girlishly dismayed and repelled, and yet was sufficiently true and good herself to draw a long breath when all were summed up, and tell herself that if that were all, redress — compensation in the end — might still be possible.

But listen and look, as Jane strove when she accompanied Helen Tuffnell to a pri-

vate rehearsal on the part of the choir, she could not catch a glimpse of her sister-in-law. She had no better success on the first day of the festival, neither at the morning concert, nor at the great evening performance of the oratorio — when the hall was crowded to excess; and among the old familiar faces of the Stone Cross society Jane hunted up every new and strange face, and sought in vain to identify it with her preconceived idea of Archie's wife.

Archie's wife was not that little woman in sky-blue, with the amber-colored opera-cloak, beside the Joneses? No; Jane had an impression that she had heard her unknown sister-in-law was tall, and unquestionably she was handsome; while this woman, making every allowance for different standards, was neither the one nor the other.

She was not the lady to whom the archdeacon was talking with marked deference? She was both tall and fine-looking, but she was thirty years of age at the lowest computation. Besides, it was well known that the archdeacon was musically mad, and chose his favored associates solely with reference to their knowledge and skill as executants, or to their natural qualifications as sopranos or contraltos, tenors or basses. Now, it was hardly to be supposed that Mrs. Archie could have come out of her cottage an English Jenny Lind, minus the requisite training.

In the first place Jane was proceeding on an incorrect deduction. She had never doubted that Archie's wife, who lived at Willow House, would be received on one footing or another in Stone Cross society.

Jane had imbibed from her mother an extravagant notion of Archie's importance as the squire of Shardleigh. She had taken for granted that the reflection of a certain amount of his dignity must fall on the woman to whom he had stooped to give his name.

Jane was saved from putting a plain question to Mrs. Tuffnell, on which she was reluctantly meditating, by the appearance of Rica Wyndham. After the first part of the oratorio had been gone through and received with the cordiality of provincial audiences, Rica, who was only an honorary member of the choir, so to speak, judged in her own interest that it could dispense with her farther services. She had herself led into the body of the hall, and seated among the company, in order to make game of the rest of the performers and their performance, with a distinct

relish of the circumstance that the sacred character of the music lent an air of profanity to her jests.

"I imagine everybody in Stone Cross is here," said Jane Douglas, next whom Rica had elected to sit. Jane craned her neck, nevertheless, as if she were in search of somebody.

"Oh yes! the world and his wife and their whole turn-out," answered Rica indifferently. "I wish you to pay particular attention to this trill on 'My sins are more in number than the hairs of my head.' I think it will give you the idea of recalling what Tom calls 'going to the bad' in the most daintily instructive manner. It is given to a little man—a native, Horace Wyville—who is quite bald, and whose voice always shakes with fear of the conductor, as if he were penetrated with the terror of retribution for his misdeeds."

The next moment Rica was criticising the style in which a lady's hair was dressed, and remarking that she would be a passable beauty if she did not simper like a ninny. "Her face reminds me of your sister-in-law, Mrs. Archie Douglas, but Mrs. Douglas has the advantage," added Rica composedly, intending to make an impression, and succeeding, though the impression was not of the nature that she anticipated.

"Is Mrs. Archie Douglas here?" asked Jane, after a moment's pause, with commendable self-restraint, but with a very perceptible increase of color in her fair complexion, while her flaxen hair, worn loose on her shoulders, was astir with expectation.

"Of course not, my dear Jane, what are you thinking of?" replied Rica with the usual background of rippling laughter to her marked emphasis.

"Why not?" inquired Jane, opening her grey-blue eyes, and losing a little of her assumed calmness. "Is she not fond of music?"

"I cannot tell: I dare say she adores it, as we all do in this age of operas and oratorios. But, my dear child, you should know best why nobody knows her, and she goes nowhere."

"I do not know," said Jane quickly, "that is, of course, you are aware, Rica, that I do not know her." And then Jane was in a fever to exculpate whoever could be exculpated. "Come with me, Rica," she entreated in a whisper. "I do not so adore music, and neither I think do you, as to mind missing the next long duet; there is a side room to escape in from the heat, Helen Tuffnell took me to it last

night; let us go there and have our talk out."

Rica went and listened at her ease to what Jane labored to explain.

"Archie married without telling us, and without consulting mamma; because, I suppose, he did not wish to meet with the opposition which he was sure to provoke, since the wife he chose was not in his own rank," said Jane, with all her heart in her voice. "Mamma had cause to be offended, but after all there was no great wrong done, though there might be much imprudence on Archie's part, and we—mamma could forgive anything save great wrong to Archie."

"You are all very good, but I do not see why you should be ready to give me a wiggling," protested Rica, with her unblushing slang.

"We can understand," hurried on Jane to her unsympathetic listener, "that it must have been a little hard for the two to get on together—after Archie had ceased to live as she lived when he was seeking to find for himself what a working-man's experience was like, for the sake of working-men. Therefore she has come here for the present; and he has gone away cruising about Spitzbergen and Archangel. That is all," Jane ended her shaky version with a deep sigh.

"That is a good deal, except to an innocent like you," said Rica, with her derisive scepticism. "Excuse me, Jane, but never say to any one else that Archie was seeking the public good when he was courting his peasant wife, else they will think you positively too good to live. They will look for your embryo wings, and declare that Archie did not need to sail to the north seas to visit any Archangel, when he had such a promising minor angel, like a minor canon, at home. The pun is execrable, but the blame is yours who tempted me to it. It was madly romantic in Archie to marry such a girl, without his giving out that he was in quest of a Holy Grail, or of the public good. I should rout all such nonsense out of his head in a month's time. I was near doing it when madam the low-born wife turned up."

"Don't Rica," cried Jane, indignantly; but she was not disposed to quarrel with Rica, just at this moment, when she might cast light on the mystery of Mrs. Archie Douglas's exclusion from the festival. "I don't know what you believe."

"No more do I; but certainly I do not believe that Archie wanted anything else save his own way—to run wild, and do what nobody else did. At the same time

I don't mean to say that Mrs. Archibald Douglas could help that; or that she did anything save what was natural under the circumstances. My dear Jane, you do not give me half my due for good-nature. I am young Mrs. Douglas's established champion here. I am the only person in these polite circles who has gone a step out of her way to take the lady up. I am quite fond of her. Mamma would tell you that she is a mania of mine."

"Yet you spoke as if she could not be here," remonstrated Jane in her bewilderment.

"Well, I don't do my manias in public. At least, I don't mind who are spectators; but one wants a little freedom for psychological studies. As to Mrs. Douglas's not being here, or at our bazaar, or even at our flower-show, I should say that she would have even less sense than she gets credit for, if she were to go where money might admit her, but where she would know nobody, and nobody would know her; and where at the same time she would be an object of general remark, with her whole story and her antecedents raked up, if not flung in her face. You forget, Jane," finished Rica, with her admirable candor, "that Mrs. Archibald Douglas is a humbly-born young woman, from whom her husband has already separated, while he barely acknowledges her, and his family do not even go so far. You should be the last to speak; you ought to think twice before you reproach the good people of Stone Cross with not knowing your sister-in-law."

"I had no idea—" began Jane in dismay, and stopped short. She had not, in fact, had a suspicion of the wrong which Archie and his friends might have been doing to his forlorn wife, and of the neglect, even the injury, to which they might have condemned her.

"And if she is odd, as people say, though I confess I do not see it, then it might not be safe for her to be exposed to such an exciting scene as this," said the Job's comforter, Rica, with a sneer at the festival in passing, and into the bargain.

"Odd! what do you mean?" demanded Jane sharply, in the sickness of remorse and apprehension that was stealing over her.

"Why, isn't she a little touched in the head by her exaltation, or her desertion, I am sure I cannot tell which? The report came with her that she was one-third crazy, and that Perry and her husband were to be the keepers. Allow me to add that the county society of England, as represented

at Stone Cross, did not feel flattered by having its chances of visitable neighbors abridged, with Willow House transformed into a private asylum."

"It is not true," cried Jane, in the greatest distress. "I never heard of such a thing. I should have been sure to hear of it. As if it were not bad enough without that! It is cruel and wicked to invent such stories."

"I believe they could be traced to Perry herself," said Rica quietly. "Pray do not give me the credit of the invention. My conscience is clear. I have always insisted that the young woman was only uncommonly clever; though I admit when I first spoke to her I took care there should be a man with a pitchfork in the next field."

"I shall go and speak to Perry about it," said Jane with tremulous imperative-ness.

"The very thing to confirm the rumor, if you do not speak to Mrs. Archie Douglas also," pointed out the astute Rica; "and don't you think that it would be more to the purpose, any way, if you spoke to Mrs. Archie Douglas?"

"If it would do any good," said Jane, half-eagerly, half-hesitatingly. "Mamma will be dreadfully sorry when she hears what has been said and done. There is nothing wrong with my brother's wife, except that she was born and brought up in a different station from his—and I suppose that has caused disagreement between them. Archie would have let his wife have Shardleigh, where mamma has always been mistress—Mr. Woodcock said so. If there would be any use in my calling on her—" repeated Jane, in desperate doubt.

"There would be the greatest use," declared Rica, always ready for an adventure, above all if it led a companion into mischief. "It would be lending her your support, and it would at once silence the absurd report that she is maddish. I shall go with you, if you like, and introduce you; for I am proud to say that I am on speaking terms with Mrs. Archie Douglas, since it has been my plan to take the bull by the horns, and to decline to be frightened by a bogey. I should not wonder if, after they hear that we two have broken the ice, mamma, and Mrs. Dean, with the whole clan at her back, follow our example, and take Mrs. Archie into their arms."

Jane made up her mind to the deed. In the light in which Mrs. Archie Douglas was regarded at Stone Cross, it was Jane's duty, and duty was a more powerful motive with Jane Douglas than with most

girls. It was for Archie's honor too, and surely according to his secret inclinations; for he must retain some kindly feeling towards the woman whom he had loved so well as to seek to raise her to an equality with himself.

Jane did not wish to compromise the Tuffnells by communicating to them her enterprise, and asking them to join her in it. Though her good sense led her to see the reasonableness of Rica Wyndham's vindication of the town, Jane's pride and her tenderness alike remained hurt by the complete neglect which had befallen Archie's poor wife at the hands of Stone Cross.

Again, Jane accepted Rica Wyndham's companionship, because she did not believe that it would be possible to compromise Rica; and because though Jane had a spirit of her own, no girl of eighteen's spirit could help quailing a little before the difficult mission which she had undertaken.

Jane and Rica agreed not to patronize the next morning's concert, but to go together and call at Willow House. Jane fired up for her sister-in-law, and yearned over her whenever she thought of the whole town—herself included—holding carnival, and of Archie's wife being forced to remain aloof. She began to think that they—even her mother and Archie—had been very wrong to act so as to bring about such isolation, and such cruel, false surmises. She began to ask herself what her father—for whose memory she had the most loyal, loving respect—would have thought of the manner in which his daughter-in-law had been treated,—she began to suspect that Mrs. Archie Douglas would have fared differently if the old squire and manufacturer had still lived. He too had risen from the ranks, but in place of being subjected to an ordeal from the torture of which even his man's strength might not have shielded him, he had been chosen by her mother with womanly pride in his being the founder of his family, and the maker of his fortune.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE OLIVE-BRANCH BEARS PRICKLES.

MR. PERRY broke the news to Pleasance that Jane Douglas was in the close.

It was a lovely June morning, and Pleasance had gone into the garden to console herself with the roses and the bees. She needed consolation specially, at this time, for indeed she had some of the feelings which Jane Douglas attributed to her, and

which Jane suffered by proxy on Pleasance's account.

The town was keeping its festival for the first time since Pleasance had come to Stone Cross. It could hardly be said to extend freely to all classes; yet it was more or less felt and hailed by all, in the general influx of strangers and in the holiday preparations. The railway was continually disgorging fresh arrivals, who were conducted by triumphant friends to canons' and dignitaries' houses. There was a flutter among the native performers of practising, rehearsing, and hurrying to and fro, with sheets of music, to the hall. The shops were full of programmes and announcements. The lodging-house keepers were reaping a golden harvest. The very washerwomen were in extreme request for the muslins which were to do duty at the morning performances. Mr. Perry had an annual offering of evergreens and flowers towards the decoration of the hall, and of fruit towards the archdeacon's supper to the choir, for which the gardener was in solemn preparation. Even Mrs. Perry had been in the habit of unbending, so far as to go to look at the supper, and at the archdeacon's company.

Only Pleasance, the most friendly soul in the universe, whom no sorrow of itself could make unsympathetic, was sentenced, for no fault of her own, to stand apart.

It was irksome to be compelled to fill a position which was at the same time not natural and was of no earthly avail—and that in a town where she and her story were so well known, that she could not do anything without being called upon to consult public opinion in reference to her husband.

Pleasance chafed more than she had ever yet done at the restrictions which she felt were laid upon her, and said that she would not wait, wasting her best days till she grew middle-aged at Stone Cross. She had been accustomed to think that she could take care of herself; she would no longer consent to resign her prized independence because she had ceased to be that happy creature, a working-woman, and had become that miserable being, an idle lady. She would write and ask Mr. Woodcock—he had shown her kindness—whether she might not go abroad and live in some quiet, homely, foreign place, where nobody had ever heard of her or of the Douglasses of Shardleigh. If Mr. Woodcock retained his scruples, then she would take leave to dissolve the compact, so intolerable where she was concerned.

Pleasance was in this frame of mind

when she went down among the roses and the bees, and was met by Mr. Perry. He had been up to the house in search of his wife, and had missed her; and he was compelled to return to his office of arranging fresh pots of flowers, in time for their transport to the hall, without being able to effect the communication with which he was primed.

Pleasance saw that her retainer — with regard to whom she could not help thinking again this morning, that he was half a gaoler — overflowed with some piece of information which, in the absence of his better half, he would not be able to keep to himself. But she did not expect anything of more moment than a mingled glorification and lamentation over the excellence of the Willow House fuchsias and geraniums, and the damage they would sustain by their service in the hall; and over the size and flavor of the Mayduke and Elton cherries, and the Hautbois strawberries, and the grudge with which their grower saw them destined to be “devoured by them choristers.”

But Mr. Perry had other intelligence to communicate, after he had touched his hat punctiliously to Pleasance, and told her formally that it was a fine morning.

“I have been down in the town with a load, Mrs. Douglas. I know it don’t become a ’ead gardener to carry such, but I can’t trust my flowers to a rogue of a boy, and I had your leave. Who should I see coming out of the close but Miss Douglas from Shardleigh. She did not catch sight of me to speak to me, as I make bold to say she would have done; so I made inquiries and ’eard that she was ’ere by herself without either Mrs. Douglas or the squire. She is come for this ’ere festival, and is stopping with Mr. Tuffnell’s family in the close.”

Pleasance observed — very little to the point — that she understood many visitors from different parts of the country had arrived to attend the festival, and retreated into the house, to digest the unpalatable tidings. But she had received a shock, for with the mention of the sister the brother’s image had risen up before her, though the illusion had been dispelled before Mr. Perry had done speaking.

Pleasance decreed that this was the last straw which must break the camel’s back. While she said so and sat in her room thinking of it, Mrs. Perry knocked at the door and announced with an inscrutable face that Miss Douglas and Miss Wyndham were in the drawing-room.

Pleasance hesitated for one moment.

Should she refuse to receive them? But that would look like cowardice and as if she were ashamed of herself, while it was they who ought to be ashamed. It would also be a breach of that hospitality which is nowhere more respected than in the class of which Pleasance had so long been a member. During all those years at the manor-house she had not once heard “not at home” given in answer to the most troublesome and unauthorized intrusion.

In the mean time Jane and Rica — the former with a palpitating heart — sat in the drab drawing-room. Jane was quite familiar with the room, and it did not repel her by its coldness and bareness. She had pleasant early associations connected with it; and, in the light of later years, its space and comparative emptiness reminded her almost pathetically of the last Italian palazzo in which her mother, Archie, and she, dwelling together as a united family, had found a temporary home.

But as she recovered coolness, and looked round her, it struck her that the room had suffered change and deterioration.

On the closed and superannuated grand piano stood Pleasance’s array of birds’ cages — not fancy pagodas of brass wire, but clumsy square boxes of unpainted wood and iron wire; for Pleasance held that the brass dazzled the birds when the sun shone on it, that they pecked the paint till they were cruelly poisoned, while round cages turned their poor little heads. Plain as the cages were, they were not plainer than their inmates, for the most part half-fledged and with yellow, gaping mouths, in rough imitations of nests constructed of straw and wool.

A pile of books lay on one little table, but they were conspicuously of the unornamental order of school-books, in grey paper or severely sober cloth covers. Some of them were old and worn. In particular there was a disreputable dictionary with the boards stitched and restitched, and in spite of that primitive repair, having one-third of its leaves in a loose and tattered condition. (Pleasance could have told that its price was above rubies, since over the time-honored name of Surenne was written in a cramped schoolgirl hand, “Anne Hatton.”)

Pleasance had, the very day before, stumbled at last on the case of a poor widow with a family calling for immediate relief. As a result, there were heaped upon another table the rudiments of such coats and garments as Dorcas might have made, and which Dorcas’s followers in

every rank still aspire to make, even with dainty fingers; but which, as a rule, are not found on drawing-room tables, unless on the occasion of a missionary or sewing meeting. Beside the calicot lay a thimble, which from its surroundings was not likely to be of gold, and was indeed of brass. (It was also invaluable to Pleasance. It had belonged to Lizzie Blennerhasset; and Pleasance clung with passionate fidelity to the smallest link of the past—having nothing else to cling to.) There was a great nosegay on the chimneypiece, but it was not from the Willow House gardens. Pleasance had got it in the market that morning, and had chosen it expressly for its long gold and silver rods, rampant blue lupins, straggling purple honesty, bunchy sweet-williams, honeysuckle, tansy, bachelors' buttons, and London pride. She had not found time to soften the details in arranging them. She had simply stuck the flowers in a jar on the chimneypiece, where they presented a by no means brilliant mass, towering and yet solid, of subdued color and sombre green. They gave the jar the air of a cottage jug, which would have been such a nosegay's fit receptacle.

Jane Douglas would not have been offended by such particulars in their proper place; but she had the desire for fitness and the uneasy sense of incongruity which belongs alike to very matter-of-fact people and to people of the keenest susceptibilities. Jane was matter-of-fact, and she had, in addition, a share of her mother's susceptibilities. Mrs. Douglas was an original woman; but she hated originality's caricature—eccentricity, and she had deepened the girl's natural revulsion from singularity. And though Jane had lived much abroad, she had remained, like many English residents in foreign cities, insular in her prepossessions and prejudices.

While Jane looked round her discontentedly, Rica Wyndham took everything in at a glance, shrugging her shoulders and exclaiming in a stage aside, "I beg your pardon, Jane, dear, but was your brother's wife a seamstress originally? And is she still following her calling, on the sly, like the princess in the 'Arabian Nights,' who was impelled to do her old cooking in the cream-tart-with-the-pepper business? Or is Mrs. Douglas teaching the young idea how to shoot in her own person, having recourse to copy-books and primers in order to put Archie and the whole of us to shame, by coming out at last as a full-blown female Porson? I heard something of that old fat Madame

Berbier being in attendance. I was astonished, because Berbier does not teach music, and to strum a tune on the piano is generally the beginning and end of a girl of the lower class's ambition to be educated like a lady. Shades of the Willow House gardeners! where did she get that flower? Not in the gardens here, surely, else Perry male is a degenerate son of Adam. I have not seen such a flower since we lived for six months in the depths of Cornwall, and an ancient gardeners' procession, of which Father Adam must have been the founder, walked through the little town near which we hung out. I am afraid, Jane, there is mint in it, and as there is no lamb to bear it company, do you think we might take the liberty of throwing it out of the window?"

Before Jane could object to the suggestion the handle of the door turned, and Pleasance entered and faced her visitors. She wore a delicately fresh blue-and-white gown, such as would have matched Jane Douglas's brown holland, when she was at home, of a morning. Pleasance's little cap, which she still wore, was not out of keeping with such a gown, and was, as it happened, somewhat in the fashion of the day, while it lent a matronly dignity and character to her simply-dressed dark hair. Her costume was perfect of its kind, as Jane acknowledged in amazement at the first hasty glance. Her next admission was that Archie had found—not a pretty gawky or a strapping Amazon—but, as Pleasance looked at this moment, one of the most beautiful, distinguished-looking women whom Jane had ever seen. With the last conviction there darted upon Jane the dismayed perception that she had taken an utterly false and indefensible step.

Rica Wyndham, nothing daunted, was saying, in her contralto voice, rich with laughter, "Mrs. Douglas, I have the pleasure of bringing Miss Douglas to see you. You must make much of us, for we have stolen a march upon our friends, and forsworn this morning's concert on your account."

"I regret you should have made such a sacrifice," said Pleasance, striving to be courteous in words, though inevitably freezing in tones. "I am afraid that I cannot repay you."

But as she spoke she not only motioned her intruding visitors to be seated, she selected for their accommodation the sofa and the *chaise longue*, which were the most comfortable and pleasant seats in the room. Before she sat down herself, she pulled the cords of the Venetian blind

so as to prevent the sun's rays from shining in Jane Douglas's eyes, and closed the side door, so that there might be no draught of air between it and the open window behind Rica Wyndham.

Rica, who was never at a loss for words, plunged into an animated description of the progress of the festival; while the two who had a near interest in each other sat and supported their share in the conversation by monosyllables, as they revolved a maze of troubled thoughts.

Was this "divinely fair" woman, who must have driven Archie desperate by her coldness, indeed the silly, quaking, rude, possibly gross-natured, country girl, with regard to whom Jane Douglas, in her non-age and inexperience, had boldly proposed to herself the difficult and invidious task of catching her and taming her, and that within the few days of Jane's stay at Stone Cross?

This young girl could not be Joel Wray's sister Janey. Her most striking attribute was the perfect good breeding which rendered her quietly self-sustained and unconsciously refined, so that Pleasance forgot to notice Jane's flaxen hair, so far removed from her brother's dark curls, or her blonde in contrast to his brunette complexion; and only remarked, instead, that Rica Wyndham—piquant, coquettish, aristocratic, in her most startling escapades—did not bear the comparison well, or look elegant beside her friend. This could not be the good little thing whom Pleasance had seen in imagination, a simple, homely girl, a mechanic's daughter and sister, rendered more sedate because she had to work with, and for, her widowed mother. That had been a girl Pleasance had made up her mind to be fond of; while she should be to her, when they did meet, in the few opportunities that working-people could command, the kind elder sister that her lost Anne had been to Pleasance.

So the sisters met, without sisterly recognition, far less sisterly embrace. When Jane, with a deep sense of the horrible blunder she had committed, tried to say something to Pleasance, and asked her, "I hope you like Stone Cross, and find this house comfortable?" she could not address her by name, she could not call her Mrs. Douglas, she could not say her Christian name, if Jane had ever heard it; she had to speak to her impersonally. It was a small matter, but it afforded a subtle indication of the terms on which the two stood.

"I have no fault to find," answered Pleasance, driven to a negative form of

speech; but she had no wish to be ungracious on this point, and she added immediately, "Stone Cross is an interesting town."

"Oh, you happy woman!" exclaimed Rica, in reference to the first part of Pleasance's reply. "I have faults to find with everything under the sun; indeed, I do not believe that I should care for anything much, if I could not exercise my Englishwoman's privilege of grumbling, for we don't resign the privilege to the men, do we?"

"I hope Perry suits you," said Jane again wistfully. "She was a favorite servant of mamma's. We always found that we could depend upon her."

"Mr. and Mrs. Perry are very good servants," said Pleasance readily enough; but the next moment she qualified her testimony with a haughty exception—not in reference to the Perrys' fallibility, but to her own inexperience—"at least, so far as I can tell; I have very little knowledge of servants."

Jane was silenced. She thought it was odd and objectionable in Mrs. Archie Douglas thus to remind them of her disqualifications.

"But why have you not countenanced the festival?" Rica was asking audaciously, in comfortable disregard of her own statement to Jane that Mrs. Archie Douglas, in her circumstances, did well to refrain from going where only money would admit her, and where, in social phrase, nobody would know her. "I assure you that you are losing a treat, not only in the performance of the great guns, but in our native tenor's swaggers, and our Stone Cross prima-donna's sulks. He is Bell, the linendraper's assistant; and she is a *bonne* of the Ridley's, whom the archdeacon dug out, and who has to be constantly called to order for her *bêtises*. She makes such astonishing faces, that I always remember and fear the punishment with which we were threatened as children, of the wind's changing and arresting our *moués*. In that case, '*l'homme qui rit*' would be nothing to '*la femme qui boude*.'"

"The man would certainly have the best of it, if it were not for the grim satire of the conception," observed Pleasance, as unconscious of producing an effect, as when she had recognised the representation of "Dora" in the manor harvest field. Then she answered the more direct question: "I do not go into company; I have not been used to it. I am not so fond of music—I am afraid that you will

think it very shocking in this musical age," she broke off with a little smile — "that the festival should tempt me to break a rule. Neither do I know that I should be diverted, as you say, by the struggles of the Stone Cross musicians. I think I should rather have a fellow-feeling with them."

Again Jane Douglas had the impression that Pleasance was assuming a defiant attitude, and that she was discomfiting to deal with, since she showed a want of tact, even of proper feeling, in thus exposing rather than veiling her deficiencies. Jane ceased to congratulate and remonstrate, in the same breath, with Archie, in her own mind, and began once more to condole with and be sorry for him.

It was true that Pleasance was inclined to unfurl and brandish her colors, in the differences that existed between the speakers, in this interview; but then Pleasance was at bay.

"Do come and try," Rica urged. "If the tickets are all sold, I shall make somebody give up his, or forge one for you. We will keep a seat for you in the front row."

"We shall wait for you in the cloak-room, if you wish it," Jane made an amendment on the proposal. She stood loyally by what had been her own idea, though she felt that its fulfilment, if it would be in one sense less trying than she had supposed, would in another be very disagreeable, when Archie's wife, beautiful and intelligent in spite of her provincialism, was also wrong-headed and self-willed."

"Thank you, I do not wish it," said Pleasance plainly.

"Not to see all the notabilities! not to get an introduction to Stone Cross society!" protested Rica, holding up her hands in feigned amazement, while Jane blushed hotly, with chagrin at the assumption. In the presence of her sister-in-law, Jane comprehended that their offer, in place of being an act of graceful condescension, was a piece of intolerable officiousness.

"Those notabilities — and greater than they — may be seen elsewhere and at another time," said Pleasance with equanimity. "And what should I do with an introduction to society like that of Stone Cross? I should be out of my element in it. If you can understand me, I have no desire for it. Indeed, it is possible to be without social ambition." As she relieved herself by the declaration, a faint flavor of frankness and friendliness stole

into her manner, and she ended amicably, "It is otherwise with you, who have been brought up differently."

"You are hard upon us," complained Rica, as she and Jane rose to go. "You mortify us dreadfully by drawing these strong lines, entrenching yourself behind them, and not caring to stir beyond them. Of what good is our gain, if we cannot make you court it?"

"That you must discover for yourselves," said Pleasance, laughing for the first time; "but I did not draw the lines, I found them already drawn; I only keep within them; that is my place."

But Pleasance did not think it her place to let her visitors go without offering them luncheon; and when they declined it, she failed to ring for Perry to show them out. She went with them, unwelcome intruders as she had counted them, to her door, opening it for them, and shaking hands on the threshold.

When that was done, Pleasance retreated within the fastness of her own room, shutting and bolting the door, even against the consummate prudence of Mrs. Perry, and sat down to think with piteous regret. "They had no business to come; I did right to resent their coming. But if, after they came, the sister had but had a look of the brother — if she had once spoken of him, so that I might have heard what he was doing, and whether or not he was happy. He did not look happy when I saw him last, but it could not be expected then. I know he had a happy nature, though he was easily pained by another's pain. Oh! if I had not crossed his path!"

"What do you make of her?" inquired Rica inquisitively, the moment the door was closed. "I do not believe one bit, Jane, that your sister-in-law is the genuine article — the ordinary village girl. She posed me from the beginning; but now it would be too ridiculous to be taken in by her. Did you notice what she could not help showing — that she knew Victor Hugo's novel? Depend upon it that she belongs to some of those queer sects who think it Christianity to level all social distinctions, and to delve and milk cows with their own hands. If it were attempted for a lark, I could understand it; but then they profess to be in earnest."

"I don't think you have grounds for such a supposition, Rica," said Jane gravely, not looking particularly cheered by the explanation.

"My dear, I assure you these worthy men and women are only fools — not rogues, though they may look like them,"

Rica told Jane. "Your sister-in-law's socialism is not even on the French model, for she comes to church, and says her prayers like a common sinner. The English brotherhoods and sisterhoods simply borrow and adapt a fragment or two, here and there, fitting them to what the latest founders reckon an apostolic pattern. But doesn't this view, as well as her beauty, account for Archie's subjection? his *rôle* was that of a reformer, and if he had played it out at all consistently, he should have been ploughing, not the sea, but his own fields, like another Cincinnatus, by this time."

"You are hard upon Archie," said Jane in her perplexity and vexation.

"Not at all," maintained Rica, "and it is an ill wind which blows nobody good. If Archie had been faithful to his convictions, and if he clave to his wife, as one would have expected of so peerless a knight, and if the two worked together, where would you and your mother be at this moment? Very likely cooking your own dinner and cleaning your own shoes, if you still wore shoes; and I might have been drawn into the vortex—not that I should have minded, for a spell, to see how the rest of you got on. Besides, it might have been the undiscovered process, I am always in search of, for reducing this too, too solid flesh, or fat. I might have had the great gratification of retiring from the society of 'Universal Helpers,' or 'Free-will Stone-breakers and Charwomen,' a permanent whipping-post."

Jane withdrew from the encounter, cured of the conceit of being a peacemaker between an alienated husband and wife, even though they were her brother Archie and her misunderstood sister-in-law—entirely cured of the fancy of her superiority to Mrs. Archie, and her capacity for reversing their positions, and chaperoning the matron in society.

Jane was honorable in all her ways, with the strict scrupulous integrity of the best-brought-up English girls. She made no concealment of the visit she had paid, nor did she leave it to come out in Rica Wyndham's good stories, adorned with the colors which that young lady laid on lavishly.

"It is all very sad, but she has brought it on herself, and no doubt she does not wish it altered," remarked Mrs. Douglas with her usual toleration. "Absurd in Perry to allow such a report to get into circulation, not to say to originate it! Of course that was one of Rica Wyndham's *canards*. I shall put a stop to that at

once; but it is all we can do, my love. You have seen for yourself that it is not for us to interfere and take up poor Archie's—to support her in the line of conduct, very likely, which drove him to separate from her."

"But, mamma, Archie must have known it all before. Do you think he was warranted in giving her up, though she was rustic and odd, and would not go into society—wore brass thimbles and did seamstress's work, and kept common birds' cages on her piano—even though she went into a field and pulled out by her unaided strength, 'a ram caught in a thicket,' Rica Wyndham called it?"

"My dear," said Mrs. Douglas softly, "I do not wish to hear any more of the poor, handsome, half-educated creature's delinquencies. For anything more, I am thankful that it is not for me to condemn, or even to judge the conduct of my own children—of my poor rash boy, who has made such a fatal mistake in his bright life."

Mrs. Douglas renewed her private resolution that her dear little daughter, who was so sensible, only a little precocious, and carried away by inexperience and warmth of family affection, should be kept in future far apart from Stone Cross and its objectionable associations. To render assurance doubly sure, Jane should never again be entrusted in her impulsive youth to the care of the good, oblivious Russels, or of kind, easy Mrs. Tuffnell, above all, to the companionship of that arrant marplot and mischief-maker, Rica Wyndham.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

WHEN THE SEA WAS YOUNG.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

WHEN our earth's deep atmosphere bore the waters of her present seas floating aloft in the form of vast cloud-masses above her fiery surface, a remarkable peculiarity of appearance must occasionally, though perhaps only as a rare phenomenon, have been observable. Suppose that, while a telescopist on Venus or Mercury was contemplating the earth, one of those rapid changes described in the preceding part affected cloud-layers forming the earth's visible outline at the moment of observation. The earth's apparent figure would then not only be distorted by the change, but the actual progress of the

change would take place under the observer's eye. Most probably no change of the kind could have been detected by direct observation, many circumstances with which telescopists are familiar rendering an observation of the kind peculiarly difficult. But supposing the observer to have watched the earth when the moon was about to pass in transit across her face, and that the moon appeared at the moment close to that part of the earth's outline where such changes were taking place; then it would be possible, on account of this favorable conjuncture, to recognize the change of outline. For instance, if the apparent outline chanced to be raised above its usual position when the moon was very close, the two outlines—that of the moon and that of the earth—would seem to be in contact before they really were; but if, just at that time, the high cloud-layer which formed the raised part of the earth's outline were rapidly to disappear, then her outline would shrink in that place, and no longer appear to touch the moon's. Or again, it might happen that an observer of the moon, watching the great globe of the earth as it moved over the star-strewn heavens, would see its outline pass over and conceal some conspicuous star, but in a few minutes perceive the star reappearing outside the same part of the earth's outline. The observer would then know that the outline must have shrunk. In these and like ways observers outside the earth might in those remote times have seen the evidence of very active processes of change taking place in her deep cloud-laden atmosphere.

Now appearances such as these cannot be expected to occur frequently in the case of Jupiter or Saturn. The changes themselves which could alone produce them are infrequent, and the conditions under which the changes could alone be detected occur but seldom; so that the chance of a change occurring just where and when it could be detected are very small indeed. Yet in one case certainly astronomers have detected just such a change in the outline of Jupiter. It would be difficult—nay, we venture very confidently to say that *it is impossible*—otherwise to explain what is described by the late Admiral Smyth, one of the most careful and skilful of modern astronomers: "On Thursday, June 26, 1828," he says, "the moon being nearly full and the evening extremely fine, I was watching the second satellite of Jupiter as it gradually approached to transit its [the planet's] disc. My instrument was an excellent re-

fractor, of three and a quarter inches aperture, and five feet focal length, with a power of one hundred. It appeared in contact at about half past ten, by inference, and for some minutes remained on the edge of the limb" (that is, on the outline of the disc), "presenting an appearance not unlike that of the lunar mountains coming into view during the first quarter of the moon, until it finally disappeared on the body of the planet. At least twelve or thirteen minutes must have elapsed, when, accidentally turning to Jupiter again, to my astonishment I perceived the same satellite *outside the disc*. It was in the same position," as to level, "where it remained distinctly visible for at least four minutes, and then suddenly vanished."

This narrative is so surprising, even when explained in the simple manner which our theory of Jupiter's condition suggests, and still more so on the usual theory of Jupiter's condition, that it may be well to pause for a moment to inquire whether there may not have been some mistake. Admiral Smyth was a skilful observer, as we have already stated. His statement alone would have great weight. Still one may admit the bare possibility of an optical illusion, similar to what is described in Brewster's "Natural Magic," the satellite seen after the immersion being a mere trick of the mind, a "blot on the brain which would show itself without." Smyth himself supposed so, for he says: "As I had observed the phenomena of Jupiter and his satellites for many years, without any remarkable irregularities, I could not but imagine that some optical or other error prevailed, especially as the satellite was on this" (*i.e.* the hither) "side of the planet." And probably the phenomenon thus dismissed by Smyth himself would not have been heard of, but for the fact that two other observers chanced to witness it. "A few days afterwards," proceeds Admiral Smyth, "I received a letter from Mr. Maclear, Biggleswade, informing me that he had also observed the same, but that he had considered it a 'Kitchener's wonder'" (old Kitchener, the telescopist, having been apt to recount every optical illusion by which he was perplexed as a real phenomenon). "And about the same time," adds Smyth, "Dr. Pearson, having favored me with a visit, asked me whether I had noticed anything remarkable on the 26th; for that he had, in accidentally looking at Jupiter, *seen the second satellite reappear!* Here, then, were three observers, at dis-

tant stations, with telescopes of different apertures, all positive as to the extraordinary deviation from rule. It may be borne in view that Biggleswade is twelve miles from Bedford" (the place of Smyth's observatory; and South Kilworth, Dr. Pearson's residence, is thirty-five). Mr. Maclear's telescope was rather smaller than Admiral Smyth's; while Dr. Pearson's was a much more powerful instrument, twelve feet long, and nearly seven inches in aperture. "Explanation," calmly remarks Mr. Webb, in speaking of this phenomenon, "is here set at defiance; demonstrably neither in the atmosphere of the earth nor Jupiter; where and what could have been the cause? At present we can get no answer." But it is not the part of the true student of science thus to resign the attempt to explain a phenomenon merely because it is unusually perplexing. In this case we can reason directly from the observed fact to its interpretation, apart from those *à priori* considerations which in the present essay have led us to regard such a phenomenon as one to be looked for in Jupiter's case. First, the observation was certainly not an optical illusion, for three persons made it independently; secondly, it was demonstrably not due to terrestrial atmospheric causes, for it was seen from three stations far apart; thirdly, it was demonstrably not caused by any action of Jupiter's atmosphere on light proceeding from the satellite, for the satellite was between Jupiter and the observer; fourthly, the satellite cannot really have stopped, gone back on its path, and then resumed its onward course, unless the laws of nature were suspended—a theory we may dismiss in a scientific inquiry; for a similar reason, fifthly, we may dismiss the idea that the whole mass of Jupiter moved in abnormal fashion. There remains only one possible interpretation—viz., that the outline of Jupiter's disc had changed in position; in fact, in whatever way we explain *how* this happened, the observations may be regarded as proving unmistakably that it *did* happen.

Now the supposition that Jupiter's outline altered leaves us still much to wonder at. For let us consider the extent of change necessary to account for what was observed. Smyth may have been mistaken as to the time-intervals he mentions in his account, since he does not seem to have taken them from the clock. The interval, which he supposed to have lasted twelve or thirteen minutes, may in reality not have lasted more than five or six; and

the time during which, after reappearing, the satellite continued visible, may not have lasted more than two minutes instead of four, as roughly estimated. But, taking only eight minutes as the total interval between the first and second disappearance, we have to account for marvellous changes in the apparent position of the planet's outline. For in eight minutes the second satellite would travel about four thousand miles, and the outline of Jupiter must have changed by that amount, seeing that at the first disappearance the visual line to the satellite just touched the planet's apparent edge, while at the second disappearance the visual line to the second position of the satellite, four thousand miles from the first, touched the planet's edge in its now changed position. Probably the difference was even greater; Smyth's own estimate of the time would make it at least eight thousand miles: but four thousand miles will be enough to deal with. It is not necessary to suppose that the planet's apparent outline, *as ordinarily seen*, shrank inwards by the whole of this amount. More probably the outline bulged beyond its normal position at the time of the first disappearance, and presently shrank below its normal position, bringing the satellite again into view, and remaining thus depressed until the second disappearance had taken place. We may suppose, then, that at the beginning the surface forming the apparent outline was (at the place where the satellite's transit began) about two thousand miles above the usual mean level, while afterwards it was much below that level. Two thousand miles being less than the fortieth part of the diameter of Jupiter, we can readily understand why even so enormous an apparent expansion or contraction should not have noticeably affected the symmetry of the planet's apparent figure. Indeed, with ordinary telescopic power the outline of Jupiter is so expanded by irradiation, that much greater changes of level would be so far masked as to escape attention. But we are not greatly concerned to reason at this stage as though the theory that the planet's outline changed required to be defended against objections. For it is absolutely certain that the outline must have changed. The visual line to the satellite certainly passed several thousand miles nearer the planet's centre at the time of the first disappearance than at that of the second, yet in both cases touched the apparent outline, which must therefore have shifted by as many thousands of miles, unless the satellite itself had stopped

and retreated, or the whole bulk of the planet had shifted; neither of which events could occur except by a miracle. Now the changing of the outline, though marvellous, is not miraculous, and, being demonstrably the only non-miraculous interpretation of the observed event, must be accepted as the true interpretation — the event itself, observed as it was by three skilled astronomers, having certainly occurred.

This being so, the outline of Jupiter having certainly changed for a while on that particular occasion, which theory, we would ask, should be rejected as fanciful and sensational — the ordinary theory, according to which the solid crust of Jupiter must, after rising two thousand miles at least, have sunk through four thousand miles? or the theory that a cloud-layer, floating at least two thousand miles above the usual level of the highest visible cloud-layer of Jupiter, melted quickly into the form of invisible vapor, and thus a layer lower than usual by as many thousand miles came into view, forming for the time the planet's apparent outline in that place? According to the first theory, a surface much larger than the whole surface of our earth sank through a depth greater than the whole distance from the earth's surface to her centre. The intense heat which is regarded with such disfavor by followers of the old-fashioned ideas (really based on the Ptolemaic astronomy), if it had had no existence before, would have been generated by so tremendous a downfall, which indeed could not have taken place without vulcanian heat, exceeding in intensity what the other theory presents as the natural consequence of Jupiter's mode of formation. According to this second theory, the rising of the cloud-layer even to so great an elevation as two thousand miles above the usual level of the highest Jovian clouds, was an exceptional phenomenon indeed, but by no means incredible; while the rapid dissipation of the cloud was not only quite easily to be explained, but corresponded with changes which have been observed to take place among cloud-layers seen on the disc itself. If a vast cloud-layer can disappear in a few minutes from view, above one part of the planet's surface, so also it can above another. One part may chance to lie on the visible disc of the planet; another may chance to lie on the edge of the disc; for these parts of the disc only bear relation to our point of view, not to the planet itself; and while a change occurring in one part would

make a belt or spot seem to form or disappear, one occurring in the other position would make the apparent outline of the planet seem to bulge or shrink, as the case might be. Nay, we may add one consideration which would render the dissipation of a high cloud-layer in the position where Jupiter's outline appeared swollen even more naturally to be accounted for than the often observed dissipation of a cloud-layer on the disc itself. For the cloud-layer which vanished on that occasion had just been carried into sunlight by the planet's rotation; and we can readily understand how the solar heat, slight though its effects may be compared with those of Jupiter's own internal heat, might bring about the dissolution of a cloud-layer which chanced to be in that critical stage where a slight cause would bring about either rapid formation or rapid dissipation of visible cloud.

The chief difficulty, of course, in the theory, or rather the most surprising result of the demonstrated fact that Jupiter's visible cloud-layer thus changed, resides in the enormous depth we have to assign to the cloud-supporting atmosphere. We have already shown in these pages that, *ceteris paribus*, the atmosphere of Jupiter would be much shallower — layer for layer — than our earth's, simply because the planet's mighty attractive power would more strongly compress it. That it is manifestly not thus compressed indicates, as we then showed, the intensity of the heat pervading its whole extent. But that it should range to a height of thousands of miles above the true surface of the planet, does certainly seem at first amazing. Yet be it remembered that not only is such an inference demonstrably correct, as we have just shown, but it also follows necessarily from the comparison already instituted between Jupiter and the earth in respect of mass and density. If we assign to the solid globe of Jupiter the same mean density as the earth has — or, rather, if we imagine the totality of material, whence millions of years hence his solid globe is to be formed, gathered into a globe having the same mean density as the earth — we find for this globe a diameter of fifty-three thousand miles, less than his present apparent diameter by nearly thirty-two thousand miles; so that the level of his surface in that condition would lie sixteen thousand miles below his present surface, the space between the two surfaces, or the total shrinkage of Jupiter's volume, amounting to about nine hundred and thirty times the volume of

this earth on which we live. As we have every reason to believe that (in a general sense) all the planets are constructed of the same materials not very differently proportioned, we are compelled to admit this vast expansion of Jupiter's present dimensions, and can therefore very well understand even such mighty changes of apparent surface-level as the observation of Admiral Smyth, Sir T. Maclear, and Dr. Peacock certainly shows to have taken place.

But now, reverting to our earth's history during the period corresponding to that through which Jupiter is now passing, let us now consider whether the ocean, converted by heat into great cloud-masses floating through hundreds, if not thousands, of miles above the glowing surface-crust, would not produce yet other appearances such as distant observers might have been able to note.

When the shadow of the moon falls now upon the earth during a solar eclipse, it may either wholly or in part reach the actual surface of the earth, or be intercepted partly or wholly by cloud-layers. If an observer on Venus or on Mercury were to watch the earth when undergoing eclipse in this way, the apparent shape of the shadow would not be in any appreciable degree modified by such variations in the manner of the shadow's fall, unless very powerful telescopes were employed. For the cloud-layers of our air lie but a few miles above the surface of the earth,* and the apparent displacement of a part of the moon's shadow, intercepted by a cloud-layer, would be correspondingly small, and in fact undiscernible from Venus or Mercury. But if the atmosphere were very deep, and the cloud-layers separated from each other and from the earth by hundreds of miles, the case would be different. To illustrate the nature of the appearances which might be expected, let us consider the case of a balloon suspended in full sunlight above a layer of fleecy clouds, the layer intercepting a portion of the sun's light, but not all of it. If the layer intercepted all the sun's light, then, of course, a shadow of the balloon would be thrown upon the cloud-layer, this shadow appearing as one, whether seen from the balloon itself, or from the higher

parts (let us say) of a lofty mountain reaching far above the layer of clouds. But, the layer not intercepting all the light, a portion of the rays pass on to illuminate the ground everywhere except where the balloon has intercepted the sun's rays. That is to say, there is another shadow on the ground upon the prolongation of lines drawn from the balloon to the shadow on the clouds. These two shadows seen from the balloon itself would appear as one, both lying in the same direction; but they would be separately discernible from a station on the mountain height. Neither would appear quite black; for the higher would lie on clouds through which the observer would receive light from the illuminated ground below, which he would partially see, while the lower shadow would be seen through the illuminated cloud-layer whose light would partially conceal the blackness of the shadow. If the cloud-layer were *very* thin, the upper shadow would be the least distinct; if the clouds without being dense yet suffered but a small quantity of direct sunlight to pass between and through their fleecy texture, the upper shadow would be very dark, the lower scarcely visible. Now replace the balloon by the moon, and the observer upon the mountain height by a distant astronomer on Venus or Mercury, and we perceive that at times, when (in the distant period we are considering) the shadow of the moon fell on a very lofty layer of fleecy clouds, while the shadow so falling would be plainly visible, another fainter one would be discernible on a lower cloud-layer, whose existence and relative position would in this way be indicated to the thoughtful observer. Or, if many layers of thin and fleecy clouds, or a single deep layer of such clouds, existed, then either a set of shadows getting fainter and fainter at each successive layer* would be seen, or else a long cone of shadow passing through the range of the deep cloud-layer.

Now let us see whether Jupiter, the most conveniently placed of all the younger planets for purposes of observation, shows such appearances as these. Let it be premised that *ordinarily* we could not expect to see them, except on very rare

* Much less is known than might be respecting the height of the loftier cloud-layers. Coxwell and Glaisher, in their highest aerial flights, saw the cirrus clouds apparently as high above them as when seen from the ground. The height of such clouds could be quite easily determined by taking photographs, with suitably adjusted instruments, from either end of a measured base-line a mile or two in length.

* The shadows themselves would not grow fainter and fainter, but would be black right through the range along which they would lie; for no part of the sun's rays would reach any one of the spaces in shadow. But seen as they would be through partially transparent cloud-layers, and seen also as the partially illuminated cloud-layers would be *through* the shadows, these necessarily would grow less and less distinct the deeper they lay.

occasions, when some exceptionally thin and fleecy cloud-layer, lying very high, received the first shadow, allowing another to be formed on a cloud-layer lying many hundreds of miles below. It would probably be as rare to detect such appearances, supposing them specially searched for (which has never yet happened), as it would be to observe such a phenomenon as the reappearance of a satellite. And manifestly the lower shadow must be hundreds if not thousands of miles below the upper to be separately seen, since the shadow of a satellite would be about two thousand miles in diameter, and the earth is so close to the sun compared with Jupiter that the line of sight to the planet is never more than slightly inclined to a line from the sun to the planet. Manifestly, if we looked exactly in the same direction as the sun's rays fall, we should not see the shadow at all; looking in a direction slightly inclined, we see the shadow thrown somewhat on one side of the satellite (never *very* far); a lower shadow would be thrown somewhat farther in the same direction, but only (in proportion) very slightly. To be thrown as much as two thousand miles on one side so as to seem clear of the first shadow, the distance of the lower layer from the upper must be several thousand miles. As for seeing such a cone of shadow as is referred to in the last sentence of the preceding paragraph, that could scarce ever happen. In fact, if the requisite conditions existed, the chances would be that the lengthened shadow would be too faint to be seen at all. In like manner it might chance that where in reality there was a second shadow it would not be discernible, and the only perceptible effect be that the first shadow would not appear so dark as usual. Probably, on the whole, these being the actual conditions, the reader may consider that it should be all but hopeless to look for any such phenomena as we have referred to, among the recorded observations of the planet.

Let us see how this may be, however. Turning to Webb's little work, "Celestial Objects for Common Telescopes," in which we may always expect to find the record of uncommon telescopic observations, we come across the following interesting passage: "Cassini once failed in finding the shadow of the nearest satellite when it should have been upon the disc. Gorton saw it grey on one occasion. The shadow of the second satellite has been seen specially indistinct by Buffham, Birt, and Grover. South many years ago published

in one of the public journals a most interesting observation, which I greatly regret that I cannot recover; but I am confident as to its tenor, which was, that in his great telescope he perceived each of two shadows of satellites on Jupiter to be attended by a faint duplicate by its side, traces of which could be just detected with a smaller telescope of (I believe) five feet" in focal length. Again, in Chambers's "Descriptive Astronomy," it is stated that "on April 5, 1861, Mr. T. Barneby saw the shadow of the third satellite first in the shape of a broad dark streak such as the cone of the shadow would present in a slanting direction, 'but it shortly afterwards appeared as a circular spot, perfectly dark.'"

Yet one other observation pointing in the same direction. If the lower shadow of a satellite can be at any time distinguished from the upper, then, should a great cloud-mass be floating at the higher level, *its* shadow ought to be similarly discernible, projecting to the same extent from under the cloud itself; which would hide the greater portion, but not all, of its own shadow. Now Mr. J. Brett, the eminent landscape-painter, who from time to time employs his eye, well cultured to discern varieties of tint, upon the celestial bodies, wrote thus in a paper read before the Astronomical Society in May, 1874: "I wish to call attention to a particular feature of Jupiter's disc, which [the feature, that is] appears to me very well defined at the present time, and seems to afford evidence respecting the physical condition of the planet. The large white patches which occur on and about the equatorial zone and interrupt the continuity of the dark belts are well known to all observers, and the particular point in connection with them to which I beg leave to call attention is that *they cast shadows*; that is to say, the light patches are rounded on the side farthest from the sun by a dark border shaded off softly towards the light, and showing in a distinct manner that the patches are projected or relieved from the body of the planet. The evidence which this observation is calculated to afford refers to the question whether the opaque body of the planet is seen in the dark belts or the bright ones, and points to the conclusion that it is not seen at all in either of them, but that all we see of Jupiter consists of semi-transparent materials. The particular fact from which this inference would be drawn is that the dark sides of the suspended or projected masses are not sufficiently hard or sharply defined for

shadows falling upon an opaque surface, neither are they sharper upon the light background than upon the dark." This point Mr. Brett proceeds to deal with by reasoning which has a special value because relating to a subject in which he is an expert. "The laws of light and shade upon opaque bodies," he remarks, "are very simple and very absolute; and one of the most rudimentary of them is that every body has its light, its shade, and its shadow, the relations between which are constant; and that the most conspicuous and persistent edge or limit in this association of elements is the boundary of the shadow; the shadow being radically different from the shade in that its intensity is uniform throughout in any given instance, and is not affected by the form of the surface on which it is cast, whereas the shade is distinguished by attributes of an opposite character. Now if the dark spaces adjoining the light patches on Jupiter, which I have called shadows, are not shadows at all, but shades, it is obvious that the opaque surface of the planet on which the shadows should fall is concealed; whereas, if they are shadows, their boundaries are so soft and undefined as to lead to the conclusion that they are cast upon a semi-transparent body, which allows the shadow to be seen, indeed, but with diminishing distinctness towards its edge, according to the acuteness of its angle of incidence. Either explanation of the phenomenon may be the true one; but they both lead to the same conclusion—namely, that neither the dark belts nor the bright ones are opaque, and that if Jupiter has any nucleus at all, it is not visible to us. . . . By the kind invitation of Mr. Lassell I had an opportunity, on the 20th of April, of examining the disc with his twenty-foot reflector of two-feet aperture, and I found this large instrument confirm my impressions concerning the shadows in the most satisfactory manner."

There remains one peculiarity in the appearances resulting from the earth's condition during the remote period we are dealing with, which might possibly, though perhaps *barely*, have been detected by observers on Venus or Mercury. The shadow cast by the earth upon the moon—that is, the true shadow, not the mere penumbra—has a round shape, corresponding to the fact that the body casting it is a globe. But of old, when irregular cloud-masses and cloud-layers, various in shape and extent, were suspended in the deep atmosphere of our planet, it must necessarily

have happened that at times the outline of the shadow was irregular, and that in a marked degree. The irregularity, in fact, would correspond closely in degree with the occasional irregularity of the earth's apparent figure arising from the same cause (though it is possible that it might have been at times more clearly discernible, as not affected to quite the same degree by irradiation). Now here is a peculiarity which we could not expect to recognize in the case of our heretofore chief test-planet, Jupiter. No telescope yet made by man, probably no telescope man ever will make, would show peculiarities in the shape of Jupiter's shadow on one of his satellites. No one has ever yet claimed to have seen the outline of that shadow at all, far less to have been able to discern its true shape; and it is not likely that any one ever will. But in this case the planet Saturn may help us; for *his* shadow is not merely cast at times upon the small discs of his distant moons, but rests constantly upon the broad expanse of his mighty rings,—

While Saturn whirls, his steadfast shade
Sleeps on his luminous ring, —

and that shadow we can study, despite the vast distance of the planet, with a fair chance of detecting peculiarities in its shape, should such at any time exist.

Let it be noticed at the outset that it is perfectly easy to calculate what the shape of the shadow *should* be, if Saturn were a solid globe and the rings' surface perfectly flat. The astronomer knows that at one time, on these assumptions, the shadow would be hidden, at another visible above or below the planet's globe; at one time to the east of the globe, at another to the west, and always with an elliptical (but very nearly circular) outline, not quite sharply defined, but with a slight fringe of shading only discernible in powerful telescopes. In like manner we may note, in passing, that the shape of the rings' shadow on the globe would always be calculable; and we know that, when visible at all, it should appear as a black curved streak, either above or below the ring, and perfectly smooth in outline. Again, whatever irregularities there may be in the level of the rings can very little affect the apparent shape of either shadow, because we know from the edge view of the rings that such irregularities are slight compared with the thickness of the rings, which itself is not great. So that any irregularities of a marked character in either shadow must be referred to that

cause alone which is competent to produce them; viz., irregularity in the cloud-layers and cloud-masses floating in the deep atmosphere of the planet.

So much premised, let us see what the records gathered by astronomers have to tell us on this point. We turn to a series of papers on the planet Saturn in the *Intellectual Observer* for 1866, by Mr. Webb, and we find the portion relating to the shadows opening thus: "From an early period, irregularities have been remarked in the form of the shadows which the globe and ring mutually cast upon each other." Mr. Webb deals first with the shadow of the ring, with which at present we are not directly concerned; though, of course, any irregularities in that shadow, like the irregularities in the shadows of Jupiter's moons, already described, indicate the depth and the occasionally irregular arrangement of the cloud-envelopes. Mr. Webb, in fact, after describing such irregularities, rejects, first, the theory that they are caused by irregularities in the ring; secondly, the theory that the globe's surface is irregular; and, thirdly, the theory that the ring has an atmosphere through which the sun's rays are irregularly refracted,—in fine, "passing over this difficulty as insoluble," which is not a very satisfactory result. Going on to consider the shape of the shadow of the planet on the rings, he mentions, first, how such first-rate observers as Sir W. Herschel, Lassell, Dawes, and Secchi saw the outline of the shadow concave, instead of convex. Next, Dawes on one occasion saw the shadow irregular in outline where it crossed the bright ring. In October, 1852, Lassell saw the shadow on *both* sides of the globe. The younger Bond, of Harvard, Mass., saw the same; on November 2, saw the shadow *winged*. November 3, Tuttle saw the shadow on both sides, on which he naïvely asks: "What can this mean?" On November 29, De la Rue saw the shadow on both sides, and wrote: "This is very remarkable, but there can be no question as to the fact;" both shadows looked "like objects seen by mirage"—a remarkable expression. Then we find these observers, and others of equal repute, describing the shadow as having horns, ears, a "roof" (pictured with two projecting eaves), an inlet, a single ear, a reversed edge. Secchi writes: "*L'ombre assez curieuse, elle est renversée et ondulée.*" On one occasion Bond saw two shadows—one black, the other "a narrow, ghost-like shade." Of this faint shadow he says:

"I was much impressed by the fact that the outline was preserved perfectly, while the intensity of the shadow was very feeble." Was not this *certainly* either the faint shadow of a deep, partially transparent cloud-layer, or a dark shadow seen *through* such a layer?

After enumerating a number of such cases, Mr. Webb proceeds: "Thus far extend our facts. What shall we say in explanation of them? Can we charge them upon personal or instrumental peculiarities?*" It seems not possible, since, in the main, they are agreed upon in England and Italy, and Malta, and India, and the United States. Some of the most singular statements, it is true, come from America alone. But, as they have often the concurrence of more than one observer, so the optical capacity of a telescope, which in favorable air would bear distinctly a power stated to be fifteen hundred and sixty, leaves small chance of appeal." (He might have added that the American astronomers were second to none in observing skill, and that the American skies are particularly favorable for observations of the class in question.) "In fact, it is," Mr. Webb proceeds, "a remarkable circumstance that the mystery of the subject has increased under closer, more powerful, and more extended scrutiny. Some of the phenomena may admit of a more or less probable solution. For instance, the apparent concavity of outline might be explained as a deception similar to those optical perversities illustrated by Mr. Proctor," in an article on Saturn's square-shouldered aspect. "But the 'ears' projecting, even when the true shadow was invisible—the two shadows, when one only should have been seen—the 'roof' and 'inlet,' and the varying depths of shade in different parts, are alike too clearly attested for doubt, and too incomprehensible for explanation." (*Cela dépend.*) "We might take refuge to a certain extent in the idea of varied curvatures in the shadowed surfaces; and, in order to meet the objection arising from the evanescent thinness of the rings," we might "speculate on some force emanating from the sun disturbing the level of the rings. But even after we have ventured this daring" (and, in fact, impossible) "effort, we find other features as intractable as ever. Some things look like effects of an atmosphere very irregularly distributed round the ball, and possessed

* We have altered a word here, and perhaps marred the sentence; but the original word "equation" would have no meaning for many readers of these pages.

of properties greatly dissimilar to those of ordinary gases; but this is undiscoverable, just where it ought to be most apparent," where the remoter parts of the ring meet the outline of the disc obliquely.

But there is not one of these phenomena which cannot be explained by the theory of a very deep atmosphere, not "irregularly distributed," or "possessing properties greatly dissimilar to those of ordinary gases," but irregularly laden with cloud-masses. In fact, these occasional peculiarities in the shadow are thus brought into exact correlation with the peculiarities observed occasionally in the planet's shape, as noted in the first part of this paper.

We might note here other circumstances in the earth's youthful condition. For instance, from time to time the ruddy glow of her intensely heated surface must have been visible through breaks in her cloud-layers; and just such occasional views of Jupiter's heated surface seem to have been obtained on those occasions when the usually cream-white equatorial belt has shone with a ruddy color. But this consideration, and others connected with the quantity of light received from Jupiter and Saturn, have already been dealt with at considerable length in these pages.

It appears to us, in fine, that all the evidence, both *à priori* and *à posteriori*, corresponds with the theory which we have brought before the reader, that a planet, during its extreme youth, has its oceans floating in the form of cloud-masses and cloud-layers in a very deep atmosphere. We have seen reason, first, for believing that the intense heat of a planet, for many ages after its first formation, would keep the oceans in this cloud-like condition. Then, looking around for planets such as we might suppose to be much younger than the earth, we have seen that Jupiter and Saturn, the giant planets of the solar system, are probably the youngest (in this sense), always excepting the sun, which is in an earlier stage than any member of his family. And, considering what appearances a planet with a very deep cloud-laden atmosphere might be expected to present, we have found that just such appearances are presented by the planets Jupiter and Saturn, the phenomena described not being seen at all times, but occasionally, and in varying degree, precisely as we should expect from the variable causes producing them. We have also seen that the small density of the giant planets cannot readily be otherwise explained than by the theory that we do

not see their real surface, but the outer surface of cloud-layers enveloping them. Moreover, while not a single fact known about the great planets is opposed to this theory, there are some facts, as we have seen, which cannot *possibly* be explained on any other theory. But when so much as this can be said of any theory, the theory may be regarded as established.

When the earth and sea were young, then, the earth's whole frame was intensely heated. Her real surface was doubtless partly solid and partly liquid then, as now; but the solid portion glowed with ruddy and in places with white heat, while the liquid portions, instead of being water, as now, were formed of molten rock. Above this surface, with its "tracts of fluent heat," was the fiery atmosphere of that primeval time, enormously deep, complex in constitution, bearing enormous masses of aqueous vapor, and every form of cloud and cloud-layer, swept by mighty hurricanes whose breath was flame, drenched with showers so heavy that they might rather be called floods, and tortured by the uprush of the vaporous masses formed as these floods fell hissing on the earth's fiery surface.

After myriads of centuries came the time when the surface so far cooled as no longer to glow with ruddy light, and no longer to reject by vaporizing the waters which fell upon it. Then a fearful darkness prevailed beneath the still mighty canopy of cloud; for only little by little, by very slow degrees, would the water descend upon the earth's surface. Some, indeed, have thought that it was this stage of the earth's past which was described in the Bible words: "The earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep;" noting, in particular, that the coming of light (because of the descent of the waters upon the earth, according to this view) was followed by the separation of waters under the firmament from waters above the firmament (that

Expanse of liquid, pure,
Transparent, elemental air),

the waters under the heaven being next gathered together into one place, and so forth. But we must confess that this interpretation of the narrative, sometimes called the vision interpretation, seems to us very far-fetched and unnatural; though we are in no way concerned here to oppose it, deeming it only necessary to mention that, for our own part, we cannot doubt that the writer of the narrative wished to be understood as describing what really

occurred, not appearances shown to him in a vision.

A question which has long been regarded as among the great mysteries of nature—the question, How did the seas become salt—seems to us to find a ready solution when we consider that the ocean once formed the earth's cloud-envelope. We may, in fact, regard the oceans as holding in solution what was washed from the earth or otherwise extracted from its substance during the ages when the waters of ocean were passing from their former to their present condition. For then all the conditions assisted the action of the waters themselves—the intense heat of the earth's crust and the atmosphere, the tremendous atmospheric pressure, and consequently the high boiling-point (so that the waters first formed on the earth's heated crust must have been far hotter than is boiling water at the present time), and the presence also in the atmosphere of many vapors which would greatly help the decomposing action of the water itself. Consider, for instance, the following description, abridged from a paper by Dr. Sterry Hunt, the eminent Canadian chemist and geologist. After showing that carbonic acid, chlorine, and sulphurous acids would be present in enormous quantities in the primeval atmosphere, besides, of course, still vaster quantities of the vapor of water, he proceeds: "These gases, with nitrogen and an excess of oxygen, would form an atmosphere of great density. In such an atmosphere, condensation would only take place at a temperature far above the present boiling-point; and the lower levels of the earth's slowly cooling crust would be drenched with a heated solution of hydrochloric acid, whose decomposing action, aided by its high temperature, would be exceedingly rapid. The primitive igneous rock on which these showers fell probably resembled in composition certain furnace slags or volcanic glasses." The process of decomposition would continue "under the action of the heavy showers until the affinities of the hydrochloric acid were satisfied. Later larger quantities of sulphuric acid would be formed, and drenching showers of heated solutions of this energetic dissolvent would fall upon the earth's heated crust. After the compounds of sulphur and chlorine had been separated from the air, carbonic acid would still continue to be an important constituent of the atmosphere. It would be gradually diminished in gravity," through chemical processes resulting in the formation of various clays, "while the separated lime, magnesia, and

alkalies, changed into bicarbonates, would be carried down to the sea in a state of solution."

Here we seem to see a fair account rendered of the enormous quantity of matter forming collectively what is called the brine of the ocean, and containing, besides common salt (chloride of sodium), sulphuric acid, magnesia, soda, sulphate of lime, and other substances. The theory that these substances have been washed from the earth's surface by causes such as are now in progress, would not, we think, be seriously entertained if the vast amount of matter thus present in the waters of the sea were remembered and considered. Brine forms, on the average, about 3 1-2 per cent. of sea-water. Hence, if we take the average depth of the ocean at two miles,* or, roundly, ten thousand feet, it follows that, if all the water of the sea were

* In Maury's "Physical Geography of the Sea" there is a passage which we take to be one of the most amusing ever written in a work of the kind. The idea would seem to have occurred to him of estimating how much surface the salts of the sea would cover to the depth of a mile; and while in the midst of the calculation, he would seem to have grown weary of it. At least we cannot otherwise understand how he came to pen the following singular remarks: "Did any one who maintains that the salts of the sea were originally washed down into it by the rivers and the rains ever take the trouble to compute the quantity of solid matter that the sea holds in solution as salts? Taking the average depth of the ocean at three miles, and its average saltiness at 3 1-2 per cent., it appears that there is salt enough in the sea to cover to the thickness of one mile an area of *several millions of square miles.*" (The italics are ours.) This passage reminds us of one in an early volume of *Household Words*, where a very amusing account was given of the stores of wine in the London Docks, over which the writer is supposed to be shown, collecting materials, *but also tasting wine*, as he proceeds. The gradually increasing effect of the wine-tasting is indicated very humorously. In one of the later stages of his progress, the writer enters into a computation of the amount of wine wasted in the process of cleansing the glass with wine. (We write from memory, and possibly, as many years have passed since we read the passage, we may not be correct in details.) Assuming so much wasted at each cleansing, so many visitors, each tasting so many times, and so forth, "then," says the writer, "it may be shown that in each year eight hundred bottles, or it may be eight thousand bottles, of wine are wasted. And should any one object that there is a considerable difference between eight hundred and eight thousand, all we have to say is that the principle is the same," etc. Captain Maury passes on, however, without any allusion to the somewhat unexpected vagueness of his conclusion. "These millions of cubic miles of crystal salt have not made the sea any fuller," he proceeds. "All that solid matter has been received into the interstices of sea-water without swelling the mass; for chemists tell us that water is not increased in volume by the salt it dissolves. Here we have, therefore, an economy of space calculated to surprise even the learned author himself of the 'Plurality of Worlds.'" All which, so far as appears, is *à propos de bottles*. Within the same page, which, we submit, is inferior to Maury's usual style, we find him, in dealing with the question, What was the Creator's main object in making the sea salt? advancing the startling proposition that "all the objects of the salts of the sea are *main* objects." (The nature of the context, which is serious, even solemn, will not allow us to suppose that any pun was here intended.)

evaporated, there would be left a deposit of salt averaging three hundred and fifty feet in depth all over the present floor of the sea. This would correspond in quantity to salt covering all the present land surface of the earth to a depth of a thousand feet, or to a deposit *two hundred feet deep over the entire surface of the globe*; so that the idea of its having been washed from the land is altogether inadmissible. It may, indeed, be urged that, as the process of washing down from the land is continually going on, only a sufficiency of time would be needed to account for any quantity whatever of sea-salt. But apart from the fact that only a certain thickness of the solid crust, and that thickness by no means very great, could be drawn upon for the supply, and that the very continuance of the process shows us that even that portion of the earth's crust has not been drained of its salts, there is every reason to believe that the extraction of salt from the sea is going on and has been going on for many ages past at fully as great a rate as the addition of fresh salts. Although the process of evaporation cannot remove the salts, these, as Maury justly notes, can be extracted by other processes. "We know," he says, "that the insects of the sea do take out a portion of them, and that the salt-ponds and arms which from time to time in the geological calendar have been separated from the sea, afford an escape by which the quantity of chloride of sodium in its waters—the most abundant of its solid ingredients—is regulated. The insects of the sea cannot build their structures of this salt, for it would dissolve again as fast as they could separate it. But here the ever-ready atmosphere comes into play, and assists the insects in regulating the salts. It cannot take them [the salts] up from the sea, it is true, but it can take the sea away from them; for it pumps up the water from these pools that have been barred off, transfers it to the clouds, and they deliver it back to the sea as fresh water, leaving behind the salts it contained in a solid state. These are operations which have been going on for ages; proof that they are still going on is continually before our eyes; for the 'hard water' of our fountains, the marl-banks of the valleys, the salt-beds of the plains, Albion's chalky cliffs, and the coral-islands of the sea are monuments in attestation."

We must, then, regard the salts of the sea as in the main dissolved from the solid crust during that remote period when the seas were young. The seas thus indicate

to us the nature of those vast chemical processes through which the earth had to pass in the earlier stages of its history. If the present crust of the earth did not afford, as it does, the clearest evidence of a time when the earth's whole frame glowed with intense heat; if we could not, as we can, derive from the movements of the celestial bodies, as well as from the telescopic appearance of some among them, the most certain assurance that all the planets, nay, the whole of the solar system itself, were once in the state of glowing vapor; the ocean brine—the mighty residuum, left after the earth had passed through its baptism of liquid fire, would leave us in little doubt respecting the main features at least of the earth's past history. The seas could never have attained their present condition had not the earth which they encompassed when they were young been then an orb of fire. Every wave that pours in upon the shore speaks to us of so remote a past that all ordinary time-measures fail us in the attempt to indicate the length of the vast intervals separating us from it. The saltiness of the ocean is no minor feature or mere detail of our globe's economy, but has a significance truly cosmical in its importance. Tremendous indeed must have been the activity of those primeval processes, fierce the heat of those primeval fires, under whose action sixty thousand millions of millions of tons of salts were extracted from the earth's substance and added to its liquid envelope.

[Since this essay was in type, a paper has been read before the Astronomical Society by Mr. Brett, describing observations altogether inexplicable, except by the theory we have advocated above. They relate to the movements of two large white spots on Jupiter's chief belt. Both these spots were so shadowed as to indicate that they were in reality bodies of globular shape,—no doubt rounded masses of cloud, floating in the relatively transparent atmosphere of the planet. "The fact that they are wholly immersed in the semi-transparent material of the planet is indisputable," says Mr. Brett, "since they gradually disappear as they approach the" edge of the disc, "and in no case have been seen to project beyond it." The distinguishing peculiarity of these bodies was, however, their rapid motion, as though gaining on the planet's rotation. The average motion was estimated by Mr. Brett at about one hundred and sixty-five miles per hour, but this estimate would have been somewhat reduced had he taken into account, as he should have done, the changing position of the earth, relatively to Jupiter. Still, even after adding to this re-

duction all that can possibly be attributed to errors of observation, there remains a considerable motion of these cloud-masses, each of which was about half as large as the whole globe of the earth! It may, perhaps, be thought that we have here attached too much weight to the telescopic observations of one who is skilled rather in art than in science; and in fairness it must be admitted that about half Mr. Brett's observations have been regarded more than doubtfully by astronomers. But this observation, like the one described in the body of the above essay, depends only on accuracy in estimating the apparent position of two spots on the planet's face; and so skilful a draughtsman as Mr. Brett cannot have made any large error in an observation of the kind.]

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE FRIEND OF THE HERO.

CHAPTER I.

THE BRUTAL LIFE.

"WHAT would the world be without passion?" asked Thomas.

"A better place," said Orlando, "and a healthier, as it would be without champagne."

"And romance?" asked Thomas, plaintively.

"Romance is to passion as the morning soda-water to the champagne of evening. We should be better without either."

"Thank heaven I don't take the trough view of the world," said Thomas, hotly.

"The brutal life for me," said Orlando, rolling over on the inn lawn. "I have had enough of culture for this year, and enough of society. Now I shall eat when I am hungry, and always have room for my elbows, dance when I feel light-hearted and always have space for my legs, burn my white ties, free my neck from the collar, and, above all, breathe air."

Here he filled his capacious lungs and stretched his long limbs, which were covered with spotless white flannel.

Thomas looked at his friend with an expression of disappointment and perplexity.

"Let us be brutal for a change," continued Orlando, with an air of moral earnestness; "or vegetable, and drink in sun and air. Waiter, a pot of ale."

When he had refreshed himself with a draught, he sprang to his feet, and said, "And now let us be off."

"I hope you won't think I am annoyed," said Thomas, anxiously, "but I think I

should like to walk to-day, and join you this evening, if you don't mind sculling the boat down alone and taking my bag."

"I sha'n't expect to see you," said his friend, shaking his head with much solemnity. "In an hour you will be settled under a hedge with one of the ten volumes of 'A Placid Existence,' or 'Thoughts of a Suburban Grandmother,' or 'Gayer Moments of an Upper Tooting Curate,' or 'Gentle Dreams for Gentle Souls,' or—but enough. You see the effect of forcing such food upon me. I am suffering from a reaction. I am wedded to the brutal life." Then he laughed aloud, shook his friend playfully by the shoulders, and betook himself to the boat.

Thomas watched his friend as he rowed away, with an expression half-admiring, half-pathetic. It seemed very sad to him that so glorious a creature should be so hard of heart, strong, bright, and cold as a diamond. And yet he could not find fault with one who swung so grandly forward, filling his broad chest and straightening his shapely arms, and then with scarce an effort of strong back and thighs sent the boat flying along the water. Orlando shouted a farewell, and Thomas sighed and smiled, went indoors and paid the bill, and so started on his journey.

It was still early morning, and the dew was on the grass; the sky was not a pitiless blue, but tender and made softer by little fleecy clouds; and about the low green hills in the distance a wayward shower was sweeping. An April day had come to freshen the close of a thirsty June. The heart of the young wayfarer grew light, and his lips began to babble of little joys. Surely before the close of such a day something wonderful must happen. The fitful air was full of vague promises; each scent, as it grew fainter with the growth of day, hinted a memory too sweet for a regret. Thomas stepped out gay as a troubadour. The hours seemed endless before him, each moment a new joy, and surely somewhere a great surprise to crown the day. He thought with pity of Orlando, for whom no wonderful thing was reserved. He was full of whimsical thoughts, laughing and blushing now and then at his own absurdity. He pulled off his hat to the honeysuckle in the loose-growing hedge, and stepped aside from the path of a beetle, magnificent in green: he stopped to whisper to the sweet-brier rose, and to hear the sage counsel of a pragmatical finch. He lingered by the cottage porch, if haply some little damsel might step out to fasten the loose spray of roses. He

watched a light cart come jogging towards him, and wondered who was in it; till lazy Sally was jolted by in the sunlight, and he began to wonder if she had a lover. While his thoughts were yet busy with Sally, and he was humming some words of a girl, who was no lady nor beautiful, and who knew she ought not to walk with a gentleman; while he was musing on dairies and daisies and cool pastures and three-legged stools, and fancying Corydon with ribbons at his knees, and Bob Hulk-er in corduroy; and when the day was still young, — he heard the quick feet of ponies behind him, and before he had time to imagine a lovely driver, she had passed. Only a vision of soft, fair hair, a face half-curious, half-shy, but very sweet in shadow; and yet the young man thought that something remarkable had happened. He stood still and stared with the murmured song hushed on his lips. Away went the ponies, sleek, round, and sure of foot, happy in the thought of corn and in the light hand of their lady. Thomas pushed through a gap in the hedge, and ran up the sloping field, whence the hay had just been carted. From the high ground he looked far down the road, till the little carriage was but a speck in the distance. Then he sighed and solemnly shook his head, and then he looked across the country with a new sense of its loveliness. Fields of ripening corn stretched away from his feet to the banks of the delaying river. The wheat was scarcely stirred, and the hazy air was murmurous with the hum of insects. Beyond the river lay meadows where cows were lazily feeding — meadows which far away rose slowly and softly into grassy hills. The sky was tender as the memory of an old love-story — everywhere was rest; and the impressionable Thomas staring upward with wide eyes, gave himself up to dreams, and, dreaming, slept.

When Thomas woke the sun was high, and the charm of morning had passed away. He stretched himself, rubbed his eyes, and wrinkled his eyebrows plaintively. Then he stared down the road, and was absurdly disappointed because he could not see the pony-carriage. There was nothing but hot and dusty miles laid out before him, plain and monotonous as the path of everyday duty. He gave a great sigh, and braced himself for the work. As he plodded on, he began to think himself a very unfortunate young man. Nothing ever came up to his expectations. How different the day would have been, if those pampered ponies had

taken fright, and he had flung himself at their heads! So his imagination busied itself with that which might have been. He fancied beauty in distress and heroism flying to the rescue. It did not occur to him that he might have been run over; but he was sure that he would not have minded a slight injury. Suppose, for instance, that he had sprained his wrist, and that she had bound it with her own handkerchief. Suppose — but, after all, life was a poor affair; and romance was of the dark ages: things never happened exactly right; and the day had grown oppressively hot.

For uneasy thoughts there is no cure like walking. Abuse of the age sank gradually into a mechanical accompaniment of the footsteps, and finally vanished before a growing consciousness of hunger.

When Thomas entered the low porch of the village inn he was tired and hungry, but the burden of the day was gone. He found Orlando lying on another lawn, and breathing the evening as he had breathed the morning air — a little browner and a little stronger, but otherwise unchanged. He had ordered a stupendous dinner, and had tried the beer.

"A good day?" asked Thomas, throwing himself on the ground by his friend.

"Great," said the other; "and you?"

"Yes," said Thomas, doubtfully; "good enough."

"By-the-by, I fished out a woman."

"A what?"

"I pulled a woman out of the water."

"You have saved a woman from drowning?"

Thomas felt a sinking. He had left Orlando for a day, and on that day Orlando had had an adventure.

"An old woman?" he muttered.

"I should guess about twenty."

"Dark?" Thomas thought he should not mind so much if she were dark.

"Fair, tall, and —"

"Beautiful?"

"Women don't look pretty when they have just fallen into the water; but I think —"

"You think she was handsome."

"Yes. Come and dine."

"Tell me how it happened first."

Thomas listened eagerly, while his friend told his story as quickly as he could.

About two hours previously he was drifting lazily down the stream, when he heard a cry. He drove his sculls through the water, turned the corner, and saw a boat floating, bottom upwards, in the mid-

dle of the stream. He pulled off his shoes and flannel coat, and stood up. Then he saw a woman struggling in the water trying to reach the boat, but hampered by petticoats and weeds. Of course he plunged, and of course he pulled her out without the least difficulty. Indeed, as he was careful to explain to his friend, the girl kept her presence of mind so well that it was quite unnecessary to hit her on the head, or seize her by the ears, or adopt any of the authorized means of saving drowning persons.

Thomas shuddered at the idea of seizing a young lady by the ears.

"And now to dine," cried Orlando.

"Who is she?" asked his friend.

"She is Jeanie. Her father is a Mr. Dorian, and his place is one of the nicest on the river. The bore is, that I must scull up there in the morning. I never should have got away from the paternal gratitude if I had not promised."

"And what shall I do?" asked Thomas, feeling painfully unimportant.

"Oh, I told them about you, and they said I might bring you."

"And you are a hero," thought Thomas, as he followed his friend's broad back to the shoulder of lamb. Then he thought of himself as the friend of the hero, and sighed once more over the good behavior of those ponies.

CHAPTER II.

"Here's flowers for you."

THE next morning, after an early swim and a great breakfast, the two friends turned their boat's head up stream, and set out for Raynham Farm.

Orlando, overflowing with delight in oar, and stream, and summer air, burst ever and anon into conventional expressions, uttered in a fine tone of mockery. "May I ask for a dance?" he shouted. "Where are we to sit? When do you ride?" and then with a great burst of laughter he hazarded the observation, "I think I know your brother."

Thomas, swinging steadily behind his friend's broad shoulders, could not keep his eyes from the bank, gracious with river-flowers — the iris standing tall, strong, and graceful in the stream, or crowned with gold among the meaner reeds; the forget-me-nots nestling by the dimpled water; the fair, white water-lilies withdrawn shyly into shadowed nooks; and loosestrife frequent in the more common crowd. The boat passed on by cows standing deep in the cool; by the swan-

mother busy in a stately fashion among the rushes, while her mate sailed near, proud as a king, and ready ruffled for war; by grand clusters of trees, and creeks half hidden in the tangled thicket; by trim gardens and wild hanging woods. So the rowers moved from beauty on to beauty, with ears charmed by the gossip of birds, and soothed by the rushing of the far-off weir. So they bent to the oar, and were not aweary of rowing when they came to the smooth shelving lawn of the sweetest of riverside places. And on the lawn fair girls were moving gladly, and they tossed the ball from one to another. Now when they saw the two young men run their boat carefully by the old water-steps, and ship their oars, Letty and Jo, who were young girls, and still in the schoolroom, shrank back, and began to whisper together, and to glance, and Jo almost to giggle; but Jeanie, though she paused for a moment like a startled deer, and let the ball lie idle at her feet, came presently forward with her head up, and looking with open honest eyes. She came neither quickly nor slowly, giving the young men time to fasten their boat, before she met Orlando with a little sun-burnt hand outstretched. "Please let me thank you again," she said, "and don't be angry."

The young man laughed somewhat sheepishly. "It was very hot," he said, "and I was glad of a plunge."

"But I might have drowned you."

"Not much fear," said he, in the pride of his strength; "and besides, you behaved so well, and kept your head. It was nothing; and I feel such a fool when I am thanked."

Now, while these two were talking, Thomas was thinking many thoughts, as his custom was, and had all sorts of feelings; for the girl whom his friend had saved in the afternoon was she who had driven the ponies in the morning. All in a moment he was preposterously glad and absurdly wretched. It was a great thing that wonders should happen in an age when miracles are announced by telegram; but how might they not shatter a sensitive and sentimental man!

When Jeanie looked at Thomas, she wondered why his face had so many expressions, and what they all meant. She thought that he was shy; and so when Orlando said, "This is Thomas, my friend," she smiled very kindly, and held out her hand. Then she explained to her guests that her father had been obliged to go to town, but would be back in the

afternoon; that they were to dine and sleep there; that they might remain in flannel; and, finally, that their rooms were ready.

Before the friends had time to expostulate they found themselves and their bags being conducted by a servant to the house.

"What a wonderful little manager!" said Orlando, in a voice which he believed to be low.

"What a perfect child!" said Thomas to himself.

When they came back to the lawn Miss Dorian was alone, having sent her younger sisters to the schoolroom. She played the hostess with strange simplicity, and showed them all the small beauties of the place without a doubt of their interest. Orlando was unusually gentle, and Thomas thought of Una and the lion as he watched the pair before him.

Nor was the young woman unmindful of the shy man. She made many little remarks to him, and sometimes turned to look at him with sympathetic curiosity in her eyes. She laughed at something which the big Orlando said, and betrayed by the sound of her laughter a delight in fun which thrilled the hearers. When Una laughed, the lion roared with laughter; and so laughing and talking they went to see the shrubberies, the copper-beech, the monkey-puzzler, the hollow tree with the peep-hole towards the river, the old kitchen garden half filled by intrusive flowers and sturdy lavender-bushes, the field with the new haystack, and the farmyard where the white pigeons sunned themselves on the dull red roof and the geese walked in procession, and the sweet-smelling stalls were ready for the heavy cows. Orlando talked of his admiration at every corner, but Thomas said little until they came to the stables.

"These are my ponies," said Miss Dorian with pride.

"I saw you driving them yesterday morning," said Thomas, briefly.

"Did you?" asked she, kindling with interest. "How strange! It must have been you I passed walking alone close to Darley Court. I remember wondering if my ponies would take fright."

"I wish they had," said he.

"You wish they had taken fright?" she asked, round-eyed with surprise.

"No, no. I beg your pardon. I meant something else."

He laughed uneasily as she still looked at him with frank curiosity. She thought him a mysterious young man.

When everything else had been duly

admired, the attention of the guests was called to the merits of the house, so roomy yet so modest, so near the river and so free from damp, with its old brick weather-stained and laced, but not strangled, by ivy, and its deep veranda cool all day long. Indeed it is in all respects what a house by the river Thames should be.

At luncheon Miss Jeanie Dorian presided with perfect self-possession, now checking her youngest sister with a glance, which it was equally impossible to defy and to resent, now encouraging that meekness of governesses, Miss Tubb. It was clear that this lady regarded Miss Dorian, who was at least ten years younger than herself, with extraordinary deference. When she ventured on a remark, she seemed to plead for her approval, and she put to her a series of chance questions, which had evidently been rehearsed in private. She blushed a good deal at finding herself in the society of two strange gentlemen, and was driven into desperate conversation by the eyes of her two pupils. She was painfully conscious that a new chapter would be added to the false history of her life, on which Jo, most imaginative of biographers, was always engaged. For many years romantic incidents had been growing round her uneventful life, and Jo would have long since raised her to the rank of the most heroic heroine that had ever been, had she not been checked by the chastening criticism of the more prosaic Letty. This romantic chronicle was the great delight of the schoolroom, and, on the whole, a not unpleasant torture to the victim. Yet when Orlando suggested a glass of ale or Thomas handed the strawberries, Miss Tubb trembled to think what was passing in her pupil's mind; while Jo shook her curly head at the governess, and burst out laughing at the surprised expression of Thomas. This contemplative young man was still more surprised when Miss Jeanie, who had been indulging herself with trifling talk, began to question him with becoming gravity about the Oxford colleges. Was not this too fast, and that too slow? She must find one where exactly the right amount of encouragement was given to athletics. Could a man row and read? Could he read and hunt once a week? When Thomas had answered several questions of the kind, Orlando began to laugh and asked her if she were going to the university.

"No," she said, sedately, "but I have a brother at Eton between me and the girls."

"The girls!" muttered Orlando under

his breath—and presently asked her, almost diffidently, if she arranged everything.

"Yes," she answered, raising her eyebrows a little; "I am the eldest, and I have to do things."

Then she turned to the governess, and asked her if she and the girls would join them later on the lawn. Miss Tubb murmured her thanks, blushed under Jo's eye, and looked appealingly at Letty, who got her out of the room.

"She is quite invaluable," said Miss Jeanie, gravely, to the young men; and then a sudden flush came over her face, and her mouth was round as a child's as she said, "Oh, do you play lawn tennis?"

In a few minutes she was ready, clad in a suitable gown, and armed with her favorite racquet, and was quickly absorbed in a tremendous struggle with Orlando. She laughed when the genial young giant reached strokes which seemed impossible, and he laughed twice as loud admiring her skill and quickness, her parted lips, her eager looks, and all the beauty which seemed nothing to her. Thomas, watching the players, thought how much alike they were, and yet how different, and how very quickly they had become friends. For some reason he could not feel their gaiety, and his thoughts wandered off with sympathy to Miss Tubb, who had of course been disappointed in life, as anybody could see.

This was one of those rare summer days, which seem to have no end. Each is a life as happy as uneventful, and its chronicle must be tedious as the biography of a maiden aunt. Yet they are the great slumbrous flowers of the garden where memory loves to wander in idle hours, as the laden bee goes back, and cannot have enough of sweetness. This long day was scarcely old when Mr. Dorian came home. He found his family drinking tea in the veranda; and Miss Jeanie, who had run to meet him like a child, came leading him by the hand towards the young men. This father was evidently the kindest of men, for Letty proudly claimed his other hand, Zoe flung herself upon him, and Miss Tubb expanded in his presence. He had been all his life in business, and had made constant efforts to believe in the wickedness of the world, but to no purpose. There were tears in his eyes as he held out his hand to Orlando, and said, "I must thank you again for what you did yesterday. I don't know how to say—I don't know how to think of what might

have been," and he put his arm round his eldest child as he spoke.

"Please don't speak of it," cried Orlando in a great hurry, "it was nothing: I could not have done less for a cat."

Hereupon Miss Dorian burst out laughing and caught Thomas's eye and stopped. She introduced him to her father, and looked at him curiously. She was puzzled and almost troubled by him, wondering what he thought about so much.

"A splendid place!" said Orlando that evening, as he breathed the night air in his friend's room.

"I never believed in maiden simplicity before," murmured Thomas, whose old enthusiasm for romance seemed rather stale to him.

"She is like an awfully nice, honest sort of boy," said Orlando, with the air of one inspired.

Thomas shuddered. There seemed to him a certain profanity in the remark.

CHAPTER III.

"Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep."

THE days went slowly by, and the two friends did not leave the farm by the river. They had not refused to send for their luggage, and, after all, the place was a good central point for lovers of the Thames. Thus it happened that a great change came over the family, who were converted with wonderful ease to Orlando's theory of life. Mr. Dorian took a holiday. He had read "Wilhelm Meister" when a boy, and there was a half-choked spring of romance beneath his ample waistcoat. He was now suddenly possessed by a conviction that wisdom was to be imbibed with air, and that health and happiness were incompatible with a shirt-collar. He began to row with tremendous energy, to lead his family to distant spots, and to wonder in the solitude of his own room why exercise made him stouter. In the schoolroom lessons were forgotten. Jo added a stupendous chapter, in which was related the tragic story of Miss Tubb's attachment to a bargeman, by whose side the Farnese Hercules was a puny whipster; and Miss Tubb herself, after many fears of possible improprieties, invested secretly in a little manual of training. The headlong zeal and superb example of Orlando inspired the community. Early rising, though cynically regarded by the servants, became a custom; and to greet the rising sun with a shout, assumed the character of a religious observance. To ride, to shoot, and to speak the truth, seemed once

more the whole duty of man, and the hardy Norseman found a home upon the gentlest of rivers. The courage of the men was matched by the endurance of the women, who made an exercise of hair-brushing, and scorned to shriek at the split point of a hairpin. Simplicity was the fashion, and practical Letty manipulated her bed with so much dexterity, that she could almost lie in it as she had made it. All things began to be viewed with the eye of the athlete. It was observed for the first time that the butler was beginning to stoop, and it was suggested that he should for the future carry the tray of coffee-cups on his head. Miss Tubb fell into feeble ecstasies over the wing-muscles of the birds, whom she had previously regarded with merely sentimental interest as feathered songsters of the grove; and the very sunlight, which had been little more than a caress, gained new interest as a tremendous species of force. Thomas alone was cold. He congratulated his friend somewhat dismally on his successful preaching of the brutal life.

"Brutal life!" cried Orlando; "I wonder that you can use such coarse expressions."

"Why, it was your own word," said the other staring.

"Say simple life, or Greek, Homeric, heroic," said the prophet, whose voice grew louder with each epithet. Thomas smiled as he recognized the refining influence of the despised sex. He was acquiring the habit of smiling sadly. He took part in the common occupations, but often moved away into solitude. Sometimes he was discontented among the eager crowd, and having left them, was more discontented still. He hovered on the borders, hearing a little and imagining much, half actor, half spectator, as comfortable as a hypochondriac jammed in a draughty doorway. One eye observes the sweet, treacherous moonlight without, the other a warm, wide sofa within, but the draught on the neck is undeniable. So was Thomas dissatisfied with the world and with himself, as he interpreted the words and actions around him according to his theory of the situation, his tale of the hero who saved the lovely woman from the water. So, too, it happened that when Miss Dorian, who preserved a becoming moderation even in this new life, came, as she often did, to ask his advice about some book or some subject for the pencil, he was infinitely touched by so much thoughtfulness and courtesy, and made great efforts not to damp her joy. At her re-

quest he read to her in his most dulcet tones, but stopped at the bottom of every page to make sure that she was not bored. He received her kindness with diffidence, and perplexed her by smiles which were at once pathetic and intelligent.

"I can't understand your friend," Miss Jeanie said one day to Orlando, who had been telling her anecdotes about him. "He seems to be always thanking me and forgiving me at the same time, and both for nothing." Orlando laughed, and declared Thomas to be a preposterous but delightful person, deeply tainted by mediævalism and incapable of classical simplicity; and so, shouting a sonorous line of Homer, he betook himself to his hollow boat.

"You think us very foolish," said Miss Jeanie to Mr. Thomas, with a little nod of decision, as he drew near with a book under his arm.

"No, indeed I don't," he answered, eagerly. "I envy you, and — and I think you wonderful. You keep the whole thing straight, and yet you don't offend the enthusiasts."

"It is fun, if it is silly."

"But it is not silly. I know you think me a prig, and I daresay I am. Orlando is a much finer fellow, I envy him, and —"

Here he broke off, and thought within himself how he had envied his friend the chance of a fine deed and the favor of a fair lady. He thought that he would give much for the opportunity of risking his life. As they talked, they had strolled towards the farmyard, and the young man's gloomy thoughts were interrupted by a cry of the maiden. Was it possible that his chance had come? He looked quickly at her face, followed the direction of her eyes, and saw the turkey-cock. He could not be mistaken: it certainly was not a bull. Yet, bird as he was, he knew the one weak point in Miss Dorian's character. He stood terrific, in ruffled plumes as the fretful porcupine, scratching the dust with stiffened wings, blushing ever more fiercely red about his chaotic countenance, and sounding notes of war, such as are heard when some apoplectic gentleman gulps thick soup at a railway station, and the bell clangs, and the light porters are hustled together.

"Don't turn," cried Jeanie; "he will fly at our backs; oh, pray go first."

Thomas stepped forward, but there was bitterness in his soul. He had no stick; so he pushed his foot somewhat clumsily at his opponent, and said, "Get out!" The bird gave way a few inches, threatening war, Jeanie slipped quickly by, and the

young man followed her. He could not run, but he was conscious that the fowl was close at his heels; he was therefore obliged to proceed in a crab-like manner, now and then pushing his foot out sideways at the pursuer, and well aware that the action was far from graceful. In this way he drew near to the farmyard gate, and was aware of Jo shaking on the top bar, and stifling her laughter at the risk of her life. Had that turkey been a bull, Thomas had rent him with his bare hands. However, he was only a turkey.

Miss Jeanie, when on the safe side of the gate, was ashamed of her fears, and inclined to be angry with Jo for laughing at her defender. Indeed so vexed was she, that she straightway remembered that music was too important a thing to be neglected, and marched off her youngest sister to the piano.

Thomas, as he lay under a tree and stared at his book, was, soon marching to marches which quickened unexpectedly, waltzing to tunes which whirled him in all sorts of circles, and polking to others which, breaking off suddenly, left him with one leg in the air. He had a sensitive ear, which rebelled against Jo's playing, and he wondered at the virtue which kept Miss Dorian near the instrument. At last the music came to an end, and the musician leapt through the window like an india-rubber ball, and vanished in the shrubbery. Thomas turned to look at the house, but her sister did not follow her. Then he fixed his eye sternly on his book, and made up his mind to become absorbed in constitutional history. After some time he found himself repeating with a frown the word "Witanagemot," and wondering whether his hostess looked better by daylight or candle-light. Another half-hour had gone, when he awoke to the fact that he had not turned a page. A minute insect was busily surveying the word "Witanagemot," which still stared the reader in the face; but the reader's thoughts had wandered thence to the House of Lords, thence to the Eastern question, thence by an easy transition to the farmyard. If but for one short hour that bird had been a bull!

When Thomas had closed his book in despair, he saw that the sun was already low in the sky. From the new order of things dinner had disappeared, and supper, a charming institution in the country in summer, had taken its place. It was growing late. The young man was turning towards the house when he felt a light fluttering touch on his arm, and looking

down beheld Miss Tubb, terrified by her own audacity.

"Pray excuse me," she gasped, glancing nervously round in her great fear of her youngest charge. "I daresay I am very foolish —"

"Can I do anything for you?"

"Oh, I daresay it is nothing — only my fears;" and Miss Tubb showed wavering signs of drifting away.

"What is it?" asked Thomas.

"Oh, only Miss Dorian."

"What?" cried the young man, so sharply that the governess gave a convulsive leap, and remained quivering as though she would melt into air. He put out his hand to support and detain her.

"Only your friend Orlando — I mean Mr. —"

"Orlando!" cried he, and again the governess jumped.

"He came," she went on trembling and in a great hurry — "he came, and I was sitting behind the copper-beech, and said something about it's being all ready, and having brought the boat to the steps, and —"

"But why did you say that?"

"I didn't say anything. I couldn't think what to say till afterwards. I did say 'Ahem!' but they didn't hear me."

"They! Who?"

"Why, Mr. Orlando and Jeanie — Miss Dorian," said Miss Tubb, mildly exasperated.

"Orlando and Miss Dorian!" repeated Thomas, with a sensation of sinking.

"Yes. He said that the boat was ready; and she asked if something was safe; and he only laughed, and then she said that she was not afraid with him."

"She was not afraid with him!" echoed Thomas again.

"Yes; and I think they are just going. And it is so late for the water; and I am so frightened: though of course it is nothing; and I hope you will excuse me."

Thomas made no answer. An awful suspicion was taking shape in his mind. Was this to be the end of the romance? What might not his wild friend attempt? Was he playing the barbaric Norseman or the Homeric hero? Would he snatch a maiden from the hearth? And she had said that she was not afraid with him. With himself she had trembled before a turkey-cock.

Trifles light as air came thick upon him, as he assured Miss Tubb that it was nothing; and his heart beat quick as he darted to the landing-place. He was too late, and he saw them travelling down the

stream. He shouted, and Orlando, as he answered, seemed to quicken his stroke. He looked for the Dorians' gig, but it was not in its place. He was sure that he had divined the truth. It was the necessary end of the story. He trusted his fancy as an inspiration. As he stared down the river, Mr. Dorian came gliding in his boat from above. "Come in," cried the elderly athlete, cheerily; "take the other sculls and get an appetite for supper."

"All right; quick; down stream!" cried Thomas, as he stepped in. With a great effort he kept his awful suspicion to himself. He would spare this new Lord Ullin as long as possible. "Orlando is just ahead," he said; "let us try to catch him—just for fun, you know."

"You are hurrying the stroke," said Mr. Dorian, who prided himself on his Oxford swing. The younger oarsman was sculling his strongest with his head over his left shoulder.

"Quicker!" he cried, "or we shall be shut out of locks."

"Steady," said Mr. Dorian, making gallant efforts as became his character of athlete, and growing hot with the ardor of the race. They were flying along, when Thomas gave a sudden cry and stopped in amazement.

"What is it?" gasped the veteran, as his sculls rattled against his friend's.

"They are going down the weir stream." Mr. Dorian felt a glow. Wealth was a little thing; the responsibility of the father of a family was naught: all his youth rose from the depths of his being, and flashed from his lips in the words, "If he shoots the weir we will, too. Come on."

Thomas replied by a stroke, and the boat leapt forward. He saw that it was their only chance of hindering this folly. The runaway match must be stopped, even if it spoiled the story. On flew the boat, and crossing the end of the lock-cut, swept through the gathering shadows towards the rapids. They had gained on the fugitives, and Thomas, looking round, could see Miss Jeanie sitting upright and guiding the boat steadily to the open part of the weir. In an instant it flashed from his sight. "Sit firm," said he, in a low voice. As he spoke, he felt an unexpected current catch the boat and sweep it towards the stakes. He rowed fiercely with his right hand, and wrenched the bows round to the open space. They were clear of the woodwork, but the rushing stream hurled them on before their craft was straight. She seemed to pause on the brink, then jumped like a horse;

and Thomas felt a cold wave on his back, as she righted herself with a convulsive effort below. Clear above the rush of the rapids rang the inextinguishable laughter of Orlando. Thomas was dumb with amazement. Close beside him was the classic robber resting harmless on his sculls, and the hapless maiden was radiant with excitement.

"Oh, papa," she said, "how could you be so rash?"

"Dear me! what are you doing here?" asked her father, surprised.

"But why did you stop? I mean, what did you do it for?" asked Thomas.

"For fun," said Orlando; "we have been discussing it for the last week."

Thomas said no more. He was silent while they went through locks, and even when the veteran spoke of supper. He sculled mechanically, and wondered why his life was a tissue of delusive excitements, and why, if the world of romance was a fool's paradise, it was always his lot to be the fool.

"Wrong, as usual," he muttered, as he tied up the boat, and as his eye caught the flutter of a gown he added, "Thank heaven." It was clear that the tale must find some other end.

CHAPTER IV.

"For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love."

THE impressionable Thomas did not sleep well after the shooting of the weir. He was abroad early, saw the mist rise slowly from the river, and felt the chill air of dawn. As he walked briskly towards the house, Orlando stepped through a window with a great towel flung across his shoulder, seized him and carried him off for a dip.

"Look here," said the young hero, as they went towards the bath-house; "I must go away to-day."

"Go away?" echoed Thomas, blankly.

"You can stay, of course," said the other, laughing.

"But why do you go?"

"The complicated nineteenth century has intruded on me. My mother has sent for me."

"And you don't much mind going?" asked Thomas, with hesitation.

"Why should I mind?" asked his friend, with a curious emphasis, as he pulled off his flannel shirt. Thomas sat meditating, with his mouth open and a boot in his hand. Orlando laughed aloud, drew himself up, stretched his shapely arms above

his head, leaped like a deer, and flashed like Leander into the cool stream. After a few minutes he was back again, brilliant, glowing, and joyous, shaking the drops from his close-cropped curls. Thomas was sorely puzzled. Certainly this strayed athlete belonged to a time when romance was not. This creature, shouting, singing and laughing in the fresh sunlight, was no lover just summoned from the side of his mistress. And yet, how pull a girl out of the water and not love her? He began to feel very sorry for Miss Jeanie, across whose quiet life this young viking had gleamed with his blue eyes and his careless heart. "Poor child," he murmured to himself again and again, surprised at the tenderness of his own pity. He could sympathize with her: there was a melancholy pleasure in the thought. At breakfast he was very uncomfortable. When his friend announced his approaching departure, he dared not raise his eyes, and yet he seemed to see the trouble in a sweet young face. As he was staring at his plate and feeling very hot, he heard her speaking in her usual tone and saying how sorry she was. He was lost in wonder at her modesty and self-control. He could not help looking at her, and he hoped that his glance expressed sympathy without giving offence; but she only thought that he wanted his tea.

"Must you go, too?" she asked, as she handed his cup.

"No. Yes. I mean I think I had better go with Orlando."

"We shall be sorry to lose you both at once," said Mr. Dorian, looking curiously at the young man.

"I am afraid I should not be much good alone. I mean I shall be better away," and he gave an appealing look to Miss Jeanie. But that lady was inspecting the bottom of her cup with great earnestness. It was no part of her duty as hostess to press young men to stay. So breakfast passed with less than the usual gaiety, and Orlando, having exhorted Mr. Dorian to try a pair of clubs, and advised Miss Tubb and her pupils to devote their whole minds to their shoulders, entered his boat. Miss Dorian was standing on the highest of the old steps with her crisp gown gathered carefully about her. "Thank you a thousand times," he said, as he pushed off, "for the most splendid fun." As he swung out into the stream, Thomas came running from the house. "Hi!" cried he; "I am going with you."

"No you are not," said Orlando, unable to row for laughter. Thomas was seri-

ously annoyed. He was unable to see the humor of this schoolboy trick. It was embarrassing to be left when the hero had gone out of the story. The romance was to end, as some romances do, with a woman's sorrow and patience; and there was clearly no place for him. He humbly asked pardon of Miss Dorian, and promised to go away by train. He went gloomily into the house and sat down to Bradshaw; but as he found himself, after half an hour's study, earnestly endeavoring to reach the Isle of Man, he abandoned the book and turned to packing. Having packed till he felt silly, he left the task to the footman, and went out to have a last look at the place. There was nobody about. Mr. Dorian had gone to town for the day. Miss Tubb was doing the elegant English hour with the Misses Letitia and Josephine. Play-time was over, and all the vitality of the place seemed to have gone with that frank young creature, who was far down the stream poised on extended sculls, and laughing to himself.

Thomas went round the lawn and through the shrubberies, visited the stable, where he cast an unfavorable glance at the ponies—and the farm, where he chucked a stone at the turkey-cock. Thence he sauntered into the country lane, and, strolling aimlessly onward, entered the path which leads up to the easy-sloping downs. The path passes through a wood of beech-trees, which for the most part meet above it. On the left these trees are a mere belt, and Thomas stopped again and again to look with wonder on visions of sweet country framed in leaves. In some places the land sloped gently downward from the wood, and was heavy with upright wheat or barley glancing in the sun like a polished silver floor; in others it fell sharply away, and the gazer saw the country below like another world in which were no unquiet thoughts and longings. Sunlight lay broad and deep on all the land, and far away the blue-grey earth and grey-blue sky melted together as thought and dream. Thomas sighed as he saw below him the smoke rising straight from the hidden house. He was in a very sensitive mood, and some deep feeling of sympathy was stirred within him as he watched the brown path quiver with light and shade. He saw the sunlight tangled in the beech-leaves, and started as a long shaft slipped through and touched his upturned face. He was alone, and yet about him was a presence and a power. He passed the old gate, which hung idle on its rusty hinges, and came out upon the

open slope. A few yards from him Miss Dorian was seated, and, as she turned with a slight start, he saw a tear upon her cheek.

"I did not know you were here. I am afraid I startled you."

"Oh no; but I am so sorry that all the fun is over."

They both spoke very quick, as if eager to avoid all misunderstanding. An awkward pause followed, and then Thomas made a stupendous effort to say something pleasant.

"I wish I was Orlando," he said, "he is so free, and can come here whenever he likes—at least, I mean whenever you like."

There was another interval of silence, and then she asked, rather coldly, "Are you so very busy?"

"I? Oh, well, I am rather. At least—but it doesn't matter. What a lovely view!"

"It is thought the best view of the house."

The young man looked for a few minutes, and after doubting whether he should say it, and deciding that of course he must not, observed forthwith, in a spirit of bravado, "I almost wish I had never seen it."

He turned cold at the sound of his own words, but she did not demand an explanation. She only said, "Thank you," with a strange little smile.

"I should like to say good-bye here," he said, "and go away." She turned her head and looked across the country. "Good-bye," he said as he passed behind her, and having said it he saw her eyes. He shivered from head to foot, and turned cold. Clearly he was the victim of some horrible mockery. He walked towards the gate with an instinctive desire of flight. Then he wavered and turned back.

"Miss Dorian," he began, speaking very quickly, "it can't be—I can't think—you can't be sorry because I—no, no. You must forgive me for being such a puppy." She had risen and wanted to speak, but could only twist her glove. "Good-bye," he said again with a sort of sob, "and forget what a fool I have been." She could not speak, but she made a little movement as if to hold out the twisted glove. He seized both hand and glove. "Miss Dorian—Jeanie," he cried, and here his voice failed him.

An hour passed, and they were sitting on the hillside, and wondering at the beauty of the world.

"Jeanie," said he, "it will be an awful shock to your father."

"Not very great, I think," said she. "I almost think he suspected something."

"But I did not suspect myself. He does not know anything about me."

"Oh yes, he does. Your friend talked of nothing but you."

"Did he talk of me?" asked he; and then added suddenly, "you don't mean to say that Orlando knew?"

"I can't say, but I think he guessed—"

"That I loved you. Oh, Jeanie, I believe that everybody knew except me. But what on earth made you like me?"

"I don't know," she said, and smiled.

"But it ought to have ended differently," he maintained in an argumentative manner.

"What ought to have ended differently?"

"The story. You ought to care for the hero, and not for his friend."

His words were words of complaint, but as he looked across the peaceful land there was great contentment in his heart.

From All The Year Round.

A STRAW-PLAIT MARKET.

AT Hitchin, on every Tuesday throughout the year, and at the early hour of nine in the morning, there is held a straw-plait market. To it come ruddy women, bronzed and buxom, and keen-tongued women, and haggard women, and timid little girls, and sturdy old gossips and goodies; and they are to be seen trudging into Hitchin, past acres and acres of lovely lavender, delicious in rich color and rich fragrance; along clean-clipped lanes bordered with ground-ivy, under old, old box trees, the height of limes, the girth of cedars, as forked and as green-crustured; and they can be followed, carrying their links of plait upon their arms, as they pass close by the low-browed shops and the overhanging hostelries, and as they merge into the market-place and take up their stand. They chatter resolutely whilst they wend their way, do these Herts women. Their homes are the warm-hued villages scattered round about, such as Baldock, Fisher's Green, Todd's Green, Red-cut Green, Hipplitz, Pollitz (if the spelling is too Saxon, it must be forgiven; it is local and colloquial), Much Wymondley, Little Wymondley, William Score's Mill, Alsey, Nine Springs, Tibb's Bush, Water Dell; and as real life is lived in these warm-hued villages—where cowslips are still called cowpaigles, a lunch is a beaver, a

harvest-home is a lager-day—it follows that there is much news to be heard and told on those weekly market-meetings. There is no cessation of the chatter either, but only some abatement of its tone, when business is commencing and the market-place is reached.

It is the upper side of the largish square, which is the market-place of Hitchen, that is subject to the gradual but sure invasion of the sunburnt and voluble straw-plaiters. They occupy it—a few at first, but more as the minutes go on—till there are some hundreds of them in a loud cluster; and till they fashion themselves, roughly, but with pretty clear intent, into three or four close double rows. Laden is each woman; and each woman in precisely the same manner. Their left arms are thrust through their coils, or links, of plait, if they have only as much as one arm will hold; both arms are thrust through, if they have more; and their plait hangs all round in front of them, like a capacious and very unwieldy muff. There are several sorts of plait. One sort is known as Devon, otherwise double; which means plaited with as many as fourteen straws. One sort is single; plaited, in the most usual way, in seven. Another is whole; plaited (in seven) with unsplit straws, kept in their native round. Another sort, again, is twisted edge; with the distinction the name implies. But no matter what may be the value or variety, all are carried in bunches of ten yards long; all have a little tab, or end, of colored print, tied on the string that binds up the whole, so that each plaiter may be able, after sale, to speak positively to her own. By the score is the plait sold, being two of the pieces ten yards long; the whole of the stock, of one sort, that each woman has, is implied in the purchase, division never being worth while; and the buyers (who are men from Luton, Dunstable, and elsewhere, where the plait is sewn up into hats and bonnets) walk between the close rows of women, looking for the sort of plait that suits their needs, and ascertaining the price at which it will be sold, with a large amount of skirmishing and raillery.

“Rough stuff, this!” was the cry of one of the men, contemptuously, the morning these matters were observed. “Rough as it can be! Whatever d’ye want for this rough lot?”

“Ten.”

Monosyllabic, it will be seen; curt, peremptory. The woman addressed knew she was asking, according to rule, about a

third more than she meant to take; knew she would have, in her own phraseology, to “sink.” But she was firm, as she flung out her price; she was utterly unconciliatory.

The man was aware. “Give ye six,” was his cunning proposition.

“That ye sha’ant!” was the vixenish rejoinder; with the plait tossed down sneeringly, with defiance among the neighboring women, and the bargain at an end.

“Give ye six and a half for this,” said another buyer to another plaiter, as he scrutinized her wares.

“No.”

“Ye’ll get no more. Better let me give it.”

The woman blazed. “Why, that other man bid me seven!” she cried. “And I’ll get ten and a half, or nothing! And I’ll take good care I don’t plaat no more whole plaats for anybody! They cost me ten for the straws!”

That was a horrible—misrepresentation. “Straaws” were selling at an adjacent part of the market a little lower down, at twopence and threepence a bundle (bundles being those miniature sheaves seen in shop windows, the thickness two hands can span, and nine or ten inches high); and a bundle, it is well known to every plaiter, can always make two score yards of plait, or three, if it turn out at the best, and is used judiciously. However, “plaat”-bidding seeming like love and war, with all things fair in the pursuance of it, the woman’s statement passed unchallenged. “Ye see,” said another plaiter in explanation, “if the trade’s brisk, ye have what ye ask;” and, as it was too early then, it may be supposed, to decide the trade was not brisk, the ask was high.

“What d’ye want?” cried a dealer a few steps away. “Ye’ve got some fine rubbish here, I feel bound to tell ye!”

It was all to depreciate the value; but the woman was equal to the occasion. “Ye call it rubbish, do ye?” she shrieked. “’Tain’t ought to be, then! and I sha’ant sell it for rubbish price!”

“What’ll ye take for it? Four?”

“Four? No! If I sell it for four next week, I won’t sell it for less than six this!”

There was subtlety in the answer. It meant that the woman would take the plait home, without selling any of it at all; even if her punishment should be that she should have to bring it to market again, to get no more than the same money. A sister plaiter also, near by, used the same dire threat, put into plainer terms.

"Ye sha'ant have it for eight," she cried, to the particular dealer cheapening her. "No, not if I take it home again!"

"Tell ye what I'll give ye for this—nine and a half," was another method between another couple; with a tart "No! That you won't!" of refusal from the seller, and a high look over the house-tops in resolution.

Then there was the astute buyer, who suggested: "Got any of these to give away like?" And there was the insinuating one, who said: "Come! Shall I have these two at seven to begin with?" And there was the buyer who was jocose, and who cried: "Ye want so much coaxing, Nan! Come, say yes! And I'll give ye a little drop of beer as well!" He being the same who said to another plaiter, a little farther on: "Ye won't take no notice of what I say, Bet, a bit! Listen, and let me mark it down!" and there were the buyers, too, who were not diplomatists, but went to their work direct, crying: "Why, this is all spotted!" and "Here's awful stuff!" and "See! 'Tain't worth nothing this, except for dyeing!" and "If I give ye another farden, I'll eat my hat!"

"What!" cried a buyer, of some solidity and circumference, to a delightfully neat old plaiter, mushroom-hatted, as solid as he. "Thirteen! Plait must be well for ye to hope to get thirteen for this!"

Plait was well, apparently. At any rate, the old lady had no budging. She was bland and placid; with her "thirteen" placidly repeated.

"Give ye twelve," her antagonist suggested.

"No, ye sha'ant!" This sudden snap of an answer was a surprise to us, the old soul not looking capable of such quick determination.

It was a surprise, too, to the buyer, and completely overcame him. He scribbled a figure down on a small slip of paper without another instant of hesitation; he popped it into the old plaiter's disengaged hand; he silently passed down the row. She, meanwhile, glanced at the paper—silently also. Then, her placidity returning, she gave the man a short nod of approval, and tucked the paper into her pocket—her sale accomplished.

Now, this slip-of-paper arrangement requires an explanation. All business was effected by means of it; every buyer carried a packet of the little pieces in his hand, and, when a woman had accepted a slip of paper with a figure written upon it, it was at once a sign that she had agreed

to sell, and a guarantee of the price at which she would be paid. It would be too cumbersome—it can be readily understood—for a buyer to carry away his purchases; it would be too lengthy and too intricate for him to stop to pay for them; so the women kept their plait—still in its heavy bunches—and they all delivered it at appointed inns when the market had closed. There were a few exceptions to this at Hitchin. Two or three of the buyers were provided with an underling, to whom they carried the plait as they bought it, and who huddled it into huge white calico bags the size of sheets; but payment in these cases was to be on presentation of the slips of paper, exactly the same as in all the others. Indeed, all through all the sharp bidding and accepting, there was but one dealer who "settled" upon the spot. He was a young man, grave and anxious, to whom reckoning was new, at any rate, if not the paying for it; for when he had agreed to give "nine and a half," and he found the plaiter's bunch contained eight score, he was perfectly ignorant of how much it came to.

"Eight score at nine and a half," he said, with the plaiter as puzzled as he; so his only resource was a "Ready Reckoner," the leaves of which he rapidly turned, and with whose dictum he was content to be content. "I'll give you five and nine," he cried, in a spirit of commercial amendment, no matter how deficient he might be of arithmetic; and when the woman was willing, and had handed him her plait, he pulled out his tan-dyed linen bag-purse, untied the strings of it, and gave over the amount.

But, "Angel; in good time," was the regular sort of appointment—was, in fact, said by one quiet buyer, as he handed a plaiter one of his slips of paper, and she took it with thorough comprehension.

"Swan; you know where," was the equally laconic speech of another.

Then there came, "Master Hawkes!" cried by a woman, anxious to get to the Angel, or the Swan, or somewhere; "give me your ticket for this bit of coarse. Come!"

It made Master Hawkes unlink the "bit of coarse" off the woman's arm, and look at it critically—not in the sun-glare, where it would all seem glossy and white enough, but in the shade he made by his own bent body, where "spots" or brown streaks in the straw could at once be recognized.

"Well," he said, as the result of his investigation, "I'll give you a ticket if ye like."

"What for?" demanded the woman, shrewdly.

"Eight and three-quarters."

"Eight and three-quarters!"

The tone of this repetition gave promise of a brisk battle to come, had not a sudden interruption put a stop to all further haggling and dealing. Right down upon the whole, across the market-place swiftly, there had swept a cloud; the cloud had grown darker instantaneously — was dropping heavily down the next instant upon those who bid, and those who took, and those who turned away, before they could scarcely be certain they had felt the first spot. The effect was striking. Where there had been a crowd of rustic plaiters, alert of speech, there was now — nothing; and the narrow streets that fed the market-place were being choked with woman after woman, as each one fled for shelter, guarding her plait-links, as best she could, from the ruinous wet. Market was over, irrecoverably. Besides, there was the other work to do of paying, under a rooftop always; and surely the elements themselves had given the time of it, and it would be folly to be disputing. Wisdom would be in going whither the women were going, when the play would be brought to an end.

It was simply to the "Sun," or the "Swan," or the "Star;" where one of these erected its cross-beamed front above the footway, and had a wide, straight gap in it to let the wayfarers into its rough-stoned yard. Passing in, this "Sun," or "Swan," or "Star," gave glimpses of glass, and pewter, and bright snugness, as doors were knowingly placed ajar; allowed folks to find themselves amongst carts and horses, pig-troughs, pumps, and clucking hens; with the way well indicated, by a passing line of plaiters, where, farther, it was necessary to go. A little room was the goal, away from all sign and symbol of the inn-traffic generally — a room, roughness itself, with sacking in one corner, with some unused tressels at the side; but, for the rest, the buyer's own, and given over to him, temporarily, for a counting-house. And there the buyer stood — himself on one side of the tressel-counter, a crowd of women on the other — with his cash-box open, ready to begin.

"Ticket?" was his demand constantly, and, "How much money?" for he made the plaiters do their own multiplication. None were very sharp at it, and there always seemed a tangle in the talk when it came to calculating. The buyer knew it. Experience had taught him to be very

definite about the change he wanted out of his sovereigns and half-sovereigns; and to put it so that there could be no error.

"It's five and eleven," he would insist, for instance, "and I want four and a penny. Four and a penny is what I want; have you got it?"

Perhaps the women had, when the gold would be given; perhaps the women hadn't, when they would be sent out, to be provided with it somehow, and were not to have the more valuable coin till they had come back.

The buyer was given to self-criticism too when the women handed his purchases in, and when he saw them by the light of the fact that he was going to pay.

"Did I give you seven for this rough piece?" he cried; and, "Ye don't call this clear, do you? Why, ye've run all the spots in!" And, again, "If there comes a wet week, we shall lose money by all of these!" And, "I gave a good price for that piece, and a very good one! That I will say!"

In reply to all of which the women did battle, just as they had done before.

"Yer price is baad," they declared. "Sha'ant see my money again for my straaws." "It's all one ghell's work, and as good as good." "Sha'ant do no more round work for any one." "I ain't a-going to sit and work haard, me and my ghells too, for nothing." "I can staand and lose one week, thank God; I ain't so baadly off as that." "Sha'ant sink threepence to please anybody: it's worth sixteen or it's worth nothing, and I won't let it go for thirteen." And, "That 'un! I couldn't plaait that 'un if it were ever so! Though this woman says she'd sooner plaait 'em than split 'em, and they may make it up as it is."

Poor women, it is no wonder they hung fire at elevenpence instead of a shilling, and rattled out voluble remonstrances at the suggestion of sixpences and sevenpences! To plait a score of yards of (medium) plait, four hours would be consumed; a woman could only plait forty yards a day, about twelve score of yards a week. If, then, she had sevenpence a score, and had given a penny for her "straaws," yielding her a profit of sixpence, at the week's end, with every hour used up for working, she would only have earned half-a-dozen shillings.

Do not let it be supposed, either, that plaiting is the only operation of plaiting; and that when nimble fingers have done twenty yards of pretty interlacing and interweaving, the twenty yards of plait are done. There are nine operations to add

to it; not one of which can be omitted. These nine are, to sort, to cut off dead ends, to split, to mill, to wet, to clip, to mill again, to bunch, and to steam. Without entering into a minute description of any, it will be well, shortly, to give an account of each; and to begin with the first, the sorting. This is to pick out the straws that have any discoloring on them, and to lay them aside for inferior plait. If brown marks are overlooked, then the brown marks are "run in," the plait will not do for the best work, and the price goes down. Cutting off dead ends is to get rid of the dull and unsightly patches that are on all the straws, if they have been taken from too near the root. To split, is to run a little machine through each straw, which narrows it into four, five, six, seven, or eight, available strips, according to how many little pins, or slitters, the machine has. These machines are little wooden tubes, about the size of a cedar pencil, with steel slitters at one end; they are sold in Hitchin market for twopence and threepence apiece. To mill, is to pass these split straws (or the whole ones, for the coarse plait) through heavy weights to take out their stiffness. To wet, is to dip the straws into water, to make them work more easily. Indeed, some plaiters wet their straws constantly in the mouth, and others keep a crock of water by them for frequent dipping; but it is disagreeable to have too much splash and damp, therefore the regulation wetting usually suffices. To clip, is to cut off all the straw-ends sticking out after plaiting, that come from where an old straw is plaited out and a new straw "set in." To mill the second time, is the same as at first, except that, as it is absolutely the same operation as ironing or pressing, where plait has been plaited with a twisted edge, the milling must only be up to this edge, not upon it, or the characteristic would be flattened out of all use and prettiness. To bunch, is to pass the plait from elbow to wrist, from elbow to wrist, over, like on a card; to cut it at ten links; and to tie it to keep so, for sale. To steam, is to put these completed links under the action of brimstone, to reduce their color; and it is done by laying the straw-links at one end of a box, and a saucer-shaped piece of red-hot iron at the other, upon which is dropped some lumps of sulphur that hiss up into a boil speedily. A lid, or cloth, is popped over the box the instant the brimstone has been dropped in, and it is allowed to remain closed for a full hour; the operation generally taking place in the garden or the yard, and at

night, when it is too dark for nattier and more delicate labor.

As it is necessary now to put in a few notes about plaiting proper, it shall be said that men plait occasionally; women make a staple occupation of it; boys and girls, both, learn how to do it. The first lesson in plaiting is called (locally) "twittle twattle," being to plait loosely in three, and designed only to bring acquaintance with the mere handling of straws; the second lesson is "hen's ladder," done with three straws, one of which is twisted round two; the third lesson is the perfect plaiting in seven, executed very slowly, of course, and so roughly that it is a long while before the plait is of any use. Plaiting-schools were in existence before board-schools drove them off the field. The fees for these were three halfpence and twopence a week; the object of them was that the little scholars should be kept at work by supervision, whereas at home they would have cheated their mothers (employed at domestic work) and have slipped away. A school would sometimes consist of sixty or seventy workers; and to make these work at their fastest, the mistress would set them to race or "strive." "Let's strive up Chalk-hill," she would cry; the top of Chalk-hill being attained by the first child who had finished a hundred "sets and runs;" a "set" being the working-in of seven new straws, a "run" the plaiting them as far as they will go. At the commencement of the "strive," each scholar had to nip off four straw-ends to mark where she began, or to "show fair;" and to beguile the time, each "set and run" was called a mile, with some woful danger successfully avoided as every mile was passed. To the winner (the first plaiter in) there was the imaginary gift of an imaginary horse and cart, in which she could be driven back the imaginary one hundred miles if she were graciously inclined; all plaiters who had passed the seventy miles had no dangers to fear forever more; those too inert and slothful to have come up to this, were laggards, to be eaten up by lions.

Over one and under two,
Pull it tight and that'll do,

was the ditty that gave further enlivenment to this imaginary journey, repeated ever and anon, as the fingers plied; and if everything had been of this pleasant sort, it would have been well. But the plaiting-mistress would impose upon a child the task of five "sets and runs," or ten or fifteen, to be finished by a certain

time; if the task were not finished, the child would get a "sting" from a "bat" (a sort of wooden battledore), or some strokes from a cane, or would be set up on a high stool to plait there, till the eyes grew dizzy, till the head swam, and there would be a sharp fall off; so it is good that plaiting-schools are no more, and it would be good if every evil from plaiting would disappear as thoroughly. This, though, cannot be. Coarse straws will always, more or less, take the skin off the plaiter's fingers as she plaits; dishonesty will always make necessary the "measuring-man," to pick out a "link" here and there at market-time, to measure it, and to burn it publicly in the market-place if it is deficient, hoist up on a high pole.

Perhaps, henceforth, if a plaiter should be met along the roads round about Hitchin, plaiting as she goes with her plait-ends away from her (not to her, as might be supposed), a few of these facts may be thought of pleasantly.

From The Athenæum.

SIXTY-NINE YEARS AT THE COURT OF PRUSSIA.*

THERE could scarcely be a more trivial book than this, and it may be doubted whether even the exceptional position of the Countess Voss in the very midst of a society of historical importance gives any real value to her meagre jottings. But the faint titillation of pleasure which a reader experiences when a well-known historical character is introduced to him in the dress of everyday life is felt oftener in reading this book than in reading almost any book of the kind; and there is something so surprising in the length of time over which this insignificant diary extends, that the book becomes noticeable; almost every one will take it up with curiosity, even though the liveliest curiosity will soon be satiated by it, and therefore it is not surprising that it should have been very promptly translated.

To give a notion of the lapse of time which the book covers, it may be mentioned that the countess's father was wounded at Malplaquet, and that the countess herself outlived by a year the battle of Leipzig, though the interval between those battles is one hundred and

four years. But the countess's own experience of some sort of public life was also immensely long. It is described in the title as covering sixty-nine years; but the countess could remember Mr. Carlyle's bear, Frederic William the First, who died in 1740,—that is, seventy-four years before her own life ended. The first incident in her public life is recorded in the Margravine of Baireuth's memoirs as follows:—

The young Pannewitz was as beautiful as an angel, but as resolute as she was fascinating; and when once the king met her on a staircase that led to the queen's apartments, where she could not avoid him, and ventured to try to kiss her, she defended herself against him with such a hearty box of the ears that those who stood at the bottom of the stairs could have no doubt of her good success.

After this *début*, the lady went through the whole of the long reign of Frederic the Great, survived his successor, Frederic William the Second, lived through the early and deceptively prosperous days of Frederic William the Third, witnessed the downfall of Jena and the peace of Tilsit, saw Prussia sink lower still, closed the eyes of Queen Louise, saw the Russian expedition pass through the country, taking possession of it in a way that showed that the fate of Prussia was involved in that of Russia, saw the tide turn, saw the *levée en masse* of Prussia and the creation of the *Landwehr*, received the news of Dennewitz, Katsbach, Leipzig, Craonne; and when she left the world, could feel that the second great trial of Prussia was over, her second great enemy—more formidable than Maria Theresa—crushed, and a new period of prosperity commenced. She saw, in fact, the whole rise of Prussia to the position of a great power, and during most of the time she was in the closest intercourse with the men who could have best explained to her all that was going on. Had she chosen to observe attentively all that passed before her, to reflect upon it, and write a careful history, her book might have been as interesting as Saint Simon's.

But the countess is the antipodes of Saint Simon. She observes nothing, and narrates nothing. If we were to call her reflections commonplace, we should convey too favorable an impression of them. Properly speaking, she makes no reflections, for we cannot call the mere exclamations, whether of joy or sorrow, with which she accompanies her items of news by so dignified a name. In like manner, she tells us nothing of the characters that are

* *Sixty-Nine Years at the Court of Prussia.* From the Recollections of Sophie Marie, Countess von Voss. Translated by Emily and Agnes Stephenson. 2 vols. Bentley & Son.

thrown in her way: we learn sometimes that they are agreeable or otherwise, but rarely anything further. Not that there is any reason to think that the countess wanted the power of observation or thought, but it is evident that she had only the very humblest object in view in keeping a diary, — that she aimed at nothing more than providing a slight assistance for her memory.

It seems further that, when she had anything of great importance to record, she often abstained from doing so. There was one moment in her life when she was of real importance in Prussian history. This was in the last months of 1808, when the French army of occupation was on the point of leaving Prussia, and Napoleon was forcing a new treaty upon the king, by which he hoped to hold Prussia down as effectually as if his army were not withdrawn. A great outcry was raised about the conspiracies against the French power, which were supposed to be rife among the Prussian officials and military men. Davoust and Daru took the lead in the agitation, and the servile French party among the Prussians, which had its headquarters at Berlin, echoed all their charges. One of the absurd stories they circulated was that the Countess Voss had written a letter to Prince Wittgenstein, then at Hamburg, proposing to him to poison Napoleon at Bayonne. The prince was actually arrested on this charge. About the same time, we find the leading statesmen of Prussia complaining that it is impossible to keep important state secrets because of the countess Voss's *teas*, at which everything was repeated. These are not matters of the first importance, but they are, at least, more important than nine-tenths of the matters dealt with in this diary, and any information the countess might give about them would be of some interest to students of Prussian history, particularly as it would be certainly authentic. But we are disappointed; the diary contains not a syllable on these subjects, nor has the editor any light to throw upon them.

If a reader is very anxious to realize to himself exactly how the royal family of Prussia lived in that distressful period after Jena which was passed at Memel, he should take this book and compare it with the diaries of Sir George Jackson (of which the last volumes are called "The Bath Archives"). He will find in the one book that the countess met Mr. Jackson, and in the other that Mr. Jackson met the countess. For all we know, he may be

able to find two histories of the same evening in the two books. We must add, however, that in all probability neither history will be worth reading, though the English diarist is in every case to be preferred. The diary before us at any rate can serve no better purpose than is served by a visitors' book at an inn. The utmost you can look for is to find what persons were to be met with at the Prussian court at a given time. In turning over so many names, however, something will occasionally strike the eye. For instance, in the later years of Frederic the Great, the countess often mentions a Humboldt among those at court. This we take to be the father of the illustrious brothers.

We have been speaking of the staple of the book, than which nothing can be more unprofitable. There are, however, three passages in it which are more interesting. Of these the first is that part of the diary which refers to the last years of the Seven Years' War. As the editor says, there is something startling and "almost enigmatical" in the style of these pages, which show us "how, at the very time when the king, overwhelmed with losses and misfortunes of every kind, struggles all the more heroically against the enemy's superior force, people at the court of his wife, sisters, and sisters-in-law were trying to drive away the time with petty amusements, and scarcely troubled themselves seriously to know what territory of the miserable and exhausted land was at the moment groaning under the heavy hand of the Russians, Austrians, or French!" Besides the curiousness of this, these pages give us a more distinct notion than perhaps it was possible to get before of one who certainly is among the most unimportant personages in history, but yet a queen, and the queen of a great king; we mean Elizabeth Christine, the neglected wife of Frederic the Great. Her impatience and dogmatism, her want of tact in conversation, are traits which we think are new: —

The queen was present, too, and made some very angry remarks about the unfavorable accounts and reports that were circulated about her court. I do not know what she can mean but some silly gossip here in the place, which should not have been listened to, and still less noticed. But she would not leave off scolding and declaiming that the people who received from her the greatest attentions were loudest in mocking and ridiculing her; in short, I am sorry to say she said a number of things which put us all into perplexity, and were very little becoming in a queen.

The other two interesting things in the book are the two parallel love-stories — that between the heroine and Frederic's brother, Prince August Wilhelm, and that between her niece Julie and King Frederic William the Second. In the history of the Hohenzollern house, these two stories are really not unimportant, and the more so because they run parallel to each other. In both cases, the lady is pursued with the most ungovernable passion. In the first case, she makes her escape from the royal addresses by a marriage without affection; in the latter case she yields. But both the lovers, at the time of falling in love, bear the title of Prince of Prussia, and one is the father of the other. King Frederic William the Second is a person who, as soon as it becomes part of a proper English education to learn something about Continental, especially about Prussian history, will be recognized as having a great historical importance. His peculiar ungovernableness, his total want of the stern self-discipline which has made the greatness of his house, had great consequences in the world, for they produced that demoralization of the Prussian State and army which ended in Jena and the Peace of Tilsit. His character is the more worth studying because it was not without strong and remarkable qualities, so much so that Kant could describe him as a "brave, honest, humane, and — putting aside certain peculiarities of temperament — a thoroughly excellent prince." We seem to get some light upon his character from the way in which in this book it is set over against that of his unfortunate father. Ungovernableness is equally the characteristic of both father and son. The elder prince of Prussia, at the celebration of the marriage which he has forced our diarist into contracting, actually falls down in a fainting fit, and has to be carried out. The same unrestrained sensibility is shown in the circumstances of his death. In this volume is printed a letter from a Fräulein von Kleist, describing the persistency with which, when attacked by illness, he, broken-hearted by the harshness with which his brother treated him, refused to listen to medical advice or take remedies, until, in spite of all the care of those about him, he succeeded in rendering his illness fatal. The family likeness is plain in the notes which the diarist makes of the behavior of his son, Frederic's successor. He pursues Julie as his father had pursued our diarist, until she consents to a left-handed marriage, and, in the remarks

here made, both on this persecution and on his other amours, we see how different was the Prussian Charles the Second from the English one. We see a man of passion rather than a man of pleasure, a sentimentalist rather than a cynic; that is, a man not wanting in the feelings so much as in the discipline of virtue.

Just so much we seem to learn from this book, though, indeed, it would not be safe to treat as serious historic testimony a document so exceedingly light and so conventional in its tone as the diary of the Countess Voss. But the time will come when King Frederic William the Second of Prussia — the king who made the treaty of Reichenbach, the second and third partitions of Poland, the invasion of France, and the treaty of Basle — will be a better-known historical character than he now is; and it will then be interesting to observe that the faults of his public career were of the same kind as those which were observed in his private life, that is, very great and scandalous faults, but not faults of will so much as of impulse, the irregularities of a warm temperament joined to a somewhat confused understanding.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

THE AMERICAN SUMMER AND AMERICAN SOCIETY.

PHILADELPHIA, August 30.

ENGLISH visitors in Philadelphia this summer have experienced the feelings and have had the general appearance during the past month of those unfortunate Polar bears one sees now and then in a zoological garden. While enjoying the gentle pleasures of a spring and summer upon the Thames last year, I was constantly surprised by complaints of unusual heat, with the thermometer at a mild 75° or 80°. It seemed to me that the complainants hardly appreciated the climatic blessings of Providence in their own country, and that a visit to America in July and August would be an excellent experience for them. Some Englishmen have had this experience in the present season, and none who have, I think, will ever complain of the heat in England again. Even a residence in a warm southern latitude does not prepare a person for the discomforts of what is called a "heated term" in this country. There are no forewarnings of these terms; their coming is so uncertain that no efficient means in the way of appliances or build-

ings are taken to provide for them. The climatic relations of the American people are exactly the obverse of those of the Italian people. In Italy every preparation is made for summer and no preparation for winter; in America all the resources of architectural and mechanical ingenuity are turned to account for protection against a long season of frost and snow. In Italy a "cold snap" finds every one shivering and with no means of keeping warm; in America people can simply resign themselves to misery during a heated term. With the exception of the naturalized Germans, who have established a few beer-gardens in every large city, the Americans have not learned as yet to enjoy themselves in the open air like the people of the Continent.

The Americans know of only one means of making the summer heat endurable. This is to leave their homes and live in cottages or hotels by the seaside and in mountain resorts. The number of these places runs well up among the hundreds before those are exhausted which have either a State or a national reputation. Add to these the quiet, out-of-the-way nooks which a few families here and there have discovered, and the places of summer resort may be fairly called "innumerable." The few which are more or less known in England—as Saratoga, Long Branch, or Newport—occupy no such relative position in this country as do the great watering-places of England and the Continent in Europe. So many others dispute their precedence, or at least attract attention and patronage away from them, that none of them enjoys anything approaching a monopoly nor concentrates so much of the national wealth and fashion as to make it imposing like Brighton, or finished and attractive like Wiesbaden. Newport, perhaps, is as charming a resort, and as magnificently built up, according to the number of its summer population, as any in the world; but it is simply a distant suburb of New York, Boston, and Providence. Aside from the old commercial town of about ten thousand inhabitants, almost as venerable in its appearance as if it were a neighbor of Coventry, Newport is merely a city of private villas. Saratoga, on the contrary, is entirely devoted to transient guests drawn there by the temptations of a short fashionable season and the special attractions of two "racing weeks." The guest of an hotel in Newport has a doubtful social position, except so far as he may have personal friends among the "cottagers." The lat-

ter take absolute precedence, and the occupants of private lodging-houses rank next. At Saratoga the few dwellers in private cottages have no recognized existence, except as they appear at the hotels or attract the attention of hotel guests. At none of the American watering-places are there those distinctions of classes according to the season of the year which are characteristic of Brighton and Scarborough in England. There is only one season at any of them, and all kinds of visitors go at the same time. It would puzzle an English visitor, indeed, to see any lines of demarcation between the social "classes" as they gather at these resorts. No one can do so except a skilled American. In a country like this, where social classes have scarcely any basis except personal taste—where two or more classes may claim precedence, with no one to decide between them and with no recognized standard on which to found a decision—where no settled traditions exist and there are no letters patent from the government—where the term "good society" means nothing in particular and everything in general—it requires a very learned eye to mark the distinctions which really do exist. An English lady recently insisted, in conversation with myself, that class-distinctions were very decided in American society. She was right. But it is nevertheless true that neither she nor any other stranger has the slightest tangible means of learning what the distinctions are or where they begin and end. When our comic writer, Nasby, wrote a letter to show the advantages of the Alaskan climate, during our negotiations with Russia, he remarked that the isothermal line went "corkscrewing" up among the parallels of latitude, and that strawberries flourished all the year round on one side of it and icebergs on the other. The corkscrew may be taken as a fair illustration of the boundaries which mark the various classes of American society. If this is true even when society is at home, in our cities, the truth is more noticeable when all the elements of our society mingle together at a summer resort. Except so far as he depends on his letters of introduction, an English gentleman visiting one of them cannot do better than be guided by his personal taste in his judgment of the people he meets. If he is himself a man of refinement he may be tolerably certain, following this rule, that the people he likes best and becomes best acquainted with belong to "good society" in this country. If he is not himself re-

finer, he will select a very different kind of people, though he will feel quite as well satisfied, in the end, that he has been circulating among the best classes here. Those he meets, in fact, will constantly assure him to that effect. It is, or should be, a particular charm of American society that every foreigner, whomsoever he meets, feels confident that he has been in its highest circles.

A fact which is not generally known in England in connection with American society is this: whatever influence wealth, new or old, may have, culture is something which uniformly commands respect and a good position in all circles. It may be entirely overshadowed by the claims of wealth, through sheer force of superior numbers, in some places and among some classes; but it is everywhere recognized as a sufficient passport in itself to the highest social circle. This is quite as true of social life in a far-western city, where not one member of society in a hundred lays claim to a liberal education, as it is in the most exclusive circles of Boston, where culture claims an absolute monopoly — where it seems only to tolerate wealth, and to look with a complacently patronizing air upon "birth." On the other hand, there is no circle of American society in which many of its members do not owe their position to the possession of wealth. This must always be true of any society which is untrammelled by long-existing aristocratic traditions. The utmost exclusiveness to be found in Boston or Philadelphia, or among the "Knickerbocker" families of New York, yields to the power of wealth, where it is accompanied by a fair amount of good taste on the part of its possessors. Nor is it necessary that culture or any high degree of good taste should be possessed by the father and mother of a family. American society, however exclusive, is ever ready to assume that a man of wealth has struggled upward from a youth of scant advantages, and it is amply satisfied if he gives his children the opportunities of culture which he himself may have lacked. Men like this, in truth, are among the strongest supports of any American social circle, whatever or whoever its other members may be. A few practical hints, then, to an English gentleman coming to America might be given, as follows. Supposing him to be extending his acquaintance beyond the immediate limits of his personal letters, which can be done very readily at our summer resorts, if he meet people who have cultivation, but do not presume upon

it or show too much evidence that they are conscious of possessing it, he may assume that they move in good circles, and he need not ask himself what profession or business the head of the family is engaged in. If he meet a family of which the younger members are truly refined — all marked assumption of refinement being barred — he need not trouble himself if the father be a plain or even rough business man. The mother will probably be a quiet-mannered and cultivated woman; if not the latter, she will be gentle and retiring, neither denying nor parading her lack of early advantages. Such a family, the visitor may feel almost certain, belongs to the "best circles" of its own neighborhood. The description will fit thousands of families in all parts of this country who hold unchallenged positions in the highest social ranks. Finally, if an English visitor fail to find any true refinement in a family, and nothing, at best, beyond a display of showy accomplishments, he need not deceive himself by any preconceived notions of the power of wealth in American society. Such a family does not move in the really good society here, and any opinions of American social life based upon the supposition that it does will be erroneous. However sensitive the people of a country may be to the criticisms of foreign visitors, it is the visitors themselves who are chiefly interested in the formation of correct views; and I give these simple hints for the benefit of those who must at best find American society, especially at its summer gathering-places, a very elaborate puzzle to comprehend. I would only suggest in addition that they remember that universal rule of all rules — every rule has its exceptions.

Whatever its future may be, and however grand a few of its hotels now are, Saratoga cannot, with all its reputation, be favorably compared with the equally celebrated resorts of Europe. One cause which has operated against it, and will continue to do so, is the tendency of all the great eastern cities to support summer resorts of their own, so to speak. Philadelphia, for instance, has built up, with the assistance of considerable national reputation which the place has lately acquired, the city of Cape May. This city is a conglomeration of huge wooden hotels, small boarding-houses, and private cottages, accommodating about twenty thousand visitors in all. Long Branch, about equally supported at present by Philadelphia and New York, though originally built up by New York, accommodates as

many more. The Delaware Water Gap, a mountain resort, and four or five other well-known places in my mind, all within easy reach of this city, have room for from twelve to fifteen thousand. Atlantic City will take another fifteen thousand. All these places are quite as apt to be full as Saratoga. During the present season visitors to the Centennial are running to and fro between these resorts and Philadelphia. To the English visitor desirous of seeing something of American society, a trip to any of them is exceedingly interesting; quite as interesting, perhaps, as what he may find at the exhibition. The "season" is at its height in the early days of August, and it continues for about six weeks longer. B. H.

From The Saturday Review.
THE LUXURY OF GRIEF.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER remarks, in his "Principles of Psychology," upon the indulgence generally known as the "luxury of grief," and otherwise called "self-pity." He offers an explanation of its meaning, but admits that his explanation does not completely satisfy himself. One explanation is, as he remarks, that, pity being in some sense an agreeable feeling, the pleasure remains even when we are ourselves the object of the emotion. This explanation, if partly sound, still leaves it to be explained why pity should be agreeable. We need not consider how Mr. Spencer accounts for this last phenomenon, as he offers a different account of the pleasure of "self-pity." He thinks that it may perhaps arise from a vague impression in the mind of the sufferer that he has received less than his deserts. It is natural, for example, to a rejected contributor to think that the editor must be stupid. By a natural association of ideas, he learns to dwell upon the fact of the rejection as illustrating the fact that he is not properly appreciated. Logically speaking, such a fact is hardly consolatory. The true conclusion is, "The world does not value me as it ought." The proposition confounded with it is, "I am worth more than the world thinks." If my own merits are taken as the starting-point, the opinion is painful; if the world's opinion is the starting-point, the opinion is pleasant. The bare fact, then, that a certain person does not do me justice can afford no legitimate ground for satisfaction; but when converted by an illogical process

into a proof that I am worth more than that person thinks, it may be made to flatter that most illogical passion, my vanity.

The pleasure which people often take in contemplating injustice to themselves seems to show that this explanation is often correct. A pet grievance becomes a hobby with many men. In setting forth their grievance to the world, or even on brooding over it in solitude, they are necessarily dwelling upon their own virtues. And it is not surprising that, in many cases, the habit should generate an unreasonable self-complacency. We should doubt, however, whether this doctrine is wide enough to cover all cases. The most familiar examples of the "luxury of grief" seem to be but indirectly connected with any form of vanity. A sentimentalist takes a perverse pleasure in cultivating melancholy, after the fashion of Jaques, and delights in self-abasement and exaggeration of his own incapacity for action; or a widow cherishes her grief for a dead husband till she resents any attempts at comfort, and takes a pride in self-torture. In such cases, unfortunately familiar enough, it is often almost impossible to say what are the ultimate components of the passion. We have such marvellous skill in deceiving ourselves that nothing is more difficult than to give a fair account of our own emotions. The morbid recluse may be really nothing but a thoroughly indolent man, who dwells upon his weaknesses to excuse himself from action. Excessive grief for the dead easily connects itself with personal vanity. We are really seeking for the praise of constancy, or yielding to a sort of superstitious belief that the dead will take pleasure in our useless sacrifice of our own happiness. The play of motives is so intricate that the attempt to analyze them or sum up the result in a single formula is necessarily illusory. Much, therefore that passes for self-pity may be really some more intelligible passion in a metamorphic state.

The feeling, however, seems to be so distinct that we do not doubt its real existence. Without attempting a full explanation, or denying the validity of Mr. Spencer's explanation as far as it goes, we are inclined to ask the previous question, whether any logical explanation is to be expected. An emotion is something different from a belief, though the two are closely connected. Now the method applied by Mr. Spencer seems to assume that any emotion must have, so to speak, a given formula, and that, if this formula be contradictory, the emotion ought to be

impossible. In the case under consideration, the formula seems to be, "I am glad because I am sorry." That is manifestly absurd. A cause of sorrow cannot, as such, be a cause of pleasure. Therefore the luxury of grief implies a belief in contradictories. This is the perplexity. Let us see if it may not be diminished if we approach the subject from another side.

One of the most familiar symptoms of the state of mind in question is the feminine pleasure in crying. You cry, we are apt to say, because you are unhappy. How then can you find pleasure in crying? The answer would probably be that, although crying is caused by grief, it implies a transformation of grief which, at the moment, is agreeable. The mind has been in a state of tension, and the tension is relaxed when the tears come. The process is one of relief from a painful state of the system. Grief, like other emotions, swells and falls, as every one must have observed, in a series of waves. The passion gradually increases to a culminating point; then comes a period of relaxation during which it declines, and, by comparison, this period is agreeable. In men, and especially in women, of weak and irritable nerves, this second period announces itself by weeping. The stress of the torture is over; the tension is relieved by the discharge. The two periods are generally translated in terms of sentiment by a feeling of blank despair during the first period, implying a hopeless impulse to struggle against the inevitable, and, during the second period, by a sense of resignation or readiness to accept the position against which it is in vain to struggle. It is not surprising that, under certain circumstances, this latter period should be regarded as absolutely pleasant, and finally become an object of desire.

Still, it may be said, the feeling is obviously illogical. It is absurd to go up a mountain in order to have the pleasure of coming down, or to go through an illness in order to have the pleasure of convalescence. This is quite true, though we may suppose that, in morbid states of the organism, the illness partly loses its terrors, whilst the pleasure of recovery continues to be attractive. Nay, it is possible that there may be diseases which thus produce more pleasure than pain. The actual suffering may be small, and the pleasure of recovery great. Doubtless it is better to be healthy on any showing; nor do we assert that any such disease actually exists in fact. To suppose its existence, however, is not to accept a contradiction; and still

less is it a contradiction to suppose a state of mind in which the pleasures of relief are more attractive in anticipation than the pains of the preliminary stage are repulsive. We assume, at worst, that people make a false calculation. The mind, for some reason, is so impressed by the equivocal charm of the melting mood that it anticipates a balance of pleasure, even when it has to pay the cost of the preliminary mood of congealment. Indulgence of the luxury of grief is in all cases objectionable, and indicative of some morbid tendency. But, admitting so much, it does not follow that it implies more than a very common error of judgment, or rather—for the word "judgment" implies too much conscious reasoning—of erroneous instinctive appreciation.

Nothing, of course, is commoner than the phenomenon so often remarked by moralists, that an immediate pleasure blinds us to the remoter consequences of pain. Every day thousands of men get drunk who know perfectly well that the pleasure will have to be atoned by pains incomparably worse than the momentary exhilaration. Why should not the reverse take place in some cases? The more distant pleasure, that is, may overbalance the nearer pain in its effect upon the imagination, if the pleasure has a specially attractive side to it and the pain is one which, for some reason, has ceased to be very repulsive. Most vices fortunately may be shown to involve bad reasoning, even upon the simplest utilitarian grounds; but, unfortunately, that does not prevent people from indulging in them. In the case we are considering the bad reasoning involved seems to be more palpable than in most others; but still, all that is implied is bad reasoning in the sense of erroneous calculation, not bad reasoning in the sense of consciously accepting a self-contradictory proposition. This last is the only kind of bad reasoning of which we can plausibly say that it is not constantly illustrated in the daily behavior of mankind.

After all that can be said, it must be admitted that there is a glaring absurdity in the desire for what can at most be described by the paradoxical phrase of a pleasurable kind of pain. We may observe, however, that in all such problems the view which identifies feeling with the implied logic is apt to lead us to palpable errors. It is a familiar argument, for example, with pessimists that life must be painful because all desire implies want. If I eat or drink it is because I am hungry

or thirsty. My action amounts to saying some different state is preferable to my present state. I wish for change, therefore I must be unhappy. All action means change; therefore all action springs from want of ease. We cannot examine the metaphysical groundwork of this argument; but it certainly contradicts the testimony of experience. Many states of desire are exquisitely pleasant. A good appetite is thoroughly agreeable so long as it does not pass beyond certain limits. We like to be hungry, and we enjoy satisfying our hunger. The system is stored with certain energies the exercise of which is a source of pleasure, perhaps the only source of pleasure, although the exercise implies a constant state of change. If this is admitted, whatever may be the ultimate explanation, it follows that the bare proof that a certain state of mind or body implies a desire for change does not make it illogical. The state, for example, in which grief passes into another form may be actually productive of a surplus of pleasure. The painful stage during which grief is, so to speak, accumulating within our system, may be a stage during which the grief is rather latent than overt. It exists, but it exists in such a way as not to impress our imagination. It is a dumb, inarticulate form, and therefore easily overlooked. The mood in which we accept the inevitable and derive a pleasure from abandonment to our impulses has, on the contrary, a conspicuous side which pleases the imagination in prospect, and in unhealthy states we commit the solecism of cultivating the grief in order to have the pleasure of relief from grief.

The cases, indeed, are rare, if they ever occur, in which a person would deliberately encounter sorrow in order to indulge the pleasure of weeping. The most ordinary case is that in which a person hugs a sorrow to his breast instead of seeking immediately for happiness. And in such a case, the true nature of the process is obscured by moral and æsthetic considerations. The indulgence in grief seems to be demanded as a proof of fidelity, or there is something shocking to the imagination in too speedy a transition from the mood of sorrow to the mood of happiness. We look at our own lives as we look at a tragedy. We are not pleased in the bare representation of suffering virtue; but we are impressed by the general harmony and beauty of the sentiment wrung from the martyr by his sufferings. We admire the actor who can thus set before us the very essence of a noble nature; and we are

always tempted to become actors for our own edification. We see ourselves in imagination performing the part of tragic hero with unbounded applause; and feel that any cheerfulness, however pleasant for the moment, would produce a discord. Such a sentiment, possibly legitimate within certain limits, gradually initiates us in the habit of finding pleasure in melancholy; and in weak or morbid characters the habit gradually strengthens, and leads to the waste of life and the production of much vapid sentimentalism.

From Hardwicke's Science-Gossip.

EDIBLE AND POISONOUS FUNGI.

IN several books certain general rules are given for ascertaining offhand whether a fungus may be eaten or not: they are so absurd, however, that botanists simply smile and never think of refuting them. Who originally drew up this code I do not know; but subsequent writers have copied it more or less implicitly. It is not exactly easy to see whether these rules are intended for the discrimination of the mushroom from other fungi, or edible from poisonous species generally. Perhaps the most important of these canons is, that edible species never change color when cut or bruised. We have seen how *A. arvensis* comports itself under such conditions! But there is a variety of *A. campestris* (var. *rufescens*, Berk.) which becomes brilliantly pink at the seat of injury; and this plant is one of the most savory forms of the mushroom we know. *A. rubescens*, P., assumes, as its name implies, a rufous tint, especially where it has been injured by insects. *Lactarius deliciosus*, Fr., turns from bright orange to a dirty green, and this alone is sufficient to distinguish it from all its compeers. The mere fact of a fungus changing color to blue cannot be regarded as an absolute proof of its toxic qualities, for a friend of ours has eaten *Boletus chrysenteron*, Fr., before he knew accurately *B. edulis*, Bul.; and during my noviciate I several times partook of *B. badius*, Fr., without any ill effects whatever accruing. Another rule very commonly relied on is, that if a fungus be pleasant to the taste, and its odor not offensive, it may be eaten. But this is not only a fallacious but an exceedingly dangerous guide. It is quite true some fungi are intensely acrid, and are irritant poisons; but, upon the other hand, *Lactarius deliciosus*, one of the

very best of our British species, as its name implies, when eaten raw causes a very unpleasant amount of tingling of the mouth and tongue. Far more important, however, is it to remember that a fungus may have a pleasant odor and taste, and yet be most virulently poisonous. Mr. W. G. Smith was poisoned by eating less than a quarter of an ounce of *A. fertitis*, P., which had anything but a disagreeable taste. Again *A. muscarius*, L. has no acridity, neither has *A. phalloides*, Fr., or *A. Mappa*, Batsch; and whatever may be the character of the two latter, the poisonous properties of the former are well known. It must be remembered that fungi may be irritant, narcotic, or narcoto-irritant poisons, and while it is possible to recognize an irritant by the taste, a narcotic may be nearly tasteless. There is one way, and only one, by which edible fungi can be discriminated from poisonous ones with absolute certainty, and that is by a knowledge of the individual species. As well might a code of rules be laid down for the discrimination of wholesome from poisonous fruits or vegetables, as for fungi. People do occasionally mistake aconite roots for horseradish, or fool's-parsley for parsley proper; but we have no general rules drawn up in this case, neither do people become panic-stricken and eschew the whole race of condiments because of these unfortunate accidents. But if any misadventure occurs from eating fungi, the whole race are scouted and branded as the harbingers of death. In this country fungus-eating is reserved for the few; but it by no means follows these few are experimentalists, far from it; for the species they eat have been known to be edible, and have been eaten, by the initiated, from time immemorial, in other lands if not in this. Like other kinds of food, they vary much in flavor, in the facility with which they can be digested, and in their nutritious qualities. Certain excellent species cannot be too widely known, and every housewife should be able to discriminate them, especially as they have all well-marked characters. Amongst these may be mentioned—*Agaricus procerus*, Scop.; *A. gambosus*, Fr.; *A. nebularis*, Batsch; *Lactarius deliciosus*, Fr.; *Coprinus comatus*, Fr.; *Cantharellus cibarius*, Fr.; *Hydnum repandum*, L.; *Boletus edulis*, Bul.; *Lycoperdon giganteum*, Batsch; and *Fistulina hepatica*, Fr. Occasionally we hear vegetarians say they live upon some fabulously small sum,—a few pence per diem; and although very few people, indeed, would care to debar

themselves of wholesome nutritious food for the sake of a mere theory, yet it cannot be overlooked that the continued and continuing increase of the population will eventually demand a full development of the resources of the country. There cannot be a doubt that the esculent species of fungi will, in the future, occupy a most important place in the dietary of the nation, not simply because of their cheapness, but rather by reason of their nutritious qualities and the large proportion of nitrogenous compounds they contain.

From The Sunday Magazine.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD, THE FAMOUS
PREACHER.

THIS man, who now saunters up to join the assembly, is of a very different type from the gentlemen of the court. His brow is knit; at intervals he murmurs some word to himself as if he wished not to forget it; something very like a proof-sheet is peeping out of his pocket. People stare at him, half with curiosity, half with wonder, as though they were surprised to see him here. David Hume has, in truth, not much time to spare from his history, but he cannot deny himself such an intellectual treat as listening to Whitefield. In and out among the well-dressed many there moves a crowd of people who wear neither silk nor velvet. There is the artisan, with his wife and children, who have come out here chiefly for the sake of the fresh, sweet country air; there are the city clerk and his sweetheart doing a little flirting to while away the time; there is the poor needle-woman, whose pale face has such a wistful look, that we fancy her heart must be beginning dimly to guess that if she could grasp the meaning of the great preacher's words, it might possibly bring into her life even more warmth and coloring than there is in the dresses she stitches for the grand ladies. Suddenly the murmur of voices which has been running through the vast assembly is hushed. The duchesses and countesses incline their heads a quarter of an inch forward; the fans of the actresses cease to flutter; the mass of the people make a little rush all in the same direction. Every eye is fixed on a man who is ascending slowly a green bank near at hand. At first sight there is nothing very remarkable in his appearance. His figure is tall and spare, his dress is homely; when he turns towards the audience we

see that he squints, and he has no especial beauty of feature. But the moment he begins to speak his face is forgotten in his voice. How does it thrill with holy passion as he tells of his dear Lord; how does it ring with stern indignation against sin, and yet how does it melt with tenderness over the sinner! It is so clear that it is heard at the further end of the wide assembly; and yet so sweet that music is the only word that can give an idea of its tones. His face, too, and his figure have changed since we last looked at him. Meaning has come into every movement of his hand; each feature answers to the theme that is upon his lips, as does the lake to the lights and shadows in the sky above; his form seems to have grown majestic, and to be like that of the desert preacher, or of him who cried against Nineveh. When he speaks of heaven, we almost believe that he has been there; when he tells of the Saviour's love and sufferings, it seems to us that he must have walked with Peter and John at his side; when he tells a story by way of illustration, as he often does, the description is so vivid that we listen breathlessly, as though we really saw the scene he paints with our bodily eyes. For two hours the tide of eloquence flows on unceasingly, and still the listening crowd remains enthralled. Different signs of emotion appear among them. The daughters of the people stand with clasped hands, looking up at the preacher as though he were an angel bringing them the good tidings which are the especial birthright of the toil-worn and weary; the actresses sob and faint; the great ladies actually sit upright to listen. The sterner sex, too, are affected in their own way. The hard faces of the mechanics work with unwonted feeling; the brow of Hume grows smooth; even Chesterfield, who hitherto has stood like a statue of one of his own ancestors, so far forgets himself when the preacher, in a lively parable, is describing a blind beggar on the edge of a precipice, as to start forward and murmur, "O save him, save him." No wonder they are thus moved, for the preacher himself sets them the example. Sometimes his voice trembles so much in his intense earnestness, that he can hardly go on; sometimes he even weeps. At length the sermon ends in a grand wave of heaven-aspiring prayer; then the crowd disperses, some to spend the night at a masquerade or at the gaming-table, some to criticise, some to forget, some to keep the good seed silently in their hearts.

From The Athenæum.

AN ANTIQUARY IN A DIFFICULTY.

WHEN Dr. Buckland was dean of Westminster, the lately deceased Dr. Rimbault applied to him for permission to make extracts from the registers of the Abbey, in order to ascertain the dates of admission, and of the decease, of some of the eminent men who had been on the establishment at Westminster. The difficulty which presented itself to the dean's mind was, that it would be too great a tax upon his own time to wait while the extracts were made, and that he could not give up the keys of the muniment-room to any person. Still he desired to oblige in all cases of literary research, and therefore offered to take Dr. Rimbault into the room, and to leave him there, to be let out at any appointed time. The proposal was particularly agreeable to Dr. Rimbault, as he could then work without interruption. Thinking that about three hours would suffice, and as he dined at an early hour, he appointed one o'clock. The dean was not punctual, and the doctor worked on. At three o'clock the latter felt the want of his dinner, his extracts were finished, and he wished only to be gone. "What could have detained the dean?" But no step was to be heard. The evening service soon began, and at length the last peal of the organ had faded away, and all was quiet. It then became evident that Dr. Rimbault was forgotten; and how long was this to last? Before daylight had quite passed away, he had surveyed his position, and found that he was in a trap from which it was impossible to extricate himself. He could neither scale the window nor make himself heard. He was quite at the mercy of the dean's memory; for he had not told any one where he was going, because he expected to return home within a few hours. "Would his disappearance be advertised, and would the dean see it, and when?" Dr. Rimbault had none of the bodily fat which is said to support life under long periods of fasting, and the last was, therefore, an important question with him. "When would the muniment-room be next visited?" That was, indeed, a remote contingency; so that, like Ginevra in the chest, which had closed over her with a spring lock, nothing but his skeleton might then be found. From these uncomfortable reflections Dr. Rimbault was released late at night. He had drawn together some parchments to recline upon, but not to sleep, when at last a key was heard in the door. The good dean had gone home to

dinner, and had taken his siesta; after which he commenced ruminating over the events of the day, and then at last thought of his prisoner! He returned to the Abbey at some inconvenience, and set him free with many apologies. Dr. Rimbault's ardor to be shut up in a muniment-room had then quite cooled.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

AMERICAN "WATERING-PLACE" ACQUAINTANCE.

PHILADELPHIA, *Sept. 4.*

A STRIKING peculiarity of life at Cape May and Long Branch — and these places may be taken as illustrations of nearly all American resorts except Newport — is the general absence of even those slight distinctions which mark the various circles of society in the home cities of this country. This to a stranger is one of the most curious phases of summer life in America, and it cannot be understood by the application of any rules known to the society of England or the Continent. It is made possible by a single unwritten law of the American social code, which is universally recognized, and the authority of which is rarely, if ever questioned. An acquaintance formed at a watering-place involves no obligation of any kind after the end of the season. A lady may dance with a new acquaintance every evening for six weeks at Long Branch, and a slight passing bow in the street is all that the most stringent etiquette requires of her in New York or Philadelphia during the following winter. Even this is given more from that kindness on which all courtesy is based than because it is demanded by etiquette; and a gentleman is expected, like the ball-room acquaintance of a single evening in England, to await his recognition from the lady. This rule is so well established here that even such people as would like to disobey it and take advantage of an acquaintance formed at a summer resort are entirely overruled, and seem to be perfectly harmless. Under this law of the Medes and Persians — for such it has become — the most careful father or mother sees no danger in the formation of "promiscuous" acquaintances during the summer, so far as mere social entanglements are concerned. The only serious danger is of the kind which the otherwise harmless "detrimental" introduces into English society. A daughter may find herself interested in a young man of pleasing ad-

dress and unexceptionable manners, whose character and resources are such that he would be anything but a desirable son-in-law. By the word "resources" is meant, in this connection and in this country, his ability to work successfully in business or a profession rather than the present possession of property. This danger, however, is one which is cheerfully and rather recklessly encountered. American parents seem indifferent, as a general rule, to the ancestral antecedents of their sons' or their daughters' future companions, and they are singularly ready to run grave risks, to say the least, as to their personal qualifications. There is little restriction, therefore, in the formation of new acquaintances at the summer resorts, and nearly any young gentleman of good manners appearing at one of them is taken up and utilized for the temporary uses of the dance and flirtation. In ninety-nine cases in a hundred he is laid aside again at the end of the season with quite as little ceremony. This process is constantly going on at all the seaside and mountain resorts. A stranger would hardly notice it at such crowded centres as Cape May and Long Branch. He would find many secluded circles, too, among the throngs at these places in which very "strict" ideas prevail. But these are mere eddies in the general current of American society. They represent no important class, and may be regarded as individuals only. At either of these resorts the stranger sees the result; he sees a great conglomerate social mass; but he would be confused if he attempted to learn how people have become acquainted with each other who had never met before; how the most intimate social relations have come to exist among utter strangers of the previous week. Let him go to the Delaware Water Gap, or Spring Lake, or Brynmaur, or any of the minor resorts within equally easy reach of Philadelphia, and he will understand the process in a day. He will see a young man arrive, for instance, at a small hotel in the afternoon, well dressed and of good manners. The new visitor will smoke a cigar, offer another gentleman a light, exchange a few words, drop into a chat — play a game of billiards, perhaps. There is dancing-music in the drawing-room during the evening. There are two, perhaps three, ladies for every gentleman. Sets are to be formed for a quadrille. The ladies' curiosity has already been piqued as to who the young stranger is, and what he is like. His cigar-acquaintance approaches him: "Dance? — good. By

the way, what did you say your name was? Oh, yes; I'll introduce you. Mr. —, Miss —." Where is papa? the English reader naturally asks; he is talking politics or business with a friend of two hours' standing on the piazza, and will probably go to bed at ten o'clock without disturbing the rest of the family. And mamma? She is sitting in a corner of the drawing-room chatting with another matron. It may or may not occur to her that she has never before seen the gentleman her daughter is dancing with. In any event, the evening is supposed to count only for itself, and the partner of the dance is a temporary convenience, having no necessary connection with any future social relations. As to the young man himself, he becomes one of the party from that moment, and is depended upon by the young ladies as an attendant in the drawing-room, on pleasure excursions, and at other times. By similar easy processes the acquaintances of families are brought about. A few words between the fathers or between the wives, a look and a smile between the daughters, and friendships warm enough for the purposes of summer society are formed at once. Personal congeniality is the only consideration among the ladies; politics and business are enough to interest the gentlemen in each other. All that we have thus seen in a small hotel goes on continually at Long Branch and Cape May, though the simple original processes are not so readily observed. The one thing that makes them possible, as I have said, is the universally recognized law, that "watering-place acquaintances" do not "count" after the season is over, except when both sides desire them to be permanent.

It is on account of this peculiar freedom of social intercourse, this temporary throwing off of restraints considered imperative at other seasons, that an American summer resort may be considered one of the pleasantest places in the world for the casual tourist. The way is even more open, if possible, to an English visitor than an American, the native ladies and gentlemen feeling a certain responsi-

bility for the extension of hospitality; nor can any number of valuable letters take the place of the universal welcome — *pro tem.* — extended to the stranger. One young Englishman of my acquaintance, whose face and manners are in themselves a passport, surprised me the other evening at a summer hotel where we were remaining but a single day. We had arrived about two hours before, and were watching a few ladies and gentlemen who were dancing and chatting in the drawing-room. My companion left my side, addressed one of the ladies pleasantly but respectfully, seemed to enter into a conversation, and presently became her partner in a quadrille. When we afterwards met I asked him how he had managed to walk so quietly over the few impediments which even I had always found. "Oh," he answered, "I told her I was English and a great way from home, and had no acquaintances here — and she took me up in a matronly sort of way, as if she felt it her duty to make me as comfortable as possible. I often do that in America, you know, at a summer resort." This, of course, is an extreme case: it implies tact and a very respectful manner on the part of the gentleman; and it could only happen, among people that can be called members of good society here, at a small place where the dangers of imposition by adventurers could never occur to the mind, as at Cape May or Long Branch. While, however, the proceeding is more direct than an American gentleman could safely venture upon, and the lady's approval depends on a good-natured recognition of a stranger's position, it involves no social principle which is not recognized here in the summer season. Except among that "strict" few, representing no general class, to whom I have already referred, the ladies most likely to resent such a direct self-presentation on the part of a polite foreign gentleman belong to a lower rather than an upper order of American society — to that class who feel obliged to follow the "rules" of etiquette, without trusting themselves to make their own exceptions as circumstances may suggest. B. H.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume XVI. }

No. 1692. — November 18, 1876.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CXXXI. }

CONTENTS.

| | | |
|---|--|-----|
| I. SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, | <i>Edinburgh Review,</i> | 387 |
| II. THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE. By George Macdonald, author of "Malcolm," etc. Part III, | <i>Advance Sheets,</i> | 406 |
| III. PRESENT ASPECTS OF THE EASTERN QUESTION. By Edward A. Freeman, | <i>Fortnightly Review,</i> | 414 |
| IV. CHRISTIAN MISSIONS IN WEST AFRICA. | <i>Fraser's Magazine,</i> | 423 |
| V. NENUPHAR: A FANCY, | <i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i> | 436 |
| VI. INTERJECTIONS, | <i>Saturday Review,</i> | 442 |
| VII. SECRET SOCIETIES IN CHINA, | <i>Pall Mall Gazette,</i> | 445 |
| P O E T R Y. | | |
| TWO WORLDS—THE OLD AND THE NEW, 386 | INDIAN SUMMER. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," | 386 |
| | LEAL SOUVENIR! | 386 |
| MISCELLANY, | | 448 |

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

TWO WORLDS—THE OLD AND THE NEW.

PEACE, in her palace over the Atlantic,
From the New World deals her awards
around,
While war's leashed hounds, a-strain, for
bloodshed frantic,
In our Old World can scarce be held in
bound.

Lo ! here, each nation armed against its neigh-
bor ;
Cross in the face of Crescent reared for
fight :
There to the blessed battlefields of labor
United States that all the world invite.

For a far different shock from the impingings
Of broadsides 'twixt a "Chesapeake" and
"Shannon,"
The strife of Corliss and his monster engines,
With Cyclops Krupp and Essen's monster
cannon.

Happy young Titan, that between two oceans,
Thy guardian Atlantic and Pacific,
Growest apart from our Old World's commo-
tions —
With room to spread, and space for powers
prolific.

Wisely exchanging rifles, swords, and ram-
mers,
For spades and ploughshares, axes, saws,
and treadles,
Thou putt'st thy strength in engines and steam-
hammers,
And thy gun-metal mouldest into medals.

Earth has no clime, no sky, but thou com-
mandest ;
No growth, but thy wide-spreading soil can
bear ;
No ore, but the rich ground on which thou
standest,
Somewhere or other, bids thee stoop and
share.

No height thou hast but all thy sons may
reach ;
No good, but all are free to reap its profit :
No truth, but all thy race may learn and teach,
No lie, but whoso lifts its mask may scoff it.

Oh happy in thy stars, still rising higher,
Happy e'en in thy stripes so lightly borne.
How far may thy meridian growth aspire,
That showest so majestic in thy morn ?

To what height may not Heaven's high favor
lead thee,
In cycle of the ages yet to be,
When these first hundred years of life have
made thee,
For arts and strength, the giant that we see !

Punch.

INDIAN SUMMER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLE-
MAN."

WEEP, weep, November rain :
White mists, fall like a shroud
Upon the dead earth's ended joy and pain ;
Wild blasts, lift up your voices, cry aloud,
Dash down the last leaves from the quivering
boughs,
And wail about the house,
O melancholy wind,
Like one that seeketh and can never find.

But come not, O sweet days,
Out of yon cloudless blue,
Ghosts of so many dear remembered Mays,
With faces like dead lovers, who died true.
Come not, lest we go seek with eyes all wet,
Primrose and violet,
Forgetting that they lie
Deep in the mould till winter has gone by.

— Till winter has gone by !
Come then, days bright and strange,
Quiet, while this mad world whirls reckless by,
Restful, amidst this life of restless change.
Shine on, sweet Indian summer, tender, calm,
The year's last thankful psalm
To God you smiling bring.
— We too will smile : and wait the eternal
spring.

Sunday Magazine.

LEAL SOUVENIR !

[WORDS UNDER A PORTRAIT IN THE NEW
WING OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY, BY JOHN
VAN EYCK.]

Is it a friend who is painted here,
Rugged of feature, and homely of dress ?
Did he inspire such a leal souvenir,
All those years back on the banks of the
Lesse ?

Was he a friend as a friend should be,
Loyal alike in praise, and in blame ;
Prone to be silent, yet prompt to foresee
Every call upon friendship's name ?

Was he so steadfast that no one could e'er,
E'en for a moment, his constancy doubt ?
Honest and faithful, so just and so fair,
His whisper meant more than another man's
shout ?

It was ages ago, and mankind, we are told,
Has since become selfish, and hard, and
austere ;
Yet I think it were strange, if 'twixt friends,
new and old,
We did not own, too, just one leal souvenir !
Spectator. H. A. DUFF.

From The Edinburgh Review.
SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.*

THE world looks with natural suspicion upon the reputation of a man equally illustrious for genius and for virtue. In its daily experience it does not find the greatest statesmen especially immaculate, the greatest poets free from sordid aims, and we are apt to regard as exaggerated statements the existence of such *lusus naturæ* in former ages. In many minds, the semblance of partiality in a recorded verdict is sufficient to create reaction, and predisposes them indifferently to ostracise an Aristides or rehabilitate a Henry VIII. and a Robespierre. But there are a few exceptional reputations that have not thus tempted the impeachment of posterity, and have withstood successfully "the fierce light" of antiquarian research which has discovered blemishes on escutcheons long thought to be spotless. The immunity enjoyed by those of whom we speak is probably due to their abounding and transparent humanity. They have never assumed to be faultless, but, in a better sense than Iago's, carried their hearts upon their sleeves "for daws to peck at." The good in them has so plainly exceeded the evil, that the enthusiastic praise of their contemporaries does not seem unreal, and they have been enshrined in the national Walhalla with scarcely a dissentient voice. Among such paragons Englishmen almost unanimously have numbered Sir Philip Sidney. Repeated biographies of him have appeared, all more or less marked by research, two of recent date being compiled from the ample materials in our public archives. Nothing of importance is henceforth likely to be discovered respecting his life or character, and the poet's prophecy as to the fame of a modern hero may be applied with still greater confidence to his:—

* 1. *The Life of the renowned Sir Philip Sidney, &c.* By Sir FULKE GREVILLE, Kt., LORD BROOK. London: 1652.

2. *A Memoir of Sir Philip Sidney.* By H. R. FOX BOURNE. London: 1862.

3. *The Life of Sir Philip Sidney.* By JULIUS LLOYD, M.A. London: 1862.

4. *The Works of Sir Philip Sidney* (14th edition). 3 vols. London: 1725.

5. *The Miscellaneous Works of Sir Philip Sidney, with a Memoir* by W. GRAY. Oxford: 1829.

Whatever record leap to light
He never shall be shamed.

The eldest son of Sir Henry Sidney, representative of a knightly house, which traced its descent from a chamberlain of Henry II., and of Lady Mary Dudley, daughter of John, Duke of Northumberland, Philip was born on the 29th of November, 1554, at Penshurst Hall, in Kent, which, pleasantly emparked on the banks of the Medway, still remains the family seat. As the playmate, friend, and ambassador of Edward VI., a firm Protestant, and son-in-law of the attainted Duke of Northumberland, Sir Henry Sidney could scarcely expect to retain the favor of such a monarch as Mary Tudor. It speaks as highly for her wisdom as for his integrity and loyalty that he continued throughout her reign to escape molestation on account of his faith, and to discharge important functions of State. Philip II. endorsed the good-will of his consort so far as to bestow his name upon the Sidneys' heir, little foreseeing that the object of this honor was destined to prove, till death, his most determined opponent.

No records of the boy's precocity are extant. We first hear of him in 1564, when Sir Henry, who had been retained in his honors by Elizabeth, and subsequently deputed to the presidency of Wales, entered him at the grammar school of Shrewsbury, within easy reach of his seat of government at Ludlow Castle. On the same day was entered Fulke Greville, afterwards Lord Brooke, the boy's play-fellow, the man's companion and biographer, who wrote as his own best epitaph that he was "the friend of Sir Philip Sidney." To him we owe a significant notice of Philip's pupilage, as having been marked by rare quickness of apprehension and gravity of manner. The youth's temporary delicacy of health is attested by a special license to eat meat in Lent, which was procured for him a few years later by his uncle, the Earl of Leicester. His progress in study at the age of twelve appears from the receipt of a Latin and a French letter, acknowledged in his father's reply, dated 1566. Read beside the record of the son's life, the father's counsels have the semblance of prophecy:—

Be courteous of gesture and affable unto all men. . . . Be modest in each assembly, and rather be rebuked of light fellows for maiden-like shamefacedness than of your sad friends for pert boldness. . . . Tell no untruth; no, not in trifles . . . there cannot be a greater reproach to a gentleman than to be accounted a liar. . . . Remember, my son, the noble blood you are descended of by your mother's side, and think that only by a virtuous life and good actions you may be an ornament to that illustrious family. . . . Farewell; your mother and I send you our blessings, and Almighty God grant you his; nourish you with his fear, govern you with his grace, and make you a good servant to your prince and country. Your loving father, so long as you remain in the fear of God,

H. SIDNEY.

A few lines are added by Lady Mary, "in the skirts of my lord's letter," admonishing her "little Philip" daily and many times a day to study his father's precepts. In their tone of grave, tender affection these lines breathe very fragrantly of the Elizabethan home which was the cradle of an heroic nature.

In 1568 Philip matriculated at Christ Church, Oxford, his tutor being Dr. Thomas Thornton, on whose tombstone that distinction is proudly commemorated. A passage of logic with Richard Carew (the future author of the "Survey of Cornwall"), wherein the victory was awarded to young Sidney, is the only chronicled event of his career at Oxford. At Cambridge, where he afterwards graduated, he was noted, as Fuller tells us, for intellectual aptitude and purity of morals.

In May, 1572, a license was obtained for him to travel abroad for two years with a retinue of three servants and four horses. During the summer he set out on the "grand tour," attaching himself to the suite of the Earl of Lincoln who had just been appointed ambassador extraordinary to the French court, with instructions to report upon the eligibility of the Duc d'Alençon, younger brother of Charles IX., as a husband for Elizabeth. He was not yet eighteen. Sidney embarked early upon that stormy sea of theological politics wherein he was destined to figure so gloriously. France, at the moment of his arrival, was recovering from the effects of a severe shock, and on the eve of experi-

encing a shock yet more severe. The long contest between the Catholics and Huguenots had just been terminated by the hollow treaty of St. Germain. A great tragedy had been projected by the former party, for the preparation of which a breathing-space was requisite. Preliminary steps were taken to lull suspicion. In pledge of reconciliation, the queen-mother, Catherine de' Medici, and the young king had invited to court Jeanne queen of Navarre, her son Henry, her nephew Condé, and other leaders of the Huguenot party. The good Jeanne died shortly after her arrival, but her funeral knell was drowned in the chime that proclaimed the marriage of her son with Margaret, the sister of Charles. The arrival of the English embassy at this juncture afforded a new pretext for doing honor to the whole Protestant communion in the person of one of its representatives, and Sidney was selected as the recipient. A fortnight after he had been presented at court the king appointed him a gentleman of the bedchamber. The duties attaching to this post brought him into contact with the bridegroom and his friend and secretary, Duplessis Mornay, with whom he ever afterwards maintained a personal friendship. Ten days later, the *dénouement* of the tragedy was ushered in at dawn on St. Bartholomew's Day (August 24) by the bell of St. Germain l'Auxerrois. It gave the signal to bands of Catholic sharpshooters, who in all parts of the city entered the houses of the sleeping Huguenots, dragged men, women, and children into the street, and rained bullets upon their defenceless bodies. The list of victims in Paris alone numbered five thousand.

Whether by sufferance or good fortune, Sidney escaped the fate of his co-religionists, having taken refuge in the house of Sir Francis Walsingham, the resident English minister at Paris. When news of the massacre reached England, Leicester, fearful for his nephew's safety, sent off a message urging his immediate return, but Philip had either left Paris before it arrived, or, not sharing his uncle's alarm, preferred to pursue his journey. He did not run the risk of remaining in France,

which became the theatre of renewed warfare, but made his next sojourn at Frankfurt. Here, in the house of the printer Wechel, he became acquainted with another Protestant refugee, the Saxon diplomatist, Hubert Languet, illustrious for his virtue, his learning, and his enlightened views of theology and politics. With this sage, a man of thrice his years, Sidney entered into an almost filial relationship. Languet, who, in the course of a long public career, had mixed with men of the highest intellectual rank, regarded this boy of eighteen with unqualified admiration, discerning indications of a capability which need fear exclusion from no avenues of ambition. The close intimacy thus established enabled the elder without presumption to undertake the whole direction of the younger's education. It is curious to remark how closely Sidney followed his friend's counsel, not excepting its least palatable restrictions. His gratitude is characteristically expressed in one of the poems introduced into the "Arcadia:"—

The song I sang old Languet had me taught.

Languet having received a diplomatic mission to Vienna, Sidney accompanied him thither. At this "metropolis of eastern Europe," which, owing to the stimulus of Moslem aggression, had become the central seat of Christian chivalry in the sixteenth century, he remained for some time, to perfect himself in the equestrian and manual exercises then held essential features of a gentleman's education. Amid these employments he found opportunity both to cultivate his literary taste and to make observations upon the state of Continental politics. The deep interest which he already felt in the issue of the pending struggle between the Papacy and Protestantism is evident in the letters written to Languet after parting from him at Vienna.

From thence Sidney proceeded to Venice. Here, amid the freshly glowing creations of Titian, Tintoret, and Veronese, the stately palaces and churches of Palladio, and the laborious products of the Aldine press, he spent a season of profitable delight. Both here and at Padua he actively pursued his studies and obtained that acquaintance with the Italian classics

to which all his writings testify. With many of the distinguished men then resident at Venice he was personally intimate, and at the request of Languet sat to Veronese for his portrait. After visiting Milan and Genoa, he proceeded to Hungary and Poland. Returning to Vienna, he again put himself under the guidance of Languet, and after a visit to Prague, concluded his travels, arriving home in June 1575. According to the present system of education, a young English gentleman would still be in the upper form of Eton or Harrow at the age at which Sidney was making himself a name in Europe.

From several extant portraits which agree with the statements of Aubrey, Sidney's personal appearance at this period may be pretty accurately sketched. He was tall, shapely, and muscular, with large blue-grey eyes, a long aquiline nose, hair of a dark amber tint, and full, sensitive lips, the slightly pensive expression of which was relieved by the decision of the jaw and chin. Attracting attention by its dignity and beauty, such an exterior was no unworthy index of the man's inner nature. Great intellectual activity, especially of the imagination, balanced by disciplined habits of reflection and forethought; quick emotions and warm passions, restrained by firm conscientious and religious convictions; these, when we regard his career as a whole, appear to be his leading characteristics. A man of his breeding and accomplishments would have been popular at any court. At the court of such a queen as Elizabeth, a woman in her prime, keenly alive to the charms of mental power and personal comeliness, he was doubly welcome. He was soon installed into that place in her regard which he never lost. Not aspiring to the dangerous position of chief favorite or the tender intimacy enjoyed by Leicester or Hatton, he was satisfied with that footing of graceful familiarity which could be sustained with honor alike to sovereign and subject, and which it had been well for Elizabeth's reputation had she never suffered any to transcend. Though ordinarily lavish of endearments if of nothing more valuable, she bestowed upon him no more affectionate tokens than a lock of her hair in exchange for a

copy of verses, and the appellation of "my Philip," in contradistinction to his namesake, Mary's Philip. The return which he made for them took the shape of costly new-year's gifts—a "smock of cambric wrought with black work," ruffs interlaced and set "with spangles weighing four ounces," and similar offerings which the fashion of the time demanded of all favorites. In their public relations he maintained an even balance between honor and fortune, not forgetting that he was an Englishman first, a courtier afterwards. Of his ability the queen made an early acknowledgment by accrediting him at the age of twenty-two as ambassador extraordinary to Vienna. His ostensible mission was to condole with the new emperor Rudolph II. upon the loss of his father Maximilian, and to congratulate him upon his accession; but before undertaking this formal duty, Sidney stipulated for credentials which would enable him to use the opportunity for the advantage of the Protestant cause. A glance towards the "burning question" of European politics at this period will sufficiently explain his object.

Spain, represented by the most formidable of tyrants and despicable of men, Philip II., then possessed a power which, armed with the terrors of the Inquisition, and wielded by the subtlety of Granvelle and the ferocity of Alva, offered a perpetual menace to every free State. In her organized conspiracy against liberty of conscience all over the world she was warmly supported by France under the dominion of the League. Already the Spanish king's attempt to force the Inquisition upon his subjects in the Netherlands had well-nigh proved successful; the gallant burghers having still to wade through a sea of fire and blood before the shore of freedom was gained. If they eventually succumbed, the remaining countries of Europe which upheld the principles of the Reformation could expect no better fate. It became, therefore, a matter of deep moment to ascertain the leanings of a neutral power so important as Germany. Whether the new emperor, who had been educated in Spain and was the king's presumptive heir, was disposed to abet or to hinder his schemes, and how far the co-operation of the minor Protestant States, few in number and divided by jealousies, might be relied upon in the event of war, were questions the propounding of which to uncertain ears demanded a shrewd and skilful tongue. In entrusting one so young as Sidney with this deli-

cate mission, Elizabeth and her ministers were doubtless actuated not only by their knowledge of his sympathies, but by the impression he had already produced of an ability to justify confidence.

Accompanied by a suitable retinue, which included his friend Fulke Greville, the ambassador proceeded to Vienna in February 1577. His frank but deftly-woven expressions of regret, rejoicing, hope, and warning met with as satisfactory a response as perhaps could be expected from a monarch so politically embarrassed and personally weak-spirited as Rudolph. A similar mission to the Princes Lewis and Casimir, sons of the late Elector Palatine of the Rhine, was more successfully accomplished. The brothers, whose natural alliance had been sundered by differences of belief, the elder being a strict Lutheran, the younger a staunch Calvinist, were induced by Sidney's good offices to become reconciled, and a pledge of active help against Spain was obtained from Prince Casimir. The ambassador next received instructions to proceed to the Netherlands, which, guided by the dexterous patriotism of William of Orange, had recently thrown off the Spanish yoke and sealed its religious and political independence by the Union of Ghent. To him as its stadtholder, then resident at Delft, Sidney was accredited. Elizabeth's temporizing policy was at this time favorable to the Netherlands, and her support, moral if not material, at such a crisis was invaluable to them. William's reception of Sidney was worthy of both. The acute statesman, so unimpassive and self-conscious, was not slow to perceive or allow the ability of his visitor. "I will pledge my credit," was his message to the queen, a year or two later, "that your Majesty hath in Mr. Sidney one of the ripest and richest counsellors of state that live in Europe." * A similar tribute of admiration, the greater in proportion to its reluctance, was rendered by William's skilful antagonist, Don Juan of Austria, the Spanish representative in the Netherlands, with whom Sidney had an interview at Brussels.

The envoy's official letters to Walsingham, conveying the results of his mission, are state papers of no ordinary interest, evincing the writer's breadth of political

* Fulke Greville, who was the bearer of this message, forbore to deliver it by the express desire of Sidney, who, with equal modesty and prudence, preferred that any recognition of his merits should rather proceed from the observation of his own sovereign than be brought to her notice by another.

view and insight into character. He returned to England in June 1577, and resumed his place at court, where he was soon appointed by Elizabeth to the post of cupbearer, which retained him near her person, and necessitated his accompanying her frequent changes of residence. The life of a professional courtier, condemned to a tedious routine of ceremonial, and to the imputation of being a medium of antechamber gossip and back-stair intrigue, is about the last that we can conceive Philip Sidney desirous of leading. His correspondence with Languet attests how irksome was this monotony to his eager spirit. His near neighborhood to the queen at this period, however, was of essential importance to his father, whose impartial government as lord deputy of Ireland entailed on him bitter opposition from the powerful nobles over whom he was set in authority. Long accustomed to exercise almost absolute power, they ill brooked a just control, and denied his right to impose on them any share of the taxation which was assessed upon the rest of the nation. To their enmity, and the turbulence of the native Irish, which he had firmly and gently repressed, were added the reproaches of the English settlers in the Pale, whom he was striving to protect. Claiming that such protection should be gratuitous, they refused payment of a tax which had been immemorially levied for the support of the deputy's household and garrison. His decided measures to enforce this equitable demand brought upon his head a torrent of invective. The accusations bruited in Dublin found their way to London, and there gained credence from persons of authority. Philip's advocacy of his father's cause was gallant and skilful. In an elaborate written defence he disposed of all the charges *seriatim*, and succeeded in clearing the fame of the accused without offending the judges or exasperating his opponents. Burghley gave his hearty support to the lord deputy's policy, and Elizabeth, who had construed his acts unfavorably, expressed herself convinced of her mistake. Philip's successful diplomacy on this occasion, for which Sir Henry's gratitude was warmly expressed, and the intimate relations into which he was brought with Burghley, Walsingham, Buckhurst, Knollys, and other men of influence at court, made his presence there increasingly valuable. It was the same sense of paramount duty to his father's interests that induced him in the year following (1578) to decline

Prince Casimir's offer of a high post in the Rhenish contingent, which was about to join the Protestant army in the Netherlands. His enthusiasm for the cause which he was thus reluctantly prevented from actively serving continued to be shown in his correspondence with Languet, and in zealous advocacy of the Huguenot petitions to Elizabeth for help against the League.

Trifles served to diversify these serious occupations. In May, 1578, the queen's visit to Wanstead House, in Essex, where Leicester magnificently entertained her, gave rise to Sidney's first literary effort. His masque of "The Lady of the May" was written in her honor and performed in her presence. As was to be expected, the piece had no extraordinary merit. A tinge of grace in the sentiment and of delicacy in the humor is, nevertheless, perceptible throughout. Elizabeth, who is made the arbiter of a contest between two poetical rustics, a shepherd and a huntsman, for a coy nymph, is complimented with an elegance of flattery which must have favorably contrasted, even to so indiscriminating an appetite, with the grossness of ordinary court-bards. A mirthful sketch of a village schoolmaster, who travesties the pedantic fashion of speech then recently introduced, to which the work of Lyly, published in the following year, has given the name of Euphuism, is the real "hit" of the masque. In the abominable Latin ascribed to him there is an evident touch of burlesque, but the monstrous absurdity of his English is probably but little exaggerated:—

I am, potentissima domina, [Rhombus thus addresses the queen] a schoolmaster, that is to say a pedagogue, one not a little versed in the disciplinating of the juvenile fry, wherein, to my laud I say it, I use such geometrical proportion as neither wanteth mansuetude nor correction, for so it is described

"*Parcare subjectos et debellare superbos.*"

Yet hath not the pulchritude of my virtues protected me from the contaminating hands of these plebeians; for coming *solummodo* to have parted their sanguinolent fray they yielded me no more reverence than if I had been some *pecorius asinus*. I, even I, that am, who am I? *Dixi: Verbus sapiento satum est.* But what said that Trojan Æneas when he so-journed in the surging sulks of the sandiferous seas?

"*Hæc olim memonasse juvebit.*"

At the very time of her feigned arbitration in an action brought in the Court of Love, Elizabeth was herself both judge and subject of a real contest. Among

the many aspirants to her hand, Francis Duc d'Alençon, known since his brother Henry's accession to the throne by the title of Anjou, was the most acceptable to herself, the least welcome to the nation. Towards Leicester and Hatton she may have felt more tenderly, and given more substantial tokens of affection, but it is doubtful if she ever seriously contemplated marriage with either. The same doubts exist as to her intentions regarding all other claimants save Anjou alone. Coy and capricious to the extreme, she as repeatedly consented as refused to gratify the nation by marriage, repeatedly indicated one of the candidates as the object of her choice, repeatedly transferred the marks of her favor to another, and finally rejected them in a body. For Anjou alone she manifested an inclination in the face of popular opposition, and carried it so far as actually to take up the pen for signing the marriage contract. The grounds of the public dislike to "Monsieur," as the duke was called, which induced her at the last moment to reject his suit, are sufficiently intelligible. He was a Frenchman, a Catholic, half Valois, half Medici, wholly false, cruel, and slavish. If some of these grounds may be set aside as insular prejudices, the evidence of history has justified the cogency of the remainder. Elizabeth and Protestant England had a happy escape from alliance with the traitor of the League and Huguenot wars, the tyrant of the confiding Flemings.

Persuaded that the match which Elizabeth had in prospect would prove injurious to the public interests as well as her own, Sidney ventured to use the advantages afforded by his social position and private intimacy in the service of both. Though he acted on the advice of counsellors to whom he was accustomed to look up, it was not a little daring in a youth untitled, comparatively unprivileged and unseconded, to assume the responsibility of conveying the popular sentiment upon so delicate a question to a high-spirited woman and a Tudor queen. His "Remonstrance," if originally delivered into her own hand, soon afterwards became public. With the plainest candor and the mildest courtesy, he succinctly expressed and justified the chief objections to her marriage with the duke, urging the imprudence of gaining a husband's at the expense of a people's love, and pointing the argument with an illustration from her sister's reign that must have penetrated her mind with a home-thrust. It is impossible to determine how much weight the queen attached

to this expression of opinion. In questions of love, logic is proverbially put out of court. The national disaffection could not be disregarded with impunity; but not for some time longer was the duke's eloquence exhausted, or her inclination completely mastered. The immunity from censure for his boldness which Sidney enjoyed bears sufficient testimony to the tact and temper of his language. For uttering the same sentiments in coarser words, John Stubbs and William Page were arraigned for libel and punished by mutilation.

A recent biographer, Mr. Bourne, endeavors to show that a temporary explosion of the royal displeasure, necessitating withdrawal from her presence, was the consequence of Sidney's daring. The evidence for this, however, seems very slight. Lord Brooke, who, as Sidney's intimate friend, must have been well acquainted with the facts, attributes his retirement from court to a private dispute with the Earl of Oxford, by whom a few months before he had been grossly insulted at tennis. This peer enjoys the reputation of being among the most splendid and most vicious of Elizabeth's courtiers. A De Vere, proud of his Norman and baronial blood, a courtier rejoicing in the hereditary office of great chamberlain and the acquired possession of royal favor, he doubtless looked down upon Philip Sidney as a man of inferior rank, whose pretensions to consideration on the score of talent and virtue were quite intolerable. Sidney had good reason for disliking him before any personal conflict took place between them. Oxford was the husband of Burghley's daughter Anne, who had been destined for Sidney himself when they were both children, and though the rupture of the negotiations had caused him no disappointment, his chivalric spirit must have been chafed to witness the neglect with which she was treated by the earl. The Anjou alliance, moreover, of which Sidney was so sturdy an opponent, received the support of Oxford, who owed his present enjoyment of Elizabeth's favor to the address with which he flattered her inclination. His outrageous conduct on the occasion referred to, of which Lord Brooke gives a full account, was all that was needed to kindle dislike into animosity.

Sidney's cool, sarcastic bearing would have provoked a passage of arms, had not the earl hung back until the lords of the council interfered, and the queen, hearing of the affair, called the former into

her presence. In whichever direction her personal bias may have leaned, her traditional policy was rigidly aristocratic. Her language, though conciliatory, accordingly betrayed a tone of reprimand. He was reminded that inferiority of rank involved obligations of respect which it behoved the inferior to keep in constant view. His dignified reply was that he held such obligations mutual, forbidding the superior to be discourteous and the inferior to be slavish. The queen, if unconvinced, had the good sense not to be displeased. Feeling fortified by her support, however, the earl and his friends contrived to render the court atmosphere so oppressive that Sidney determined to withdraw. His presence there for a while was scarcely necessary or desirable. Sir Henry Sidney, having now left Ireland and returned to the presidency of Wales, had less occasion for his services. Leicester, whose secret marriage with the widowed Countess of Essex had just come to the queen's ears, was temporarily in disgrace, and as his uncle's heir presumptive Philip might naturally expect a share of the royal frown.

Wilton, the seat of Lord Pembroke, the husband of his beloved and gifted sister Mary, was his place of retirement. Aubrey has preserved a memorial of Sidney's fondness for this fascinating retreat; how he would spend some days in hunting over the Wiltshire downs, often checking his horse to note a fugitive thought on his tablets; at other times sit musing for hours upon a hill crowned with the romantic ruins of Ivy-church, commanding a view of Clarendon Forest and the sea-like plain of Salisbury. The immediate fruit of his leisure was the "Arcadia."

Early readings of the romances of chivalry and the classics of Italian and Spanish literature, Sannazaro and Montemayor, supplied him with a form in which his fancy could freely develop itself. If the product appear to modern readers somewhat tedious and stilted, it may be fairly urged that alterations in the aspect of society and the standard of taste have rendered a just estimate of its merits scarcely possible. In an age when feudalism though languishing was by no means extinct, and its incidents of chivalric enterprise and physical prowess were newly resuscitated, when nature was still a fairyland, history a chronicle of traditions, and travel a revelation of marvels, an author might weave without effort, and his readers accept without surprise, a narrative of knight-errantry and pastoral innocence

such as in our own day would excite ridicule for its artificiality. The praises of Spenser, Milton, Cowley, and Waller among men of genius and letters, and the number of editions demanded by the public for two centuries, attest the unanimity of opinion which formerly prevailed respecting the "Arcadia." At the present day it may be read with curiosity rather than with pleasure. The most disparaging of its modern critics, however, cannot estimate the work less highly than did the author himself. Having composed it with no intention of publication, but for the amusement of his sister Lady Pembroke, to whom he sent the loose sheets as they were written, he left directions on his deathbed that it should be destroyed. The extraordinary esteem in which his memory was held induced her to disregard this request, and the work was published as "The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia," in 1590. Ben Jonson mentions having heard that Sidney contemplated moulding it into a romance on the Arthurian legends, but it is difficult to see how this could have been effected with the existing materials.

It would probably be a thankless task to unravel for modern readers the elaborate scheme of the "Arcadia." It narrates the fortunes of two young princes and bosom friends named Pyrocles and Musidorus, who, having been separated on a journey, after sundry perils by land and sea are reunited in Arcadia, where they penetrate the retreat in which the king's daughters have been sequestered, and win their affections. The difficulties, plots, and counterplots consequent upon this adventure occupy the greater part of the book. This treatment of such a subject admits of the utmost license, of which Sidney unsparingly avails himself. The reader is presented with an historic medley wherein the scenes and characters of classical and mediæval times intermingle with apparent harmony. "The Faery Queene" of Spenser and "The Princess" of Mr. Tennyson are approximate literary parallels. Though not boasting a definite moral purpose, the "Arcadia" is not less refined in tone than the former of these fictions. Judged by the standard of contemporary purity it takes a very high place. In style it is curiously unequal; some passages being remarkable for vigor and grace of expression, others marred by involution and diffuseness, with a perceptible flavor of the very pedantry that was satirized in "The Lady of the May." Allowance being made for the quaintness

peculiar to the writer's age, the intrinsic charm of such a passage as the following, which describes the first aspect of Arcadia, would in any age be secure of admiration:—

The third day after, in the time that the morning did strew roses and violets on the heavenly floor against the rising of the sun, they went on their journey. There were hills which garnished their proud heights with stately trees; humble villages whose base estate seemed comforted with the refreshing of silver rivers; meadows enamelled with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers, and thickets which being lined with most pleasant shade were witnessed so too by the cheerful disposition of many well-tuned birds; each pasture stored with sheep feeding with sober security, while the pretty lambs with bleating oratory craved the dam's comfort; here a shepherd's boy piping as though he should never be old, there a young shepherdess knitting and withal singing, and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to work, and her hands kept time to her voice-music.

The following scattered sentences are pregnant with the fine moral sense which may be discerned in all Sidney's writings:—

There is no man suddenly either excellently good or extremely evil, but grows either as he holds himself up in virtue, or lets himself slide to viciousness.

True love hath that excellent nature in it that it doth transform the very essence of the lover unto the thing loved; uniting and as it were incorporating it with a secret and inward working.

I am no herald to inquire of men's pedigrees: it sufficeth me if I know their virtues.

The two heroines are painted in the following passage:—

The elder is named Pamela, by many men not deemed inferior to her sister; for my part, when I marked them both, methought there was (if at least such perfections may receive the word of more) more sweetness in Philoclea, but more majesty in Pamela; methought love played in Philoclea's eyes and threatened in Pamela's; methought Philoclea's beauty only persuaded, but so persuaded as all hearts must yield; Pamela's beauty used violence and such violence as no heart could resist. And it seems that such proportion is between their minds. Philoclea so bashful as though her excellencies had stolen into her before she was aware; so humble that she will put all pride out of countenance; in sum, such proceedings as will stir hope but teach hope good manners: Pamela of high thoughts, who avoids not pride with not knowing her excellencies, but by making that one of her excellencies to be void of pride.

One may discern a trace of partiality in the portraiture of the younger sister. Philoclea, in the opinion of Sidney's contemporaries and of some later critics, is a sketch from the life, or rather from the heart. After the fashion of the time, the matrimonial disposition of his hand had more than once been the subject of paternal negotiations. While still at Oxford, as already mentioned, he had been proffered by Sir Henry to Cecil, as a match for his daughter Anne, but the fathers disagreed on the question of settlements before their children felt any interest in its solution. The next transaction was far more serious. It is uncertain from which side overtures proceeded, but assuredly, in the bargain between Sir Henry Sidney and Walter, Earl of Essex, Philip did not conceal how much he had at stake. His passion for the beautiful Penelope Devereux, the "Philoclea" of his "Arcadia," the "Stella" of his sonnets, is one of those loves which take rank among historical events by their connection with literature. Its growth had been gradual, rising from the level of ordinary admiration to the height of a perfect surrender.

Not at first sight, nor yet with a dribbed shot
Love gave the wound which while I breathe
will bleed,

But known worth did in mine of time proceed,
Till by degrees it had full conquest got.
I saw and liked; I liked but loved not,
I loved, but straight did not what love decreed;

At length to love's decrees I forced agreed.
("Astrophel and Stella," Sonnet 2.)

When too late, he bitterly blamed himself (sonnets 11 and 33) for ever having dallied with a courtship of which love must and marriage might have been the happy issue. Apart from Sidney's own records of its progress, nearly all that can be told concerning his wooing is that it was unprosperous. No reproach for the miscarriage of the negotiations attaches to either of the parties immediately interested, nor did any mercenary motives actuate their parents. Sir Henry, while politically opposed to the earl, had no scruples about entertaining a proposal in which his son was so deeply interested. The earl, on his part, loved Philip as a son, and in 1576, when dying, sent him a message of affectionate trust that their common desire would be fulfilled. Had the father lived until his daughter was marriageable, its fulfilment would doubtless have been accomplished, but after his death, Lord Huntingdon, her guardian, resolved to provide her with a wealthier husband than

Philip, whose presumptive heirship to Leicester was determined in 1579 by the birth of a nephew. Lady Penelope herself, without perhaps avowedly reciprocating Sidney's affection at this time, was strongly averse to the person chosen in his stead, but her feeling in the matter was not consulted. In the course of 1581, she was compelled to become the wife of Robert Lord Rich, a man of large possessions, low intellect, and brutal manners.*

The pleasures of literature, which had more than compensated Sidney for the loss of court preferments, proved insufficient to fill the void in his life. He turned for self-forgetfulness to the stronger interest of public duties. He had returned to London in the autumn of 1580, and early in the following year we find him a successful candidate for the representation of his native county in Parliament. There his decided Protestant bias made him a prominent supporter of the active measures which the government was driven in self-defence to take against the Catholics. His name appears on the committees appointed to settle the best course of legislation to be adopted on this subject. Foreign affairs engaged his attention at the same time, more particularly the policy of supporting the claims of Dom Antonio, the popular candidate for the throne of Portugal, against those of Philip II. of Spain, who was the legitimate heir. The distinguished position occupied by Sidney as a diplomatist, and the hostile feeling he was known to entertain against the Spanish monarch, pointed him out to Antonio as the fittest organ of communication with the English court. Sidney was strongly urged, and perhaps not indisposed, to join an armed expedition for the assertion of Antonio's title, but the scheme was eventually abandoned; the government, however willing to hinder the extension of Spanish rule, fearing to embroil the nation in war on a question of doubtful legality.

The remonstrances of her counsellors and the dislike of the nation had not overcome the queen's inclination to marriage with the Duc d'Anjou. His proposals were still entertained, and his hopes of success seemed promising. In April 1581, an embassy of unusual magnificence was despatched by the French government to urge the completion of the contract. The courtesy and splendor of the reception

accorded to these unwelcome guests strikingly illustrate the chivalrous spirit which animated the Elizabethan era. A train of the highest nobility accompanied them to a sumptuous banqueting-house erected at Westminster for their residence. Festive pageants had been prepared to do them honor. Sidney, as a leading political opponent, was among the foremost to accept the obligations of hospitality. At a tournament held upon Whitmonday and Tuesday, in the tiltyard adjoining Whitehall, he was one of the four young knights who, under the title of "foster-children of Desire" laying claim to the "Castle of Perfect Beauty," issued a challenge to all comers. A score of noble youths started forth to champion the queen, and amid the explosion of cannon charged with perfumed powders, showering of flower missiles, shouting of trumpets, and proclamations of heralds, the game was brilliantly played out. Sidney's gallant appearance on the occasion in blue and gilded armor is minutely portrayed by Holinshed's contemporary hand. With all its urbanity, the nation was as indisposed as ever to the design of the embassy. It gave general satisfaction when the duke, who followed his envoys in the course of the year, had as little success as they in prosecuting his suit, and left England without obtaining a definite answer. Sidney was one of the distinguished company selected to accompany him on his voyage to Flanders, where he had been made Duke of Brabant, in February 1582.

Sidney's literary studies, though now much interrupted, were not unproductive. In 1581, or the year following, he wrote the "Defence of Poesie." Originally intended as a fugitive protest against the extravagance of Puritanism,* it still remains a charter and text-book of art, not readily to be matched for breadth of view and eloquence of advocacy. The characteristics of imagination, its scope, influence and value, are defined and illustrated, not in precise metaphysical language, but with fundamental accuracy and clearness. The principle of "improving upon nature," enounced by the great masters of idealism in painting, can hardly be stated more forcibly than in Sidney's words:—

Nature never set forth the earth in so rich tapestry as divers poets have done, neither

* She is said to have protested "at the very solemnity and ever after." (Petition of Lord Devonshire, her second husband, to Jas. I., cited in Devereux's "Lives of Earls of Essex," i. 155).

* It was probably written, as Mr. Lloyd suggests (preface to "Life," p. 8) in answer to "The Schoole of Abuse," a tirade "against poets, pipers, players, and their excusers," published by Stephen Gosson in 1579, and inscribed with a bad taste savoring of insult to Sidney himself.

with so pleasant rivers, fruitful trees, sweet-smelling flowers, nor whatsoever else may make the too much loved earth more lovely. Her world is brazen; the poets only deliver a golden.

To the Puritan fanatics of his day who objected to the cultivation of poetry that it tended to distract the mind from the stern realities of religion and morality, no exposure of their error could be more convincing than his reference to the parables of Christ.

Our Saviour Christ could as well have given the moral commonplaces of uncharitableness and humbleness as the divine narration of Dives and Lazarus, or of disobedience and mercy as that heavenly discourse of the lost child and the gracious father, but that his thorough searching wisdom knew the estate of Dives burning in hell and of Lazarus in Abraham's bosom would more constantly, as it were, inhabit both the memory and the judgment.

Not less just if less permanently valuable are Sidney's criticisms upon what had already been achieved and was in process of achievement by English poets. In an age of so much ardor and so little experience there was great need of a teacher who should unite wisdom with warmth. That Sidney was well fitted to supply the want, is attested by the moderation of his tone and the catholicity of his illustrations. How opportunely he draws attention to the dignity and pathos of the Hebrew Scriptures, then recently introduced to English readers! What critic before or long after him dreamed of detecting poetic beauty in our national ballads? Though too much fettered by the authority of Aristotle, and the laws of unity handed down from the Greek stage, to make due allowance for the freedom of dramatic genius, he hits some palpable blots in the practice of contemporary playwrights, and lays down a sensible code for their guidance. The poetical works of his age which he singles out for praise, Lord Surrey's "Sonnets," Sackville's "Mirror for Magistrates," and Spenser's "Shepherd's Calendar," have survived to justify his appreciation; though he shows less than his usual discernment in objecting to the "rustic style" in which the shepherds of the latter speak, because Theocritus and Sannazaro had not set the example. His censure of the prevailing fashion in lyrical poetry is too indefinite to be quite intelligible to us, but its application was doubtless plain enough to the writers indicated and their readers. Without attempting to decide how much influence his verdicts

exercised upon his age, it may be safe to question if in their absence the impulsive and undisciplined energy then at work would not have shown even more erratic tendencies.

He was not less adapted for the office of teacher by his intimate relations with men of letters. With Spenser, Raleigh, Nash, Harvey, Camden, Hakluyt, and other pioneers of the great exodus then achieved by English intellect from the Egypt of scholastic formalism and traditional ignorance into the promised land of art and science, he trod side by side, at once a generous rival and a staunch ally.

One of his earliest efforts was the formation, in company with Spenser, Harvey, and other friends, of a society called the Areopagus, which was to lay the foundations of a poetic school. The attempt was too ambitious to succeed, and the members, at the instance of Harvey, who was eminently a pedant, seem to have chiefly occupied themselves in trying curious experiments with classical metres. Some of Sidney's indifferent performances of this kind are introduced into the "Arcadia." The training thus obtained, however, was doubtless of service both to himself and Spenser, who were men of too much genius to submit to such trammels, and whose best poetry shows no trace of the constraint. Spenser's "Shepherd's Calendar," published anonymously in 1579, was dedicated to Sidney in language expressing no ordinary sense of affectionate obligation:—

Go, little book! thyself present,
As child whose parent is unkent,
To him that is the president
Of noblesse and of chivalry;
And if that envy bark at thee,
As sure it will, for succor flee
Under the shadow of his wing.

Throughout their lives this charming friendship continued on the same footing.

Sidney's was one of those prompt, energetic brains that find interest in every field of intellectual action, and to which no appeal for sympathy comes amiss. Books on every conceivable subject—metaphysics, logic, poetry, divinity, warfare, travel, geography, history—were inscribed to him at various times. The readiness with which literary patronage is tendered cannot, indeed, always be taken as a measure of the patron's discernment or generosity; but Sidney's favors took a form either of munificence, of sympathy, or of courtesy, that distinguished them from the ordinary type. Spenser's grateful remembrance of them was characteristically

expressed in his pastoral monody of "Astrophel," written after Sidney's death. Nor less genuine was the tribute of regret rendered by Nash in "Pierce Penniless:—"

Gentle Sir Philip Sidney! thou knewest what belonged to a scholar; thou knewest what pains, what toil, what travail, conduct to perfection. Well could'st thou give every virtue its encouragement, every art its due, every writer his deserts, 'cause none more virtuous, witty, or learned than thyself! But thou art dead in thy grave, and hast left too few successors of thy glory; too few to cherish the sons of the Muses, or water those budding hopes with their plenty which thy bounty erst planted.

The area of Sidney's literary interests was not restricted to England. Authors of all nations, in all departments of learning, found in him an instructed and friendly reader. Henry Stephens, Lipsius, and Gentilis the scholars, Giordano Bruno the philosopher, Banosius and Danæus the divines, were among his correspondents, and inscribers of volumes to his fame. Bruno dedicated to Sidney that rare and curious book, "*Lo Spaccio della Bestia trionfante*," which helped to consign the Italian philosopher to the stake, and we think that he was the guest of Sidney when in England. With the Continent he maintained a regular intercourse by employing agents to purchase for him at the great book-fairs of Frankfort and Leipsic. "The universities abroad and at home," says Lord Brooke, "communicated every invention or improvement of knowledge with him."

The most remarkable of his later writings, both on account of their intrinsic merit and of the circumstances attending their production, are his sonnets and songs, most of which were composed before 1583, and are known under the collective title of "Astrophel and Stella," although others not therein included plainly form part of the same series. With respect to their literary merit there has been little change in critical opinion since the date of their publication. From such a contemporary judge as Raleigh they won for their author the epithet of the "Petrarch of our time;" and they remain to the present day the most popular of his writings. The qualities displayed in them, with the possession of which he would not otherwise have been credited, well entitle them to this distinction. Brilliancy of imagination and terseness of expression are uncommon excellencies in the prose portions of the "Arcadia," and are almost foreign to the verse.

In the sonnets, tameness and redundancy are equally exceptional. Images of refined beauty, words of choice significance, measured with a musical accuracy never common and then extremely rare, give these poems a peculiar charm. As examples of his epigrammatic force, take the following lines, one expressing the thralldom of passion:—

Since naked Sense can conquer Reason armed;
another, the weapons of a scornful mistress:—

Thundered disdains and lightnings of disgrace;

a third the characteristics of mental disease:—

Infected minds infect each thing they see.

The luscious language of erotic poetry, usually so cloying upon alien ears, is seldom distasteful from Sidney's lips. The well-worn theme of physical beauty takes a fresh tint from the brush which can paint its features so delicately. Three lines sum up a few of his daintiest phrases:—

Think now no more to hear of warm fine-
odored snow,
Nor blushing lilies, nor pearls' ruby-hidden
row,
Nor of that golden sea whose waves in curls
are broken.

Such a vignette as this speaks for his grace of handling:—

But when birds charm, and that sweet air
which is
Morn's messenger, with rose-enamelled skies
Calls each wight to salute the flower of bliss.

The lovers of literary parallels will find interesting material in these sonnets for comparison with later poetry. Too much stress may easily be laid upon coincidence in such cases, and we are not even prepared to dispute the right of men of genius to steal judiciously from their forerunners. If, however, the question of originality should ever be raised, it should be remembered that the famous apostrophes to sleep which are consecrated by the names of Shakespeare and Young,* are long posterior to the following lines of Sidney:—

The certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
The indifferent judge between the high and
low.

* 2 Hen. IV., iii. 1; Macbeth, iii. 4; Night Thoughts, book i.

To what extent subsequent inspiration has been assisted by his exquisite sonnet, commencing

With how sad steps, O Moon! thou climb'st
the skies,
How silently, and with how wan a face;
may be more readily surmised than ascertained.

It must be admitted that the beauties of these poems are balanced by serious defects. There are few not disfigured by conceits and other false ornaments, especially by the puerile playing upon words which the Elizabethans seem to have mistaken for brilliancy and point. One of the few which are absolutely free from this imperfection has a peculiar interest as a reflection of the writer's motives:—

Stella, think not that I by verse seek fame,
Who seek, who hope, who love, who live but thee;

Thine eyes my pride, thy lips mine history:
If thou praise not, all other praise is shame.
Not so ambitious am I, as to frame
A nest for my young praise in laurel-tree:
In truth I swear, I wish not there should be
Graved in mine epitaph a poet's name:
Ne if I would, I could just title make
That any laud to me thereof should grow,
Without my plumes from others' wings I take.
For nothing from my wit or will doth flow,
Since all my words thy beauty doth endite,
And love doth hold my hand, and makes me write.

("Astrophel and Stella," Sonnet 90.)

When the circumstances of their production are duly weighed, it will be matter for wonder that the sonnets are so comparatively faultless. A far worse charge, however, than viciousness of taste has been brought against them, which a comprehension of these circumstances is required to disprove. William Godwin, after admitting these poems to contain "some of the finest examples in this species of composition that the world can produce," enters a protest against their author's "making a public exhibition of such addresses to a married woman, speaking contemptuously of the husband, and employing all the arts of poetical seduction to contaminate the mind of the woman he adores." This charge has been reiterated by Mr. Bourne, who talks (p. 283) of Sidney's return to court in the autumn of 1580 as actuated by the design of paying "homage to another sovereign, to Penelope Devereux, now Lady Rich;"*

* Sidney's latest biographer, Mr. Lloyd, points out the error into which Mr. Bourne has fallen in this instance, by omitting to allow for the distinction between the historical and the legal year. Penelope's marriage

interprets a poem called "The Smokes of Melancholy" (which has no apparent connection with "Stella" or any one else) to mean that he was "resolved to go on courting her, and to court her more zealously than ever, now that she was another man's wife" (p. 290); and cites two sonnets as examples of his tendered homage. "Without question," adds Mr. Bourne, "Stella liked such praise. There was no prudery or delicacy fashionable at court by the rules of which it could be condemned. The only fault found in him was that he paid his vows to one alone" (pp. 317-8). All these phrases assume that the sonnets collectively were addressed to her after her marriage, and circulated within the sphere of the court where he was already recognized as her lover, and the singer of "sweet notes which every one rejoiced to hear."

For all that appears to the contrary, many of these sonnets were addressed to an imaginary personage; others obviously belong to the period before "Stella's" marriage. As to the rest, the answer to the charge of publication must be one of point-blank denial. "Astrophel and Stella" was never given to the world by its author; but surreptitiously obtained in 1591, five years after his death, and printed by Thomas Nash.* This fact, of itself, accounts for the disordered condition in which the poems appear, and offers a fatal objection *in limine* to any positive interpretation of their meaning. Mr. Lloyd justly remarks, "How arbitrary and insecure is the critical process of educing facts from the scattered verses of a dead poet, especially when printed, as these were, without so much as a friendly editor to arrange them!"

To the unquenched affection and chivalrous temper of Sidney, the sight of the misery endured by his lovely mistress as the wife of Lord Rich—a titled boor with whom she lived in "continual discord"—must have caused the keenest torture, and the provocation to rescue her from slavery have been well nigh irresistible. Every impulse of passion rose in arms against the dictates of social law and moral principle. These sonnets contain, as we cannot doubt, the history of this strife.† Hatred and contempt for the

could not have occurred until after March 10, 1580, when the letter of Lord Huntingdon, which he cites, speaks of it as only projected. Sidney's return to court accordingly preceded this event by several months.

* *Vide* the "Life of Spenser," by J. Payne Collier (1862), p. 94.

† In the opinion thus formed after an independent study of the sonnets, we are glad to find ourselves in

author of the wrong, tender pity and burning devotion for the victim, wild cursings of fate, convulsive ecstasies of pleasure, hysterical jests at pain, fond delusions of conscience, tenacious resolutions of virtue, are all portrayed in them. Sidney would have been more than human had he yielded to the exigencies of duty without such a struggle. But "the whole of Sidney's blameless life" is, as Mr. Lloyd argues, "a vindication of his character" from an *à priori* assumption of his guilt. The sonnets themselves, however, bear ample testimony to his honorable sensibility and tender reserve. In favor of the presumption that they were characteristic vents of uncontrollable emotion, designed for no eye but the author's, many passages may be cited. In sonnet 34 he declares that his "end" is "to ease a burthened heart."

As good to write as for to lie and groan,
is the opening of another outburst (sonnet 40). Answering an imaginary objection that his words, if published, would be thought "fond" by the wise, he exclaims (sonnet 34):—

Then be they close, and so shall none dis-
please:
What idler thing than speak and not be heard?
What harder thing than smart and not to
speak?

The same mood may have suggested sonnet 90, already quoted, which deprecates the idea of writing for fame. In sonnet 50 he speaks of his verses as necessary to express the fulness of thoughts which
Cannot be stayed within my panting breast;
yet often doomed to destruction as soon
as written by reason of their inadequacy:—

So that I cannot choose but write my mind,
And cannot choose but put out what I write,
While these poor babes their death in birth
do find.

To the enforced concealment of his passion from the court-circle in which he moved, and the erroneous surmises made there as to the cause of his mental abstraction, he repeatedly alludes (sonnets 23, 27, 30, 54). In refutation of the charge "that Sidney professed without shame his love for Lady Rich," Mr. Lloyd calls attention to the language of Spenser's "Astrophel." "In that beautiful elegy, written after Sidney's death, and inscribed to his widow, the name of Stella is given

accord with Mr. Lloyd, who succinctly describes them as "exhibiting the struggle in a noble mind between conscience and passion with the final victory of the right" (p. 125).

to her, which would be inconceivable if the world had already learned to associate it with another woman. The author of 'The Mourning Muse of Thestylis' (Lewis Bryskitt) describes Lady Sidney more evidently under the name of Stella."

Continually brought into contact as Sidney and Lady Rich seem to have been by their attendance at court, it would have been impossible for him, indeed, to conceal from her the intensity of his feeling, even had duty demanded the effort. It was natural enough in that age of gallantry that Sidney should have still breathed his affection to her when fitting opportunity offered:—

Oft with true sighs, oft with uncalled tears,
Now with slow words, now with dumb elo-
quence.

But how purely she acted, and how wisely she counselled him under circumstances so difficult and painful, may be read in sonnets 61, 62, 69, and in the eighth song. His own suffering in the attempt to reconcile the claims of "desire" and "pure love" is told in the seventy-first and seventy-second sonnets. The general strain of these utterances refutes the charge which on the strength of a few isolated expressions has been levelled against his purity, and justifies the reply thus made to a supposed accuser:—

If that be sin which doth the manners frame
Well stayed with truth in word and faith of
deed,
Ready of wit and fearing nought but shame;
If that be sin which in fixed hearts doth
breed
A loathing of all loose unchastity,
Then love is sin, and let me sinful be.
(Sonnet 14.)

But the temptation was too hazardous to be long sustained. Her pathetic entreaty, "lest . . . I should blush when thou art named,"* and his own deepest conviction combined to urge that he was forced

By iron laws of duty to depart.

The "Farewell," included among his miscellaneous sonnets, may be reasonably assigned to this period, and its grave, tender music well denotes the solemnity which attached to the crisis:—

Oft have I mused, but now at length I find
Why those that die, men say "they do de-
part"!

* The favorable impression of "Stella's" character that we are led to form from her conduct at this period is contradicted by her subsequent history. Some years later she yielded to a second lover, Lord Mountjoy, the fortress once impregnable. Sidney's eyes were mercifully blinded by imagination to a doubt of her stability, and by death to a knowledge of her shame.

Depart, a word so gentle to my mind,

Weakly did seem to paint Death's ugly dart.
But now the stars with their strange course do
bind

Me one to leave with whom I leave my
heart,

I hear a cry of spirits faint and blind

That parting thus my chiefest part I part.

The ultimate issue of the contest thus
waged is summed up in the last of his mis-
cellaneous sonnets which completes the
entire series:—

Leave me, O Love! which reachest but to dust,
And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things;

Grow rich in that which never taketh rust,

Whatever fades, but fading pleasure brings;

Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy might

To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms
be;

Which breaks the clouds and opens forth the
light,

That doth both shine and give us sight to
see.

O take fast hold, let that light be thy guide,

In this small course which birth draws out
to death,

And think how evil becometh him to slide

Who seeketh heav'n, and comes of heav'nly
breath!

Then farewell world! thy uttermost I see:

Eternal Love! maintain thy life in me!

Splendidis longum vale-dico nugis.

Having taken the manly resolve of riv-
eting his allegiance to honor, Sidney, in
the spring of 1583, became the husband
of Frances, only daughter of Sir Francis
Walsingham. Little is recorded concern-
ing this lady, but the esteem and fidelity
which he gave her until death constitute
the best testimony that could be afforded
to her virtues.

Walsingham, now secretary of state,
had commenced his acquaintance with
Sidney in Paris, and it had since ripened
into intimacy. Foremost among Eliza-
bethan statesmen for subtlety and wisdom,
he heartily appreciated the honor and in-
tegrity of his illustrious son-in-law. He
frankly conceded his superiority in diplo-
macy, and urged its recognition upon the
government. The queen, however, was
habitually chary of substantial favors to
any but those who were willing, like Lei-
cester and Hatton, to purchase them by
incessant flattery. Towards Sir Henry
Sidney, who served her long and faithfully,
she showed herself a grudging mistress,
nor was she much more generous to the
son, for whom she professed particular re-
gard. Having been chosen by his friend,
Prince Casimir, to stand as his proxy when
installed as a Knight of the Garter, in
January 1583, Philip had indeed been

knighted, but this rank was conferred on
him in compliance with the laws of the
order, not as a personal honor. It was
probably owing to Walsingham's influence
that later in the same year he obtained the
promise of being associated with his un-
cle, Lord Warwick, in the post of master
of the ordnance, but the appointment was
delayed for two years longer. In the
mean time he appears to have held some
subordinate military offices, with the rank
of general.

From the date of his marriage his inter-
est in politics became more keenly active.
In common with his father-in-law, Leices-
ter, and the ablest statesmen of the day,
he deplored the "coquettish policy" which
Elizabeth pursued during the great strug-
gle between Spain and the Netherlands.
Cordially as she hated the one and sym-
pathized with the other, she could not
summon sufficient resolution to declare
absolutely for either. Hitherto she had
injured rather than benefited the good
cause. Reckoning upon her indecision
the common enemy had taken heart.
Philip II.'s illustrious general, Parma, was
rapidly regaining, by victories in the cab-
inet and the field, all that had been torn
from Spain by the skill and daring of Wil-
liam of Orange. Assassins daily threat-
ened the life of the stadtholder, and, if he
fell, who could take his place? In France,
Henry III. had recently reconciled him-
self to the League, and their united forces
were on the point of concentration against
the Huguenots. England, if her co-re-
ligionists were defeated, would undoubt-
edly be the next object of attack, but she
was still supine and lukewarm.

Sidney's strongest desires were excited
to remove this national reproach. If the
queen feared directly to assist the Nether-
landers by accepting their proffered sov-
ereignty, or strengthening their army, she
could serve them indirectly by attacking
Spain. Rich and comparatively defence-
less cities like Cadiz and Seville offered
an easy prize, and there was a weaker
point yet in those American colonies,
newly added to the domain of Catholicism,
from which it was deriving an immense
revenue. These, he thought, might be
successfully assailed, and the English rule
and Protestant faith be substituted there.
With this view he actively promoted the
expeditions of discovery which the national
enterprise had been organizing during the
last ten years. In 1583 he obtained letters-
patent to explore and colonize unknown
parts of America; but apparently finding
too much occupation at home to undertake

the expedition himself, soon afterwards assigned his chief interest in this grant to Sir George Peckham, who had been associated with Raleigh and his half-brother, the gallant Sir Humphrey Gilbert, in earlier schemes of colonization. Sidney continued to take the warmest interest in all these undertakings, and was a member of the committee, appointed in December 1585, to consider the confirmation required for Raleigh's new letters-patent. Another project, of which his mind had been full since the date of his mission to Vienna, was the formation of "a general league among free princes," for offensive and defensive operations against Spain. Lord Brooke enters at large into his views, which he seems to have lost no opportunity of urging upon the queen and Burghley. His arguments so far prevailed that on an embassy being proposed to convey the queen's expression of condolence with Henry III., on the death of her old lover, Anjou, in June 1584, Sidney was selected for the envoy, with instructions to make use of the occasion to moot the subject of an anti-Spanish alliance. The embassy was not sent, owing to the king's prolonged absence in the south of France, and the increasing signs of his indisposition to assist the Protestant cause. Sidney was able, however, to render the Huguenots some service by his successful advocacy of the petitions for aid preferred to the queen by Duplessis Mornay, with whom he was in constant correspondence.

A translation of a philosophical treatise by Mornay upon the truth of Christianity was commenced by Sidney about this time, but relinquished for want of leisure. What little attention he could now give to literature was devoted to political ends. The danger of assassination by Catholic emissaries which threatened Elizabeth, induced her leading statesmen to form an association for her defence. Leicester, as its originator, incurred a storm of calumny from the Jesuit press. One of the most virulent and widely circulated libels upon him was entitled "A Dialogue between a Scholar, a Gentleman, and a Lawyer," but popularly known as "Leicester's Commonwealth." In it the writer raked up every scandal which malice, ignorance, and suspicion had fastened upon the earl's reputation; alleging, among other things, his spurious descent from a Sussex mechanic, and holding up his career as a politician to the alternate ridicule and alarm of his countrymen. Leicester's defence was undertaken by his nephew, whose answer to this attack is the last work known to have

proceeded from his pen. It was probably written hastily, and at all events has few of his characteristic graces of style. The libels on the earl's private reputation, being too gross and unsupported by proofs to require a detailed rebuttal, are dismissed with a contemptuous denial. The petty slander upon the Dudleys is answered at greater length, partly, no doubt, from a feeling of family pride, partly, perhaps, because it had gained credence among men not inimical to the earl. Sidney concludes with a triumphant exposure of the pamphlet's logical fallacies, and a cartel of defiance to the author, whose cloth was not at the time recognized.

The need of such an association as the earl had set on foot was quickly demonstrated. On July 10, 1584, the blow long dreaded by the Protestants of Europe was decisively struck. William of Orange was assassinated by an emissary of Philip II. Elizabeth was partially aroused from her lethargy at the tidings. An English agent "wrote from Holland immediately after the murder, warning the queen to be more than ever on her guard. The seminary at Dieppe, placed 'upon the brim of England,' was constantly sending Scotch and English assassins into their own country. . . . The same machinery" of slaughter, rapine, and tyranny, that had been set at work in the Netherlands, "aided by the pistol or poniard of the assassin, was to substitute for English Protestantism and England's queen the Roman Catholic religion and a foreign sovereign."* The undaunted Estates of Holland, in the midst of their mourning, passed a resolution to maintain the cause of religious liberty to the death. But they sorely needed a leader and help of men and money. The negotiations with England, which had dragged on a painful existence for years, were actively renewed. After a fruitless attempt to obtain aid from France, Elizabeth was again, and with more formality than before, prayed to accept the sovereignty of Spain's revolted subjects. In June 1585 the Dutch ambassadors were despatched to receive her definite reply. It was couched in language honorable both to herself and the States, whom she promised to assist but wisely declined to govern. Her acts were not worthy of her words. A protracted bargaining took place between the two governments, on the subject of the requisite guarantees.

* Motley's "United Netherlands," vol. i., pp. 3 *et seq.*

The queen's parsimony disgusted her best friends, and nearly alienated the confidence of the States. The terms at last agreed upon were that "a permanent force of five thousand foot and one thousand horse should serve in the provinces at the queen's expense, and the cities of Flushing and Brill should be placed in her Majesty's hands until the entire reimbursement of the debt thus incurred by the States." * The Earl of Leicester was to be the general of the English army and the queen's representative in the Netherlands.

Sidney, who had labored so hard to advance this alliance, could not be inactive now that it was accomplished. He solicited the queen for employment in the forthcoming campaign, but received no satisfactory answer. Just then he appears to have been out of favor, owing to his honest exposure of the disgraceful condition to which the parsimony of the government had reduced the national defences, over which, as master of the ordnance, he maintained vigilant supervision. Disappointed at seeing all the posts in the new service filled up to his exclusion, he resolved upon joining Drake's expedition to the Spanish main, just on the eve of starting. Having so often been refused, he would not again run the risk of asking permission. Moving with great secrecy, he levied a band of thirty young gentlemen "of blood and state," each of whom was to advance 100*l.*, and serve as a volunteer under him. Drake, however, apprehensive that Sidney would carry off the glory of the expedition, privately sent tidings of this scheme to the court. The queen hastily despatched a messenger to Plymouth forbidding Sidney to embark. In a fit of exasperation he is said to have disguised two sailors to intercept the royal missive, but the plot failed of success. A nobleman, personally known to him, was sent after the messenger, and arrived in time to repeat the queen's veto, to which she attached a promise of large recompense. Sidney unwillingly obeyed, but in a few days received an appointment to the governorship of Flushing, with the rank of general of horse under Leicester.

The appointment was one of no mean dignity; Flushing, as "the key to the navigation of the northern seas, and the commercial capital of Zealand," being well entitled to Sir Philip's description of it — "a jewel to the crown of England, and

to the queen's safety." Honor, however, as it proved, was all that the governor ever obtained from his office. He entered upon it one stormy day in November 1585, landing with a small force at Rammekins. A young scholar and metaphysician of Cambridge, William Temple, accompanied him as secretary. Lady Sidney, who had recently given birth to a child, named Elizabeth after its royal godmother, remained in England until a house could be procured for her reception.

Three weeks after his nephew's modest arrival, Leicester made his magnificent entry into the States. The history of the Anglo-Flemish campaign has received an exhaustive and pictorial treatment from the pen of the great American historian, Mr. Motley. The information it affords touching the difficulties thrown in the earl's path by the tortuous policy and official mismanagement of his superiors will go far to exculpate him from the discredit hitherto attaching to his career. With all his ambition he proved himself truly earnest in the cause, and with all his imprudence, more far-seeing than his employers. Elizabeth's vacillating temper, and Burghley's love of intrigue made it impossible for a man who pursued a definite line of conduct to escape collision with one or both. Her instructions that he should act as her representative without taking on himself any foreign rank, were so vague and impracticable in the anarchical condition of the States, that he might well be excused for accepting the title of governor-general. The queen's inconsistent and unreasonable orders, her passionate wrath at his disobedience, and her tenderness on the first tokens of contrition, betrayed the weak side of her nature in its most pitiable aspect. The intrigues for peace which Burghley carried on with the wily and treacherous emissaries of Spain were yet more calamitous blunders. Undertaken without the knowledge even of Walsingham, still less of Leicester or the States, they gave the king leisure to develop his real intentions of crushing his rebel subjects and subsequently invading England. Meantime the frugal queen, relying on her minister's successful diplomacy, considered it a waste of money to provide her army with decent appointments, or even to pay its wages regularly. The English troops, in Mr. Motley's words, "were mere shoeless, shivering, starving vagabonds." Leicester "advanced very large sums of money from his own pocket to relieve their necessity." Sidney, of course, was no uncon-

* Motley, vol. i., p. 341.

cerned spectator of the misgovernment which occasioned such suffering. While he boldly censured the one, he impoverished himself to alleviate the other. His extant letters to Walsingham and Burghley attest this without ostentation. In a private letter to the former he thus speaks of his own position:—

I had before cast my count of danger, want and disgrace, and before God, sir, it is true in my heart, the love of the cause doth so far overbalance them all, that, with God's grace, they shall never make me weary of my resolution. If her Majesty were the fountain, I would fear, considering what I daily find, that we should wax dry; but she is but a means whom God useth; and, I know not whether I am deceived, but I am faithfully persuaded that if she should withdraw herself, other springs would arise to help this action. . . . I think a wise and constant man ought never to grieve while he doth play, as a man may say, his own part truly, though others be out. . . . For me, I cannot promise of my own course, because I know there is a higher Power that must uphold me, or else I shall fall; but certainly I trust I shall not by other men's wants be drawn from myself. . . . I understand I am called very ambitious and proud at home, but certainly if they knew my heart, they would not altogether so judge me.

The ground of the accusation here alluded to was his promotion by Leicester, in February 1586, to the vacant colonelcy of the Zealand regiment. The earl, according to Lord Brooke, was far from disposed to overrate his nephew's military capacity, but formed such a different estimate of it on further acquaintance as to justify his fullest confidence. The first objection to the appointment was raised by Count Hohenlo, general of the Netherlands army, a man whose fiery, imperious temper brought him more than once into collision with his colleagues. The queen's injudicious conduct in lowering her representative in the opinion of her allies, brought, as a natural consequence, suspicion upon all his acts. Hohenlo's contention that the earl had violated the principle which regulated promotion by seniority was reiterated by the Dutch officers generally. They at the same time assured Sidney that they had no personal feeling towards him, but "wished him all honor." Leicester refused to cancel the appointment, and was supported by the opinion not only of his own officers, but of Prince Maurice, son of William of Orange, a youth of rare precocity, recently elected stadtholder. Sir Philip's chivalric bearing and kindly temper soon reconciled to his elevation those who had

been foremost in opposing it, not excepting Hohenlo, and Leicester's justification was soon made apparent.

Inexperienced as Sidney was in military affairs, his conduct of two or three enterprises entrusted to him elicited the applause of veteran officers. The most important was the surprise of Axel, a strong, commanding fortress on the estuary of the Scheldt. Prince Maurice first conceived the design of attack, and obtained leave from Leicester to communicate it to Sidney, with whom he had formed a firm friendship. Having concerted their plans, the young men parted, each to work out a separate portion. While Leicester distracted the enemy's attention by a feigned movement, Sidney and Lord Willoughby contrived to convey by night a force of one thousand men, English and Zealanders, across the Scheldt from Flushing to Ter Neuse, where the prince joined them with a larger troop. They reached Axel by two in the morning. Sidney made a spirited address to his men, who eagerly responded to his enthusiasm. Finding the moat round the town full of water, a few of the boldest, with ladders on their backs, leaped in and swam across. The walls were scaled, the guard cut down, and the gates thrown open. After a hot fight the assailants mastered the garrison without losing a man. "Sidney," says Mr. Motley, "most generously rewarded from his own purse the adventurous soldiers who had swum the moat; and it was to his care and intelligence that the success of Prince Maurice's scheme was generally attributed."

Another though less signal an occasion established his reputation for vigilance. La Motte, commander of the beleaguered fortress of Gravelines, counting perhaps on his antagonist's youth, made treacherous overtures of capitulation to him, with the view of entrapping the besiegers and massacring one and all. Sidney was not deceived by this bait. Communicating his suspicions to his men, he announced his intention of running the hazard alone. Being urged by many of the troop to let them accompany him, he long refused, but at last consented that lots should be drawn. His name was not among the chosen few. On entering Gravelines, this forlorn hope met with the fate that his fears had predicted. But for his precaution, the loss might have been reckoned by hundreds instead of tens. He was destined to exhibit but one more proof of capacity for the career to which he had devoted his life. By a merciful ordinance, his parents,

who had watched its progress with the proudest interest, died within a few months of each other, just before the sudden eclipse that would have overwhelmed them with gloom.

In August 1586, Leicester assembled his troops at Arnheim, which he made his headquarters. After reducing Doesburg, he prepared to besiege Zutphen, an important town on the Yssel. The garrison was in sore need of provisions, which Parma, before marching to its relief, determined to supply. A convoy of corn, meat, and other necessities, sufficient to victual the place for three months, was accordingly collected, and on the 22nd September left the Spanish camp. So high was Parma's estimate of the importance of preserving Zutphen, that the escort despatched with the convoy numbered twenty-nine hundred foot and six hundred horse. Leicester was informed of the enemy's movement but not of the force which protected it. An ambuscade of five hundred men, under Sir John Norris, was held sufficient to intercept the convoy. About fifty young officers volunteered to add their services. This gallant band was composed of the flower of the English army; of the hot-blooded Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, of the famous ballad-hero —

The brave Lord Willoughby,
Of courage fierce and fell,
Who would not give an inch of way
For all the devils in hell;

of Lord North, who, rising from his bed where he lay with a musket-shot in the leg, now rode "with one boot on and one boot off;" Lord Audley, Sir William Pelham, marshal of the camp, Sir William Russell, with a score more cast in the same heroic mould, and among the foremost Sir Philip Sidney. It was indeed "an incredible extravagance to send a handful of such heroes against an army," but Leicester can scarcely be blamed for failing to restrain the impulsive ardor which animated his entire staff. Sidney's characteristic magnanimity betrayed him that day into a fatal excess. He had risen at the first sound of the trumpet and left his tent completely armed, but observing that Sir William Pelham, an older soldier, had not protected his legs with cuishes, returned and threw off his own.

The morning was cold and densely foggy, as the little company galloped forth to join their comrades in ambush. Just as they came up, Sir John Norris had caught the first sounds of the approaching

convoy. Almost at the same moment the fog cleared off and revealed at what terrible odds the battle was to be fought that day. Mounted arquebusiers, pikemen and musketeers on foot, Spaniards, Italians, and even, it is said, Albanians, to the number of thirty-five hundred, guarded the wagons before and behind. The English were but five hundred and fifty men. Yet among them all, the historian has the right of blood to say with confidence, "There was no thought of retreat." The indomitable national spirit embodied itself in the war-cry of young Essex: "Follow me, good fellows, for the honor of England and England's queen!" At the word a hundred horsemen, Sidney in the midst, with lance in hand and curtel-axe at saddle-bow, spurred to the charge. The enemy's cavalry broke, but the musketeers in the rear fired a deadly volley, under cover of which it formed anew. A second charge re-broke it. In the onset Sidney's horse was killed, but he remounted and rode forward. Lord Willoughby, after unhorsing and capturing the Albanian leader, lost his own horse. Attacked on all sides, he must have fallen or yielded, when Sidney came to the rescue and struck down his assailants. Individual valor, however, proved unavailing against the might of numbers. After nearly two hours' desperate opposition, the convoy still made way. Charge succeeded charge in the vain effort to prevent its effecting a junction with the garrison, two thousand of whom were waiting for the right moment to sally forth. In the last of these onsets, Sir Philip's impetuosity carried him within musket-shot of the camp. A bullet struck his unprotected leg, just above the knee, and shattered the bone. He endeavored to remain on the field, but his horse became unmanageable, and in agonies of pain and thirst he rode back to the English quarters, a mile and a half distant. An incident of that ride, as told in the quaint language of Lord Brooke, retains the immortal charm of pathos which commands our tears, how often soever repeated: —

In which sad progress, passing along by the rest of the army, where his uncle the general was, and being thirsty with excess of bleeding, he called for drink which was presently brought him, but as he was putting the bottle to his mouth, he saw a poor soldier carried along who had eaten his last at that same feast, ghastly casting up his eyes at the bottle, which Sir Philip perceiving, took it from his head before he drank, and delivered it to the poor man with these words, "Thy necessity is greater than mine." And when he had

pledged this poor soldier, he was presently carried to Arnheim.

The *aurea catena* of heroic actions, Christian and pagan, may contain examples of self-denial sublimer and more absolute than this; but in the blended grace and tenderness of its knightly courtesy, we know not where to find its parallel.

Leicester met his nephew as he was borne back to the camp, and burst into a genuine passion of sorrow. Many a rough soldier among those who, in returning from the failure of their impossible enterprise, now came up with their comrade, was unmanned for the first time that day. Sir William Russell, as tender-hearted as he was daring, embraced him weeping, and kissed his hand amid broken words of admiration and sympathy. But Sidney needed no consolation. "I would," said Leicester, in a letter to Sir Thomas Heneage, "you had stood by to hear his most loyal speeches to her Majesty, his constant mind to the cause, his loving care over me, and his most resolute determination for death; not one jot appalled for his blow, which is the most grievous that ever I saw with such a bullet." In this frame of mind the wounded knight was conveyed to the camp, and thence by water to Arnheim.

The English surgeons at first gave hopes of his speedy restoration to health, and the favorable news was sent to England. Lady Sidney, who had followed him to Flushing some months before, at once hastened to him, but with no idea of his danger. The nation at large thought him convalescent. He himself, however, never expected to recover, although submitting with fortitude to whatever systems of treatment were proposed. Nothing was left untried that affection could suggest or the imperfect science of the age effect. His wife tenderly nursed him, and his two younger brothers were constantly at his side. His *quondam* foe, Count Hohenlo, though himself dangerously wounded, sent off his own physician, Adrian Van del Spiegel, to his aid. After examining the injuries Adrian pronounced them mortal, and then hastened back to the count, whose case was not so desperate. "Away, villain!" cried the generous soldier in a transport of wrath; "never see my face again till thou bring better news of that man's recovery, for whose redemption many such as I were happily lost!"

From the first to the last moment of his sufferings Sir Philip's temper was calm and cheerful. During the three weeks

that he lingered at Arnheim he occupied himself with the thoughts befitting a death-bed; discoursing to his intimate associates and to the divines who attended him of the soul's immortality as taught by Plato and by Christ, and the religious principles which his life had illustrated. By letters to absent friends, and detailed bequests in his will, he took a loving leave of the world, and in one last strain of song, which he entitled, with pathetic significance, "*La Cuisse rompue*," he laid his cherished pursuits aside forever. On the 17th of October he felt himself dying, and summoned his friends to say farewell. His latest words were addressed to his brother Robert: "Love my memory; cherish my friends; their faith to me may assure you they are honest. But, above all things, govern your will and affections by the will and word of your Creator; in me beholding the end of this world with all her vanities." When powerless to speak, he replied to the entreaty of friends, who desired some token of his steadfast trust in God, by clasping his hands in the attitude of prayer, and a few moments afterwards had ceased to breathe.

The lamentation which his death excited was unparalleled in the annals of England. Her ally vied with her in demonstrations of respect, and her enemy forgot for a moment his virulence. The States petitioned Elizabeth to allow them to inter their champion at their own cost, pledging themselves to erect "as fair a monument as has ever been set up for any king or emperor in Christendom, yea, though the same should cost half a ton of gold in the building," but this offer was with much propriety declined. The corpse was carried to Flushing and thence to England. It lay for some time in state at the dissolved convent of the Minorites, and on February 16, 1587, was interred at St. Paul's. Amid solemn strains of music, a procession of deputies from the States, English peers, gentlemen and citizens, thirty-two paupers "to the number of his years," heralds with trailing standards, soldiers with reversed weapons, and the dead knight's riderless steed followed the bier. The grave was closed amid a volley of musketry. Elegies and panegyrics amounting, it is said, to two hundred, Spenser's "*Astrophel*" among the number, were published as tributes to Sidney's memory. A stronger evidence of national sorrow was the initiation of what is now an ordinary formality on such occasions — the first general mourning recorded in En-

gland. Walsingham attributed his retirement from the toils of state to the weight of sorrow with which his son's premature death overwhelmed him. More silently but profoundly must have mourned the multitude of aged, poor, and desolate whom Sidney's charity had befriended. The letters written by him at various times to and on behalf of such pensioners form a noble chapter in the history of his life. He died with an estate seriously encumbered, notwithstanding "his so great care to see all men satisfied."

His eulogists have been so numerous, and their functions so easy of performance, that it would be difficult to lay a wreath upon his tomb which should be distinguishable from any other. His character is not unique, like a monolithic obelisk, or a *tazza* hollowed out of a single gem, but rather resembles one of those mosaic altars found in Italian cathedrals, wherein each precious section of lapis-lazuli, porphyry, and serpentine, while retaining its distinctive beauty of grain and radiance of color, blends with all the rest into a harmony of glowing lustre. Such faults as he displayed carry with them their own excuse, as the inevitable sign of humanity, the natural excess of impulse in a generous spirit. To the student of history he affords a striking type of the luxuriant national energy which marked the Elizabethan epoch. The marvellous development of thought and action shown in every field of human enterprise, to an extent scarcely appreciable by us who witness the minutest division of labor, is fitly exemplified in the life of one who was at once statesman, soldier, poet, and critic, and excelled in each career as though he had been trained for no other; who could unravel the mesh of European politics as though the Old World contained all that was worth living for; and then turn to discuss schemes of colonization and adventure as though the New World were the sole outlet for his genius and ambition. To the hero-worshipper his character possesses a no less distinct individuality, and of a type which Englishmen may boast with some justice to be eminently national. That indefinable yet most intelligible combination which seems the quintessence of classic refinement, feudal chivalry, and modern civilization, the concord of intellectual grace, moral purity, and emotional sensibility, which, partially expressed in the words generosity, urbanity, and courtesy, is comprehended alone in —

The grand old name of gentleman, attained its ideal personation in Sir Philip Sidney.

THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE:

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, AUTHOR OF "MALCOLM," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

THE TEMPEST.

THE play was begun, and the stage was the centre of light. Thither Malcolm's eyes were drawn the instant he entered. He was all but unaware of the multitude of faces about him, and his attention was at once fascinated by the lovely show revealed in soft radiance. But surely he had seen the vision before. One long moment its effect upon him was as real as if he had been actually deceived as to its nature: was it not the shore between Scaurnose and Portlossie, betwixt the Boar's Tail and the sea? and was not that the marquis, his father, in his dressing-gown, pacing to and fro upon the sands? He abandoned himself to illusion, yielded himself to the wonderful, and looked only for what would come next.

A lovely lady entered: to his excited fancy it was Florimel. A moment more, and she spoke: —

If by your art, my dearest father, you have Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.

Then first he understood that before him rose in wondrous realization the play of Shakespeare he knew best, the first he had ever read, "The Tempest" — hitherto a lovely phantom for the mind's eye, now embodied to the enraptured sense. During the whole of the first act he never thought either of Miranda or Florimel apart. At the same time, so taken was he with the princely carriage and utterance of Ferdinand that, though with a sigh, he consented he should have his sister.

The drop-scene had fallen for a minute or two before he began to look around him. A moment more and he had commenced a systematic search for his sister amongst the ladies in the boxes. But when at length he found her, he dared not fix his eyes upon her lest his gaze should make her look at him and she should recognize him. Alas! her eyes might have rested on him twenty times without his face once rousing in her mind the thought of the fisher-lad of Portlossie.

All that had passed between them in the days already old was virtually forgotten.

By degrees, he gathered courage, and soon began to feel that there was small chance indeed of her eyes alighting upon him for the briefest of moments. Then he looked more closely, and felt through rather than saw with his eyes that some sort of change had already passed upon her. It was Florimel, yet not the very Florimel he had known. Already something had begun to supplant the girl-freedom that had formerly in every look and motion asserted itself. She was more beautiful, but not so lovely in his eyes: much of what had charmed him had vanished. She was more stately, but the stateliness had a little hardness mingled with it; and could it be that the first of a cloud had already gathered on her forehead? Surely she was not so happy as she had been at Lossie House. She was dressed in black, with a white flower in her hair. Beside her sat the bold-faced countess, and behind them her nephew, Lord Meikleham that was — now Lord Liftore.

A fierce indignation seized the heart of Malcolm at the sight. Behind the form of the earl his mind's eye saw that of Lizzy out in the wind on the Boar's Tail, her old shawl wrapped about herself and the child of the man who sat there so composed and comfortable. His features were fine and clear-cut, his shoulders broad, and his head well set: he had much improved since Malcolm offered to fight him with one hand in the dining-room of Lossie House. Every now and then he leaned forward between his aunt and Florimel, and spoke to the latter. To Malcolm's eyes she seemed to listen with some haughtiness. Now and then she cast him an indifferent glance. Malcolm was pleased: Lord Liftore was anything but the Ferdinand to whom he could consent to yield his Miranda. They would make a fine couple certainly, but for any other fitness, knowing what he did, Malcolm was glad to perceive none. The more annoyed was he when once or twice he fancied he caught a look between them that indicated more than acquaintanceship — some sort of intimacy at least. But he reflected that in the relation in which they stood to Lady Bellair it could hardly be otherwise.

The play was tolerably well put upon the stage, and free of the absurdities attendant upon too ambitious an endeavor to represent to the sense things which Shakespeare and the dramatists of his

period freely committed to their best and most powerful ally, the willing imagination of the spectators. The opening of the last scene, where Ferdinand and Miranda are discovered at chess, was none the less effective for its simplicity, and Malcolm was turning from a delighted gaze on its loveliness to glance at his sister and her companions when his eyes fell on a face near him in the pit which had fixed an absorbed regard in the same direction. It was that of a young man a few years older than himself, with irregular features, but a fine mouth, large chin and great forehead. Under the peculiarly prominent eyebrows shone dark eyes of wondrous brilliancy and seeming penetration. Malcolm could not but suspect that his gaze was upon his sister, but as they were a long way from the boxes he could not be certain. Once he thought he saw her look at him, but of that also he could be in no wise certain.

Malcolm knew the play so well that he rose just in time to reach the pit-door ere exit should be impeded by the outcomers, and thence with some difficulty he found his way to the foot of the stair up which those he watched had gone. He had stood but a little while when he saw in front of him, almost within reach of an outstretched hand, the man I have just described waiting also. After what seemed a long time, his sister and her two companions came slowly down the stair in the descending crowd. Her eyes seemed searching amongst the multitude that filled the lobby. Presently, an indubitable glance of still recognition passed between them, and by a slight movement the young man placed himself so that she must pass next him in the crowd. Malcolm got one place nearer in the change, and thought they grasped hands. She turned her head slightly back and seemed to put a question — with her lips only. He replied in the same manner. A light rushed into her face and vanished. But not a feature moved and not a word had been spoken. Neither of her companions had seen the young man, and he stood where he was till they had left the house. Malcolm stood also, much inclined to follow him when he went, but, his attention having been for a moment attracted in another direction, when he looked again he had disappeared. He sought him where he fancied he saw the movement of his vanishing, but was soon convinced of the uselessness of the attempt, and walked home. Before he reached his lodging he had resolved on making trial of a plan which had more than once occurred to him, but had

as often been rejected as too full of the risk of repulse.

CHAPTER XI.

DEMON AND THE PIPES.

HIS plan was to watch the house until he saw some entertainment going on: then present himself as if he had but just arrived from her ladyship's country-seat. At such a time no one would acquaint her with his appearance, and he would, as if it were but a matter of course, at once take his share in waiting on the guests. By this means he might perhaps get her a little accustomed to his presence before she could be at leisure to challenge it.

When he had put Kelpie in her stall the last time for the season, and run into the house to get his plaid for Lizzy, who was waiting him near the tunnel, he bethought himself that he had better take with him also what other of his personal requirements he could carry. He looked about, therefore, and finding a large carpet-bag in one of the garret-rooms, hurried into it some of his clothes — amongst them the Highland dress he had worn as henchman to the marquis, and added the great Lossie pipes his father had given to old Duncan, but which the piper had not taken with him when he left Lossie House. The said Highland dress he now resolved to put on, as that in which latterly Florimel had been most used to see him: in it he would watch his opportunity of gaining admission to the house.

The next morning Blue Peter came to him early. They went out together, spent the day in sightseeing, and, on Malcolm's part chiefly, in learning the topography of London. In Hyde Park, Malcolm told his friend that he had sent for Kelpie.

"She'll be the deid o' ye i' thae streets, as fu' o' wheels as the sea o' fish: twice I've been maist gr'un' to poother o' my ro'd here," said Peter.

"Ay, but ye see, oot here amo' the gentry it's no freely sae ill, an' the ro'ds are no a' stane; an' here, ye see, 's the place whaur they come, leddies an' a', to hae their rides thegither. What I'm fleyt for is 'at she'll be braekin' legs wi' her deevilich kickin'."

"Haud her upo' dry strae an' watter for a whilie, till her banes begin to cry oot for something to hap them frae the cauld: that'll quaiet her a bit," said Peter.

"It's a' ye ken!" returned Malcolm. "She's aye the waur-natur'd the less she has to ate. Na, na: she maun be weel lined. The deevil in her maun lie warm,

or she'll be neither to haud no bin'. There's nae doobt she's waur to haud in whan she's in guid condeetion; but she's nane sae like to tak a body by the sma' o' the back an' shak the inside oot o' 'im, as she 'maist did ae day to the herd-laddie at the ferm, only he had an auld girth about the mids o' 'im for a belt, an' he tuik the less scaith."

"Cudna we gang an' see the maister the day," said Blue Peter, changing the subject.

He meant Mr. Graham, the late school-master of Portlossie, whom the charge of heretical teaching had driven from the place.

"We canna weel du that till we hear whaur he is. The last time Miss Horn h'ard frae him he was changin' his lodgin's; an' ye see the kin' o' a place this Lon'on is," answered Malcolm.

As soon as Peter was gone to return to the boat, Malcolm dressed himself in his kilt and its belongings, and when it was fairly dusk took his pipes under his arm and set out for Portland Place. He had the better hope of speedy success to his plan that he fancied he had read on his sister's lips, in the silent communication that passed between her and her friend in the crowd, the words *come* and *to-morrow*. It might have been the merest imagination, yet it was something: how often have we not to be grateful for shadows!

Up and down the street he walked a long time without seeing a sign of life about the house. But at length the hall was lighted. Then the door opened and a servant rolled out a carpet over the wide pavement, which the snow had left wet and miry — a signal for the street-children, ever on the outlook for sights, to gather. Before the first carriage arrived there was already a little crowd of humble watchers and waiters about the gutter and curb-stone. But they were not destined to much amusement that evening, the visitors amounting only to a small dinner-party. Still, they had the pleasure of seeing a few grand ladies issue from their carriages, cross the stage of their epiphany, the pavement, and vanish in the paradise of the shining hall, with its ascent of gorgeous stairs — no broken steps, no missing balusters there. And they had the show all for nothing. It is one of the perquisites of street-service. What one would give to see the shapes glide over the field of those *camerae obscuræ*, the hearts of the street-Arabs! — once to gaze on the jeweled beauties through the eyes of those shock-haired girls! I fancy they do not often

begrudge them what they possess, except perhaps when feature or hair or motion chances to remind them of some one of their own people, and they feel wronged and indignant that *she* should flaunt in such splendor "when our Sally would set off the grand clothes so much better." It is neither the wealth nor the general consequence it confers that they envy, but, as I imagine, the power of making a show — of living in the eyes and knowledge of neighbors for a few radiant moments: nothing is so pleasant to ordinary human nature as to know itself by its reflection from others. When it turns from these warped and broken mirrors to seek its reflection in the divine thought, then is it redeemed, then it beholds itself in the perfect law of liberty. Before he became himself an object of curious interest to the crowds he was watching, Malcolm had come to the same conclusion with many a philosopher and observer of humanity before him — that on the whole the rags are inhabited by the easier hearts; and he would have arrived at the conclusion with more certainty but for the *high* training that cuts off intercourse between heart and face.

When some time had elapsed, and no more carriages appeared, Malcolm, judging the dinner must now be in full vortex, rang the bell of the front door. It was opened by a huge footman, whose head was so small in proportion that his body seemed to have absorbed it. Malcolm would have stepped in at once and told what of his tale he chose at his leisure, but the servant, who had never seen the dress Malcolm wore except on street-beggars, with the instinct his class shares with watch-dogs quickly closed the door. Ere it reached the post, however, it found Malcolm's foot between.

"Go along, Scotch: you're not wanted here," said the man, pushing the door hard. "Police is round the corner."

Now, one of the weaknesses Malcolm owed his Celtic blood was an utter impatience of rudeness. In his own nature entirely courteous, he was wrathful even to absurdity at the slightest suspicion of insult. But that in part, through the influence of Mr. Graham the schoolmaster, he had learned to keep a firm hold on the reins of action, this foolish feeling would not unfrequently have hurried him into undignified conduct. On the present occasion I fear the main part of his answer, but for the shield of the door, would have been a blow to fell a bigger man than the one that now glared at him through the

shoe-broad opening. As it was, its words were fierce with suppressed wrath. "Open the door an' lat me in," was, however, all he said.

"What's your business?" asked the man, on whom his tone had its effect.

"My business is with my Lady Lossie," said Malcolm, recovering his English, which was one step toward mastering, if not recovering, his temper.

"You can't see her: she's at dinner."

"Let me in, and I'll wait. I come from Lossie House."

"Take away your foot and I'll go and see," said the man.

"No: you open the door," returned Malcolm.

The man's answer was an attempt to kick his foot out of the doorway. If he were to let in a tramp, what would the butler say?

But thereupon Malcolm set his portvent to his mouth, rapidly filled his bag, while the man stared as if it were a petard with which he was about to blow the door to shivers, and then sent from the instrument such a shriek, as it galloped off into the "Lossie Gathering," that, involuntarily, his adversary pressed both hands to his ears. With a sudden application of his knee Malcolm sent the door wide, and entered the hall with his pipes in full cry. The house resounded with their yell, but only for one moment. For down the stair, like bolt from catapult, came Demon, Florimel's huge Irish staghound, and springing upon Malcolm put an instant end to the music.

The footman laughed with exultation, expecting to see him torn to pieces. But when he saw instead the fierce animal, with a foot on each of his shoulders, licking Malcolm's face with long fiery tongue, he began to doubt. "The dog knows you," he said sulkily.

"So shall you before long," returned Malcolm. "Was it my fault that I made the mistake of looking for civility from you? One word from me to the dog and he has you by the throat."

"I'll go and fetch Wallis," said the man, and, closing the door, left the hall.

Now, this Wallis had been a fellow-servant of Malcolm's at Lossie House, but he did not know that he had gone with Lady Bellair when she took Florimel away: almost every one had left at the same time. He was now glad indeed to learn that there was one amongst the servants who knew him.

Wallis presently made his appearance

with a dish in his hands, on his way to the dining-room, from which came the confused noises of the feast.

"You'll be come up to wait on Lady Lossie?" he said. "I haven't a moment to speak to you now, for we're at dinner and there's a party."

"Never mind me. Give me that dish. I'll take it in; you can go for another," said Malcolm, laying his pipes in a safe spot.

"You can't go into the dining-room that figure," said Wallis, who was in the Bel-lair livery.

"This is how I waited on my lord," returned Malcolm, "and this is how I'll wait on my lady."

Wallis hesitated. But there was that about the fisher-fellow was too much for him. As he spoke Malcolm took the dish from his hands, and with it walked into the dining-room. There one reconnoitring glance was sufficient. The butler was at the sideboard opening a champagne bottle. He had cut wire and strings, and had his hand on the cork as Malcolm walked up to him. It was a critical moment, yet he stopped in the very article, and stared at the apparition.

"I'm Lady Lossie's man, from Lossie House. I'll help you to wait," said Malcolm.

To the eyes of the butler he looked a savage. But there he was in the room, with a dish in his hands, and speaking at least intelligibly. The cork of the champagne bottle was pushing hard against his palm, and he had no time to question. He peeped into Malcolm's dish. "Take it round, then," he said.

So Malcolm settled into the business of the hour.

It was some time after he knew where she was before he ventured to look at his sister: he would have her already familiarized with his presence before their eyes met. That crisis did not arrive during dinner.

Lord Liftore was one of the company, and so — to Malcolm's pleasure, for he felt in him an ally against the earl — was Florimel's mysterious friend.

CHAPTER XII.

A NEW LIVERY.

SCARCELY had the ladies gone to the drawing-room when Florimel's maid, who knew Malcolm, came in quest of him. Lady Lossie desired to see him.

"What is the meaning of this, MacPhail?" she said, when he entered the

room where she sat alone. "I did not send for you. Indeed, I thought you had been dismissed with the rest of the servants."

How differently she spoke! And she used to call him *Malcolm*! The girl Florimel was gone, and there sat — the marchioness was it, or some phase of riper womanhood only? It mattered little to Malcolm. He was no curious student of man or woman. He loved his kind too well to study it. But one thing seemed plain: she had forgotten the half friendship and whole service that had had place betwixt them, and it made him feel as if the soul of man no less than his life was but as a vapor that appeareth for a little and then vanisheth away.

But Florimel had not so entirely forgotten the past as Malcolm thought — not so entirely, at least, but that his appearance, and certain difficulties in which she had begun to find herself, brought something of it again to her mind.

"I thought," said Malcolm, assuming his best English, "your ladyship might not choose to part with an old servant at the will of a factor, and so took upon me to appeal to your ladyship to decide the question."

"But how is that? Did you not return to your fishing when the household was broken up?"

"No, my lady. Mr. Crathie kept me to help Stoa and do odd jobs about the place."

"And now he wants to discharge you?"

Then Malcolm told her the whole story, in which he gave such a description of Kelpie that her owner, as she imagined herself, expressed a strong wish to see her, for Florimel was almost passionately fond of horses.

"You may soon do that, my lady," said Malcolm. "Mr. Soutar, not being of the same mind as Mr. Crathie, is going to send her up. It will be but the cost of the passage from Aberdeen, and she will fetch a better price here if your ladyship should resolve to part with her. She won't fetch the third of her value anywhere, though, on account of her bad temper and ugly tricks."

"But as to yourself, MacPhail — what are you going to do?" said Florimel. "I don't like to part with you, but if I keep you I don't know what to do with you. No doubt you could serve in the house, but that is not at all suitable to your education and previous life."

"A body wad tak' ye for a granny grown,"

said Malcolm to himself. But to Florimel he replied, "If your ladyship should wish to keep Kelpie, you will have to keep me too, for not a creature else will she let near her."

"And, pray, tell me what use, then, can I make of such an animal?" said Florimel.

"Your ladyship, I should imagine, will want a groom to attend you when you are out on horseback, and the groom will want a horse; and here am I and Kelpie," answered Malcolm.

Florimel laughed. "I see," she said. "You contrive I shall have a horse nobody can manage but yourself." She rather liked the idea of a groom so mounted, and had too much well-justified faith in Malcolm to anticipate dangerous results.

"My lady," said Malcolm, appealing to her knowledge of his character to secure credit, for he was about to use his last means of persuasion — and as he spoke in his eagerness he relapsed into his mother-tongue — "My lady, did I ever tell ye a lee?"

"Certainly not, Malcolm, so far as I know. Indeed, I am certain you never did," answered Florimel, looking up at him in a dominant yet kindly way.

"Then," continued Malcolm, "I'll tell your ladyship something that you may find hard to believe, and yet is as true as that I loved your ladyship's father. Your ladyship knows he had a kindness for me?"

"I do know it," answered Florimel gently, moved by the tone of Malcolm's voice and the expression of his countenance.

"Then I make bold to tell your ladyship that on his death-bed your father desired me to do my best for you — took my word that I would be your ladyship's true servant."

"Is it so, indeed, Malcolm?" returned Florimel with a serious wonder in her tone, and looked him in the face with an earnest gaze. She had loved her father, and it sounded in her ears almost like a message from the tomb.

"It's as true as I stan' here, my leddy," said Malcolm.

Florimel was silent for a moment. Then she said, "How is it that only now you come to tell me?"

"Your father never desired me to tell you, my lady; only he never imagined you would want to part with me, I suppose. But when you did not care to keep me, and never said a word to me when you went away, I could not tell how to do as I had promised him. It wasn't that one hour I forgot his wish, but that I feared

to presume; for if I should displease your ladyship my chance was gone. So I kept about Lossie House as long as I could, hoping to see my way to some plan or other. But when at length Mr. Craithie turned me away, what was I to do but come to your ladyship? And if your ladyship will let things be as before — in the way of service I mean — I canna doobt, my leddy, but it 'll be pleesant i' the sicht o' yer father whanever he may come to ken o' 't, my lady."

Florimel gave him a strange, half-startled look. Hardly more than once since her father's funeral had she heard him alluded to, and now this fisher-lad spoke of him as if he were still at Lossie House.

Malcolm understood the look. "Ye mean, my leddy — I ken what ye mean," he said. "I canna help it. For to lo'e onything is to ken 't immortal. He's livin' to me, my lady."

Florimel continued staring, and still said nothing.

I sometimes think that the present belief in mortality is nothing but the almost universal although unsuspected unbelief in immortality grown vocal and articulate.

But Malcolm gathered courage and went on. "An' what for no, my leddy?" he said, floundering no more in English, but soaring on the clumsy wings of his mother-dialect. "Didna he turn his face to the licht afore he dee'd? an' Him 'at rase frae the deid said 'at whae'er believed in Him sud never dee. Sae we maun believe 'at he's livin', for gien we dinna believe what *He* says, what *are* we to believe, my leddy?"

Florimel continued yet a moment looking him fixedly in the face. The thought did arise that perhaps he had lost his reason, but she could not look at him thus and even imagine it. She remembered how strange he had always been, and for a moment had a glimmering idea that in this young man's friendship she possessed an incorruptible treasure. The calm, truthful, believing, almost for the moment enthusiastic, expression of the young fisherman's face wrought upon her with a strangely quieting influence. It was as if one spoke to her out of a region of existence of which she had never even heard, but in whose reality she was compelled to believe because of the sound of the voice that came from it.

Malcolm seldom made the mistake of stamping into the earth any seeds of truth he might cast on it: he knew when to say no more, and for a time neither spoke. But now, for all the coolness of her upper

crust, Lady Florimel's heart glowed — not, indeed, with the power of the shining truth Malcolm had uttered, but with the light of gladness in the possession of such a strong, devoted, disinterested squire. "I wish you to understand," she said at length, "that I am not at present mistress of this house, although it belongs to me. I am but the guest of Lady Bellair, who has rented it of my guardians. I cannot therefore arrange for you to be here. But you can find accommodation in the neighborhood, and come to me at one o'clock every day for orders. Let me know when your mare arrives: I shall not want you till then. You will find room for her in the stables. You had better consult the butler about your groom's livery." Malcolm was astonished at the womanly sufficiency with which she gave her orders. He left her with the gladness of one who has had his righteous desire, held consultation with the butler on the matter of the livery, and went home to his lodging. There he sat down and meditated.

A strange, new, yearning pity rose in his heart as he thought about his sister and the sad facts of her lonely condition. He feared much that her stately composure was built mainly on her imagined position in society, and was not the outcome of her character. Would it be cruelty to destroy that false foundation, hardly the more false as a foundation for composure that beneath it lay a mistake? — or was it not rather a justice which her deeper and truer self had a right to demand of him? At present, however, he need not attempt to answer the question. Communication even such as a trusted groom might have with her, and familiarity with her surroundings, would probably reveal much. Meantime, it was enough that he would now be so near her that no important change of which others might be aware could well approach her without his knowledge, or anything take place without his being able to interfere if necessary.

CHAPTER XIII.

TWO CONVERSATIONS.

THE next day Wallis came to see Malcolm and take him to the tailor's. They talked about the guests of the previous evening.

"There is a great change in Lord Meikleham," said Malcolm.

"There is that," said Wallis: "I consider him much improved. But, you see, he's succeeded: he's the earl now, and Lord Liftore — and a menseful broad-

shouldered man to the boot of the bargain. He used to be such a windlestraw!"

In order to speak good English, Wallis now and then, like some Scotch people of better education, anglicized a word ludicrously.

"Is there no news of his marriage?" asked Malcolm; adding, "They say he has great property."

"My love she's but a lassie yet," said Wallis, "though she too has changed quite as much as my lord."

"Who are you speaking of?" asked Malcolm, anxious to hear the talk of the household on the matter.

"Why, Lady Lossie, of course. Anybody with half an eye can see as much as that."

"Is it settled, then?"

"That would be hard to say. Her ladyship is too like her father: no one can tell what may be her mind the next minute. But, as I say, she's young, and ought to have her fling first — so far, that is, as we can permit it to a woman of her rank. Still, as I say, anybody with half an eye can see the end of it all: he's forever hovering about her. My lady, too, has set her mind on it; and, for my part, I can't see what better she can do. I must say I approve of the match. I can see no possible objection to it."

"We used to think he drank too much," suggested Malcolm.

"Claret," said Wallis, in a tone that seemed to imply no one could drink too much of that.

"No, not claret only. I've seen the whiskey follow the claret."

"Well, he don't now — not whiskey, at least. He don't drink too much — not much too much — not more than a gentleman should. He don't look like it — does he now? A good wife, such as my Lady Lossie will make him, will soon set him all right. I think of taking a similar protection myself one of these days."

"He's not worthy of her," said Malcolm.

"Well, I confess his family won't compare with hers. There's a grandfather in it somewhere that was a banker or a brewer or a soap-boiler, or something of the sort, and she and her people have been earls and marquises ever since they walked arm-in-arm out of the ark. But, bless you! all that's been changed since I came to town. So long as there's plenty of money, *and* the mind to spend it, we have learned not to be exclusive. It's selfish, that. It's not Christian. Everything lies in the mind to spend it, though. Mrs.

Tredger — that's our lady's-maid; only this is a secret — says it's all settled: she knows it for certain fact; only there's nothing to be said about it yet: she's so young, you know."

"Who was the man that sat nearly opposite my lady, on the other side of the table?" asked Malcolm.

"I know who you mean. Didn't look as if he'd got any business there — not like the rest of them — did he? No, they never do. Odd-and-end sort of people, like he is, never do look the right thing, let them try ever so. How can they when they ain't it? That's a fellow that's painting Lady Lossie's portrait. Why he should be asked to dinner for that, I'm sure I can't tell. He ain't paid for it in victuals, is he? I never saw such land-leapers let into Lossie House, I know. But London's an awful place. There's no such a thing as respect of persons here. Here you meet the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker any night in my lady's drawing-room. I declare to you, Ma'colm Mac-Phail, it makes me quite uncomfortable at times to think who I may have been waiting upon without knowing it. For that painter-fellow — Lenorme they call him — I could knock him on the teeth with the dish every time I hold it to him. And to see him stare at Lady Lossie as he does!"

"A painter must want to get a right good hold of the face he's got to paint," said Malcolm. "Is he here often?"

"He's been here five or six times already," answered Wallis, "and how many more times I may have to fill his glass I don't know. I always give him second-best sherry, I know. I'm sure the time that pictur' 's been on hand! He ought to be ashamed of himself. If she's been once to his studio, she's been twenty times — to give him sittings, as they call it. He's making a pretty penny of it, I'll be bound. I wonder he has the cheek to show himself when my lady treats him so haughtily. But those sort of people have no proper feelin's, you see: it's not to be expected of such."

Wallis liked the sound of his own sentences, and a great deal more talk of similar character followed before they got back from the tailor's. Malcolm was tired enough of him, and never felt the difference between man and man more strongly than when, after leaving him, he set out for a walk with Blue Peter, whom he found waiting him at his lodging. On this same Blue Peter, however, Wallis would have looked down from the height of his share

of the marquise as on one of the lower orders — ignorant, vulgar, even dirty.

They had already gazed together upon not a few of the marvels of London, but nothing had hitherto moved or drawn them so much as the ordinary flow of the currents of life through the veins of the huge city. Upon Malcolm, however, this had now begun to pall, while Peter already found it worse than irksome, and longed for Scaurnose. At the same time loyalty to Malcolm kept him from uttering a whisper of his homesickness. It was yet but the fourth day they had been in London.

"Eh, my lord," said Blue Peter, when by chance they found themselves in the lull of a little quiet court somewhere about Gray's Inn, with the roar of Holborn in their ears, "it's like a month, sin' I was at the kirk. I'm feart the din's gotten into my heid, an' I'll never get it oot again. I cud maist wuss I was a mackerel, for they tell me the fish hears naething. I ken weel noo what ye meant, my lord, whan ye said ye dreidit the din micht gar ye forget yer Macker."

"I hae been wussin' sair mysel', this last twa days," responded Malcolm, "'at I cud get ae sicht o' the jaws clashin' upo' the Scaurnose or rowin' up upo' the edge o' the links. The din o' natur' never troubles the guid thoughts in ye. I reckon it's 'cause it's a kin' o' a harmony in 'tsel', an' a' harmony's jist, as the maister used to say, a higher kin' o' a peace. Yon organ 'at we hearkent till ae day ootside the kirk — ye min', man — it was a quaietness in 'tsel', an' cam' throu' the din like a bonny silence — like a lull i' the win' o' this warl'. It wasna a din at a', but a gran' repose, like. But this noise tumultuous o' human strife, this din o' iron shune an' iron wheels, this whurr an' whuzz o' buyin' an' sellin' an' gettin' gain — it disna help a body to their prayers."

"Eh, na, my lord. Jist think o' the preevilege — I never saw nor thought o' 't afore — o' haein' 't i' yer pooer, ony nicht 'at ye're no efter the fish, to stap oot at yer ain door an' be i' the mids o' the temple. Be 't licht or dark, be 't foul or fair, the sea sleepin' or ragin', ye hae aye room, an' naething atween ye an' the throne o' the Almichty, to the whilk yer prayers ken the gait as weel's the herrin' to the shores o' Scotlan': ye hae but to lat them flee, an' they gang straucht there. But here ye hae to luik sae gleg efter yer boady, 'at, as ye say, my lord, yer sowl's like to come aff the waur, gien it binna clean forgottén."

"I doobt there's something no richt about it, Peter," returned Malcolm.

"There maun be a heap no richt aboot it," answered Peter.

"Ay, but I'm no meanin' 't jist as ye du. I had the haill thing throu' my heid last nicht, an' I canna but think there's something wrang wi' a man gien he canna hear the word o' God as weel i' the mids o' a multitude no man can number, a' made ilk ane i' the image o' the Father — as weel, I say, as i' the hert o' win' an' watter, an' the lift an' the starns an' a'. Ye canna say 'at thae things are a' made i' the image o' God — i' the same w'y, at least, 'at ye can say 't o' the body an' face o' a man, for throu' them the God o' the whole earth revealed himsel' in Christ."

"Ow weel, I wad alloo what ye say, gien they war a' to be considered Christians."

"Ow, I grant we canna weel du that i' the full sense, but I doobt, gien they bena a' Christians 'at ca's themsel's that, there's a hep mair Christi-anity nor gets the credit o' its ain name. I min' weel hoo Maister Graham said to me ance 'at hoo there was something o' Him 'at made him luikin' oot o' the een o' ilka man 'at He had made; an' what wad ye ca' that but a scart or a straik o' Christi-anity?"

"Weel, I kenna; but, ony gait, I canna think it can be again' the trowth o' the gospel to wuss yersel' mair alane wi' yer God nor ye ever can be in sic an awfu' Babylon o' a place as this."

"Na, na, Peter: I'm no sayin' that. I ken weel we're to gang intill the closet an' shut to the door. I'm only feart 'at there be something wrang in mysel' 'at taks 't ill to be amon' sae mony neibors. I'm thinkin' 'at, gien a' was richt 'ithin me, gien I lo'ed my neibor as the Lord wad hae them 'at lo'ed him lo'e ilk ane his brither, I micht be better able to pray among them — ay, i' the verra face o' the bargainin' an' leein' a' aboot me."

"An' min' ye," said Peter, pursuing the train of his own thoughts, and heedless of Malcolm's, "'at oor Lord himsel' bude whiles to win' awa', even frae his disciples, to be him-lane wi' the Father o' 'im."

"Ay ye're richt there, Peter," answered Malcolm; "but there's ae p'int in 't ye maunna forget; an' that is, 'at it was never i' the daytime, sae far's I min', 'at he did sae. The lee-lang day he was amon' 's fowk workin' his mighty wark. Whan the nicht cam', in which no man could work, he gaed hame till's Father, as 'twar. Eh me! but it's weel to hae a man like the schuilmaister to put trowth intill ye. I kenna what comes o' them 'at hae drucken

maisters, or sic as cares for naething but coontin' an' Laitin, an' the likes o' that!"

From The Fortnightly Review.

PRESENT ASPECTS OF THE EASTERN QUESTION.

YEARS instead of months seem to have passed since, in last December, I wrote in this review under the heading, "The True Eastern Question." A revolt against Turkish oppression was then going on in Bosnia and Herzegovina, a revolt which showed to all who kept their eyes open that the long-oppressed Slavonic subjects of the Turk had fully made up their minds to throw off his yoke once and forever. To those who had eyes to see, the insurrection which began last summer marked the beginning of an era in the history of the world. It marked that the wicked power of the Turk was doomed. From the stern determination with which the insurgents drew the sword, from the deep and universal sympathy with their cause among their free neighbors of the same blood and speech, it was plain that this revolt was no mere local or casual disturbance, but the beginning of a great uprising of a mighty people. It was plain that a ball had been sent rolling which would grow as it rolled; it was plain that a storm had burst which must in the end sweep away before it the foul fabric of oppression which European diplomatists had been so long vainly and wickedly striving to prop up. When I wrote in December last, as when I wrote on these matters twenty years back, I wrote as one of a small band, maintaining an unpopular view. We looked for no general approval; we were rejoiced if we could find so much as a stray listener here and there. The cause which I had then in hand was one which governments pooh-poohed and about which the world in general was careless. I then set forth, as I had often set forth before, as I do not doubt that I shall often have to set forth again, the true nature of Ottoman rule, the causes which make it hopeless to look for any reform in Ottoman rule, the one remedy by which only the evils of Ottoman rule can be got rid of — by getting rid of the Ottoman rule itself. In that article, I pleaded for the oppressed Christian; but I also bore in mind the danger lest, in delivering the oppressed Christian, a way might be opened for the oppression of the Mussulman. I said then that the direct

rule of the Turk must cease in every land whose inhabitants had risen against his rule. I said that, as Bosnia and Herzegovina had risen, his rule must at once cease in Bosnia and Herzegovina; that when Albania and Bulgaria should rise, his rule must cease in Albania and Bulgaria also. I said that the least that could be accepted was the practical setting free of the revolted lands by making them tributary states like Servia and Roumania. But I also proposed, in the special interest of the large Mahometan minority in Bosnia, that that particular province should be annexed to the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, as a power strong enough to hinder the professors of either religion from doing any wrong to the professors of the other. When I said this, there was still only a local warfare in two provinces, a warfare waged by the people of those provinces, goaded to revolt by intolerable wrongs, and strengthened only by private volunteers from the lands immediately around them. It was not till several months later that there was any Bulgarian insurrection, any national war on the part of Servia and Montenegro. Meanwhile the Turk was engaged in his usual work of putting forth lying promises, promises in which the men who had arisen against him were far too wise to put trust for a moment. Meanwhile diplomatists were engaged in their usual work of pooh-poohing the great events whose greatness they could not understand. They were busy with their usual nostrums, their petty palliatives, their Andrassy notes and their Berlin memorandums. Feeble attempts indeed to stop the torrent were their proposals for this and that reform, for this and that guaranty. Such were the sops which they thought might be swallowed either by the tyrant whose one object was to get back his victims into his clutches, or by the men who had sworn to die rather than again bow their heads under his yoke. While diplomatists were wondering and pottering, men were acting. Servia and Montenegro at last came openly to the help of their brethren, and helpless ambassadors and foreign secretaries found themselves face to face with a national war and no longer with a local insurrection. And meanwhile, if men had been acting, fiends had been acting also. Bulgaria rose; how its rising was put down the world knows, in spite of the self-made Earl of Beaconsfield. And, when the world knew, the world shuddered and the world spoke. It had been hard to call public attention to what seemed to

many merely a petty strife in lands whose names they had hardly heard. The old traditions also had to be struggled with. Englishmen had to be taught what their dear ally the Turk was, what he had ever been, what he ever must be. The "Russian hobgoblin" had to be laid, and with many minds it was hard work to lay it. For months and months the few who had their eyes open were still preaching in the wilderness. At last the Turk did our work for us. He told a shuddering world what he really was in words stronger than any that we could put together. He painted his own picture on the bloody fields of Bulgaria in clearer colors than we could have painted it. The common heart of mankind was stirred. We who had before been preaching in the wilderness found a hearing in market-places and in council-chambers. What we had whispered in the ear in closets was now preached on the housetops by a mighty company of preachers. Great statesmen put forth with voice and pen the same facts, the same arguments, for which, nine months before, it was hard to get a hearing. All England spoke with one voice, a voice which spoke in the same tones in every corner of the land save two. It was only from the beer-shops of Oxford and the Foreign Office at Westminster that discordant notes came up. While the rest of England was speaking the words of truth and righteousness, Lord Derby was still putting forth fallacies, while his Oxford admirers raised an inarticulate howl which was not more unreasonable than the fallacies of their chief. Those who, in season and out of season, have fought this battle for twenty years and more, may perhaps be indulged in a little feeling of triumph when they see that the world has at last come round to their side. England, so long the abettor of the Turk, has at last found out what the Turk is. The nation has awakened from its slumber; it has cast away its fetters; it has dared to open its eyes and to use its reason; it has declared as one man that England will no longer have a share in maintaining that foul fabric of wrong, that Englishmen will put up with nothing short of the deliverance of the brethren against whom they have, as a nation, so deeply sinned.

The people of England have spoken; but it is not enough that the people should speak. Their rulers must be made to act; and just now we have rulers whom it is very hard to goad to action—at all events to action on behalf of right. The *Times* says that Lord Derby must be "educated,"

and it even implies that the work of his "education" has already begun. The process seems likely to be a slow one. When the proposal was laid before him that the revolted lands should be set free from the rule of the Turk, he said that he had no objection to such an arrangement, but that there were "difficulties." Of course there are difficulties in the way of so doing, as in the way of everything else. The world is full of difficulties. Human life chiefly consists in meeting with difficulties, and in yielding to them or overcoming them as the case may happen. Only with men the existence of difficulties is something which stirs them up to grapple with the difficulties, and to overcome them; with diplomatists the existence of difficulties is thought reason enough for drawing back and doing nothing. And there is one difficulty above all difficulties in the way of vigorous and righteous action on the part of England in this matter. That difficulty is the existence of Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Derby. Lord Beaconsfield we all know; Lord Derby most of us are beginning to know. A few zealous county members still express their confidence in him: but they express it in that peculiar tone which men put on when they are trying to persuade themselves that they still put confidence in something in which they have really ceased to put confidence. But with the world in general the strange superstition that Lord Derby is a great and wise statesman is swiftly and openly crumbling away. It is wonderful indeed to see the change of public opinion on this head. Two or three months back it was the acknowledged creed of Liberals as well as of Conservatives that Lord Derby was to be treated with a degree of respect with which there was no need to treat any of his colleagues. Things are indeed changed now that the *Times* talks of "educating" him, now that the comic papers jeer at him, now that his name is spoken of, certainly not with any great respect, in writing and in speech throughout the whole land. The sagacious minister, respected on both sides, trusted on both sides, is no longer spoken of with the bated breath which was held to be the right thing even when the present year was a good deal advanced. When the English people are driven really to look into any matter, their sight is sharp enough, and they can see that a man whose one object is to do nothing is not the right man to be at the helm when there is a great work to be done. For my own part, if my own opinion of Lord Derby has changed, it has rather changed

for the better. I am beginning to think that a man whom I had for ten years looked on as wicked may perhaps after all have been only stupid. It is a fact, and a very ugly fact, that we have to look to the betrayer of Crete for the redress of the wrongs of Bulgaria. A good deal of education will certainly be needed before we make such an instrument serve our purpose. But as regards the man himself, his treatment of the whole matter since the summer of the last year suggests the thought that, even in the Cretan business, Lord Derby may have been simply frightened and puzzled, and may not have meant any active mischief. But the mischief was done all the same; it may have been only in fright and puzzlement that he gave the order; but the order was given none the less; the women and children of Crete were none the less left, and left by his bidding, to the mercy of their Turkish destroyers. Lord Derby, in the face of one of the great epochs of the world's history, reminds one of nothing so much as the lord mayor before whom Jeffreys was brought after the flight of James the Second. "The mayor," says Lord Macaulay, "was a simple man who had spent his whole life in obscurity, and was bewildered by finding himself an important actor in a mighty revolution." Lord Derby had not passed his whole life in obscurity; but he seemed just as much bewildered at finding that he had to play a part in a great European crisis as ever the simple mayor could have been. The result in the two cases is indeed different. The lord mayor, being doubtless an impulsive man, "fell into fits and was carried to his bed, whence he never rose." Lord Derby is not impulsive; so he bore up, and made speeches for Mr. Gladstone to tear into shreds.

From the first to the last utterance of Lord Derby on these matters, from his despatch of August 12, 1875, to his speech of September 11, 1876, the same characteristic reigns throughout. That characteristic is blindness. In the first despatch and in the last speech there is the same incapacity to understand what it is that is going on. On August 12, 1875, the insurrection had been at work for more than a month, and Consul Holms and Sir Henry Elliot had been sending home accounts, not of course of what really had happened, but of what this and that Turk told them had happened. The Turks were of course busy lying, and Safvet Pasha was lying with greater vigor than all the rest; for he was saying that

some Turk—who was sent for the purpose of bamboozling men who would not be bamboozled—would “redress well-founded complaints.” But this Turk had clearer notions of what was going on than Lord Derby had. He writes to say that the insurrection is daily assuming more serious proportions, that Dalmatians sympathize and helps, that Montenegrins join the patriot ranks, that the position of the Servian army looks awkward, that neither Austria nor Montenegro is acting exactly as the interests of Turkish tyranny would have them act. That is to say, the die had been cast; eastern Europe had risen; warning had been given to the foul despot at the New Rome that the hour of vengeance was come. The Turk saw and trembled; Lord Derby shut his eyes and pottered. All that he could see was a local disturbance in Herzegovina. So when the first little band of the followers of Mahomet drew the sword, the rulers of Rome and Persia saw nothing but disturbances in a distant corner or Arabia. In Lord Derby’s eyes all that was to be done was to stop disturbances, to hinder Servians, Montenegrins, and Dalmatians from joining in the disturbances. Then come the memorable words:—

Her Majesty’s government are of opinion that the Turkish government should rely on their own resources to suppress the insurrection, and should deal with it as a local outbreak of disorder, rather than give international importance to it by appealing for support to other powers.

Poor, blind diplomatist! So Leo the Tenth looked calmly on the theological disorder which began with the teaching of a despised monk called Martin Luther. So Antiochos of Syria and Philip of Spain thought for a moment that not much could come of the local disorders which were stirred up by the Maccabees and the Silent Prince. In Lord Derby’s eyes the glorious uprising of oppressed nations was simply a thing to be “suppressed.” He wished it to be suppressed; he thought that it could be suppressed, he would fain have seen the tyrant again press his yoke upon his victims, without seeking the support of other powers. The very phrase showed that Lord Derby did not shrink from the possibility that the tyrant might be aided by other powers in his work of evil. What is meant by a Turkish government “suppressing a revolt by its own resources” we know full well now. Lord Derby himself, in spite of manful efforts

to remain in ignorance, must himself know by this time. I will not believe that Lord Derby really wished Herzegovina to be dealt with then as Bulgaria has been dealt with since. But that is the literal meaning of his words, when he hopes that the revolt may be put down by the resources of the Turkish government. Lord Derby could not tell then what was to happen in Bulgaria months afterwards; but, if he ever turned a page of modern history, if the man who talks thus calmly of Turkish suppression of insurrections had read the annals of the Turk even in our own century, he might have known what Turks have done in suppressing insurrections, and even in dealing with lands where there had been no insurrections. He had the same chance as other men of reading the bloody annals of Chios and Cyprus and Kassandra. Whether Lord Derby knew it or not, it was to the doom which had fallen on Chios and Cyprus and Kassandra, to the doom which was to fall on Bulgaria, that Lord Derby calmly sentenced the patriots of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Let the insurrection be suppressed—that is, in plain words, let every foul deed of malignant fiends be wrought through the length and breadth of the revolted lands; then there would be no difficulties, no complications, no openings of the Eastern question; the Turk would have his way; the Foreign Office need not be troubled, and the foreign secretary of England might safely slumber at his post.

But so it was not to be. The hopes of Lord Derby were doomed to be disappointed. To suppress the insurrection was not quite so easy a matter as he had deemed and hoped. The mighty outburst of freedom was soon to put on “international importance,” even in the eyes of diplomatists. The resources of the Turkish government failed to put out the fire which had been kindled. The men who had drawn the sword for right and freedom were not to be overthrown in a moment, even though their overthrow was needed to save the English Foreign Office from difficulties and complications. Deeper and deeper grew the resolve of the champions of right to listen to none of the lying promises of their tyrant, to listen to none of the feeble suggestions of diplomatists, but to fight on in the face of heaven and earth, in the cause of heaven and earth. They have fought on; even before their independent brethren came to their help, they had beaten back every assault of the barbarian invader. For months and months the boasted resources

of the Turkish government were unable to suppress the insurrection, unable to overcome the resistance of that little band of warriors, warriors worthy to rank with the men who gathered round Alfred at Athelney, or round Hereward at Ely. Down to this moment the insurrection has not been suppressed; Herzegovina has not been won back by the barbarian. The native heroes of the land, strengthened by their brethren from the Black Mountain, still stand victorious on the soil which they have won from the barbarian, and which the barbarian has failed to win back from them. The suppression of the insurrection which Lord Derby wished for is still, in September, 1876, as it was in August, 1875, a thing which diplomatists may long for, but which freedom has but little reason to fear.

But meanwhile another insurrection has been suppressed; and now the world knows what Turkish suppression of insurrections means. The tale of Bulgarian wrongs need not be told again. Lord Beaconsfield himself perhaps knows by this time how "an oriental people" have done what all the world, except Lord Beaconsfield, knows to be the manner of "an oriental people." They have done as the barbarians of the East have ever done, since the Hebrew put his Ammonite captives under saws and under axes of iron, and made them to pass through the brick-kiln. The Turk has done after his kind; and the voice of England, the voice of mankind, has pronounced sentence on him and his abettors. Servia, which for a moment seemed to have been overthrown in her glorious struggle, still holds her own, and every moment that she holds her own makes it more certain that she will not long be left without a helper. The mightiest people of her race will soon be on the march for her deliverance. Lord Derby, who, thirteen months back, was thinking of suppressing insurrections, will soon have to think what he will do when the myriads of Russia come to the help of their brethren in blood and faith. They have come already; despotism itself has its bounds, and the peace-loving czar either cannot or will not keep back his people from what in their eyes is the holiest of crusades. It has come to this, that Englishmen are prepared to see Russia step in and do the work that England should have done. If the Russians ever occupy Constantinople, it will be Lord Derby who has placed them there.

It is hardly worth while to go again through the whole tale of ministerial in-

capacity, to use the mildest words. Lord Beaconsfield is true to his creed of Asian mysteries. He seeks his models among the ancient worthies of his own people. Truly he looks to Abraham his father and unto Sarah that bare him. Like his great ancestress, he takes such pains to assure us that he did not laugh as to provoke the retort, "Nay, but thou didst laugh." He recalls too at least one exploit of his great ancestor in the zeal with which he flies to the help of the rulers of Sodom and Gomorrah. It is hardly needful again to refute the base slanders of the tongue which spoke of the doings of the tyrant and of the patriot as equal in guilt, and which affected to see nothing but hankering after "provinces" in the high resolve of the Servian people to do or die for right. Over and over again has Lord Derby told us that he did not, and could not, have directly instigated the Turkish doings in Bulgaria. Over and over again has it been explained to him that nobody ever thought that he had directly instigated them, that he is the last man whom anybody would suspect of directly instigating anything. But over and over again has it also been explained to him that he has none the less made himself an abettor and an accomplice after the fact, by keeping the English fleet in a position which all mankind but himself believed to be meant as a demonstration in favor of the evil cause. There is no need again to answer such fallacies as the memorable argument that, because Christians, Mahometans, and Hindoos could live peaceably together under the English government of India, therefore Christians and Mahometans can peacefully live together under the Turkish government of south-eastern Europe. Lord Derby's earlier talk has become a thing of the past. In the process of his education he may already have got beyond it; he may be educating himself backward to the days when his words on Turkish matters were somewhat different from his recent acts. But Lord Derby himself is unhappily a thing of the present, and some of his later sayings are still matters of practical importance. At the moment when I write Servian and Turk are resting on their arms. An effort is being made to bring about peace between them, a peace in the negotiation of which a representative of England cannot fail to take a leading part. It is a matter for anxious and painful thought that the representative of England at such a moment should be a man who, with whatever motives, through whatever

causes, whether through sheer indifference or sheer incapacity has, as a matter of fact, made himself guilty of the blood of Crete and Bulgaria.

First of all, there was something very ominous, though perhaps from one side a little reasoning, in one of the latest sayings of Lord Derby. He told his hearers that one of the great principles on which he acted was "strict neutrality while the war lasts." Taken in itself, this last saying of Lord Derby's is of a piece with his first saying about the suppression of the insurrection. According to Lord Derby, England, which, in common with the other great powers, is bound to be the protector of the Christian subjects of the Turk, England, which is morally bound, above all the other great powers, to undo the wrongs which she has herself done to them, is to be strictly neutral while the war lasts — that is, under no circumstances is she to go beyond remonstrance, be the doings of the barbarians towards their victims what they may. On no account, in no state of things, is the arm of England to be stretched out to give real help to the oppressed. Come what may, let victorious savages change the whole of south-eastern Europe into a howling wilderness, England must not lift a weapon to hinder them. Come what may, we must never do again the good work which we ourselves did at Algiers, which France did in Peloponnesos, which England, France, and Russia joined to do on the great day of Navarino. While Lord Derby has his way, England is never again to strike another blow for right. Such is the frame of mind in which the representative of England approaches the negotiations for peace. Still there is another side, even to his blank and chilling words. Who does not remember how Lord Derby, not so very long ago, comforted himself and others by saying the war was not likely to spread? Perhaps the world has by this time learned that Lord Derby's auguries as to probability and improbability in such matters are not quite worth so much as they were once thought to be. In defiance of his infallible powers of divination, the war has spread, the war is spreading, and he that has eyes to see must see that, if it be not stopped by a real and not a sham peace, it will soon spread further still. The last reserve of Servia, as the *Times* called it not long back, will soon be drawn out. Russia will have come to her deliverance. We wish for no such thing — at least it is only Lord Derby who has driven us to wish for it. We had rather see

the south-eastern lands free themselves, or be freed by English help, than see them either the subjects, the dependents, or even the grateful clients, of a power which has hitherto promised them so much and done for them so little. But unless Western diplomacy, Western arms, Western something, is quicker than it has been hitherto, that will be the upshot of all. And here we can draw some comfort even from Lord Derby's talk about neutrality. Strict neutrality while the war lasts must, in the common use of language, imply strict neutrality when the war, which was once confined to Herzegovina, which has spread from Herzegovina to Servia, shall have spread from Servia to Russia. Lord Derby has at least promised us that there shall not be another Russian war. If he has bound himself to do nothing for the oppressed, he has equally bound himself to do nothing against their avengers.

From Lord Derby indeed this is something. Still this elaborate ostentation of neutrality is not exactly the frame of mind in which we should wish to see our representative going forth to the negotiations by which it is hoped that the peace of south-eastern Europe may be secured. But Lord Derby, we are told, is capable of education; he has himself talked of listening to the will of his "employers." Now his employers have told him one thing very plainly. They have told him that they will not put up with any sham peace, that they will not put up with any patched-up peace, designed simply to stave off any serious settlement, and to let the diplomatists slumber for a few years longer. His employers, his teachers, have broken with the rotten traditions of the last two or three generations; and, if he wishes to be looked on as their servant or their pupil, he must break with them, too. The people of England sees, whether Lord Derby sees it or not, that negotiations on the basis of the *status quo*, negotiations on the basis of merely communal freedom for the revolted lands, negotiations on any terms which imply the direct rule of the Turk, are not only wicked, but foolish. Negotiation on any of these terms is a crime, because it is an attempt to prolong a state of things which is contrary to the first principles of right. But it is more than a crime; it is a blunder; because it is an attempt to prolong a state of things which cannot be prolonged. To prolong the *status quo*, to grant a merely communal freedom, means to prolong the domination of the Turk. The domination of the Turk means that the nations of south-

eastern Europe are to remain bondmen in their own land, denied, not merely the political rights of freemen, but the common rights of human beings. It means that the vast mass of the people of the land shall remain in a condition of permanent subjection to a handful of barbarian invaders; it means that at any moment the caprice of these invaders may turn that permanent subjection into a reign of terror, a reign of every excess of insult and outrage and fortune that the perverse wit of an "oriental people" can devise. This state of things Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Derby, if left to themselves, will prolong. If they are left to settle matters in their own way, the owls of Bulgaria and Herzegovina will never complain of a lack of ruined villages. Mark that the best thing that Lord Derby has ever said, his nearest approach that he has made to an acknowledgment of the existence of such things as justice and freedom, is when he said that he had "no objection" to exchange this state of things for a better. He has no objection to the change; but he clearly will not do anything actively to bring it about. But Lord Derby's employers and educators are of a different mind; they not only have no objection to a change, but they have the strongest objection to the continuance of the *status quo*. Sir Stafford Northcote lately took on himself to say that the people do not understand questions of foreign policy. They have shown that they understand them a great deal better than Sir Stafford Northcote or Lord Derby. They see that, if the *status quo* be maintained, if anything short of practical independence be given to the revolted lands, the whole tragedy will soon be played over again. There will be more insurrections, more wars, more massacres, and, more awful still, more diplomatic "difficulties" and "complications." The people of England demand that, now that the Eastern question is "opened," it shall be settled; they know that settlements of this kind are no settlements at all, but simply wretched shifts to stave off a settlement. The people of England have, with one voice, declared that, however much Mr. Baring may satisfy Sir Henry Elliot, however much Sir Henry Elliot may satisfy Lord Beaconsfield, none of them will satisfy the common employers of all, if they attempt to make a settlement on any terms short of the practical independence of the revolted lands. Those lands must be separated from the direct rule of the Turks. Last Decem-

ber I pleaded for the separation of Bosnia and Herzegovina; to this demand the universal voice of England has added the separation of Bulgaria, while not a few voices have added the separation of Crete. If Lord Derby enters on any legislation with the faintest purpose of accepting any terms short of these, he will show that his education has not yet been carried at all near to the point at which his progress will satisfy his employers.

At this time of day it is perhaps hardly needful to answer objections about forsaking the traditional policy of England, or to reason against stupid fear of the Russian bugbear. To the former objection the simple answer is that the policy of England has for a long time been a wrong policy, and that England has made up her mind to exchange it for a right policy. England will no more acknowledge, if it ever did acknowledge, the base doctrine of Lord Derby that we are never to interfere in any matter but where our interest demands it. The people, generous in its sentiments, even when it is mistaken as to facts, will never stoop to such teaching as this. The people approved the Russian war, because they were taught to believe that the Russian war was undertaken in a generous cause. We must repeat again for the thousandth time that the duty of England comes before her interest. We must, at any risk, undo the wrong that we have done. If to undo that wrong should bring the Russians to Constantinople, if it should weaken our empire in India, let the Russians come to Constantinople, let our empire in India be weakened. Lord Beaconsfield said that the fleet was sent to Besika Bay in pursuit of honor and glory. The kind of honor and glory of which he spoke may perhaps demand that the nations of south-eastern Europe be again pressed down under the yoke. But the people of England have had enough of that kind of honor and glory. They have learned that true honor and glory can be won only by doing right at all hazards.

As for the Russian hobgoblin, no friend of south-eastern Europe wishes to see Constantinople Russian. All that we say is that, if we are driven to choose between Turk and Russian, we will take the Russian. But we say this, not in the interest of England, but in the interest of south-eastern Europe. We wish to see the now enslaved nations grow up for themselves, developing their own energies, striking out paths of freedom and progress for themselves. Therefore we do not wish to see

them subjects of Russia. But, if this cannot be, if the only choice lies between a civilized and a barbarous despotism, between a despotism which at least secures to its subjects the common rights of human beings and a despotism which makes no attempt to secure them, we have no doubt as to which despotism we ought to choose. And we feel that, if things come to such a choice, the fault will not be ours, but the fault of those who have allowed Russia to take the championship of right out of the hands of England. Even if it could be shown that the interest of England lay on the side of the worse choice, we should still again say, Let the interest of England give way to her duty. But the notion that England has any interest in the matter is simply a worn-out superstition. I saw the other day an argument that it was not for the interest of England to allow any strong power to hold the Bosphoros. Here is the wicked old doctrine that the strength of one nation must be the weakness of another. The stronger the power that holds the Bosphoros the better, provided it be a native power. But if the folly and weakness of our diplomats have decreed that it should be held, not by a native but by a Russian power, we shall lament the result, but we shall fail to see how the interest of England is involved. The only ground on which it has ever been pretended that our interest is touched in the matter, has been because it is said that the presence of Russia on the Bosphoros would block our path to India. But our path to India does not lie by the Bosphoros, but by Suez; and if Egypt could be transferred from its present merciless tyrant to the rule of England or of any other civilized power, it would be the greatest of boons for all the inhabitants, Mahometan and Christian, of that unhappy land.

When I am asked what is to be done, I say again what I said in December, with such changes as have been made needful by the events of the last nine months. Bosnia, Turkish Croatia, Herzegovina, Bulgaria, and Crete must be delivered from the immediate rule of the sultan. This is the least that outraged Europe can accept. This is the commission which Lord Derby has received in the plainest terms from his employers and educators. And the word Bulgaria must not be limited to the land north of Hæmus, which alone bears that name in our maps. The Bulgarian folk and speech, the remains of the kingdom of Samuel, reach far to the south of the mountains, and a large part of the

worst deeds of the Turk have been done south of the mountains. This is the *minimum*, the least which can be demanded in the name of outraged humanity. All those lands must be put in a position not worse than the position of Roumania now, not worse than the position of Servia before the war. It is in no way hampering or embarrassing the government to quote a favorite party cry of the moment, to give them, in answer to Lord Derby's own request, these plain instructions. The exact boundaries of the new states to be formed, the exact form of government to be set up in each, the princes, if they are to have princes, who are to be chosen for each, these are points of detail which we leave to the assembled wisdom of Europe. We may criticise any definite proposal when it is made; it is not our business to make definite proposals beforehand. Let Turkish rule cease, and though one change may be better than another, any change will be better than Turkish rule. As for Servia, no one will stop to discuss the insolent paper which was put forth by the baffled barbarian who tries to win by fraud what he has found that he cannot win by arms. The Turk has wrought his evil deeds in Servia, but he has not conquered Servia; the impudent demands which go on the assumption that he has conquered Servia must be thrust down his own barbarian throat. Let Servia be not worse off than she was before the war; let the revolted lands be not worse off than Servia; this is the programme of the people of England. Details they leave to those whose business it is to settle them; but their minds are made up as to the root of the matter. Less than I have just said they will not have.

Events do indeed pass quickly. Between the writing of the last paragraph and its revision, the insolence of the barbarian himself has been outshone. The lowest bellow in the Oxford mob could not depart farther from the truth, farther from reason, farther from decency, than Lord Beaconsfield did in his notorious speech at Aylesbury. When the new earl told the world that to speak the truth about Turkish "atrocities" was a greater "atroc-ity" than to do them, it was hard not to remember that there is but one living statesman of whom it has been said that he says the first thing that comes into his head, and takes his chance of its being true. When we go on and read the monstrous misstatements which Lord Beaconsfield was not ashamed to make with regard to the affairs of Servia, it is hard not to re-

flect on that curious rule of conventional good breeding by which to call such misstatements by their plain English name is deemed a greater offence than to make them. But the Psalmist's phrase of "them that speak leasing," Gulliver's phrase about saying "the thing that is not," may perhaps be allowed even in those serene regions where the new earl tells us that he walks. And truly Lord Beaconsfield's babble about Servia—not "coffee-house babble," but babble doubtless over some stronger liquor—was, if any human utterance ever was, "the thing that is not." Lord Beaconsfield, by his own account, should have talked about barley; he perhaps meant, instead of talking about barley, to sow the wild oats of his new state of being. The one thing of importance in this strange harangue is Lord Beaconsfield's distinct assertion that the revolted lands shall not be free. The people of England have distinctly said that they shall be free. Whose voice is to be followed? To which of the two will Lord Derby listen as his educator? To which of the two will he yield obedience as his employer?

After Lord Beaconsfield's display at Aylesbury all earlier displays, as we come back to them, seem tame. There is, for instance, the paltry cavil, the last straw at which the despairing advocates of evil clutch, the slander that the revolted lands are unworthy, incapable of freedom. Will they become more worthy, more capable, by remaining in bondage? In diplomatic circles it would seem that men learn the art of swimming without ever going into the water, that they learn the art of riding without ever mounting a horse. The lesson of freedom can be learned only in the practice of freedom. There may be risks, there may be difficulties; some men have been drowned in learning the art of swimming; still, that art cannot be learned on dry land. We appeal to reason; we appeal to experience; diplomatic cavillers shut their eyes to both. Go to Servia; go to Montenegro; see what free Servia, what freer Montenegro, has done, and be sure that free Bulgaria will do as much.

Last of all, the programme which I have just sketched, the programme which the people of England have accepted, the programme which Lord Beaconsfield scoffs at, is only a *minimum*. It is the least that can be taken; if more can be had, so much the better. Such a programme is in its own nature temporary; any programme must be temporary which endures the rule of the Turk in any corner of

Europe. But such a programme is not temporary in the sense in which the makeshifts of diplomatists, the maintenance of the *status quo* and the like, are temporary. Restore the *status quo*, grant anything short of practical independence, and all that has been done, all that has been suffered, during the last year will have to be done and suffered over again. If we free the revolted lands, even if we leave the lands which are not revolted still in bondage, we leave nothing to be done over again; we only leave something in front of us still to be done. We make a vast step in advance; we enlarge the area of freedom, even if we do not wholly wipe out the area of bondage. To maintain, or rather to restore, the *status quo* is to make the greatest of all steps backwards; it is to enlarge the area of bondage at the expense of the area of freedom. The programme of the *status quo*, the programme of Lord Beaconsfield, points nowhere; the programme of the people of England points distinctly in front. We will have New Rome some day; if Mr. Grant Duff can give it us at once, so much the better. The conversion of Mr. Grant Duff—for a conversion it may surely be called—is one of the most remarkable phases of the whole business. Mr. Grant Duff has never been held to be rash or sentimental; he has never been thought likely to say or do anything windy or gusty or frothy, to quote some of the epithets to which those who set facts, past and present, before the traditions of diplomatists have got pretty well seasoned. Only a few weeks ago, some of us were tempted to look on Mr. Grant Duff as almost as cold-blooded as Lord Derby himself. All is now changed. Mr. Grant Duff undertakes to lead us to the walls of Constantinople; and, where he undertakes to lead, no one can be called foolhardy for following. There is no need even to dispute about such a detail as the particular ruler whom Mr. Grant Duff has chosen to place on the throne of the Leos and the Basils. Mr. Grant Duff has perhaps had better opportunities than most of us for judging of the Duke of Edinburgh's qualifications for government. At any rate we may be certain of one thing; his rule would be better than the rule of any sultan. The examples of Servia and Montenegro, the example of Sweden—even the example of France—might, one would have thought, done something to get rid of the queer superstition that none can reign whose fathers have not reigned before them. A man who had had some practice

in ruling, an experienced colonial governor for instance, might perhaps seem better fitted for the post than one who is a prince, and, as far as we know, only a prince. But here again it would be foolish to dispute about details. Any civilized ruler would be better than any barbarian. And Mr. Grant Duff's proposal for the employment of Indian officials is at all events wise and practical. Our platform then is simple. The more impetuous fervor of Mr. Gladstone leads us to a certain point, which is the least with which we can put up. The colder reason of Mr. Grant Duff leads us to a further point, to which we shall be delighted to follow him thither if we can, and, if he assures us that we can, no one can have any reason to doubt his assurance. Lord Derby then has his lesson; he has his commission. His teachers, his employers, have spoken their mind. The least we ask is the freedom of the revolted lands; but we take this only as a step to the day when the New Rome shall be cleansed from barbarian rule. There may be risks, there may be difficulties; but the Turk would hardly be so mad as to stand up against six great powers. Three such powers have in past times been enough to bring him to reason. If the trembling despot dares to dispute the will of his masters, he must again be taught a yet more vigorous form of the same lesson which was taught him when France cleansed Peloponnesus of the destroying Egyptian, when England, France, and Russia joined to crush the power of the Turk in the harbor of Pylos. The blinded ministers of that day could see in the good work nothing but an "untoward event." England now is wiser. Her people will have quite another name in their mouths, if the obstinacy of the barbarian should again draw upon him such another stroke of righteous vengeance.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

From Fraser's Magazine.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS IN WEST AFRICA.

BY A NEGRO.*

IT is little more than half a generation since four millions of Africans were held in apparently hopeless bondage in the United States—a condition which determined their status as one of social subordination and inferiority in all Christian lands.

* Principal of the Presbyterian High School, Liberia.

The emancipation in the British, French, Danish, and Dutch colonies was able, it seems, to effect little towards improving the standing of the negro. He was bound to a servile position until the supremacy of the cotton empire of the West was overthrown. The proclamation of freedom in the United States gave to the negro at once a position which he had never before occupied; and though he is in America numerically weak, and, in a measure, personally insignificant, still the barriers in the way of his progress and growth are rapidly disappearing.

But it is not easy to efface impressions which have been busily taught and cheerfully imbibed during centuries. The Christian world, trained for the last three hundred years to look upon the negro as made for the service of superior races, finds it difficult to shake off the notion of his absolute and permanent inferiority. Distrust, coldness, or indifference are the feelings with which, generally speaking, any efforts on his part to advance are regarded by the enlightened races. The influence of the representations disparaging to his mental and moral character, which, during the days of his bondage, were persistently put forward without contradiction, is still strong in many minds. The full effect of the new status of the negro race will not be sufficiently felt during the present generation to relieve even his best friends of the pity or contempt for him which they may be said to have inherited, and which, we will grant, has been fostered from the civilized world coming in contact, for the most part, only with the degraded tribes of the African continent.

One of the most important of the results which have occurred from the labors and sufferings of Livingstone has been the light which he has been able to throw upon the subject of the African races at home, awakening at least doubts in the minds of the most apathetic as to the truthfulness or fairness of the representations disparaging to the negro's character which have been for so long a time in unimpeded circulation. The whole Christian world has been aroused by that humble missionary to the importance of "healing the open sore of the world" and penetrating the "dark continent" with the light of Christianity and civilization. Catholics and Protestants—Christians of every name and nationality—are vying with each other in endeavors to promote the work of African regeneration.

One sanguine or sensational letter from Mr. Stanley calling attention to a favorable

opening for missionary operations in East Africa fell upon the British public like seed into prepared soil, and in a short time, a bountiful harvest was reaped in the shape of thousands of pounds in response to the more urgent than "Macedonian cry." This prompt liberality shows that there are Christian men and women in England who are deeply in earnest in the work of disseminating the truths of the gospel in Africa.

It is evident that, at the present moment, there is no mission field in which the Christian public are so anxiously interested for the safety, welfare, and success of the missionaries as the African, and there is none, moreover, whose successful working by European missionaries so ultimately depends upon special and constant study of the mental and moral habits of the people and the climatic peculiarities of the country. And yet in the constant necessity which presses upon missionary committees at home and upon missionaries themselves to find what may hold the public ear, in the impatient demand for immediate visible results, in the unceasing strain after fresh subjects for exciting paragraphs, no leisure or repose is left for quiet thought, for grappling with new facts, or for giving due weight to views out of their accustomed groove of thought.

We do not set before ourselves in the present paper the ambitious task of propounding or discussing any new theory of African missions. To describe accurately or intelligibly how missions in Africa ought to be conducted, so as to come nearer than they have yet done to a realization of the expectations of their supporters in Europe and America — so as in some measure to Christianize the African tribes — would probably be as difficult and impossible a task as any thinking man could well undertake. We are, for our own part, inclined to cut the Gordian knot by expressing the belief that it will not be given to the present generation of foreign workers in this field to solve the problem — or rather problems — presented by the enormous work of African Christianization. This is a privilege, we venture to believe, reserved for the "missionaries of the future."*

Still it may not be altogether unprofitable to consider some of the results thus

* The relations of the present generation of Europeans with the African races have not been such as to allow them to be unbiassed workers in the African field. While like David they may receive commendation for having conceived the idea of building the great Christian temple in Africa, it may be only given to them to open the way, collect the materials, etc.; other hands may have to rear the superstructure.

far attained, and the hindrances in the way of more satisfactory achievements.

It is now nearly four hundred years since the first attempt was made to introduce Christianity into the western portion of Africa. The summary of Christian missions on this coast may be given in a few words.

The Roman Catholics come first. In 1481 the king of Portugal sent ten ships with five hundred soldiers, one hundred laborers, and a proper complement of priests as missionaries to Elmina. The Romish missions thus founded lingered on for a period of two hundred and forty-one years, till at last in 1723 that of the Capuchins at Sierra Leone was given up and they disappeared altogether from West Africa. They had made no impression, except upon their immediate dependants; and what impression they made on them was soon totally obliterated.

Protestant missionary attempts were commenced by the Moravians in 1736, one hundred and forty years ago, and continued till 1770. Five attempts cost eleven lives without visible results.

The Wesleyans follow next. In the minutes of the Conference of 1792 we first find Africa on the list of the Wesleyan missionary stations, Sierra Leone being the part occupied. In the minutes for 1796 we find the names of A. Murdoch and W. Patten set down as missionaries to the Foulah country, in Africa, to which service they were solemnly set apart by Conference.

The Church Missionary Society sent out its first missionaries in 1804. They established and attempted to maintain ten stations among the aborigines, but they could make no progress owing to the hostility of the natives, who preferred the slave-traders to them. The missionaries were forced to take refuge in Sierra Leone, the only place where at that time they could labor with safety and hope.

The Basle Missionary Society — one of the most successful on the coast — had their attention directed to Western Africa as early as 1826. But it was not until 1828 that their first company of missionaries reached Christianborg, near Akra, the place which the Moravians had attempted to occupy more than thirty years previously.

The United Presbyterian Synod of Scotland commenced a mission on the Old Calabar River in the Gulf of Benin, in April 1846.

Five denominations of American Christians — Baptists, Methodists, Episcopa-

lians, Presbyterians, Lutherans — are represented on the coast — in Liberia, at Lagos, the island of Coresco, and Gaboon. The first American mission was established on the coast in 1822.

Now what has been the outcome of these missionary operations? The results thus far achieved are in many respects highly interesting and important. At the European settlements established at various points along the coast from Senegal to Loanda, and at the purely native stations, occupied by the Niger (native) missionaries, the Scotch missionaries, and the American missionaries, some thousands of natives, having been brought under the immediate influence of Christian teaching, have professed Christianity, and, at the European settlements, have adopted European dress and habits. Numerous churches have been organized and are under a native ministry, and thousands of children are gathered into schools under Christian teachers.

The *West African Reporter*, a weekly newspaper owned and published at Sierra Leone exclusively by natives, and itself an interesting evidence of the progress of civilization on the coast, gives, in its issue for January 4, 1876, the following: —

The Niger Mission and the native pastorate — which latter has received the encomiums of friends and foes — are standing monuments of the (Church Missionary) Society's labors, and proofs of the permanence of results thus far achieved. Bishop Crowther, the first negro bishop, the Rev. James Johnson of Lagos, Dr. Africanus Horton, the distinguished physician and author, and numerous others, less widely known but not less useful, sat under the instructions which have been imparted in the Church Missionary College at Fourah Bay in Sierra Leone.

But other useful men besides preachers have been raised up under the instruction of the missionaries: many able and useful government officials, skilful mechanics — especially at the Basle Mission — and merchants, who by their intelligence, industry, and enterprise have risen to an equality in wealth and influence with the European merchants on the coast.

Still these results, in their largest measure, are confined almost exclusively to the European settlements along the coast and to their immediate neighborhood. No mission station of any importance has been established among any of the powerful tribes in the interior, or on the coast at a distance from European settlements. In the evangelistic operations of the Niger mission, we can hear of no central station

of influence among any of the leading tribes. Bishop Crowther's last report of the "Mission among the Natives of the Bight of Biafra, at Bonny, Brass, and New Calabar Rivers," * after ten years' labor, is not particularly encouraging.

The work done at Serra Leone and in Liberia cannot be regarded as done upon the indigenous elements of those localities. The native populations of Serra Leone and Liberia — the Timnehs, Soosoos, Mendis, Veys, Solahs, Bassas, Kroos, etc. — are still untouched by evangelical influence. The visitor at Sierra Leone and at Monrovia is at once struck by the exotic appearance of everything. The whole black population of those settlements who have made any progress in Christian civilization have been imported — in the case of Sierra Leone from other parts of Africa, and in that of Liberia from America. If everything extraneous or imported were taken away from the settlements to-morrow, the regions they now occupy would wear an aspect similar to that which they presented to Sir John Hawkins three hundred years ago, without, however, the pleasing moral characteristics attributed to the population of that un-Europeanized period by that great pioneer of English African slave-traders. But even the civilizing work done in the settlements is not without its drawbacks.

In the *African Times* for January 1, 1876, the editor, after the labor of half a generation in the cause of west-African progress, opens the year with the following lament: —

Lagos has grievously disappointed our hopes and expectations. She is not what she ought to be after years of annexation to the British crown. It is no cause for wonder, therefore, that she has not exercised that influence on the heathen within her and in the neighboring countries which we looked for from her. . . . The professed Christians of Lagos ought to be a mighty phalanx against the surrounding heathenism; but we do not see that they have made any successful attack upon it.

Governor Berkeley, in his "Blue Book Report of the Settlement of Lagos for 1872," estimates the population of the entire settlement at 60,221, out of which there were only 92 whites; and he adds: —

This settlement contributes nothing towards the promotion of religion or education. The Church Missionary Society, the Wesleyan Society, and the Roman Catholics are all represented in the shape of ministers, churches, and schools.†

* *Church Missionary Intelligencer*, August 1875.

† Papers Relating to her Majesty's Colonial Possessions. Part I. 1874, p. 138.

Sir Charles Adderley, after a full and careful investigation of the subject, says:—

Barbarism survives, for all we expend in lives and taxes to establish what must prove, after all, an ineffectual administration of English power in west-African country.*

In the *West African Reporter* (Feb. 1, 1876) we are informed that—

The Timnehs of Quiah to this day look with wistful eyes to the peninsula of Sierra Leone, the Bananas Island down to Carmaranca Creek, the Ribbee and Bompeh Rivers, and their hearts are burning with revenge against the powers that wrenched these places from the hands of their ancestors. Their chiefs are dissatisfied with the stipends they receive, as being no equivalent remuneration for the occupation and use of their lands by our government; and they are only prevented from making any mischievous move from want of power.

The Hon. James S. Payne, the new president of Liberia, in his inaugural address, delivered January 3, 1876, refers to the actual state of things in Liberia, which does not exist at Sierra Leone only “from want of power” on the part of the aborigines. He says:—

The war now raging (between the Americo-Liberians and the aborigines of Cape Palmas) has been the subject of consideration for more than three years, of which frequent intimations were given without being accredited. It has for one of its objects the re-possession of the territory at the cost of exterminating the entire civilized population. It is a war against civilization and Christianity. Upwards of forty years of untiring Christian mission effort among them as preferred objects of the missions of the Presbyterian and Protestant Episcopal Missions, has made them rather to hate than to admire Christian civilization.

Now let us see what is the view taken, as a general thing, of African mission *protégés* by intelligent pagan natives. We have several expressions in regard to “Christianized” natives made in our hearing by native chiefs in whose country we have travelled; but we prefer to quote the criticism of the king of Dahomey, as given to the world by Commodore Wilmot in a despatch to Admiral Walker under date of January 21, 1863. The commodore was remonstrating with the king against making war upon the people of Abbeokuta, among whom were many professed Christians:—

He promised faithfully for my sake [says the commodore] to spare all the Christians and send them to Whydah, and that his gen-

eral should have strict orders to this effect. I asked him about the Christians at Ishagga. He said, “Who knew they were Christians? The black man says he is a white man, calls himself a Christian, and dresses himself in clothes: it is an insult to the white man. I respect the white man, but these people are impostors, and no better than my own people.”

I reasoned with him no longer on this subject [adds the commodore,] because I thought his observations so *thoroughly just and honest*.*

Now here is a Christian European of intelligence and influence endorsing the disparaging estimate of Christian Africans as given by a pagan African of intelligence and influence.†

Sir Charles Adderley calls attention to “the strange graft of skill upon barbarous fanaticism which natives acquire who have been played with by dilettante philanthropists in distant unconcerned authority.”‡

The foreign virtues these natives acquire never rise above the parasitical. Their culture is superficial, and its effects artificial, presenting very often an appearance of insincerity and absurdity both to the foreign observer and to the pagan of intelligence. Pagans of discernment know that the black man among them who “calls himself a Christian and dresses himself in clothes” adheres to European habits and customs with a reserved power of disengagement, as a limpet clings to a rock. These customs seldom strike root in his mind, and grow up as an independent plant. Africans who have been educated even in England, on returning to their own country and among their own people have again adopted the native dress and habits. And it would show a very slender knowledge of human nature to expect anything else.

Now, why is it that the evangelization of the tribes of west Africa, after so many years of effort and so vast a sacrifice of life and money, is so backward? The first and most generally admitted cause is the unhealthiness of the climate; and this cause, we may premise, affects injuriously all progress and growth in west Africa to a far greater extent than is generally supposed. No one will undertake to dispute at this day that the moral and intellectual character of a people is very largely dependent upon their physical environments. No great man physically or mentally has ever been developed in the inhospitable

* British and Foreign State Papers, 1863-64, vol. liv., p. 351.

† “Educated natives” is often used by Europeans on the coast as a phrase of contempt.

‡ Colonial Policy and History, p. 158.

* Colonial Policy and History, p. 218.

regions of Greenland or Tierra del Fuego. In some countries a high degree of even material progress is impossible. In Brazil, for instance, Mr. Buckle tells us, "the progress of agriculture is stopped by impassable forests, and the harvests are devoured by innumerable insects. The mountains are too high to scale—the rivers too wide to bridge." A portion of the indomitable Anglo-Saxon race from the Southern States of North America have had an opportunity recently of testing these statements. They attempted to found a colony in Brazil, but the obstacles presented by nature proved insuperable. They have returned to the United States.*

Now it is well known that a belt of malarious lands which are hot-beds of fever extends along the whole of the west coast of Africa, running from forty to fifty miles back from the seacoast. In this region of country neither cattle nor horses will thrive. Horses will not live at all. Sheep, goats, and hogs drag out an indifferent existence. At Sierra Leone, Monrovia, and other settlements on the coast, fortunes have been expended by lovers of horses in trying to keep them; but with the most scrupulous and expensive care they die. The experiment of keeping them constantly housed, like human beings, and imposing upon them the regulation, "early to bed, and early to rise," has, we believe, not yet been tried.†

The healthfulness of a country or district, at any given time, may generally be determined by the condition of the animals. In pestilential disorders, four-footed animals are said to be first attacked, from their living more in the open air than man, and being, therefore, more exposed to the action of the atmosphere.

Οὐρῆας μὲν πρῶτον ἐπώχετο καὶ κύνας ἄργους.
Αὐτὰρ ἔπειτ' αὐτοῖσι βέλος ἔχεπεν κῆς ἐφίεις,
Βάλλ'.‡

In the elevated regions of the interior of west Africa, where there are no dense primeval forests, extensive swamps, and pestilential jungles, cattle and horses show no sign of "infection" or "poisoned state of the blood." They flourish in uncounted

herds. And in those regions men are healthy, vigorous, and intelligent.

The interior tribes who have from time to time migrated to the coast have perished or degenerated. Every child born on the coast is stunted physically and mentally in the cradle by the jungle fever which assails it a few days after birth. European infants seldom survive such attacks. The very tribe occupying the country about Gallinas and Cape Mount have traditions that they came to the coast as conquerors, driving before them all the tribal organizations which opposed their march. They were a numerous, intelligent, handsome people. Now, only melancholy traces of what they once were can be discovered in individuals of that waning tribe. "It is to be observed," says the *West African Reporter*,* "that the Mendi as he approaches the sea becomes more degenerate. Laying aside his innocent, manly exercises, he betakes himself to plundering." It would appear that by a process of natural selection the finest organizations die. Those most capable or "fittest" to endure the pestilential regions, by reason of a coarser or more brutal nature, "survive." We have, then, morally speaking, the "survival" of the "unfittest."

The steady physical, if not mental, deterioration going on among the descendants of re-captives at Sierra Leone is sometimes attributed by superficial observers to their having enjoyed superior facilities for European education to their fathers. But the same decay is observable among the Mohammedan creoles who have not deviated much from the customs of their ancestors. The Rev. S. W. Koelle, an experienced German missionary, called attention, some years ago, to the important contrast as to salubrity between the coast and the interior. In the preface to his Bornou grammar, he says:—

The natives of dry and arid countries, as e.g., Bornou, Hausa, the Sahara, etc., die very fast in Sierra Leone; their acclimatization there seems to be almost as difficult as that of Europeans.

In the course of thirty years two hundred Bornouese residents of Sierra Leone had been reduced to thirty. And, as we have said, those who do not die degenerate, and become dependent upon the tribes of the healthier regions. All the coast tribes, from Senegal to Lagos, where no

* The *Times*, January 18, 1876.

† In 1871, Dr. McCoy, colonial surgeon (of Sierra Leone), sent to the Royal Veterinary College, London, a report on the then so-called "loin disease" (of horses), and the opinion formed thereon by the professor of the college was that the disease arose out of the poisoned state of the blood, the disease being conveyed into the system by means of the atmosphere.—Sierra Leone *West African Reporter*, February 1, 1876.

‡ On mules and dogs the infection first began, And last the vengeful arrow fixed in man.

* February 1, 1876.

alien influence interferes, are held under the sway of the interior tribes. Everybody now knows that the tribes of the gold coast are no match in intelligence, enterprise, and energy for the Ashantees.

Under such circumstances, unless missionary boards or committees, and the American Colonization Society in America are content to repeat the sacrifices they have already made of life and treasure, during another fifty years, with similar inadequate results, would it not be wisdom to try operations in the healthy regions of the interior, where "every prospect pleases," and "man" is *not* so "vile"? As long as the malarious vegetation and deadly mangrove swamps occupy so large a proportion of west-African territory, there will be no more probability of making any permanent moral, or even material progress on the coast, or of developing a great mind, than there is of improving the haunts of the polar bear and the reindeer.* Of course, the resources of the philanthropic world in men and money are inexhaustible, and they have the power of prolonging the experiment indefinitely; and it may be the highest philanthropy to labor to prepare men for the "world to come" in a country where they can have no reasonable hope of enjoying the "world that now is." Many a European visiting this coast returns to his country never to enjoy the vigor of health again. For northern constitutions, the effect of a residence in this country, generally speaking, is similar to that said to have been produced upon the ancients by a visit to the cave of Trophœus — they never smile again.

But another drawback to the success of missions on this coast is the inadequate, not to say contemptuous, view often entertained by European missionaries of the materials with which they have to deal; and this may be assigned as one of the leading causes why no serious effort is made to go to the healthy "regions beyond." They come to the coast imbued with the notions they have derived from books of the "sanguinary customs" and "malignant superstitions" of the natives. And under the influence of their malarious surroundings they gain more in irritability of temper than in liberality of views,

* Professor Draper in his "Conflict between Religion and Science" tells us of a civilization that had been accomplished in Central America resting on an agriculture that had neither horse nor ox nor plough. If the way could be discovered of accomplishing a civilization in these days with the slender appliances which such a statement would imply, then there might be hope for west Africa.

often acquiring greater ignorance of the people than they had before they came. We were startled some time ago by reading a remarkable description of African character, as given by an American missionary from west Africa in the course of an address delivered in the United States. He said: —

The Chinaman meets you with the stolid morality of his Confucianism; the Hindoo with astute logic for his Pantheism. The missionary among those people is assaulting strongholds, bristling with guns and bayonets. When I carry my torch into the caves of Africa, I meet only filthy birds of darkness, bats, owls, and evil things of night, that, bewildered by the light, know not how to blunder out, or out, blunderingly dash themselves in again.*

Similar to this are descriptions we have read from time to time in missionary periodicals.† Now, we earnestly protest against such utterances as not only gross exaggerations, but as to the last degree pernicious in their influence, as they are made to apply not only to the natives of the coast, demoralized by their physical surroundings and by European vices, but to all Africans, and they lead young and inexperienced missionaries entirely astray as to the course they should pursue with the people. Coming to the coast under such teaching, they are induced to adopt a method of dealing with the natives, and to maintain a demeanor, which, in spite of their educational and other services, inspire the people among whom they labor with feelings of impatience, if not of dislike. And it is not difficult to see that the missionary entertaining such views must labor under very great subjective disadvantages. From his outlook the work is magnified to enormous proportions. The African mind is regarded as a great blank, or worse than a blank, filled with everything dark and horrible and repulsive. Everything is to be destroyed, and replaced by something new and foreign. Not such were the views entertained of Africans by the Rev. J. Leighton Wilson, who, having been from childhood acquainted with negroes in the United States, spent twenty years as a missionary in west Africa, where he had opportunity to visit every place of importance along the seacoast, and made extensive excursions in many of the maritime districts. He studied and reduced to writing two of the

* Address delivered before the American Colonization Society by Rev. R. H. Nassau, M.D., January 21, 1873.

† See an article on "The Negro" in the *Church Missionary Intelligencer* (London) for August 1873.

leading languages of the country. In the record of his African experiences, he says:—

Looking at the African race as we have done, in their native country, we have seen no obstacles to their elevation which would not apply equally to all other uncultivated races of men.

We do not expect Africans, under any circumstances, to possess the energy, the enterprise, or the inventive powers of the white man. But there are other traits, quite as commendable as these, in which, if properly trained, he will greatly excel his white compeer. Naturally, the African is social, generous, confiding, and, when brought under the benign influence of Christianity, he exemplifies the beauty and consistency of his religion more than any other human being on the face of the earth. And the time may come when they may be held up to all the rest of the world as examples of the purest and most elevated Christian virtue.*

The more slender the outfit as to educational training and experience of those who come as instructors to the coast, the more supercilious, as, of course, must be the case, is their bearing. Many and amusing are the instances encountered by intelligent Africans of the very limited qualifications, coupled with large pretensions, of not a few who are sent to the coast as instructors. While sitting on the passengers' deck of one of the African mail steamers, a few years ago, we heard a young Englishman who had been engaged in educational work on the coast, and was returning home on leave, descanting upon the "utter inferiority of the African"—and, by the way, these men who come to guide the "benighted" seldom hesitate (such is their very high breeding) to indulge in most contemptuous utterances about the race in the hearing of any member of it who may be a stranger to them. This young man—we say young man, though his hair was slightly sprinkled with grey—overflowing with erudition, and anxious to make known the extent of his researches in African philology, remarked to a comrade, "The stolidity of these Africans is astonishing. Their words are mostly monosyllabic, and even those tribes whose vocabulary is the most copious possess no expressions for abstract ideas." Attracted by the Johnsonese character of the sentence, we turned towards him and said, "Sir, the words in the sentence which you just uttered that convey any idea at all, are either Roman or Greek. All the purely English words

you employed are monosyllabic, expressing no abstract thought." "Oh," he replied, with some surprise, "but that only proves that we possessed the ability to appropriate and apply such foreign terms as we considered serviceable—a feat which your people are unable to achieve." To this second outburst of almost pure Latin we made no reply, but turned away, leaving our learned pedagogue to enjoy the belief that, under the influence of his irresistible argument, we had succumbed; but we noticed that he took care during the remainder of the voyage to indulge, while in our hearing, in no more "high falutin."

We are not of those who deprecate international prejudices; they will exist, probably, until the millennium; for God, "who hath made of one blood all nations of men," hath also "appointed the bounds of their habitation," and within those "bounds" special and divergent tastes will arise among the nations. We remember when, accompanied about six years ago, on a tour in the interior of Monrovia, by Mr. Winwood Reade, we arrived at Boporo,* a town about seventy-five miles from the coast, where a white man had rarely been seen, how the women and children fled in every direction at the appearance of Mr. Reade; and it was not until we had been there several days that the children would venture near enough to speak to him. We are told that a charitable old woman, who afforded Mungo Park a meal and lodging, on the banks of the Niger, could not refrain, even in the midst of her kindness, from exclaiming, "God preserve us from the DEVIL," as she looked upon him.

These deprecatory feelings doubtless arise from the erroneous impressions entertained by Africans of the interior of the mental and moral concomitants of a white skin. The white man, in the imagination of the unsophisticated African, is a cannibal. The negro of the ordinary traveller or missionary—and perhaps of two-thirds of the Christian world—is a purely fictitious being, constructed out of the traditions of slave-traders and slave-holders, who have circulated all sorts of absurd stories, and also out of prejudice inherited from ancestors, who were taught to regard the negro as a legitimate object of traffic. And perhaps, as Bishop Heber has remarked, the "hair and features" of the negro, "far

* This visit is described in Reade's "African Sketch-Book," vol. ii. Mr. Reade correctly represents the impressions of Africans on first seeing a white man. Vol. i., pp. 328-29.

* Wilson's "Western Africa," chap. xi.

more than his color," are responsible for these erroneous conceptions. We entertain no resentment at such feelings on the part of Europeans; but as the object of missionary labor is undoubtedly success, we may venture to suggest that such views, cherished by missionaries, and allowed in a marked manner to influence their demeanor on mission ground, may possibly interfere with the wholesome results at which they aim.

But with regard to all the charges of superstition, etc., made against native Africans, and in consequence of which a hopeless "incapacity of amelioration" is sometimes attributed to the whole race, we may remark, that there is not a single mental or moral deficiency now existing among Africans — not a single practice now indulged in by them — to which we cannot find a parallel in the past history of Europe, and even after the people had been brought under the influence of a nominal Christianity. "Out of savages," says Professor Tyndall, "unable to count up to the number of their fingers, and speaking a language containing only nouns and verbs, arise at length our Newtons and Shakespeares."*

Take *Polygamy*. We are told by Dr. Maclear that —

Nowhere was the ancient Slavonic superstition more deeply rooted than in Prussia. Every native of the country was allowed to have three wives, who were regarded as slaves, and on the death of their husbands they were expected to ascend the funeral pile or otherwise put an end to their lives.†

And Mr. Lecky says: —

The practice of polygamy among the barbarian kings was for some centuries unchecked, or at least unsuppressed, by Christianity. The kings Caribert and Chilperic had both many wives at the same time. Dagobert had three wives, as well as a multitude of concubines. Charlemagne himself had at the same time two wives, and he indulged largely in concubines.‡

Take *Slavery*. Slavery and the trade in slaves was almost more difficult to root out than paganism, and the inhuman traffic was in full activity as late as the tenth century between England and Ireland — the port of Bristol being one of its principal centres.§ In the canons of a council in London in 1102, it is ordered that no

one from henceforth presume to carry on that wicked traffic by which men in England have hitherto been sold like brute animals.*

Take *Human Sacrifices*. Tacitus tells us that the old Teutons, generally sparing in offerings, presented on certain days human victims to Wodan. The old Swedes every nine years, on the great national festival, celebrated for nine days, offered nine male animals of every chief species, together with one man daily. The Danes, assembling every nine years in their capital, Lederun, sacrificed to their gods, ninety-nine horses, ninety-nine dogs, ninety-nine cocks, ninety-nine hawks, and ninety-nine men. The Prussians, previous to an engagement, offered through their high priest (Crime) an enemy to their gods, Pikollos and Potrimpos. The Goths thought victory impossible unless they had before offered a human sacrifice. The Saxons, after their war with Charlemagne, killed on the holy Harz Mountain all the Frankish prisoners in honor of their god Wodan.† And what shall we say of those human hecatombs offered during a period of three hundred years by Christians to the god of the slave-trade?

Hearest thou, O God, those chains
Clanking on freedom's plains
By Christians wrought?
Them who those chains have worn
Christians have hither borne,
Christians have bought.

We have referred to only a few of the instances we might cite, many of which show that human sacrifices have prevailed most among communities that had advanced in the path of civilization; and we have quoted these instances not merely as a sort of *tu quoque* argument, but because so many careless writers are fond of dilating upon the "malignant superstitions" and "sanguinary customs" of the Africans, as if these things, owing to some essential inferiority or inherent disposition to wanton cruelty in the negro, were peculiar to him, and as if, moreover, they could be at once abolished by a few homilies on the stupidity and cruelty of such customs.‡

Now as to the "sanguinary customs" of the king of Dahomey. Every candid mind who will take the trouble to read carefully the descriptions of intelligent

* Address at Belfast, 1874, p. 52.

† Apostles of Mediæval Europe, p. 259.

‡ Lecky's "History of European Morals," vol. ii., p. 363.

§ Maclear's "Mediæval Europe," p. 259.

* Influence of Christianity on Civilization. By Thomas Craddock. Longmans, 1856.

† Kalisch's "Commentary on Leviticus," Part I.

‡ See a letter addressed to Mr. Winwood Reade by Mr. A. Swanzy on the possibility of effecting important reforms in Dahomey by personal interviews with the king. Reade's "African Sketch-Book," vol. ii., p. 510.

travellers who have visited the Dahomeyan capital — Norris, Forbes, Wilmot, and even the cynical Burton — will find out that the accounts often circulated of the large numbers killed are gross exaggerations, and that the customs, far from being the result of a wanton desire to destroy human life, are “a practice founded on a pure religious basis, designed as a sincere manifestation of the king’s filial piety, sanctioned by long usage, upheld by a powerful priesthood, and believed to be closely bound up with the existence of Dahomey itself.” It is not in the power of the king to abrogate the custom. Its gradual extinction must be the result of the increasing intelligence of the people.

Commodore Wilmot had the opportunity of witnessing one of the “annual customs” at the capital of Dahomey, in reference to which the king said to him: —

You have seen that only a few are sacrificed, and not the thousands that wicked men have told the world. If I were to give up this custom at once, my head would be taken off to-morrow. These institutions cannot be stopped in the way you propose. By-and-by, little by little, much may be done; softly, softly, not by threats. You see how I am placed, and the difficulties in the way; by-and-by, by-and-by.

Dr. Draper says: —

In vain the Spaniards excuse their atrocities on the plea that a nation like the Mexican, which permitted cannibalism, should not be regarded as having emerged from the barbarous state, and that one which, like Peru, sacrificed human hecatombs at the funeral solemnities of great men, must have been savage. Let it be remembered that there is no civilized nation whose popular practices do not lag behind its intelligence. In America human sacrifice was part of a religious solemnity, unstained by passion.*

But not only are there exaggerated tales in circulation in foreign countries disparaging to the *pagan* natives of Africa, there are equally erroneous impressions abroad about the Mohammedans. There is something lamentable — we were going to say grotesque — in the ignorance of some who assume to be authorities and guides on African matters, of the condition of things even a little distance from the coast. The editor of the *Church Missionary Intelligencer*, in what purports to be an examination of Mr. Bosworth Smith’s statements on the subject, informs his readers that “in the waiting-room of the Euston Square Station all the Mohammedan negroes in

Africa who have read the Koran, even once, might be most comfortably accommodated.” “The priests themselves cannot distinguish between *mumpsimus* and *sumpsimus* when they jabber the Koran, and do not attempt to understand other Arabic books.”* We read and explained this passage to a young Mohammedan from the interior; his only reply to it was an outburst of uproarious laughter, and he could not, for a long time, suppress his merriment at what seemed to him an extraordinary lack of information on the part of one of the “people of the book” as to the condition of things in Africa. Not by such weapons is Africa to be penetrated. The work requires earnestness and accuracy of information. The day is past for such summary disposition of important and perplexing questions. All efforts which ignore the importance of accurate information of the people and the country must utterly fail, as being behind the times.

Sic fatus senior, telumque imbelle sine ictu
Conjecit: rauco quod protenus aere repulsum,
Et summo clypei nequidquam umbone pepen-
dit.†

Only a few hours’ travel from Sierra Leone — if he would venture to visit the coast — would take the writer of the paragraph quoted above to a Mohammedan town where he would be able to count hundreds of Arabic volumes read and understood by their owners, and where he would find little boys who have read the Koran through.

In January 1873 the present writer visited, in company with Governor Pope Hennessy of Sierra Leone, the Mohammedan literary institution at Billeh on the Great Scarcies River, about sixty miles N.E. of Freetown; and in an interview with Fode Tarawally, the venerable head of the institution, we had an opportunity of examining his library. By order of the governor, the Arabic writer to the government took down the names of the principal works. In the list submitted were the titles of eighty-nine volumes, among which we noticed the following: “Commentary of Jelaladdin on the Koran,” “Commentary of Beidhawi,” “Traditions of Bukhari,” “Law Book,” by Khalil Ishak (2 vols.), “Rizalat of Imam Malik,” “Medical Treatise,” “Metrical Guide,” “Grammar,” “Rhetoric,” “Prosody,” “Makamat of Hariri,” “Ancient History,” etc., written

* “History of the Intellectual Development of Europe,” chap. xix.

* *Church Missionary Intelligencer*, August 1874, p. 247.

† Virgil’s “Æneid,” Book II., 543-545.

by Arabs. There were also volumes of prayers, poetry, rhetoric, history, composed by Mandingo and Foulah authors. The library of this distinguished sheikh, who is considered the most learned Mohammedan in this portion of west Africa, embraced well-nigh all the branches of human knowledge and research—theology, medicine, history, astronomy, grammar, etc. He entered into an interesting discussion on the respective merits of the different commentaries on the Koran, and seemed to give the preference to Beidhawi. Among his co-religionists, complete confidence is placed in the exactness of his traditional information, and on all doubtful questions his opinion is final. One of his sons composed, *calamo currente*, an acrostic poem in Arabic on the name of Governor Hennessy.*

At a town not far from Billeh, a Foulah boy, not more than fourteen years old, was introduced to us as a hafiz—one who knows the Koran by heart. We tried him on several long chapters, and he recited them *verbatim, literatim, et punctuatim*, without the slightest hesitation. But he was only one of a number of such youths, whom we met in subsequent travels in the interior, who could recite not only the Koran, but many of the standard Arabic poems. Are there many youths in Christian lands who could recite even one book of the Bible from memory?

Every traveller who enters the Mohammedan regions of west and central Africa with sufficient basis of information to understand what he sees and hears is forced to admit that the man makes a great mistake who approaches the negro Muslims with the idea that they are "benighted Africans."

Mohammedanism in Africa, instead of being treated in the off-hand and contemptuous manner adopted by some, who seem to have gathered all their knowledge of the religion from the "Arabian Nights," ought to be approached with earnestness and respect; for there is much in it which Christians may profitably study, and from which they might glean important lessons. Mr. Bosworth Smith remarks in his lectures on Mohammed and Mohammedanism that "Christians have something at least to learn from Mohammedans which will make them not less but more Christian than they were before," † and no one

who has seriously studied the subject will deny the truth of the remark. In the pending controversy, for example, about religious and secular education, Christians might profit by the example of Mohammedan communities where the one involves and is inseparable from the other. Their education is religious and their religion educational. The example set by them in the constant and unremitting study of their sacred book, the Koran, is not unworthy of imitation. Sir Wilfrid Lawson again, in his laudable efforts in behalf of temperance, might appeal to the effective Mohammedan legislation on the subject, and gather encouragement from the practical exemplification in all Mohammedan countries of the ultimate result of his theories. The advocates of a "beneficent Erastianism" might study Islam with profit. The Mohammedans have certainly attained, though on a lower ground, a degree of religious unity not yet witnessed in the Christian Church. At all events those who are engaged in missionary work in Mohammedan countries would not lose anything by heeding the thoughtful and common-sense advice of Barthélemy Siant-Hilaire:—

Il y a aujourd'hui dans trois parties du monde plus de cent millions de musulmans, et voilà douze cents ans passés que leur religion règne sur une bonne partie de l'Asie, de l'Afrique et même de l'Europe. A moins de traiter avec une légèreté aveugle cette portion considérable de l'humanité, qui a cependant à peu près les mêmes idées que nous sur Dieu et sa providence, il faut bien prendre au sérieux un fait aussi vaste et aussi durable. Le Mahométisme n'est pas près de disparaître; et pour faciliter les rapports qu'on a nécessairement avec lui, il faut tâcher de le comprendre dans tout ce qu'il a de vrai et de bon, et de ne pas l'exclure, malgré ses défauts trop réels, de cette bienveillance universelle que recommande la charité Chrétienne.*

Growing out of the general misunderstanding of the people, the first and constant effort of the missionaries is to Europeanize them, without reference to their race peculiarities or the climatic conditions of the country, and this course has been attended with many serious drawbacks, preventing any healthy or permanent result. The missionary, often young and inexperienced, and having no model before him but that which he has left at home, endeavors to bring things in his new field as nearly as possible into conformity to that. Everything is new and strange to him, and

* See a paper read by Governor Hennessy before the Society of Arts, April 29, 1873, and Reade's "African Sketch-Book," vol. i., p. 312, foot-note.

† Mohammed and Mohammedanism, preface to first edition, p. xi.

* Mahomet et le Coran, p. 213.

nearly everything he regards with contempt for being so un-European; and with the earnest vigor and sanguine temper which belong to youth he preaches a crusade against the harmless customs and prejudices of the people—superseding many customs and habits necessary and useful in the climate and for the people by practices which, however useful they may be in Europe, become, when introduced indiscriminately into Africa, artificial, ineffective, and absurd. The “thin varnish of European civilization,” which the native thus receives, is mistaken for a genuine mental metamorphosis, when as a rule, owing to the imprudent hurry by which the convert’s reformation has been brought about, his Christianity, instead of being pure is superstitious, instead of being genuine is only nominal, instead of being deep is utterly superficial, and not having fairly taken root it cannot flourish and become reproductive. And here we cannot do better than quote from the utterances of a native clergyman of ability who, educated on the coast under missionary teaching, has felt the drawbacks of the system. He says:—

In the work of elevating Africans, foreign teachers have always proceeded with their work on the assumption that the negro or the African is in every one of his normal susceptibilities an inferior race, and that it is needful in everything to give him a foreign model to copy; no account has been made of our peculiarities—our languages, enriched with the traditions of centuries; our parables, many of them the quintessence of family and national histories; our modes of thought, influenced more or less by local circumstances; our poetry and manufactures, which, though rude, had their own tales to tell; our social habits and even the necessities of our climate. It has been forgotten that European ideas, tastes, languages, and social habits, like those of other nations, have been influenced more or less by geographical positions and climatic peculiarities; that what is esteemed by one country polite, may be justly esteemed by another rude and barbarous; and that God does not intend to have the races confounded, but that the negro or African should be raised upon his own idiosyncrasies. The result has been that we as a people think more of everything that is foreign, and less of that which is purely native, have lost our self-respect and our love for our own race, are become a sort of nondescript people, and are in many things inferior to our brethren in the interior countries. There is evidently a fetter upon our minds even when the body is free; mental weakness, even where there is physical strength, and barrenness even where there appears fertility.*

* From a letter addressed to Rev. James Johnson, LIVING AGE. VOL. XVI. 808

Such is the able and pathetic protest of a highly intelligent native well known as a hard worker for the improvement of his people in the right direction. And as the natives advance in intelligence and culture they will see things more and more as Mr. Johnson sees them; their views on social questions will diverge in important particulars from those of their European teachers. We regret to notice that there has been an outcry, among some who should rejoice, against those marking features and really moral and beneficial results of the contact of the native mind with European culture. The objectors to such deprecatory utterances from intelligent natives seem blind to the embarrassing social problems which must spring up among a distinct race from the new conditions. But it ought to be evident to them that there is no solution to be found in sneering at the aspirations and yearnings of the people and in scorning their “instincts.” If there is danger for the future of west Africa it does not arise from the new aspect which things are assuming, and will more and more assume, among the enlightened natives, but from the insufficiency of the agency employed to cope with the new conditions and to direct and organize the forces evolved.

The attempt to Europeanize the negro in Africa will always be a resultless task. This is the feeling of the most advanced minds of the race. If it were possible—which, happily, it is not—to civilize and Christianize the whole of Africa according to the notions of some Europeans, neither would the people themselves nor the outside world be any great gainers by it; for the African would then fail of the ability to perform his specific part in the world’s work as a distinct portion of the human race. The warnings of history on this subject are numerous:—

Neither Greek science nor Roman culture (says the Rev. Stopford Brooke) had power to spread beyond itself. . . . The fact was that Rome did not try to civilize in the right way. Instead of drawing forth the native energies of these nations, while it left them free to develop their own national peculiarities in their own way, it imposed upon them from without the Roman education. It tried to turn them into Romans. Where this effort was unsuccessful, the men remained barbarous; where it was successful, the nation lost its distinctive elements in the Roman elements, at least till after some centuries the overwhelming influence of Rome had perished. Mean-

native pastor of Sierra Leone (now of Lagos), to Governor Pope Hennessy, dated December 24, 1872, and published in the *Negro* newspaper, January 1, 1873.

time they were not Britons nor Gauls, but spurious Romans. The natural growth of the people was arrested. Men living out of their native element became stunted and spiritless.*

The same mistake is being committed in Africa, and, probably, from the same leading cause assigned by Mr. Brooke for the mistake of the Romans, viz.: "The Romans considered the barbarous western nations incapable of culture."

There is a solidarity of humanity which requires the complete development of each part in order to the effective working of the whole. To make the African a parasite upon the European would be no gain to mankind. The problem, it appears to us, which the imagination, the wisdom, and the Christian charity of the missionary world has to solve is how to elevate the African, or enable him to elevate himself, according to the true Christian standard, upon the basis, as Mr. Johnson suggests, of "his own idiosyncrasies." Any progress made otherwise must be unreal, unsatisfactory, precarious, and unpermanent.

If the African is a part of humanity there need be no fear — if his progress be normal — that he will not eventually come into thorough harmony with the laws of humanity, rejecting whatever may be the result of any distortions or eccentricities in his individuality. We are unwilling for one moment to admit the idea that Africans cannot acquire those trusts and convictions and that moral and spiritual development essential to human peace and guidance in this world, and to life everlasting in the world to come, without being cast in the European mould. We believe that Africans can attain to a knowledge of science, receive intellectual culture, acquire skill to develop the resources of their country, and be made "wise unto salvation," without becoming Europeans; for "God is no respecter of persons; but in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him."

Some of the best European thinkers deprecate any effort to cause the African to part with his special characteristics. A distinguished American writer says: —

When the epoch of the civilization of the negro family arrives, in the lapse of ages, they will display in their native land some very peculiar and interesting traits of character, of which we, a distinct branch of the human family, can at present form no conception. It will be — indeed it must be — a civilization of

a peculiar stamp: perhaps, we venture to conjecture, not so much distinguished by art as a certain beautiful nature, not so marked or adorned by science as exalted and refined by a new and lovely theology — a reflection of the light of heaven more perfect and endearing than that which the intellects of the Caucasian race have ever exhibited. There is more of the child, of unsophisticated nature, in the negro race than in the European.*

With this corresponds the view of Governor Pope Hennessy as stated in his reply to Mr. Johnson's letter quoted above. He says: —

Fortunately, the injurious influences to which you refer have left almost untouched and uninjured the great mass of your race. It is only along the coast that the degenerating effect is seen. Dr. Livingstone bears testimony to the high intelligence and honorable character of your countrymen, as he has met them in the heart of southern Negroland. Dr. Barth and others have done this for central Nigritia. The many chiefs and messengers who have come to me from the northern valleys of the Niger have been in themselves witnesses of the same fact. In these times, when sceptical and irreverent enquiries have become the fashion in what are called the leading nations of Europe, it is satisfactory to know that your race is distinguished by a childlike capacity for faith. By keeping your race pure, you will preserve that all-important characteristic. As a student of history and a clergyman, you cannot have failed to see that mixed races are in this respect inferior to your own.†

Another drawback — and the last we shall notice at present — to the success of missions on the coast is the pernicious example of European traders and other non-missionary residents. From the time of the discovery of the negro country by the Portuguese to the present, Europe has sent to the coast as traders some of its vilest characters.

They [Europeans] spread themselves [says a leading article in the *Times* of December 21, 1872] over the world, following everywhere the bent of their own nature, doing their own will, following their own gain, too generally being and doing nothing that a heathen will recognize as better than himself. These preach something, and have their own mischievous mission. They preach irreligion and the views that go with it. Their gospel does its work and reaps its fruit.

No stone should be left unturned [says the *Standard*, August 27, 1874] to convince both Mussulman and Brahmin, Caffre and New

* Alexander Kinmont, quoted by Dr. W. E. Channing in his *Works*, vol. vi.

† Published in the *Negro* newspaper for January 1, 1873.

Zealander, Fantee and Ashantee, that Christianity is the religion of the best men whom Europe boasts of, and that the leaders of science and philosophy, of government and society, profess the same faith as is preached to them by the humble missionary.

The settlements along the coast where it has been thought fit to establish and keep up missionary operations are commercial seaports, with all the disadvantages attaching to such localities. The population consists of a heterogeneous crowd—government officials, transient mercantile agents, traders from the interior, and permanent native merchants, all intent upon worldly gains. Mohammedans or pagans coming from the interior, and forming the larger part of the floating population, do not get the most favorable view of Christianity. But such a view as they get they carry back to their country. The intelligent interior natives—with hardly an exception—with whom we have conversed in travels between Sierra Leone and the head waters of the Niger, look upon the religion and books of the white man as not intended to teach men the way to heaven, but how to become rich and great in this world.

It is unfortunate for the English and other European languages that in this part of Africa they have come to the greater portion of the natives associated with profligacy, plunder, and cruelty, and devoid of any connection with spiritual things; while the Arabic is regarded by them as the language of prayer and devotion, of religion and piety, of all that is unworldly and spiritual.

The Church Missionary Society has wisely devoted a great deal of time and money in reducing to writing some of the leading languages of west and central Africa. The indigenous tongues will be far more effective instruments of conveying to the native mind the truths of the gospel than any European language. The Rev. James Johnson—himself an adept in his native tongue, the Aku—in a speech delivered at a recent meeting of the Lagos branch of the British and Foreign Bible Society, made the sagacious remark that “as the African Church failed once in north Africa in days gone by, so it will fail again unless we read the Bible in our own native tongue.”*

We need not mention that one of the most pernicious elements in the demoralization of the coast tribes is ardent spirits. It is a very fortunate circumstance for

Africa that the Mohammedans of the interior present so formidable and impenetrable a barrier to the desolating flood which, but for them, would sweep across the continent. The abstemiousness of Islam is one of its good qualities which we should like Africans to retain whatever may be the future fortunes of that faith on this continent. The negro race in their debilitating climate do not possess the hardihood of the North American Indian or of the New Zealander; and, under the influence of that apparently inseparable concomitant of European civilization, they would, in a much shorter time than it has taken those nations, reach the deplorable distinction of being “civilized off the face of the earth.” And Mr. Galton, by a much easier process than he proposed, would have an opportunity of introducing his “hardy and prolific Chinese” *protégés* to take the place of the “lazy, palavering savages,” who, according to that accomplished traveller, now “cumber the ground” of a whole continent.*

And we cannot help thinking that it would be a step in advance in the intercourse of European governments with the pagan tribes along the coast if their agents were discouraged in the injudicious practice of giving ardent spirits as presents to the chiefs—a practice inaugurated by Europeans in the days of the slave-trade. The intelligent correspondent of the *Daily News* refers to the practice, as he saw it at Cape Coast in 1873, as follows:—

At the end of the speech [Sir Garnet Wolseley's], it was announced by the interpreter that the “usual present” would be made to the kings. This present consisted of a certain quantity of gin, which, according to immemorial usage, appears on these occasions to have been issued to the chiefs. It would clearly not have been possible to have broken through the rule at that moment; but as meeting after meeting subsequently took place at which the chiefs begged for more gin, one began to doubt the advantages of the system.†

Commodore Wilmot states in an official despatch that during his visit to Dahomey he distributed rum to the people in the way of “dash.”‡

We may remark, in conclusion, that in view of the great work to be done in Africa and the innumerable hindrances, it will be seen that a profound conviction of the exclusive truth of the gospel and

* The *Times*, June 5, 1873.

† “Ashantee War,” by the *Daily News* special correspondent, p. 52.

‡ British and Foreign State Papers, 1863-1864, p. 325.

* Reported in the *African Times*, January 1, 1876.

an earnest zeal for the conversion of souls — though necessary and indispensable — are not the only qualifications needed by the missionary. The Christian missionaries in Africa should not only be well trained, highly educated, and large-minded men, but they should be men of imagination, logical power, and philosophic spirit, understanding how to set most effectively to work in clearing away what is really evil, in order to lay a durable foundation and erect a permanent superstructure of good. They should be men who understand that it is useless to pour new wine into old bottles, and who will be content to prepare the soil by the painful and judicious husbandry of years, if not of generations.

The following weighty words of Dean Stanley are suggestive and reassuring for the future of missionary work: —

Above all, it is now beginning to be felt that education is in itself a powerful, almost indispensable engine for the introduction of the gospel. From time to time the truth has been recognized that Christianity depends for its due effect on the condition of those who receive it. It was recognized by Gregory the Great when he warned the hasty missionary who first planted it amongst our Saxon forefathers, that we must move by steps, not leaps. It was recognized by Innocent III. when he warned the first evangelizers of Prussia that they must put new wine into old bottles. It was recognized by the Moravians in their simple phrase that they must teach their converts to count the number *three* before they taught them the doctrine of the Trinity.*

EDWARD W. BLYDEN.

§ Sermon on the "Prospect of Christian Missions."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

NENUPHAR: A FANCY.

JUNE.

I AM going to try to call up before you what I consider to be one of the loveliest pictures in that great picture-book that we call the world, and which is always lying open for the eyes of every admiring child of nature to look upon.

A grey, cool summer dawn, lighting up with the hazy, mysterious light peculiar to the dawn the dark shadows that have slept all night among the branches of the trees; dewdrops lying on every leaf, waiting for the sun's touch to convert them into sparkling diamonds; nothing to be heard around but the faint chirp of newly-awakened birds,—over everything else the

soft hush that seems to prevail in the very early morning, as though the whole world were waiting and listening so as to wake up to life and motion at the very first token of the arrival of the day-god.

At the foot of the trees which grow thickly around it, and tower darkly above it, is a large lake — Wykeham Mere. The marsh-marigolds and forget-me-nots on its banks, as also the alders and tall trees above, are reflected in its waters, and all over its broad surface lie the white blossoms of the water-lilies with tight-folded petals, sleeping away the hours of night.

Suddenly over the landscape, springing from one knows not where, comes a little shivering breeze that rustles the tall tree-tops, and even disturbs somewhat the placid waters of the mere, causing the water-lilies to move restlessly to and fro on the baby ripples, and the rushes, that on the one side grow by the water's edge, to shiver and murmur amongst themselves,—a little breeze that is the precursor of morning.

It has scarcely time to give its message, and pass on with it to other lands, ere the clouds on the horizon have cleared away, and through the branches come flickering rays of light that wake the birds to a chorus of praise, and cause the water-lilies to unfold their leaves in anticipation; then a few more minutes of waiting, and the dim grey haze has disappeared: no more dreams of night — no more uncertain fancies of dawn; those are alike over and done with, for the day has come — the working-day of stern facts and realities.

Some hours later on, the path that led through the park from Wykeham Hall to Wykeham Mere was trodden by John Clermont, lord of the manor.

He walked slowly, and leant heavily on his stick, but more through weariness of spirit than infirmity of body; for a tired heart makes tired feet, and Mr. Clermont's heart was indeed sad. Only a year ago he had, after seeking for it over fifty years, found and won for his own the most precious jewel in the world — at least it had seemed so to him; and now he was thinking of how once more he was left quite alone, only all the sadder and drearier for the remembrance of the brief glimpse of sunshine he had had, and of how at home, in the wide nurseries where he had once, not so long ago, hoped to see a proud young mother, holding her child in her arms, there was no one but the week-old motherless babe. So thinking, and pondering over the rights and wrongs of a question, the solving of which is so far

above a weak human mind, he came down to the water's edge, and stood watching the white moony cups floating on its calm surface; but even in their still loveliness his angry, embittered soul could see no beauty. "Senseless things," his thoughts ran on, "you were just as unmoved, and looked at me just as calmly, a year ago when I gazed upon you in my joy, as you do to-day in my sorrow! Cold and white and beautiful, you have not one feeling in common with us! You stand apart in a world of your own, the embodiment of selfishness!

"There are some flowers," so his fancies rambled on, "one could imagine gifted with a soul, so near and dear do they become to us. Mignonette, or heather even, a scentless blossom, but still there is something that it has about it that is different to—a peony, for instance. But you are of the peony type, I am afraid," he dreamed on, "despite your beauty:" but here the thread of his thoughts was broken, and a sharp cry of utter astonishment broke from his lips, and entirely disturbed his fancies, which had begun to run rather wild, as they were sometimes wont to do; for among the reeds by the water's edge, he had caught a glimpse of what appeared, at first sight, to be a water-lily gifted with motion, but which, on a closer examination, proved to be a baby.

It was laid in the rushes as in a cradle, safely out of the reach of the water, although the hem of its long robe was damp by reason of its having come in contact with the wet leaves around.

The child was fast asleep, but at John Clermont's touch it opened its large blue eyes and gazed up at him. With many a cry of astonishment and surprise, he lifted it up in his arms out of its unsafe bed, where certainly in its white dress, and with its little close-fitting cap tied under its chin, it did present rather an unearthly appearance.

"I will take thee home, little one," said John, his own grief and bitterness of soul for the minute forgotten, in contemplation of the helpless infant in his arms: "for the present, at least, thou shalt remain with us; and if in the future no one comes to claim thee, why, thou canst still stay on, and be a companion for little, lonely Heather."

There was much excitement in the nursery at Wykeham at the appearance and romantic history of this new water-baby, and much discussion as to its parentage; for although Mr. Clermont inquired everywhere, and the nurses made no secret

as to how and where it had been found, no one ever came forward to put in a claim for it.

It was a lady's child, Nurse Bell, who had been engaged to look after it, declared, because of the delicate laces and embroideries wherewith its things were trimmed; which supposition Nurse Betty, Miss Clermont's attendant, of course thought it her duty to contradict. And as the days went on, and still no anxious father or mother raised an inquiry for the babe, it really seemed at times to Mr. Clermont, whilst gazing on the sleeping infant's placid countenance, that it was not altogether impossible for it to have sprung from the same root as its namesakes floating on the waters of the lake; for, as a sort of link with the past, and as a remembrance of how the foundling had come among them, he had given to the child the name of Nenuphar.

Little Heather screamed and cried when, on the christening day, the sacred drops fell upon her forehead, but Nenuphar only opened her wide, blue eyes, and smiled a sweet, baby smile, as if she liked to feel the water; and Mr. Clermont watching her in the distance, smiled too, for it seemed to him a realization of his quaint conceits and fancies that day he had found her down by the water's side: and from that day forth he took more interest in her than ever, for it diverted his mind from his own sorrow, and he looked forward with something almost approaching excitement to the time when she should be grown up, so that he might see what kind of a woman she would develop into.

And thus it was that Nenuphar gained a name and a home.

A stray sunbeam flickering through the branches of some forest oak may touch and warm some dark spot that the sun's rays rarely if ever reach,—a stray rain-drop caught on its downward course by a green leaf, may fall from thence on to some corner of the earth hitherto barren and unprofitable, and by its cool, reviving touch give life to a seed there concealed, which, springing up as the years pass on, may grow to be a stately tree giving shelter and protection to those who need it; but then, again, the seed having developed, it may prove to be the poisonous nightshade breathing death on those around; but surely for this neither the sunbeam nor the dewdrop can be blamed. They did the good deed—they gave the life for good or for evil; and if the seed be poisonous, the fault does not lie with them.

Which all is a preface to saying that John Clermont watching Nenuphar grow up, sometimes wondered whether all the world, or at least the world that came under her influence, would not have been happier and better if the waters of Wykeham Mere had closed over her head when she lay a sleeping babe upon its bosom.

She was growing up to girlhood fast now; but in all the years that had come and gone, no one had ever arisen to lay claim to her, no one had appeared who either in love or in law wished to take her away from the home that had been given to her; and Mr. Clermont wondered often, as he watched her lazy, languid movements, who and what her mother had been; a lady he generally decided, as Nurse Bell had done before him,—or else, he would add, smiling to himself, a water-lily! As long as the children were in the nursery Nenuphar remained the favorite; for what nurse can withstand a child who rarely if ever cries—a child who will lie in its bed and gaze calmly and contentedly at the ceiling for as long as the maid requires for conversing with the young man from the baker's? A child of that description is well worth its weight in gold. So what wonder that Nenuphar was often held up as a model to naughty, passionate little Heather, who could not bear to be kept waiting a minute for anything, and would scream and cry, and stamp her tiny feet, if not attended to on the moment?

Then her father would come up, attracted from his study by the shrieks of his motherless lassie, and Betty would be reproved, and the child coaxed back into goodness. And Mr. Clermont would go away, thinking he had done all that was required of him, and wondering if the children were so troublesome now, what they would be when they grew older.

"After all it is only Heather," he would think as he shut the study-door again; "no one could wish for a better child than Nenuphar. It will be an interesting study to watch as they grow up and their characters develop, the effect they will have the one upon the other. It will give quite an interest to my life, that has become of late so sadly devoid of interest." So he thought, almost forgetting that human souls have to be guided into right paths, trained and pruned by a gardener's hand, not left to run wild for the sake of astonishing that gardener by the flowers and fruits they will produce when left alone.

As the children grew older, Nenuphar still continued the favorite with every one,

as she had been when a baby with her nurse. And yet she did not do very much to earn that position, and was perhaps not so really worthy of it as naughty, wilful, little Heather, who was all tears and despair one moment, and was lifted up into the most wild joy the next.

But Heather was troublesome; always more or less in mischief, and did not care for learning—and beyond a sweet voice, was possessed of no accomplishments likely to do credit to her instructors; so it was not altogether wonderful that her good qualities were rather inclined to be overlooked. Whereas with Nenuphar it was different: not that she was clever—and her accomplishments fell short even of Heather's, for she could not sing; but then she had learned one great art of popularity—she agreed so quietly with everything proposed; afterwards, perhaps, she as quietly slipped out of it—for she was essentially lazy, and disliked work quite as much as Heather did, though for different reasons. But she certainly managed better.

No one ever heard her voice raised in dispute, or saw her smooth forehead disfigured with frowns; she had learned while yet very young that it was so much easier, so much less trouble, to say "yes" than to say "no."

"No" involved explanations and arguments, and noise and confusion,—all the things, in fact, she most disliked; whereas "yes" stopped people talking for the time being; and afterwards—well, afterwards the best thing was to wait and see what would happen.

Wait; yes, that was always the great thing with her. She was never in a hurry about anything; any other hour was just as good as the present: hence her popularity with those about her; for the impatience of a child is often trying to the wider understanding and deeper knowledge of those about it.

"I believe," said Heather as she stood watching from the window one day a steady downpour that had set in just as the two girls were dressed and ready for a long-promised expedition—"I believe, Nenuphar, we shall not be able to go, after all. Oh, what shall we do?"

"Wait," replied Nenuphar, calmly, looking up from the arm-chair in which she was awaiting the result of the storm. "It does not really matter; for if it rains very hard to-day, it is almost sure to be fine to-morrow."

Very philosophical, of course, but scarcely natural in a girl of thirteen; and

Heather, who had her feelings less under control, turned away with tearful eyes to the nursery, there to be told not to be so silly, but to look at Miss Nenuphar, and see how much more sensible she was.

As the years passed by, and girlhood gave place to early womanhood, the intense stillness — I know not what else to call it — of Nenuphar's character became less noticeable than when she was a child. She and Heather were always great friends, as indeed was only natural; for they were sisters in all but name, being bound together by the ties of one mutual home and one father's care — for John Clermont made no difference whatever in his treatment of the two girls.

Mr. Clermont was very fond of society, and he very often had friends staying in the house — men friends, that is to say. As to ladies, he had reverted to his old feelings towards the sex, — feelings that had held good up to the time of his marriage, which event had not occurred until he was nearly fifty, before which time he had never been known to speak willingly to a woman, and to that most unchivalric state he had returned after his wife's death; so, having procured an elderly lady to act as chaperon to the girls, he felt he had quite done his duty as far as womankind was concerned, and might now go his own way and amuse himself.

But there were always plenty of men, and with them, as with every one else, Nenuphar was the favorite, and Heather merely a very ordinary girl, not remarkable in any way — rather bad-tempered too — but still forming an admirable contrast to the wonderful beauty of Nenuphar. All the admiration, all the love, fell to her share, and it was the more curious, as it seemed impossible for her to return any one's tenderness. She smiled graciously on all alike, and was always willing to receive any amount of admiration, but that was all; yet, strange to say, it seemed utterly impossible for any man to care for, or even think of, any other woman while she was present, though wherein lay her exact fascination it would have been difficult to say, beyond mere beauty. Perhaps it was the sense of rest and quiet that was always about her, setting her apart, as it were, from every one else in a world of her own, a world from which all toil and care had been carefully excluded.

Although in that way the girls saw a good many strangers, they had rarely, if ever, gone beyond the precincts of their own home. The world outside the grounds of Wykeham Manor had always

been denied them, Mr. Clermont being of opinion that girls could not go too little abroad; therefore it was not altogether strange that they had entered into their nineteenth year before they saw Sebastian Long.

Sebastian Long was the greatest landowner in the neighborhood, and "eccentric" was the mildest word used when speaking of him; indeed there were found some to hint cautiously and with bated breath of madness, although the only symptom evinced was that he had shut up the great house that his forefathers had bequeathed to him, and had spent a roving life in foreign lands, in preference to staying quietly and decorously at home.

But there was, as there generally is, another side to the question. The said house was large, and somewhat gloomy and lonely for a man who had neither wife nor mother to keep him company in it; so it was not perhaps altogether so wonderful his preferring to spend his time amongst his mother's Spanish relations, who made for him the nearest approach to a home he had ever known.

And now as to how and where he and his neighbors first met. It was the evening of a lovely summer's day, just such a one as that early dawn on which Nenuphar first made her appearance might have grown into later on, when the mists and the dew had alike passed away, giving place to something brighter and more glorious. But, as on that other occasion, the work of the day was not begun, so on this it was over and done with, and the two girls were out on the terrace that surrounded the house, Nenuphar lazily reclining on the marble steps reading, and Heather some few yards distant from her feeding the peacocks. It was a brilliant picture enough, for the sun was near setting, and its declining rays dyed scarlet everything they touched. They tinged even Nenuphar's white cheeks with some of their own warmth and color, and caused the soft yellow curls that lay upon her forehead to brighten, until they shone like molten gold.

It was just what she wanted to give perfection to her beauty, which was otherwise too cold and colorless, though there were not often people to be found who thought so.

"How full the world is of sunshine!" exclaimed Heather, as she watched the evening glow intensifying the colors of the gorgeous birds before her, and the rich tints spreading over the landscape. "How full the world is of sunshine!"

Nenuphar did not reply to her companion's rhapsodies, being too much interested in her book; besides, she was not much given to rhapsodize over anything.

After Heather's remark the silence remained unbroken, until suddenly on to the path was thrown a long black shadow, which lay still and motionless between the two girls — the shadow of Sebastian Long.

Heather was thinking too much of her peacocks and Nenuphar of her book to give it a thought, and his footsteps had been so silent over the smooth turf that led up to the gravelled walk, that they had never heard his approach; but presently he moved a little, upon which the shadow wavered for a second, and then fell right across Nenuphar, enveloping her in entire darkness.

At this sudden eclipse Nenuphar raised her head, and saw, standing before her, a man with soft southern eyes, and dark foreign-looking moustache, and small pointed beard.

"Heather," she said; and at her voice the stranger turned towards the girl addressed, and raising his hat, said, "I beg your pardon for taking you by surprise in this way, but I have come to see your father, and I took the short cut through the gardens instinctively; it is so long since I have been at home that I quite forgot it might be a liberty."

"Then you are Mr. Long," exclaimed Heather, impulsively, holding out her hand; "how glad I am to see you! Oh, I hope you have come home for good!"

"Yes, I have come home," he replied; "but for good or for evil, who can say?" he added in a lower tone, as if to himself.

"Let me show you the way to my father's study," said Heather; "but first I must introduce you to my adopted sister — Nenuphar — Mr. Long."

Nenuphar bowed, and then the other two turned away towards the house, chattering merrily as they went.

When, a couple of hours afterwards, greetings and explanations and welcomes over, Sebastian once more emerged from the house, he was a little startled to find Nenuphar still seated on the marble steps. She was no longer reading, although even that might have been possible, so brilliant was the starlight, and the moon, which had just risen, was shedding such a soft, quiet light over the scene he had last seen illuminated with the glow of sunset. She was sitting on one of the lower steps, her head resting against the urn filled with geraniums that stood behind her, and gazing up into the bright heavens above

with such intense earnestness that she might have been trying to read her fate therein.

"Are you not cold out here?" asked Mr. Long, for want of something better to say, when he reached her side, as she still did not move.

"Cold? — no," she replied, sitting up and turning towards him. "Why, it would be a shame to go in on such a lovely night. Oh, if only this sort of weather would but last all the year round!"

"There, Miss —" and he paused.

"Nenuphar," she said, quietly.

"Miss Nenuphar," he repeated, "I do not agree with you. Summer is all very well in its way, but it is nothing without winter to back it up. It is pleasant, of course, but enervating, and that is the reason why, with all its faults, I prefer this country to the ones I have been living in lately."

"But think of the snow and the cold and the storms that we know are coming, and then, looking up at that sky above us, and feeling the warm, sweet air that blows around us, can you not find it in your heart to agree with me when I say that I would sacrifice one-half of my life if the other half could all be spent in some sheltered sunshiny spot, far away from this existence of mingled heat and cold? Ah," and she gave a little faint shiver, "the very thought of winter makes me miserable!"

"I am afraid we should never agree on that subject, for I love a storm. I think it is a grand though fearful sight to see tall trees that have had a firm foundation in the earth for ages, fall before that giant power which is not even visible. Yes," he went on, warming with his subject, and for the moment almost forgetting his white, lovely listener, "I love to stand and watch such a storm: to hear the wind screaming through the branches, and to see the wild waves rising up madly in their wrath, and yet to feel that I, a weak man, can stand firm amongst the ruin around. It is at such times one realizes most that all about us there is a Power greater than ourselves, greater than the storm; then it is one understands most clearly what it is to be held in the hollow of his hand."

"I cannot understand you," Nenuphar made answer; "it is so incomprehensible to me how any one can like noise and confusion."

"Is it?" he replied, still somewhat excitedly. "Cannot you understand the pleasure of fighting against *anything*, even

though it is only a storm of wind? Why, the very struggle itself gives fresh life!"

But the girl only shook her head incredulously.

"It is different, I suppose, with you," she said; "you are a man, and I — am only Nenuphar!"

He made no answer to her strange words, but suddenly remembering he was on his way home, said "Good night," and left her.

She did not reply to his parting salutation — did not even seem to notice his departure. When he had gone some few steps, he turned back for one farewell glance. She was still seated as he had left her, looking upwards, and in the weird, chill moonlight she looked very white and ghostly. And was it fancy, he wondered, but as he looked it seemed to him that the border of her white dress waved softly to and fro; yet there certainly was no breeze to stir it.

With a smile at his fancies, he continued his walk towards his own lonely home. When he had arrived there, and was seated in the empty hall, he indulged in a waking dream — an amusement he was rather given to; but when he shut his eyes, so as to give greater scope to his imagination, the vision he conjured up was not that of a woman with soft golden hair and wide blue eyes, which seemed always looking beyond the things around them, but that of a slim, graceful maiden, with rough brown locks and honest sweet eyes; and the last words he seemed to hear before he really passed through the ivory gates, were the echo of those which had reached his ears not so very long ago, — "I am so glad you have come back; I do hope that now you are going to stay," while a small hand was placed in his.

Some time after Mr. Long's departure, Heather was awakened by a sound in her room, and on looking up she discovered Nenuphar seated by the open window, bathed from head to foot in a broad sheet of moonlight. She looked very white and lovely as she sat thus gazing out — the moon's beams just turning her golden hair and white dress to silver; but, nevertheless, there was something in her calm, motionless attitude which sent a little shiver, almost of terror, to Heather's heart. But then it is enough to terrify any one to be awakened suddenly out of a first sleep.

"Nenuphar, what are you doing?" she questioned, after a second spent in watching her.

"Doing!" repeated Nenuphar; "I am doing nothing — only wondering how you can spend such a glorious night in bed. I came in here because the moon does not shine into my room, and you know how fond I am of moonlight. I think I was very nearly asleep when you spoke."

"Have you been there long?"

"No, not very long. I stayed out of doors until I feared that I should have been shut out altogether; then I came here; and ever since, till I began to get sleepy, I have been thinking and dreaming over — love. I knew you would laugh."

"No; I am only laughing at the serious way you said it. But you should be careful, Nenuphar, for you know that they say moonlight causes madness."

"Another name for the same thing, perhaps. But what I was thinking of was, what is love? Heather," she said, rising, and speaking almost excitedly, at least for her, "what is it? Why is it that I cannot care for any one?"

"I do not understand you. You have never, perhaps, cared very much for any one as yet, because the right person has not come; but that is, after all, only one kind of love. You love us, do you not? I hope so; and that, of course, is the same kind of thing — at least it seems so to me."

"But do I love you?" questioned the other.

"Oh, Nenuphar! how can you grieve me by speaking like that?" and Heather got out of bed, and crept to her friend's side.

"Tell me," said Nenuphar, "what it feels like, this love that every one talks of. You say *you* care for me, do you not? Well, supposing some morning you came into my room and found me lying there dead, what difference would it make in your life?"

"Oh, do not even suppose such an awful thing!" and there was a sob in the girl's voice as she spoke. "What should I do?" cried tender, impulsive Heather. "I should die too!"

She, not yet having learnt to understand that death is the great reward bestowed on those who have fought and struggled; not like the Lethe of old, a river in which we can bathe and forget our pain, but the opening of the gates that have shut us out so long from the sight of our beloved ones, — the entrance to the eternal rest after the pain has been suffered and conquered.

"Do you remember," said Nenuphar after a pause, "young Mr. Vivian?"

"Yes, certainly I do."

"Well, that was exactly what *he* said, when I told him I did not care for him. That it would kill him! But he is still alive; so you see, Heather, you are not right. As I said before, I cannot understand it."

"I think Mr. Vivian was right, all the same, Nenuphar," said Heather, softly; "for though he is, as you say, alive — and of course his saying it would kill him was nonsense — still I do not think he has ever been quite the same man since. He loves you, you see; and therefore, as you do not love him, the world must seem darker to him than it did. Cannot you see the *loneliness* of it, Nenuphar?"

But Nenuphar did not answer; her thoughts seemed to have wandered far away. After a time, however, they returned to Heather and the subject in hand. "You ask me if I do not see the loneliness, and pity it, I suppose you mean? No, I cannot say that I do; I am lonely, but I do not pity myself."

"Ah, Nenuphar! how can you say that? Are you not happy? You have nearly all my love, surely I have some of yours?"

"But you forget — I cannot love; and that brings us back to the beginning of the argument, back all the way to where my thoughts were before you woke up. What is it that I do not possess? What is it that makes me so different to every one else? For I am different, Heather, as even you, with your eyes, blinded as they are by affection, must acknowledge."

"You are only different," said Heather, putting her arm around her, "in that you are a thousand times more lovely than any one I ever saw. And that being the case," she concluded somewhat timidly, "you should not be too kind, until you have found some one really worthy of your love, and then you will find out quickly enough the meaning of the word."

"Do you really think so?" said Nenuphar dreamily, leaning her white arms on the sill, and looking down into the garden.

"Yes, of course. They say that every one loves once."

"I should like to think so," replied her companion in a softer voice than that in which she had yet spoken. "But, come, it is quite time you were asleep again, Heather; so I must shut the window, for I see you can hardly keep your eyes open! Good night, dear." She stooped as she spoke, and just touched Heather's forehead with her lips; then, without another word, she glided away, still bathed in moonlight, to the door which led to her own room, leaving Heather to find her

way back to bed, there to dream dreams of the strange conversation she had held with her midnight visitor.

From The Saturday Review.
INTERJECTIONS.

THERE are two opposite views of the purposes of language by which the virtue and dignity of the interjection must stand or fall. It is the only part of speech that in any sense can be called a superfluity. Life could go on, men could say what they have to say, if they once got in the way of it, and they could write, without it; which is more than can reasonably be said of any other part of speech. In this sense, then, captious grammarians may, if they like, term it a superfluity. But people who so term it have not been content to treat it as a luxury of voice and tongue, but give it very hard names indeed. "The brutish inarticulate interjection," said Horne Tooke, has nothing to do with speech, and is only the miserable refuge of the speechless. Without the artful contrivance of language, mankind would have nothing but interjections with which to communicate orally any of their feelings. The neighing of a horse, the lowing of a cow, the barking of a dog, the purring of a cat, sneezing, coughing, groaning, shrieking, and every other involuntary convulsion with oral sound, have almost as good a title to be called parts of speech as interjections." And, in accordance with this view, it has been said in grave treatises that, while there are occasions when even reasonable man is driven to the brute resource of the *vivâ voce* interjection — the Ah! and Oh! — in books it is invariably a base inutility and mere impertinence, as being always insufficient for the purpose of communicating thought. Real interjections, it is or was argued, are few in number — and this we agree to — and are never employed to convey truth of any kind. They are "not to be found amongst laws, in books of civil institutions, in history, or in any treatise of useful arts and sciences," while in novels, poetry, and plays they have generally an "effect which is ridiculous and disgusting."

Certainly the information, if any, conveyed by the interjection is indirect; it contributes little to what De Quincey distinguishes as the literature of knowledge, in opposition to the literature of power, the two being capable of a severe "insulation and naturally fitted for reciprocal

repulsion." The function of the first is to *teach*; the function of the second is to *move*. The first speaks to the mere discursive understanding; the second possibly to the higher understanding, but always through the affections of pleasure and sympathy. What do you learn from "Paradise Lost"? Nothing at all. What do you learn from a cookery-book? Something new. All the steps of knowledge, from first to last, carry you on the same plane; the very first step in power is a flight. The defence of the interjection must then, take high ground; though this must be granted to objectors, that in poor hands or feeble lips it is a mere miserable trick of speech, and persons who invariably begin their speech with an Oh! (a habit we have known) do possibly thereby betray a kinship with the lower creation. But in their case it only makes more manifest a flagrant and existing emptiness and fatuity, and therefore cannot be called inexpressive. But any one who has heard the interjection in its ideal utterance will not deny to it the quality of power, of being the most condensed of all language. So George Eliot defines it, when certain deeds are described as "little more than interjections which give vent to the long passion of a life." The interjection, as being in a sense inarticulate, as needing an interpreter in the hearer, as suggestive to him of some vague want in himself, has in it the effect of instrumental music, which tells its tale without words and beyond words. There is a chord in the human soul that specially responds to this utterance. We are always wanting something in the nature of the unattainable. The function of the interjection is to express this longing. It is the sigh of humanity for what it cannot have or hope for; for what it has lost; for what it did not value till it had lost it. This Oh! not only demands sympathy, but is sympathetic in its turn. "Ah! sad and strange." "Oh! death in life" — the reader murmurs these words in self-pity, apart, as one may say, from the meaning of the context. And it is an appeal for sympathy which is humanizing, and compels the utterer to smooth his numbers. When is Mr. Browning more condescending to our prejudice in favor of tuneful verse than in that stanza beginning, —

Oh! to be in England
Now that April's there!

Strictly speaking, there are but few interjections, for we cannot class in the number Behold! Well done! Hark! Hail!

Farewell! Off! Avaunt! or any similar exclamations that can be lengthened into sentences. The interjection proper is an apostrophe, condensed into a syllable; a momentary digression, a blind appeal to the universe. When we say Behold! we address the eyes; when we say Hark! we address the ears of an audience or of a companion; the audience of a genuine interjection is impersonal: —

But O! for the touch of a vanished hand —

O! insupportable. O! heavy hour.

Oh! for a lodge in some vast wilderness!

O! what a weight is in these shades!

The interjection is the natural opening formula when speech would communicate with nature — not only with nature herself, but all her works, animate and inanimate, which can only be addressed through the feeling they awake in the poet: "O nightingale!" "O cuckoo!" "O pious bird!" "O thievish night!" "O southern wind!" "O enviable early day!"

And O ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves!

But poetry is made up of such examples. It is observable that only humanity uses the interjection. Birds and beasts in fable dispense with it; the gay creatures of the elements, the airy tongues that syllable men's names, have no use for it; and if the poet ever allows one to slip into the language of fairy or non-natural creations, it clearly is a slip. Witness the "Midsummer Night's Dream" throughout. Ariel, who makes some piteous appeals for liberty to Prospero, where certainly Ah! or Alas! would issue from mortal lips, utters not one. Titania does say "O" under infatuation; but her nature was demoralized by the noxious flower-juice. Pope's Ariel, through a long speech, keeps clear of such cries; but all at once in his summing up turns mortal, and moralizes with "Oh, blind to truth!" "Oh pious maid!" "I saw, alas!" Fairies, mermaids, nymphs know distinctly what they want, have no dim longings, no aspirations. The interjection would really be a superfluity in their grammar.

As eloquent people are most apt to feel their language come short of their needs, as still

there hover in these restless heads
One thought, one grace, one wonder, at the
best,
Which into words no virtue can digest;

they find great need of and use for the interjection. In their hands it is the pas-

sionate, the ineffable ; it adds range, carries the hearer away into ultimate possibilities, opens out new views, gives point and meaning to all that has gone before. Observe how it enhances all assertions and all states of feeling : — “ O ho, monster ; we know what belongs to a frippery ; ” “ Oh ! so white, oh ! so soft, oh ! so sweet is she ; ” “ Oh ! for a draught of vintage ; ” “ Ah me ! for all that ever I could read,” etc. ; “ But you, O you, so perfect and so peerless.” And to go to “ Othello,” the very repertory and stronghold of the interjection : “ The pity of it, Iago, O Iago ! the pity of it ; ” “ Out, and alas ! that was my lady’s voice ; ” “ Ha ! no more moving.” All must recall Jeanie Deans’s “ Alack, alack ! ” at the supreme moment in her sister’s trial, which Shakespeare also makes the resource of simplicity under new and thrilling experiences. And how much does the sentiment of Miranda owe to her simple, most natural resort to interjections in strong, untried emotions. “ Alack ! ” “ O woe the day ! ” “ Alas now ! pray you work not so hard.” Again, he recognizes their virtue and pathetic force in making “ Alas ! ” Perdita’s sole utterance on hearing the story of her mother’s wrongs, “ till from one sigh of dolor to another, she did with an *Alas !* I would fain say bleed tears ; for I am sure my heart wept blood.” When language falls short of the vast demand upon it, then does the poet condense all into an inarticulate sigh and musical groan.

But the simplicity need not go very deep, nor need the sadness be more than feigned, that illustrates the merits of this resource. Pascal in his own person is the last to need it ; but, representing the simple, artless inquirer, he calls in its aid with great effect. Having asked the names of those Jesuit fathers who superseded St. Augustine and St. Chrysostom in questions of morals, he is answered by a list of some fifty reigning casuists with Dutch outlandish names, ten times harsher than Colkitto or Gelasp : “ *O mon père ! lui dis-je tout effrayé, tous ces gens-là étoient-ils Chrétiens ?* ” We see great virtue in this “ O ; ” as also in the “ Ah’s ” Pope bestowed upon his detractors : —

And monumental brass this record bears,
These are — ah ! no ! these were — the Gazetteers.

Again : —

Ah ! Dennis ; Gilden, ah ! what ill-starred rage
Divides a friendship long confirmed by age ?
Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor,
But fool with fool is barbarous civil war.

Age — the passage of time — is a great provoker of interjection : —

When I was young, ah ! woeful when !
sighs Coleridge. And again : —

Ere I was old, ah ! woful ere !

And Pope, making one of his enemies ruminate on the same theme : —

And am I now threescore ?

Ah ! why ye gods should two and two make four ?

Contempt and disgust, too, have their examples. Shall we find one in Mr. Browning’s “ G r r r,” which opens and closes his “ Soliloquy in a Spanish Cloister,” or in the “ Hy, Zy, Hine, and He, he ! ” all certainly bearing out the epithet we have been disputing ? His “ Whew ! ” is a more familiar safety-valve. “ Forsooth ! ” suggests itself to some tempers on irritating occasions. “ Oho ! ” is exasperating self-felicitation on discovering a carefully guarded secret. Prose and verse alike illustrate the supreme provocative power of the interjection, its adaptation to the purposes of insult. There is a “ *Hai* ” in Molière’s “ *Femmes Savantes* ” which lives in the memory. Belise, that anomaly in French society, an old maid, has the mania of thinking all men in love with her ; and one Clitandre having proposed for her niece, she gives her brother to understand that the niece is but a pretext to hide *d’autres feux*. “ But who, then,” asks he, “ is this concealed object of love ? ” “ *Moi,* ” replies Belise. “ *Vous ?* ” exclaims Ariste. “ *Moi-même,* ” is still the reply. “ *Hai ! ma sœur.* ” “ *Qu’est-ce donc que veut dire ce hai ?* ” sharply responds the lady, who proceeds to justify the triumphs of her charms by a long list of other victims.

That cannot be called useless which cannot be done without, and in truth the interjection has got hold of every temper and all natures, and lends itself to every need ; whether to fill up gaps of thought, or to open communication in slow minds, or to furnish vents to hasty ones. The patient Molly, we are told, always said “ Lawks ! ” when she was expected ; the same ejaculation has come to nature’s relief on occasions most unexpected. “ Lawkdaisy ! if she is not kneeling on the bare boards,” cried an old woman, in an extremity of housewifely distress, who, helpless on her death-bed, saw one of the quality kneel without a cushion. We should be particular in our habitual choice of this aid to force of expression, or we may

all find ourselves betrayed into like solecisms. The social and domestic interjection, the habitual "Oh dear!" and "Well!" or the like, has its exits and its entrances into human converse. We must suppose that "Gramercy!" was once a power in speech; it has given way to "Goodness!" and "Gracious!" and other hints at invocation. "Heavens!" and Archdeacon Grant's "Good heaven!" which Mr. Trollope makes a characteristic, are luckily out of vogue, nor do they come into the catalogue of interjections adapted to the higher uses of eloquence and poetry, which, indeed, if so used, would make very stilted domestic talk. As enliveners of ordinary intercourse, as the natural method by which to set the tongue going, the social interjection is a great portrayer of character. It will be found of many a lost friend that his exclamations and interjections occur to us first when we would recall his voice, his greetings, and the genial influence of his presence.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

SECRET SOCIETIES IN CHINA.

SECRET societies have been very active of late in China. From all parts of the empire rumors are rife about the doings of the Hung Brethren, the members of the Society of the Queen of Heaven, the followers of the White Lily sect, and of a host of other leagues. At towns on the Yang-tsze-Keang the members of some restless brotherhood have been creating quite a panic by cutting off the queues of unsuspecting citizens; and in the province of Keang-soo the Roman Catholic missionaries report the appearance of a secret sect in the rites of which they consider that there are to be traced remnants of a debased Christianity. Of these last-named people, who describe themselves as "Fasters," little is known beyond the information supplied by one of their members to Père Rizzi on the subject of the rites attending the "Feast of Tapers." On that occasion ten tables are placed so as to represent the human form, and around them are arranged twenty-five tapers of an aggregate weight of a thousand ounces. The president and twenty-four "Fasters," each bearing a cross tipped with wax, then take their places at the tables, and, having struck a light with a steel and flint, the president lights the extremities of his own cross, and with that lights the twenty-five tapers and the crosses of the brethren.

That done, rice cakes, rice, and tea, which have been previously prepared, are blessed by the president with the sign of the cross, and are then divided among the associates. According to Père Rizzi, the founder of the "Fasters" was Tamo. "Must not this be St. Thomas?" adds the missionary. But the probability is that the sect is not of any foreign origin, and that it, as well as most other political societies throughout the empire, is only a branch of the Hung League. In the same way the quasi-Christian rites which are said to be used might very readily be remnants of the religious ceremonies practised at Nanking by Hung Sew-tseuen, the leader of the Tai-ping rebels, who was a prominent leader of the league, and who professed Christianity.

The members of the Hung League, like the Freemasons, contend that their society has existed through all time, but history throws no light on any earlier formation of their body than towards the close of the Han dynasty (A.D. 185), when the three patriots, Lew Pei, Chang Fei, and Kwan Yu, having associated themselves together by a solemn oath, successfully defended the throne against the "Yellow-cap" rebels. From that time until the establishment of the present Tartar dynasty the league showed few signs of vitality. But at the beginning of the eighteenth century the empire was seriously threatened by an invasion of the Eleuths; and, like the three worthies who supported the Han ruler, a hundred and twenty-eight priests of the Shaoulin Monastery, deeming themselves to be "sufficiently versed in the military art and magics to destroy the Eleuthian soldiers," took the field against the invaders. By the order of their prior they separately attacked the Eleuths on all sides; and when the battle was at its height so furious a storm of wind and sand arose in answer to their prayer that the air was darkened, and the Eleuths, terrified at this display of supernatural power, turned and ran, crushing and maiming each other in their headlong flight. Having thus satisfied their patriotic desire, the monks, loaded with honors, returned to their monastery.

But their success raised a number of enemies against them, and shortly afterwards their monastery was attacked and burned, and five monks only escaped with their lives. After various vicissitudes, these survivors found themselves on the banks of a stream in the neighborhood of Kaou-ke; and as one of their number went down to drink he found a white por-

celain jar, on the bottom of which was inscribed the sentence, "Overthrow the Tsings (the present Tartar dynasty) and restore the Mings" (the dispossessed Chinese dynasty). This was accepted by the monks as a command from heaven; and, having added to their number five horse-dealers, a dismissed minister, and a priest, they bound themselves by a solemn oath, which they ratified by mixing blood from the arm of each in a chalice of wine and drinking it in common, to do all which in them lay to overthrow the house of Tsing. They all adopted the surname of Hung, and took "Patriotism" as their watchword. This done, they betook themselves to different parts of the empire to enlist recruits; and, in order to avoid the appearance of belonging to one and the same society, they gave different titles to the branches which they established. Thus there were soon spread over the empire brotherhoods known as the "Triad Society," the "White Lily League," the "Blue Lotus Hall," the "Golden Orchid District," and others, all of which, however, constituted the great Hung League. It was not long before the society thus formed attracted the attention of the government, and sternly repressive measures were applied to it, which were also shared in by the Roman Catholics, whose organization was considered by the mandarins to resemble that of the Hungs. Yielding to the storm, the league abstained from all public manifestation, and little was heard of it until the crackbrained leader of the Tai-ping rebellion brought its machinery to bear to further his insurrectionary movement. With his defeat and death it again subsided into obscurity, and it has only been quite of late that renewed activity has been observable in the ranks of the brethren.

A short time since M. Schlegel, Chinese interpreter to the government of Netherlands-India at Batavia, became possessed of some documents relating to the formation and the organization of the league. These he translated and published in a volume entitled "Thian ti Hwiu — The Hung League," and it is from this and other works that the above and following particulars are gathered. The Hung lodges are built in a square, and are surrounded by walls which are pierced at the four cardinal points by as many gates. The faces of the walls are adorned by the mysterious symbol of "union," the triangle, and with the old symbol for "a State," a hollow square — a combination which is intended to imply that the league is a

united State enjoying universal peace. Within the enclosure is the "hall of fidelity and loyalty," where the oaths of membership are taken, and in which is kept the genealogical table of the founders of the league. Here, also, stand the altar and the sacred tablets, before which the brethren worship, and from the centre rises the "precious nine-storied pagoda," in which the images of the five founders are enshrined. Of course the lodges appear in their legitimate splendor only in out-of-the-way districts, where they are safe from the observation of the mandarins; but in towns and populous neighborhoods the lodge is dispensed with altogether, and the meetings are held at the house of the president. The instruments of the lodge are numerous. First in importance is the diploma, consisting of a large square seal, having two square margins, while the inner margins are octagonal. In the outer rim are the names of the eight genii, and the rest of the seal is covered with symbolical stanzas and signs. The official flags are numerous and emblemize the warlike character of the league; and in each lodge is a "bushel," which contains among other articles the "red staff" with which justice is done to offenders against the laws of the society, the scissors with which the hair of the neophytes is cut off, a jade foot-measure, a balance, an abacus, an inkstone, a pencil, and a host of flags and other symbols.

The supreme government of the league is vested in the grand masters of the five principal lodges in the provinces of Fuh-keen, Kwang-tung, Yun-nan, Hoo-nan, and Che-keang; and the affairs of each lodge are administered by a president, two vice-presidents, one master, two introducers, one fiscal, thirteen councillors, several agents, who are otherwise known as "grass shoes," "iron planks," or "night brethren," and some minor officials, who, as indicative of their rank, wear flowers in their hair.

In peaceful times the ranks of the society are recruited by volunteers, but when the league is preparing to take the field threats and violence are often used to secure members. At such crises a man returning home finds a slip of paper bearing the seal of the league awaiting him, which calls upon him at a given hour to betake himself to a certain spot, and warns him that the murder of himself and his family will be the penalty of disobedience to the command. Sometimes it is said, also, that one of the brotherhood insults a stranger on the road, and, pretending to

fly from the just consequences of his act, leads the unsuspecting wayfarer to some lonely spot where he is seized upon by a number of brothers and is carried away to the place where the lodge is held. On the appointed evening the recruits present themselves at the "city of willows," as the lodges are called, where they are met by the "vanguard," who carefully enters their names and places of residence in a book kept for the purpose. The vanguard then gives orders to form the "bridge of swords," whereupon the brethren place themselves in a double row, and drawing their swords cross them in the air in the form of a bridge or arch. Under this arch the new members are led, and at the same time are mulcted of an entrance-fee of twenty-one cash. After this they are taken to the Hung-gate, where stand two generals, who introduce the "new horses" to the hall of fidelity and loyalty. Here the neophytes are instructed in the objects of the society; and, finally, they are conducted into the presence of the assembled council in the "lodge of universal peace." As a preliminary to the administration of the oaths, the master examines the vanguard in the three hundred and thirty-three questions of the catechism of the society, and then orders him to bring forward those neophytes who are willing to take the oath, and to cut off the heads of those who refuse to do so. As the vanguard is supposed not to bear the sword in vain, few decline to take the oath, and the ceremony of affiliation is proceeded with by cutting off the queues of the recruits (though this operation is dispensed with if the members are living amongst Chinese who are faithful to the Tartar rule), by washing their faces, and exchanging their clothes for long white dresses, as tokens of purity and the commencement of a new life. Straw shoes, signs of mourning, are also put on their feet, to signify the death of their old nature; and thus attired they are led up to the altar. Here some questions with reference to the immediate objects of the league are put to the vanguard, and then each member offers up nine blades of grass and an incense stick, while an appropriate stanza is repeated between each offering. A red candle is now lighted, and the brethren worship heaven and earth by pledging three cups of wine. This done, the seven-starred lamp, the precious imperial lamp, and the Hung lamp are lighted, and prayer is made to the gods, beseeching them to look down upon the members and to accept the incense burned

in their honor. The oath binding them to observe obedience to the league, and to display a spirit of fraternity, devotion, and righteousness towards the brethren, is then read aloud, and is followed by each member drawing some blood from his middle finger and letting it drop into a chalice partly filled with wine. Each neophyte then, having drunk of the mixture and repeated the appointed stanzas, strikes off the head of a white cock, as a sign that so shall all unfaithful and disloyal brothers perish. And now the ceremony of affiliation is over, and it remains but for the president to give to each recruit a diploma, the book containing the oath, law, secret signs, etc., a pair of poniards, and three Hung coins. With these emblems of their obligations the new members return to their homes at break of day.

The laws of the society bind the members to observe a cheap kind of morality, and to protect their brethren as far as in them lies, even to the extent of concealing such as are criminals from justice, and of rescuing any who may have fallen into the hands of the police. Naturally enough, the society protects itself by holding out fearful threats to any who may be inclined to reveal the secrets of the league or in any way to endanger it. But apart from those clauses which refer to the main object of the league—the destruction of the Tsing dynasty—the laws enjoin peace, and brotherly kindness, justice, and truth. The secret signs are numerous, and by means of them a brother may make himself known by the way in which he enters a house, puts down his umbrella, arranges his shoes, holds his hat, ties his handkerchief, takes a cup of tea, uses his chopsticks, and performs a number of other actions. The signals by word of mouth are equally numerous, and it is almost impossible to imagine any condition of time or place of meeting for which there are not appropriate questions and answers.

It has been said there exists a strong likeness between some of the rites of the league and those of Freemasons, and no doubt a certain similarity can be traced between the formularies of the two associations, but the principal interest which attaches to the league lies in its political importance. The number of its members and the discipline which is maintained in its ranks render it a formidable political weapon, but fortunately for the peace of the country there is in the Chinese character a want of that enthusiasm which

makes rebellion successful. At any time the Hung League might turn the day by throwing in its weight on the side of one of two equally-matched combatants, but it is as an instrument and not as a principal that its action will be felt.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to us: "Young Bengal" is apt to boast of its acquirements in the direction of European literature, and is especially proud of its skill and potency in drawing from 'the well of English pure and undefiled.' There can be no doubt that the Calcutta University annually bestows numerous B.A. and M.A. degrees upon Bengali students, who have a marvellous talent of repeating and adapting phrases from our most eloquent writers, whether in prose or verse, but especially in the latter; though, when they are called upon to arrange their own ideas in homely English, they utterly and entirely fail to write even common sense. At this moment I have lying before me a letter addressed by an educated Bengali youth to a deputy commissioner, asking for employment, with an evidently complacent faith in his peculiar qualifications for serving the government. It runs as follows: 'I, the student entrance class of the — school, undersigned, most respectfully beg to offer myself a Candidate for a Service under your Mortified feeling, which I have a clear hope, and entirely out of secret errors in my mind, will not fail to enlist my name. It will not be out of its place to add here regarding my qualification that I appeared last year in the university examination. Let me Conclude, adding that if I be so fortunate as to have the post for I hope, I will not fail to give you very satisfaction in the faithful discharge of the duties that will confer upon me.'

Pall Mall Budget.

SNAKES THAT EAT SNAKES. — One of these creatures, which is now at the gardens of the Zoological Society, has, during its stay in this climate, devoured an enormous number of common English snakes. We learn from an American contemporary that some years ago Professor Cope described the snake-eating habits of the *Oxyrrhopus plumbeus* (Weid), a rather large species of snake which is abundant in the intertropical parts of America. A

specimen of it from Martinique was observed to have swallowed the greater part of a large *fer-de-lance*, the largest venomous snake in the West Indies. The *Oxyrrhopus* had seized the *fer-de-lance* by the snout, thus preventing it from inflicting fatal wounds, and had swallowed a greater part of its length, when caught and preserved by the collector. More recently a specimen was brought by Mr. Gabb from Costa Rica, almost five feet in length, which had swallowed nearly three feet of a large harmless snake (*Herpetrodryas carinatus*) about six feet in length. The head was partially digested, while three feet projected from the mouth of the *Oxyrrhopus* in a sound condition. The *Oxyrrhopus* is entirely harmless, although spirited and pugnacious in its manners. Professor Cope suggests that its introduction into regions infested with venomous snakes, like the island of Martinique, would be followed by beneficial results. The East-Indian snake-eater, *Naja elaps*, is unavailable for this purpose, as it is itself one of the most dangerous of venomous snakes.

Popular Science Review.

SINGULAR CUSTOM ADOPTED BY A TREE-FROG. — Professor Peters has lately described the mode of deposit of its eggs employed by a species of tree-frog (*Polypedates*) from tropical western Africa. This species deposits its eggs, as is usual among batrachians, in a mass of albuminous jelly; but instead of placing this in the water, it attaches it to the leaves of trees which border the shore and overhang a water-hole or pond. Here the albumen speedily dries, forming a horny or glazed coating of the leaf, inclosing the unimpregnated eggs in a strong envelope. Upon the advent of the rainy season, the albumen is softened, and with the eggs is washed into the pool below, now filled with water. Here the male frog finds the masses, and occupies himself with their impregnation.

Popular Science Review.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume XVI. }

No. 1693.—November 25, 1876.

{ From Beginning,
{ Vol. CXXXI.

CONTENTS.

| | | |
|---|------------------------------------|-----|
| I. BANCROFT'S "NATIVE RACES OF NORTH AMERICA," | <i>Edinburgh Review,</i> | 451 |
| II. THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE. By George Macdonald, author of "Malcolm," etc. Part IV., | <i>Advance Sheets,</i> | 470 |
| III. STRAWBERRY HILL, | <i>Quarterly Review,</i> | 477 |
| IV. THE ARAB CHRISTIAN VILLAGES IN ALGERIA. By Lady Herbert, | <i>Month,</i> | 500 |
| V. WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH. By Sarah Tytler, author of "Lady Bell," etc. Part XX., | <i>Good Words,</i> | 504 |

POETRY.

| | | | |
|--------------------------------|-----|---------------------------------|-----|
| THE CRUCIFIX, | 450 | LAST VERSES WRITTEN BY MORTIMER | |
| LOVE AND THE VIOLET, | 450 | COLLINS, | 450 |

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, *remitted directly to the Publishers*, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage*.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

THE CRUCIFIX.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRONICLES OF THE
SCHONBERG-COTTA FAMILY."

"Into thy hands I commend my spirit."

[This very ancient crucifix is sculptured on the exterior wall of the Abbey Church of Romsey. Its characteristic is a *hand* reaching down from the clouds, over the cross. It is said to be unique.]

In a quiet nook it standeth,
Which careless eyes might miss,
That image of Thy sorrow,
And fountain of our bliss.

Low within reach it standeth,
Close to the old church door,
And by the common pathway,
Appealing evermore.

Low on the wall, that never
The dimmest eyes may miss,
And the lips of the little children
May reach the feet to kiss.

That humble, simple image,
Wrought by the hands of old;
Good hands! that so many ages
Helpless have grown and cold.

That blessed, sacred image
Born of the heart of old
That through the endless ages
Shall nevermore grow cold.

In the common stone rude-carven,
By no great artist's touch;
Yet never the wide world over
Will you find another such.

You may search the wide world over
From freezing to burning zone,
You will never find another
Quite like this only one.

Deep, deep the nails are driven
In the hands they crucified —
So deep, the nails you see not,
But only the arms stretched wide.

And over the head, so weary,
Bowing itself to die,
An open hand down-reaching
Forth from the clouded sky.

The torturers' hands have finished;
His hands are nailed fast;
"Into thy hands my spirit —
Father, thy hands!" — at last.

Lord, ere thou call our spirits
Within thy hands to be,
Give us some such dear likeness
To leave behind of thee.

Hid in some quiet corner,
Cut in the common stone,
Poor, *yet our best*, we pray thee,
Our best, and our very own.

Dear Lord, our hearts grow bolder;
We dare to ask much more,
Knowing the more we ask thee,
Thou art but pleased the more.

Give us to *be* that image
By the common paths like this:
Low, where the dimmest vision,
The features need not miss;
Low, where the lips of the children
May reach to cling and kiss.

Where the nails to the cross which fix us,
So deep in the wounds may hide,
That men see no more the torture,
But only the arms stretched wide.

A humble, simple image,
Cut in the common stone;
Like thee, yet like no other,
Because thy very own.

Sunday Magazine.

LOVE AND THE VIOLET.

FROM out a wintry sky did sudden gleam
Of sunshine reach a violet where it grew,
That grateful sprang to meet the tender beam,
Unfolding all her leaves of delicate hue,
And shedding perfume in a fragrant stream.
But ere her beauty opened to the view
Descending clouds dispelled such blissful dream,

Nor ever more than that caress she knew.
And thus doth love awake the slumbering heart
To quick response: it opens like a flower
Whilst thousand aspirations yet unknown
Burst into life in one all-tremulous hour.
They shall not die! but higher aims inspire,
And flow in noble deeds, though love hath flown.

Sunday Magazine.

AUSTRALIA.

LAST VERSES WRITTEN BY MORTIMER
COLLINS.

I HAVE been sitting alone
All day while the clouds went by,
While moved the strength of the seas,
While the wind with a will of his own,
A poet out of the sky,
Smote the green harp of the trees.

Alone, yet not alone,
For I felt as the gay wind whirled,
As the cloudy sky grew clear,
The touch of our Father half-known,
Who dwells at the heart of the world,
Yet who is always here.

Athenæum.

From The Edinburgh Review.
BANCROFT'S "NATIVE RACES OF NORTH AMERICA." *

THERE is no field of inquiry more fascinating to the student of human progress than that offered by the great continent of America, in which the native races, shut off from contact with the old-world civilization for an untold number of centuries, have found room for development in various directions. In it the theories of civilization, as propounded by Mr. Buckle and others, may be brought to a practical test, for it presents us with peoples in each of the different stages which connect the rude savage with the culture of Mexico and Central America. Man may be studied as a hunter, fisherman, farmer, as a rude and unlettered worshipper of fetishes, or as the possessor of an elaborate literature, burdened with as complex a ritual as that of the Egyptians, and bound fast by strict rules and observances in every phase of social life. In that vast continent, at the time of the Spanish conquest, there was represented every phase of progress through which man in Europe has passed in emerging from a condition of the rudest savagery to the comparatively high culture exemplified in the bronze age of the Etruscans. The subject has excited the imagination of many writers, and many have been the speculations regarding the derivation of the native tribes and of the American civilizations, in which, for the most part, each writer has accommodated his facts to his prejudices. It has been reserved for Mr. Bancroft to collect together for the first time, in the five bulky volumes before us, the facts necessary for a preliminary inquiry into these questions. His work is a most laborious encyclopædia of all that is known up to to-day of the native races of the Pacific States, and it embraces all the inhabitants of the region to the west of the Mississippi from the Arctic Sea to the Isthmus of Panama. His aim, as he tells us in his preface, is not so much to write history as to provide materials out of which it may be eventually

written by others. With infinite trouble he has brought the ore to the surface, and piled it up in full faith that it will undergo eventually those processes by which the dross is purged away, and pass current as the bright metal of history. His aim is modest, and implies true nobility of mind.

The book is remarkable in many ways. Its author, a bookseller in San Francisco, when he set himself to his work in 1859, found that the necessary books and manuscripts existed in no library in the world, and he therefore began with characteristic energy to secure everything within his reach in America. He then spent two years in obtaining all available materials in Europe, being singularly favored by fortune in his enterprise. On the dispersal of the library of the unfortunate emperor Maximilian, he obtained three thousand volumes; in 1869 his library had developed into sixteen thousand books, manuscripts, and pamphlets, irrespective of maps and newspapers, in English, French, German, Spanish, Latin, and Mexican; and he soon discovered that the materials for history which he sought "were so copiously diluted with trash, that it would be impossible to follow his different subjects in the manner in which he proposed with but one lifetime to devote to the work." In this emergency he devised a system of indexing the facts in such a manner that all the authorities could be brought to bear on any given point. This was done by employing a large staff of assistants to read the books and write down references on little cards labelled according to the subject. When we visited him in San Francisco, in 1875, we saw the work in full operation, and were struck with astonishment at the "fact-catalogue" of the library, which consisted of packs of cards, each under its own heading, and each giving a bird's eye view of the whole subject with the necessary references. In this manner Mr. Bancroft has collected materials which would have taken one man, so he tells us, about sixty years to bring together, and these he has used in the books before us, which are remarkable not merely for the vast number of facts which are recorded, but for the singular manner in which they

* *The Native Races of the Pacific States of North America.* By HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT. 5 vols. 8vo. London: 1875-76.

have been collected together by the indomitable perseverance of one man. From his method of work it was impossible that dross should not be mingled with the ore, but this can easily be removed by the hot fire of criticism. Indeed, he purposely records not merely those facts which are indisputably true, but the larger class of facts which have not been proved to be untrue.

It is scarcely necessary for us to call attention to the opportuneness of this work. The red man is swiftly passing away before the face of the white, and every day destroys some trace of the former. The westward advance of the frontier of the Eastern States is estimated by Professor Wilson to average nine miles per annum;* and the trapper and woodsman, the advance-guard of European civilization, are steadily marching onwards to the setting sun, followed closely by the ranchero and tiller of the soil. The Pacific coast affords another base for the approach of Europeans from the east. From "the Golden Gate" and other places which have sprung up as it were by magic, the banners of civilization have steadily passed forward to the east, until the lands of the red man, from the British possessions in latitude 40° down to the frontiers of Mexico, are to be found mainly between the Sierra Nevada and the Mississippi; beyond these boundaries, if he exist at all, it is as a servant, and even in this tract the lines of railway, which may aptly be termed the iron bonds of civilization, are bases of attack. The vast mineral wealth of Nevada, Utah, Colorado, and California offer irresistible allurements to the gold and silver miner; the buffalo—the great staff of life—is rapidly perishing under the rifles of the trapper and English sportsmen, and consequently the red hunter, listless and incapable of adapting himself to the changing conditions of life, has the choice of dying of starvation, of living by plunder and being eventually shot down, or of submitting to the charity of the white man, exposed to the unutterable evils which flow from the contact of civilized with uncivilized peoples. Their

history must be seized now, or it will be lost forever. "To us," says our author; "the savage nations of America have neither past nor future, only a brief present, from which we may judge somewhat of their past" (ii. 81). The stone implements, tumuli, and rude rock-sculptures are rapidly becoming as non-historic as similar relics of barbarism in Europe, and in many regions the memory of the ancient inhabitants is preserved only in the names of the mountains and of the rivers. At this time, therefore, such a work as this, done by a man living in the great metropolis of the West, and personally conversant with many of the rude tribes about which he writes, is singularly opportune. Its subject-matter, indeed, is not accurately expressed in its title, for it embraces not merely the native races of the Pacific States, but also the Eskimos of the Arctic Sea, and the inhabitants of the British territories. It includes, as well, the history of Mexico and Central America.

The interest which Mr. Bancroft's book has for us does not lie so much with the rapidly vanishing savage tribes as with the evidence as to the origin of the American peoples, and of that extraordinary civilization which was crushed in Mexico, Central America, and Peru under the heel of the ignorant and bigoted Spaniard. In discussing these points we shall use the materials collected together by Professor Wilson in his last edition of "Prehistoric Man;" an admirable work, in which the history of the American tribes and civilization lies hidden under a misleading title.

The first point which offers itself for examination is the vexed question of the origin of the American peoples:—

The problem [writes Mr. Bancroft] of the origin of the American aborigines is, in my opinion, enveloped in as much obscurity now as it ever was; and when I consider the close proximity of the north-western and north-eastern extremities of America to Asia and Europe; the unthought-of and fortuitous circumstances that may at any time have cast any people upon the American coasts; the mighty convulsions that may have changed the whole face of the earth during the uncounted years that man may have dwelt upon its surface;

* Prehistoric Man, ii. 302.

and lastly, the uncertainty, perhaps I might say improbability, of the descent of mankind from one pair; when I think of all these things it seems to me that the peopling of America may have been accomplished in so many ways that no more hopeless task could be conceived than the endeavor to discover the one particular manner of it. (Vol. v., p. 6.)

We agree with Mr. Bancroft that it would be hopeless to ascertain the precise manner in which man first arrived in America, but we believe that the evidence as to the ancestry of the present tribes is as clear as such evidence could possibly be under the circumstances. In discussing this question, Mr. Bancroft is influenced by the view that man was created in several regions, and that America was one of the primeval centres of creation — a view which has met with greater favor in America than among the naturalists of Europe. The unity of the human race, that all mankind sprang from one pair, is to our mind as indisputable as the fact that all horses and cows sprang from a single pair; and when we consider that the main features traceable in the American races, the Eskimo excepted, are those of the Polynesians, of the Japanese, Chinese, and Samoides, the conclusion that they are of Asiatic extraction, held by Humboldt, Prescott, Tschudi, and Wilson, seems altogether satisfactory. Mr. Bancroft points out that the north-eastern districts have been peopled at least in part from Asia. Since 1782, according to Mr. Brookes, there have been forty-one wrecks of Japanese vessels on the American coast, twenty-eight of which date from 1850. Only twelve of these were deserted, and the survivors of the rest remained in the district where they were landed. These vessels are merely those which happen to have been recorded. They have been swept across the Pacific by the great current, which brings them from the Japanese seas at the rate of twelve miles an hour. We are therefore justified in the belief that during the untold centuries in which this current has been setting towards America, it has borne upon its bosom a constant supply of emigrants from Asia, either willingly or unwillingly. Traces of the Japanese language are to be found in

the dialect of the Chinooks. The population round the region of Behring's Straits is indisputably Mongoloid (v. 38).

The physical barriers imposed by the wide stretch of ocean, or by the severity of winter in the northern latitudes, are certainly not greater than those which have been overcome by the Mongoloid races in finding their way to New Zealand, or to the Society or the Sandwich Islands. We are in a position to say, after coming fresh from the first two of these places into contact with the Piutes of Nevada, that there are no differences between the two which cannot be explained by the fact of the one living in a maritime and insular region, while the other lives merely by hunting. The distribution of the Mongoloid type of mankind as defined by Professor Huxley is in harmony with the distribution of other types of mankind, and we may add, with that of some of the wild animals also. On the north-east it touches the Baltic, and sweeps on uninterruptedly through Asia to Behring's Straits, and to the south and east it is met with in most of the islands of the Pacific; and if identity of physique be of any value in classification, and man be treated simply as a wild animal would be treated, the two Americas must be added to the enormous area over which the Mongolians have wandered. Professor Wilson has proved that the so-called American type is altogether mythic, and that among the native tribes there are diversities of complexion, hair, feature, skull-form, and physique decidedly analogous to those of Asia.

The spreading eastward of the Mongolian peoples from Asia may have been largely aided by geographical conditions which no longer exist. The elks, reindeer, foxes, wolves, bears, and other animals common to Euro-Asia and North America, probably crossed over from one region to the other on a bridge of land. The researches of Mr. Darwin into the coral reefs prove that there are large areas in the Pacific which are now gradually sinking, and the clusters of islands are merely the higher parts of a submerged continent. America may have been peopled, and probably was, in three different

ways, successively or possibly simultaneously; the most obvious route being that by way of Behring's Straits; another is offered by the Japanese current; and lastly, the same kind of enterprise which led the Sandwich Islanders to find their way to Tahiti, would surely lead some of the bold sailors of the Pacific to the shores of the new world. The idea of any people whatever being autochthones, in our opinion must be given up, in the face of the continual migrations and drifting to and fro of peoples revealed by the modern school of ethnology. The Mongoloid origin of the American peoples is proved by an appeal solely to natural history, without reference to the relics of the civilization of Mexico and Central America, which we shall discuss in another place.

Man must have inhabited America for a very long period to allow of the observed diversities in language.

On any theory of human origin [writes Professor Wilson], the blended gradations of America's widely diversified indigenous races demand a lengthened period for their development; and equally, on any theory of the origin of languages, must time be prolonged to admit of the multiplication of mutually unintelligible dialects and tongues in the New World. It is estimated that there are nearly six hundred languages, and dialects matured into independent tongues, in Europe. The known origin and growth of some of these may supply a standard whereby to gauge the time indicated by such a multiplication of tongues. But the languages of the American continents have been estimated to exceed twelve hundred and sixty, including agglutinate languages of peculiarly elaborate structure, and inflectional forms of complex development. ("Prehistoric Man," vol. i., p. 12.)

To pass over the idle speculations of American colonies of Egyptians, Phœnicians, Hebrews, and Welsh—we think that our author might have omitted the book of Mormon from among his authorities—the evidence that the Scandinavians found their way to the New World in pre-Columbian times seems to us conclusive. It has, however, been disputed by no less authorities than George Bancroft, the historian of American colonization, and Washington Irving, who have summarily disposed of their claims to the discovery of America, without any critical analysis of the historical value of the Icelandic Sagas, on which they are based. These Sagas are known as the *Codex Flatoiensis*, a manuscript dating from the close of the fourteenth century, supposed to have been lost for many years, eventually found in the library of the island of

Flatöe, and now preserved in the archives of Copenhagen. The antiquity of this work has never been seriously disputed, and the story of the voyages of the Northmen to America is proved not to have been an interpolation in an old work, by the fact that they form the framework of the narrative, which would be utterly destroyed by their omission. They cannot therefore be viewed as post-Columbian interpolations into a record of pre-Columbian events. They are a plain, straightforward account of the doings of certain adventurers, who set forth, not for purposes of discovery, but for purposes of gain; and there is not the least intimation that the writers had any idea of the magnitude of the discoveries which they relate. Had these been mere echoes of the discoveries of Columbus, it seems to us impossible that the narrative would have been so artless and simple as we find it. Their style, we may add, is distinctly that of the heroic age of Scandinavian enterprise, such as the *Heimskringla*, or the *Orkneyinga Saga*. It would have been impossible for a writer of the sixteenth century to have imitated successfully the elder Sagas without being detected by his contemporaries, or betraying himself by the insertion of some detail belonging to his own time. We therefore believe that the *Codex* is genuine, and accept the narrative to be as truly historic as the pages of Froissart, or the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*. We are quite aware that there is a prejudice against the historic value of these Sagas among some modern critics, the grounds for which we have never been able to discover. It is very generally urged against their credibility that the statements of the wintering in Greenland, and of the fruits of Vinland are not consistent with the present climate in those regions. To our mind they give the stamp of genuineness and antiquity to the narrative, because now we have evidence from other quarters that the climate of Greenland, and consequently that also of the adjoining coast of America, has become more severe than it was when the deserted Danish settlements were founded. A similar change has also taken place in the climate of Iceland. The story of the discovery of America by the Northmen is not generally known to English readers, and we will therefore give it in some little detail.

Eric the Red emigrated from Iceland to Greenland in the spring of 986, along with Heriulf Bardson. In the autumn Bjarne, a son of the latter, set sail from Iceland to

join his father, and after having been driven out of his way by fogs and winds into unknown seas, found himself in sight of shore, which was left to larboard. After two days' sail he again sighted land, and once more after standing out to sea for three days, saw land again, which proved to be an island. From this he bore away, and reached Greenland after four days' sail. The island has been identified with Newfoundland, which is distant from Heriulfssness (Ikigeit), in Greenland, about one hundred and fifty miles; so that these distances fairly agree with the ship's log. The next voyage from Greenland to America was made by Leif, a son of Eric the Red, about the year 1000, who set sail, with a crew of thirty men, to verify Bjarne's discoveries. The first land they sighted was the island, which they named Helluland. They then came to another land which they named Markland (probably Nova Scotia), and passing westward they went on shore at a point where a river issued from a lake and fell into the sea. They brought their vessel up into the lake, and finding vines in the country, termed it Vinland (New England). In the spring they returned to Greenland. Two years after this voyage, Thorwald, Leif's brother, borrowed the ship which had made the voyage, and set sail for Vinland, where he perished in a fray with the natives. The news of his death reached Greenland in 1005, and Thorstein, accompanied by his wife Gudrida, set sail to obtain the body, but after tossing about for the whole of the summer, they landed again on the coast of Greenland, where he died. His widow married Thorfninn Karlsefne, who was the most successful of the Norse adventurers in America.

In 1007 he set sail, accompanied by his bride, and Bjarne Grimolfson and Thorhall Gamlason joined him with a ship, as also did Thorward and Thorhall "the hunter." These three ships first made Helluland, following the old track, and thence to Markland. From this they sailed to Kialarnes (Kiel Cape = Cape Cod); they then passed some deserts and reaches of sand, and some inlets. There they put on shore two swift-footed Scots, named Hake and Hekia, who returned in three days with some grapes and ears of wild wheat. They then continued their voyage until they came to a place where a fjord (Vineyard Sound) penetrated the coast, with an island at its entrance (Egg Island), so covered with the nests of the eider ducks that they could scarcely walk without treading on the eggs. The

country which they explored was extremely beautiful. Here Thorhall the hunter left them with eight men and a ship, and set sail northwards, and was driven by westerly winds to the coast of Ireland, where according to the accounts of some traders they were enslaved. Karlsefne, however, proceeded with the rest of the expedition, numbering 151 (131) men, to the south-west, to a place where a river fell into the sea from a large lake, into which they steered and wintered. Here they fell in with the natives (Skraelings), "who had large eyes and broad cheeks." No snow fell, and the cattle which they had with them found their food in the open country. In the spring of 1008 the Skraelings returned in their canoes, and a barter sprang up of cloth, food, and milk for peltries, which was interrupted by the bellowing of a bull, which terrified the Skraelings to such a degree that they sailed away. It is important to note the fact that we have cattle mentioned in this expedition, for it is one of the few cases where we have historical evidence of their putting cattle on shipboard. We have already mentioned in the pages of this review the fact that the larger breeds of cattle make their appearance in this country simultaneously with the arrival of the Angles and Saxons; here we have proof that the Northmen had in this expedition all the elements necessary for introducing their breeds of cattle into America. The idea, however, of establishing themselves was rudely dispelled by the hostility of the Skraelings, who returned in great force in the following winter, and were defeated after a most desperate fight, which resulted in the break-up of the expedition. Karlsefne took one of the two remaining ships, and sailed in quest of Thorhall to Vinland and Markland, and thence to Greenland, where he arrived about the year 1011. He brought with him two natives whom he taught the Norse language. Bjarne Grimolfson with the other ship was driven into the Irish Ocean, where his ship was destroyed by the ship-worm, some of the crew being saved in a boat. The rest of the voyages of the Northmen are not sufficiently important to be mentioned in this place.

It seems to us impossible to condemn such narratives as these, which are mere records of facts, to be non-historic and mere idle tales. Their truth is proved not merely by their style, but also by the exact correspondence of the places mentioned with the distances which they record. If a settlement were once founded

in Greenland, the bold seamen who found their way thither from Iceland would meet with little difficulty in exploring the unknown seas which separated Greenland from America. The traces left behind by the Northmen in Greenland, such as the famous Runic inscription on a slab of stone found in an island in Baffin's Bay, and now in Copenhagen,* lend independent testimony that the ancient Northmen had penetrated into that region before the arrival of the modern Danish colonists. Nevertheless, although the honor of the first discovery of the New World must be given to the Northmen, those wanderers in every sea, it would be absurd to attribute to them any share in the peopling of North America, since their physique differs so completely from that of the red Indian. Mr. Bancroft forgets this point when he draws a parallel between the so-called "Tartar theory" and the Scandinavian. There is no proof, historical or otherwise, that any of these settlements were permanent; as the record stands they were destroyed by the natives, or by internal dissensions.†

Mr. Bancroft's first volume is devoted to a history of the wild tribes, which are divided, without any attempt at ethnological classification, into seven geographical and artificial groups, beginning with the far north. In treating of the first, or Hyperborean group, whose territory lies north of the fifty-fifth parallel, his account of the burial customs of the Eskimos requires some modification. He tells us that the corpse is doubled up and put into a plank box, being sometimes elevated on a platform, and covered with planks and trunks of trees. This applies merely to the western Eskimos, for in the eastern regions round Baffin's Bay, Melville Sound, and Banks' Land, the dying and the dead are often left walled up in a snow hut, after being plundered of everything worth taking, without any precautions against the attacks of the gluttons, wolves, foxes, and bears. To this singular want of reverence for the dead may be referred, as we have pointed out in a former article,‡ the absence of human skeletons in the caverns and river deposits of Europe, in association with the extinct animals of the Pleistocene age. Mr. Bancroft considers that the Aleuts, as well as the Koniagas, are more closely allied to the Eskimos than to the North American proper. The Tlinkeetes, however, inhabiting the coast from Mount St. Elias to the river Nass, he

classifies with the latter. All these are seafaring peoples equally at home on sea or land, and all of them are remarkable for cleverness in carving; none of them are acquainted with the potter's art. Of the Tinneh, which constitute the last division of the Hyperborean group, ranging from Hudson's Bay through the Great Lone Land to the Pacific, we would merely remark that one of their tribes, the Kutchins, has a peculiar division into castes; there are three castes, and no man is allowed to marry into his own. The mother gives caste to the children, and consequently there can never be intertribal war without ranging fathers and sons against each other. When a child is named the father receives his name from the child, and not the child from the father.* All these people lived by hunting and fishing before they were influenced by contact with Europeans; the only evidence of a rudimentary knowledge of agriculture among them are the few small plots of tobacco, observed by Vancouver among the Tlinkeetes.

The Tinneh, which have passed under British dominion, are escaping to some extent the fate of the native races of the United States; the hunters and trappers of the fur companies having found it more profitable to employ them in obtaining peltries than to destroy them. The Scotch and French adventurers have very generally married Indian wives, and the number of half-breeds are rapidly increasing, with the practical result of the native races being absorbed into the mass of civilized whites. We would remark that the colonization of the British possessions in America differs from that of the United States in this particular. In the inhospitable climate of the Great Lone Land and Hudson's Bay the European has come mainly as a hunter, competing with the natives for the same animals, and often living the same kind of life. As a rule the hunter is unmarried when arrives, and gradually becomes fascinated with the wild life which he leads, and ends by marrying a native woman. In the more genial regions of the United States, the settler has generally come with his wife and family, and relies more particularly on agriculture. He drives away the wild animals, which are the staff of life to the Indian, who has the choice of three alternatives — either to migrate to regions as yet unpenetrated by white men, which are already occupied by tribes for the most part hostile to him;

* Wilson, "Prehistoric Man," ii. 88.

† Bancroft, v. 113.

‡ *Edinburgh Review*, October 1870, p. 454.

* I. 117.

or to starve on the Indian reservations, defrauded of his just rights by the Indian agents; * or to subsist by the plunder of the settlers. While these pages are passing through the press the news has arrived of the terrible slaughter of General Custer and his whole command in the Black Mountains by the Sioux, and of the preparations for vengeance by General Sheridan. In that region at least the bloody drama will soon be over; for the Indians are determined to die arms in hand, as the writer was informed by the general who has been among the first to fall. In any case it is impossible for him to escape ultimate extermination. It thus happens that the native races are rapidly perishing in the United States, while in the British dominion the Indian blood is to be recognized in the veins of some of the leading inhabitants. Neither Mr. Bancroft, who writes from the point of view offered by the United States, nor Professor Wilson, from that offered by his Canadian experiences, take into account this important distinction in treating of the future of the wild tribes of America.

The Pueblos, or townspeople, including under that head the Moquis, Pimas, and other cognate tribes which inhabit Arizona and New Mexico, are the first peoples which we meet with, in passing from north to south, living in villages and by agriculture. They are possessed of a civilization and social order which is by no means despicable. The towns of the Pueblos are well built; sometimes they are planted on elevations almost inaccessible and reached only by steps cut in the solid rock; sometimes they consist of one or more squares, each enclosed by three or four buildings, from three to four hundred feet in length, about a hundred and fifty feet wide at the base, with from two to seven stories, each eight or nine feet high. These stories are built in a series of steps, so that the roof of the story below forms a terrace for that above. Sometimes these terraces are on both sides of the building, at others they face to the outside or inside only. The only means of communication between the terraces is by ladders which stand at convenient distances and can be drawn up at pleasure. The terrace is divided into a suite of rooms, each of which is inhabited by a family, while some are

set apart for cooking, others for grinding corn and preserving winter supplies. In all these towns there is the *estufa*, a large room, half buried in the earth, which is at once bath house, town house, council chamber, club room, and church, and in which aromatic plants are constantly kept burning. We may remark in this place that the *estufa*, in some form or another, is to be traced among all the North American tribes with the exception of the Eskimos. It seems to us to be one of those habits brought by the Mongolians into the New World, just as they brought it into Europe. The stove of the Russian peasant is the representative of the *estufa* of the Americans. These towns are built of dried mud, or "adobe," or of cut stone, and are obviously intended for defence against the nomad tribes to whose incursions they are exposed, such as the Comanches, Appaches, Navajos, and the like.

The farming operations of these people are carried on with considerable skill, the land being irrigated by common conduits or ditches which convey water to the property of the community. Cotton, corn, wheat, beans, many kinds of fruit, such as peaches and melons, are grown; all the farming utensils are made of wood; their pottery is well made, and ornamented with paintings or enamel, and their baskets of willow twigs are woven so tightly as to contain water. The *estufas* are sometimes ornamented with well-painted figures of birds and animals. In the seven confederate pueblos of the Moquis the office of chief governor is hereditary; it is not, however, necessarily given to the nearest heir, as the people have the power to elect any member of the dominant family, like that exercised by Teutonic nations in Europe in early times. Among some of the Pueblo tribes the usual order of courtship is reversed. When a girl is disposed to marry she selects a young man to her own liking, and consults her father, who visits the parents of the youth, and tells them his daughter's wishes; the father of the bridegroom has to pay the parents of the bride for the loss of their daughter. Altogether the Pueblos present a marked contrast in civilization to the surrounding tribes, and may lay claim to rank with the civilized rather than with the wild peoples with which they are classified by Mr. Bancroft.

The recent exploration of Utah and southern Arizona, published last March by the Geological and Geographical Survey of the United States, has revealed that

* On this point we would call attention to the "Statement of Affairs at Red Cloud Agency, made to the President of the United States by Professor O. C. Marsh, July 1875," and to the evidence brought before a committee of the Senate in the autumn of the same year.

the Pueblos formerly inhabited an area considerably to the north of their present habitation. Their houses, and especially those which have been built into the cliffs which border the cañons of the Rio San Juan and La Plata, are the same in plan as those which we have just described, variously modified to suit the varying requirements of the site. The pottery is of the same kind, and the corn and implements and weapons imply the same mode of life as the Pueblos. These cliff-houses are obviously built for defence, and according to the legends connected with them, for defence against the tribes now in possession of the country. One structure, described by Mr. Holmes,* built on the edge of a cañon of the San Juan, resembles the round towers explored by Mr. Laing in Caithness. It forms part of a group of buildings which extend into the caves below, and present us with the most advanced forms of cave-habitation which have yet been discovered in any part of the world. They are met with in arid districts, while they are not found in others that are fertile; from which we may infer that the hydrography of this region has changed since the time it had sheltered a dense agricultural population. The fragments of pottery, colored red and black, imply a considerable artistic skill, the ornaments being generally in right lines; among which may be observed the step pattern, considered by Dr. Wiberg to be characteristic of Phœnician art in Europe, as well as various modifications of the key pattern, which are quite classical in their general application. These designs have been obviously handed down to the present Moquis, who use pottery of the same kind, though of inferior workmanship. Some of the larger vessels for storage have been built up of coils of clay moulded by the hand, which has resulted in the surface being corrugated. None of the pottery has been turned in the lathe.

Mr. Bancroft devotes the whole of his second, and the greater part of his third, fourth, and fifth volumes to the history of the civilized nations, and begins by attempting a definition of the term civilization as distinct from "savagism."

That which we commonly call civilization is not an adjunct nor an acquirement of man; it is neither a creed nor a polity, neither science, nor philosophy, nor industry; it is rather the measure of progressional force implanted in man, the general fund of the nation's wealth,

learning, and refinement, the storehouse of accumulated results, the essence of all best worth preserving from the distillations of good and the distillations of evil. It is a something between men, no less than a something within them; for neither an isolated man nor an association of brutes can by any possibility become civilized.

Further than this, civilization is not only the measure of aggregate human experiences, but it is a living working principle. It is a social transition; a moving forward rather than an end attained; a developing vitality rather than a fixed entity; it is the effort or aim at refinement rather than refinement itself; it is labor with a view to improvement, and not improvement consummated, although it may be and is the metre of such improvement. (Vol. ii., p. 4, 5.)

The progress of civilization is not the effect of volition any more than the growth of plants or animals. Societies, like individuals, come to maturity, grow old and die; "they may pause in their progress and become diseased, but they never turn round and grow backwards, or ungrow." The good which they have accumulated is handed on to their successors, so that nothing is lost to civilization in general. It is not our intention to follow Mr. Bancroft in his wanderings through the maze of this philosophical inquiry. We think that with regard to the special question in point, the American civilization before the arrival of the Spaniard, he has demonstrated the absurdity of Mr. Buckle's view that man's development is wholly dependent upon his physical surroundings, and that heat and moisture inevitably engender civilization. "In America," writes Mr. Buckle, "as in Asia and Africa, all the original civilizations were seated in hot countries, the whole of Peru proper being within the southern tropic, the whole of Mexico and Central America within the northern tropic." Cuzco, the capital of the Incas, is eleven thousand feet above the sea, and enjoys a cold and dry climate, while the Aztecs dwelt on an elevated table-land in a cool and dry atmosphere about seven thousand feet above the sea. Mr. Buckle's generalization is founded upon an ignorance of the physical geography of the Americas which is very remarkable. He actually speaks of the sandy plains of California as being "scorched into sterility," and therefore offering obstacles to civilization in that direction, while, as a matter of fact, it is fertile as the garden of Eden, well-watered, and enjoying every condition favorable to the well-being of civilized man.

The home of American civilization in

* Bulletin of the Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories, Vol. ii. No. 1, p. 9, pl. 3.

historic or traditional times is to be found between latitudes 11° and 22°, between Honduras and Tamaulipas on the Atlantic, between Nicaragua and Colima on the Pacific. Within its boundaries the singular conformation of the country offers every variation of climate, from the extreme of cold to the intensity of tropical heat. On the borders of the ocean, and rising up to a height of about fifteen hundred feet, is the *tierra caliente*, in which the climate is deadly to Europeans, and the vegetation of the densest tropical growth, and the birds and insects of the most brilliant and gorgeous hues. Above this a series of slopes, to a height of from three thousand to five thousand feet, constitute the *tierra templada*, in which luxuriant tropical vegetation is strangely mingled with that more usually found in a temperate region. The great central plateau towers above all to a height of from six thousand to seven thousand feet; the *tierra fria*, from which rise lofty volcanic peaks crowned with everlasting snow. It supports a growth of oak and pine, while wheat, barley, and all European cereals flourish side by side with the maize, maguay, and cactus. In the centre of this table-land a wall of volcanic cliffs and peaks surrounds the famous valley of Anahuac, about one hundred and sixty miles in circumference, enclosing a lake, on the shores of which rose the capitals of the three confederate states of Mexico, Tezcuco, and Tlacopan, whose armies extended the common domain to the shores of either ocean. Of these the first, or the Aztec, was by far the most prominent at the time of the conquest, in the extent of its domain and the magnificence of its buildings, and the desperate resistance that it offered to Cortes. Hence Mexico became to Europeans the representative of the civilization of Anahuac. In this work Mr. Bancroft uses the term Mexican to include all the inhabitants of the valley and their dependencies.

The numerous nations inhabiting Mexico and Central America at the time of the conquest fall naturally into two groups, differing from each other in language, art, traditions, and many other points which indicate "either a separate culture from the beginning, or a progress in different paths for a long series of ages; the one, the Mayas of Central America, the other, the Nahuas, represented chiefly by the Aztecs and the cognate dwellers in Mexico." In treating of these two races Mr. Bancroft keeps the traditions, language, and general culture separate from the his-

tory, to which he devotes his fifth volume. It seems to us that the materials for the history of these peoples prior to the conquest are singularly scanty; up to this time the hieroglyphics of the Mayas defy interpretation. It is undoubtedly true that numerous records exist of the Nahuas, but the question for us is whether these satisfy the requirements of modern criticism. There is no evidence that one of the original picture-writings of the Mexicans, written before the conquest, is now extant. When Cortes invaded the country there were numerous records stored up in the archives, and especially in the great centre of culture Tezcuco, which to the ignorant fanaticism of Spanish priests and soldiers seemed magic scrolls, and the symbols of a pestilent superstition to be stamped out at once. They were collected from every quarter by the first archbishop of Mexico, Don Juan de Zumarraga, a name to be remembered with that of the caliph Omar, and piled up into a mountain heap, in the flames of which the ancient history of the Nahuas was lost to the world forever. The events recorded in the destroyed picture-writings are supposed by Mr. Bancroft to have been kept in the memories of the educated classes until they ultimately reached the writers of history under Spanish rule through "the talk of the old men." Such information orally handed down cannot be considered exact or valuable, so far as relates to details. The general outlines of the ancient history may be fairly represented, but even these have been colored by non-contemporaneous writers, consciously or unconsciously, by the promptings of fanaticism or the pride of family.

The conditions under which Spanish writers published their works in Mexico may be gathered from the history of Sahagun, and the fate of his manuscripts. Bernadino Sahagun, one of the missionaries who arrived in Mexico in 1529, after mastering the Aztec language, spared no pains to get materials for his history from the natives by whom he was surrounded. He will relate his story in his own words, (iii., p. 231-2):—

I made in the Spanish language a minute or memorandum of all the matters that I had to treat of, which matters are what is written in these twelve books . . . which were begun in the pueblo of Tepeapulco, which is in the province of Culhuacán or Tezcuco. The work was done in the following way. In the aforesaid pueblo, I got together all the principal men, together with the lord of the place, who was called Don Diego de Mendoza, of great distinction and ability, well experienced in

things ecclesiastic, military, political, and even relating to idolatry. They being come together, I set before them what I proposed to do, and prayed them to appoint me able and experienced people with whom I might converse and come to an understanding on such questions as I might propose. They answered me that they would talk the matter over and give me their answer on another day; and with this they took their departure. So on another day the lord and his principal men came, and having conferred together with great solemnity, as they were accustomed at that time to do, they chose out ten or twelve of the principal old men, and told me that with these I might communicate, and that these would instruct me in any matters I should inquire of. Of these there were as many as four instructed in Latin, to whom I, some few years before, had myself taught grammar in the college of Santa Cruz, in Tlaltelolco. With these appointed principal men, including the four instructed in grammar, I talked many days during about two years, following the order of the minute I had already made out. On all the subjects on which we conferred they gave me pictures—which were the writings anciently in use among them—and these the grammarians interpreted to me in their language, writing the interpretation at the foot of the picture. Even to this day I hold the originals of these. . . . When I went to the chapter with which was ended the seven years' term of Fray Francisco Toral—he that had imposed the charge of this work upon me—I was removed from Tepeapulco, carrying all my writings. I went to reside at Sant Tagodel Tlaltelolco. There I brought together the principal men, set before them the matter of my writings, and asked them to appoint me some able principal men, with whom I might examine and talk over the writings I had brought from Tepeapulco. The governor, with the alcades, appointed me as many as eight or ten principal men, selected from all the most able in their language, and in the things of their antiquities. With these and with four or five collegians, all trilinguists, and living for the space of a year or more secluded in the college, all that had been brought written from Tepeapulco was clearly emended and written to, and the whole was re-written in small letters, for it was written with much haste. . . . (iii., p. 232.) The clear copy being fully made out, by the favor of the fathers above mentioned, and the expenditure of hard cash on the scribes, the author thereof asked of the delegate, Father Francisco de Rivera, that the work be submitted to three or four religious, so that they might give an opinion on it, and that in the provincial chapter, which was close at hand, they might attend and report on the matter to the assembly, speaking as the thing might appear to them. And these reported in the assembly that the writings were of much value and deserved such support as was necessary towards their completion. But to some of the assembly it seemed that it was contrary to

their vows of poverty to spend money in copying these writings; so they commanded the author to dismiss his scribes, and that he alone with his own hand should do what copying he wanted done; but as he was more than seventy years old, and for the trembling of his hand not able to write anything, nor able to procure a dispensation from this mandate, there was nothing done with the writings for more than five years.

Eventually his work was completed in 1569. It was sent over to Spain, where it lay hidden for more than two centuries, until its discovery by Signor Muñoz, in a convent library at Tolosa in Navarre. Singularly enough it was published nearly simultaneously in 1830-1, by Lord Kingsborough in England, and by Bustamante in America. A work which has been written under these conditions cannot be expected to give a true record of ancient history. Indeed Bustamante writes that the twelfth book, relating to the conquest, has been destroyed, and a spurious account inserted "because Sahagun wrote with a frankness proper to truth, and as this was not pleasing to the heads of the government, nor even to some of his brother friars, he was despoiled of his writings." Under circumstances such as these the sources of American history merit a most careful criticism.

Nor are the records compiled by the converts more valuable than those of the priests. Fernando di Alva Ixtlilxochitl, a grandson of the last king of Tezcuco, from whom he inherited what was saved of the public archives from the flames, has left behind a narrative which is in hopeless confusion, and certainly traditional rather than historic. The third class of witnesses is, if possible, less satisfactory than the other two. Cortes Diaz del Castillo, the "Anonymous Conquerer," and other adventurers, wrote merely from the point of view by their contact with a people utterly strange to Europe; and their writings seem to us to offer an exaggerated and distorted picture of the country which they conquered. It was to their interest to make their victories appear as great as possible to their countrymen, who were too far away to ascertain the facts for themselves; and to that end we believe that the power, wealth, and magnificence of the Mexicans, so graphically pictured by Prescott, have been greatly magnified. The more bloodthirsty the worship of the Mexican gods was represented to be, the less sympathy would there be excited by the ruthless manner in which the conquest was carried out. The sturdy Span-

ish freebooters, fighting for gold, and ignorant of the significance of the picture-writings, could not be expected to possess any of the qualities necessary for an historian of the conquered, and their ideas of ancient Mexican history must have been obtained second-hand. We, therefore, take it that the accounts handed down to us by the priests, by their converts, and by the conquerors, are untrustworthy and to be largely discounted by any one who wishes to get at an approximation of the truth. Mr. Prescott has not done this in his charming narrative, and Mr. Bancroft expressly tells us that his object is to lay all his sources of information before the reader, rejecting only what may be proven false and valueless rather than what may possibly be so. For our part we entirely distrust the chronology and the minor details of events which happened, say one hundred years before the conquest, and we only feel inclined to believe those portions of the records which are borne out by an appeal to relics still extant, or which would not be likely to be exaggerated by the three classes of witnesses. On the other side of the Atlantic Mr. Morgan, in the *North American Review*, (April 1876), goes much further than this; for he considers the elaborate accounts of the social habits of the Nahuas, the government, and the like, to be fictions based only on simple manners and customs and institutions, resembling those of the wild tribes.

The Nahuas civilization as presented to us by the documentary evidence and that of the art and architecture, was as complicated as that of ancient Egypt. In his treatment of it Mr. Bancroft leaves the wheat and the chaff designedly together on his threshing-floor, and tells the would-be historian to winnow out of it what he can. Without this preliminary it seems to us that a true idea of Mexican and Central-American civilization would be impossible. He has, in our opinion, met with scant justice at the hands of the *North American Reviewer*, who invades Mr. Bancroft's threshing-floor, and finds fault with the chaff upon it, just as if it were possible to thresh without chaff, and as if the author had professed to put the wheat into his garner. The latter course would have saved the reader a great deal of trouble, but it is not adopted by the author, who, therefore, is not to be judged in the same way as the writers of history, such as Prescott. We go a long way with Mr. Morgan as to the exaggerated picture usually given of Mexican civilization, but

we cannot go to the whole length of his scepticism. We fully allow that the details of Montezuma's dinner, as related by Cortes and other eye-witnesses, are obviously overdrawn, but we do not take that to be a fair example of the evidence which is offered as to Mexican civilization in general. With the victory of the Spaniards all means of verifying their accounts of the dinner disappeared, but it is not so with the manners and customs, which were recorded by men who got them first-hand in the manner we have described in the case of Sahagun. The grandson of the last king of Tezcucan may fairly be presumed to have known something about the manners and customs of his own people, and is stated to have inherited some of the picture-writings. Mr. Morgan rejects in a wholesale fashion nearly the whole of the evidence, on the grounds that it is inconsistent with his ideal of the Red Indian. He affirms that "there was neither a political society, nor a state, nor any "civilization in America when it was discovered;" and that a democracy was the only form of government possible to the Nahuas. He supports this startling conclusion by the analogies presented by the institutions of other American tribes with those of Mexico, and he assumes that the culture of the Red Indian must stop short at a confederacy of tribes without the further development into a monarchy. We cannot follow him in this. After stripping away a great deal of the Spanish setting, the story of the reigns of Montezuma and his predecessors represents to us the natural development of the kingly power from that of the war-chief of the usual Red Indian type, analogous to the development of kingship among the Germanic tribes and the Aryans generally. We believe that there was a political society and a civilization, mainly the outgrowth of ancient tribal divisions and customs, and that the whole organization of the body politic can be proved to have been far in advance of the Pueblos and Moquis, Creeks, or Iroquois, with which it is compared by the reviewer. We would remind Mr. Morgan, when he says that the Nahuas were merely "a breech-cloth people, wearing this rag of barbarism as the unmistakable evidence of their condition," that the ancient Greeks and the Romans, down to the age of Augustus, were also "breech-cloth peoples." Were Cicero or Thucydides barbarians because they wore no breeches? So far from these being any sign of culture, they are defined by Tacitus as "*tegmen barba-*

rum," and were not allowed to be worn in Rome by a law of the emperors Arcadius and Honorius. Mr. Carlyle may be right in viewing man as to a large extent modelled on his clothes; but it is simply ridiculous to associate the idea of civilization with the idea of breeches. All the great writers and heroes of antiquity were *sans-culottes*. The dress of the higher classes among the Nahuas was at least as elaborate as that among ourselves.

Montezuma, the war-chief of the Aztecs, appears naturally enough in the pages of the Spanish chroniclers as the emperor, the emperor, and the evidence seems to be clear that he was as absolute in Mexico as Philip II. in Spain. He was at the head of a body of chiefs of various grades, analogous to the orders of nobility in feudal Europe. The power of these chiefs in Tezcuco was curbed by a most ingenious device of Techotlalatzin, their overlord, who divided twenty-six provinces of his kingdom into sixty-five departments, governed by his own officials. He also divided the inhabitants of each province into six sections.

They were then changed about from place to place, in number proportioned to the size and population of the territory. For example, from a division containing six thousand people, two thousand were taken and transported into the territory of another lord, from the number of whose vassals two thousand were also taken and placed upon the vacated land in the first lord's possessions; each noble, however, retained his authority over that portion of his vassals which had been removed. By this means, although the number of each lord's subjects remained the same, yet as a large portion of each territory was occupied by the vassals of another, a revolt would be difficult. Nor could two nobles unite their forces against the crown, as care was taken that the interchange of dependents should not be effected between two estates adjoining each other. (Bancroft, ii. 190.)

This is recorded on the authority of Torquemada, one of the first Spanish missionaries, and as well as that of the grandson of the last king of Tezcuco. There seems to have been a very marked division between the chiefs and the common people; the former either inherited their rank or obtained it on the battle-field. There are stated to have been three military orders open to all, "the Princes, Eagles, and Tigers." Each soldier attained his rank according to his merits, which were measured by the number of captives he had secured. In battle they fought in divisions, each with its standards.

The priesthood formed an important class in the body politic. From the day of his birth to his death, the Aztec was obliged to observe forms and ceremonies, which in their minuteness are remarkable among the religious institutions of civilized peoples. Almost every occurrence had a tinge of that stern and dreadful superstition which led them to appease the wrath or to obtain the favor of the gods by human sacrifices; and these were offered on what would seem to us the most trivial occasions; for example, at the feast given on the return of a successful caravan, the festivities, which sometimes extended over several days, culminated in the sacrifice of slaves and the eating of human flesh as a religious duty, and not as a mere question of appetite. The obtaining of slaves for these sacrifices affected the whole character of the people, from the necessity which it imposed upon them for making forays in order to meet the requirements of their ritual. Even if we discount the numbers given by the prejudiced Spaniard of human victims offered on the consecration of temples or on the accession of a king, we must believe that the destruction of life purely from religious motives must have been enormous. Indeed, it was the aim of every Aztec warrior to bring home with him as many captives as possible, to be used on the altars as occasion might require, and he took his rank from the number of captives which he had made.

The priests are stated to have formed a well-disciplined ecclesiastical body, governed by a supreme pontiff, in each of the three states of the Mexican confederation. In Mexico, however, it was united with the office of commander-in-chief, and with the temporal sovereignty. The spiritual king was consecrated with the same sacred unguent as that used in the consecration of the temporal sovereign. The supreme pontiff, or divine master, as he was termed, was "the head of the church," and had absolute authority over all priests and all colleges throughout the empire. The ministers of the various temples were obliged to take their degree at the schools to which they had been sent during their youth, and among their duties was the education of choristers who were to sing at the principal feasts, and the superintendence of studies in the schools. In Mexico and the other towns of the empire there were as many sets of priests as there were temples, each having jurisdiction in its own section, which corresponded to our parish, and their priests and the pu-

pils lived in a school which adjoined the temple. There was a complex ritual, fixed and movable feasts, fasts also and penances, which consisted in abstinence from food, mutilation of the body, drawing of blood, and passing sticks, varying in thickness from half an inch to an inch and a half in diameter, through a hole cut in the tongue. They even discriminated their penances to such an extent as to punish the part of the body which had sinned; blood was drawn from the ears for inattention, from the tongue for bad language, and eyes, arms, and legs all suffered for any infringement of the ecclesiastical laws. Incense was used in their worship as well as sacrifices of men and animals. The human victims were sacrificed by an incision made through the breast with a knife of obsidian, through which the throbbing heart was torn by the priest, and offered to the idol in the sight of the multitude; the blood also was offered; sometimes the victim was flayed, and the priest dressed up in the skin represented the incarnation of the god. Human sacrifice seems to have extended throughout the Nahuan peoples, but in Mexico it was far more abundant than anywhere else; as many as seventy-two thousand captives are said to have been offered up at the consecration of the great temple of the god of war. These numbers are obviously exaggerated.

The common people were oppressed by the chiefs and priests in the time of Montezuma, although they enjoyed considerable freedom under the earlier kings, as in the parallel case in the history of the development of the Roman or Greek empires. The slaves were of three classes: first, those taken in war and doomed to sacrifice; second, those that were condemned for crime to forfeit their freedom; third, children sold by their parents. They seem to have enjoyed considerable liberty, they could marry and bring up families, hold property, including other slaves to serve them, and their children were born free.

The lands were divided between the king or overlord, the chiefs, the clans or tribes of the people, and the priestly order; there was also a share set apart for the supply of food in time of war. The lands of the people belonged to the community and not to the individual. The soil was carefully irrigated, and water was conveyed to a considerable distance by aqueducts. Agriculture and horticulture flourished; paper was manufactured from the pulp of the maguey. Besides the or-

dinary necessities of life, such as maize, beans, cotton, and maguey, — which last supplied them with food, pulque, thatch for their houses, pins, and needles, — articles of luxury were cultivated. There were two sorts of tobacco, chilli, vanilla, and cocoa, for the enjoyment of which, as well as for turkeys, we ourselves are indebted to this singular people. On the lake of Mexico were large floating gardens.

One of the peculiar features of Nahuan civilization was the respect which was paid to merchants in the body politic. They formed a guild, and were represented in the council of the king until they were degraded by the folly of Montezuma II. For purposes of trade they formed large caravans, perfectly armed, composed of numerous slaves, in the place of animals of draught, which they did not possess. They were specially educated for their calling, and in many regions the highest nobles thought it no disgrace to engage in commercial pursuits. They had tribunals of their own, to which they were alone responsible in all matters relating to trade. Trade was carried on in the main by barter. In the absence of regular coined money there were several standards of value, amongst which the chief were nibs or grains of cocoa, small pieces of cotton cloth, gold dust kept in translucent quills, and small pieces of copper cut into a T shape. Tin cut in the same shape was found in circulation in some districts by Cortes. In the chief towns there were markets regulated under the direction of officials, which excited the admiration of the Spanish invaders. Broad roads, in our sense of the term, there were none, but the paths connecting one place with another were repaired every spring, and the flying bridges made of rope and twisted bines across some of the rivers were most admirably constructed, and are still in use in that region. We may remark that bridges of this kind are also to be seen in Thibet.

According to Las Casas each of the two market-places in the city of Mexico would contain two hundred thousand (?) persons, one hundred thousand being present every fifth day. Flowers were sold as well as fruit, precious stones, and an infinite variety of pottery, implements, weapons, and ornaments of metal, stone, and wood. The feather-work of Mexico is famous for its beauty, and the skill with which the gold and silver smiths exercised their craft was certainly not to be surpassed in Europe at that time (ii. 476).

All the branches of art among the

Nahuas were placed under the control of a council of arts, which was instituted to develop poetry, oratory, history, painting, sculpture, and working in gold, precious stones, and feathers. In Tezcuco it was known as the council of music. The emperor Nezahualcoyotl, the Tezcucan Solomon, was himself a poet of great renown, and fragments of his poetry have been preserved.

O thou my friend, and beloved,
Enjoy the sweet flowers I bring thee ;
Let us be joyful together,
And banish each care and each sorrow ;
For although life's pleasures are fleeting,
Life's bitterness also must leave us.

I will strike, to help me in singing,
The instrument deep and sonorous ;
Dance thou while enjoying these flowers,
Before the great lord who is mighty ;
Let us grasp the sweet things of the present,
For the life of a man is soon over.

The fame of a race that is mighty,
And worthy a thousand fair kingdoms,
Will not in the future be heeded ;
The nations will only remember
The justice with which they were governed
In the years when the kingdom was threefold.

I would that those living in friendship,
Whom the thread of strong life doth encircle,
Could see the sharp sword of the death-god.
For, verily pleasure is fleeting,
All sweetness must change in the future,
The good things of life are inconstant.*

The poems from which these stanzas are quoted were written from memory in Aztec, with Roman letters, after the conquest, and translated into Spanish by Ixtlilxochitl, a lineal descendent of the royal author. We believe them to be valuable fragments of the literature of a highly cultivated class among the Nahuas. Events were recorded among the Nahuas by a system of picture-writings, in which color was employed to represent ideas as well as form, and many conventional symbols were used. They were painted in bright colors on strips of cotton cloth, prepared skins of maguey paper, either rolled up or folded like a fan into convenient books furnished with wooden covers.

The strongest proof, however, of the advanced civilization of the Nahuas is offered by their method of computing time, which was equal in correctness to any then known. They had observed the heavenly bodies with sufficient success to become well acquainted with the movements of the sun

and moon, as well as with those of some of the planets. They had divided the day into fixed periods corresponding with our hours. The year consisted of eighteen months of twenty days, or four weeks, of which every fifth day was a market or public fair. To make their reckoning correct they added five additional days to the 360, and they provided for the additional six hours by an intercalation, not every fourth year, like ourselves, but at the end of every fifty-two years, when they interposed twelve and a half days. The intercalation, indeed, of twenty-five days in every 104 years, as Mr. Prescott observes, shows a closer adjustment of solar to civil time than is presented by any European people. They also possessed a lunar calendar, which was used by the priests for the adjustment of religious feasts and ceremonies.

We might, perhaps, have doubted these accounts of this most extraordinary people, were they not supported by evidence other than that derived from Spanish records. Their artistic skill is proved by the articles of metals and precious stones stored up in various museums, as well as by their sculptures. The organization of the priesthood and the complexity of ritual are corroborated by the number of teocallis which still remain, and by sculptures and other works of art figured by Mr. Bancroft in the fourth volume, as, for example, the basaltic figure of a priest clad in the skin of a human victim (iv. 522). If the priests obtained such a hold over the people as these remains imply, it is in the highest degree probable that the kingship had obtained a corresponding hold. Just as the priestly caste in Mexico was higher than the medicine-man of the Red Indian to the north, so the office of kingship may reasonably be supposed to have been higher than that of war-chief. We cannot believe that so elaborate a religious system could have been devised without a corresponding organization of the body politic in other lines, and we therefore accept the main outlines of the organization of the civil power as handed down to us. Montezuma's palace probably was, as Mr. Morgan contends, a joint-tenement house, but there can be no doubt as to its being a magnificent structure; and, in like manner, many terms applicable to the civilization of the old world may have been used in a slightly different sense for the strange customs and manners in the new. This, however, does not affect the credibility of the records. The possessors of an arithmetical method by which the highest

numbers could be recorded, of sufficient astronomical knowledge to make sun-dials, of a literature and of a complex religious system, constitute sufficient grounds for the classification of the Nahuas amongst civilized peoples. The history of their civilization as yet remains to be written. Mr. Prescott was carried away by his vivid imagination, and errs in excess. Mr. Morgan errs in the opposite direction. Without such preliminary work as that which has been done by Mr. Bancroft, a history would be impossible.

The confused legends which profess to give the most ancient accounts of the Nahuas, relate that the Olmecs, one of the many primitive tribes, on their arrival in Anahuac found the Quinames, a race of giants, in possession of the land, whom they conquered. To them is assigned the building of the great pyramid of Cholula, the Nahuac Mecca; and among them the great Quetzalcoatl, the plumed serpent, appeared from beyond seas, half divinity and half hero; a white, bearded, venerable man, just and holy; a prophet, priest, and king. According to some writers he came into Anahuac at the head of the Nahuas. He ultimately departed, predicting great calamities, and promising to return when his worshippers were to rule over the land. This prediction was regarded by Montezuma to have been fulfilled by the landing of Cortes. He is considered by most of the Spanish writers to have been St. Thomas, while Mr. Tylor looks upon him as a sun-myth, the sun of to-day, born of his father Camaxtli, the sun of yesterday. Next the Toltecs appear on the scene, and the Chichimecs. According to all accounts the Toltecs were the great builders-up of the Nahuac civilization, and to them is universally assigned the raising of most of the large structures, the ruins of which still astonish the traveller in Mexico. They probably absorbed into themselves all the tribes which they found in possession. The duration of their dominion is uncertain. Of their three capitals, Tolan was the most magnificent, and Culhuacan the only one which survived the overthrow of their power. The traditional date of the overthrow of the Toltec dominion by the Chichimecs is the eleventh century. Warlike tribes, more or less barbarous, established themselves within the borders of the weakened empire, which is stated to have been rent asunder by rival religious sects and by civil war, followed by famine and pestilence. The popular account pictures the whole population as migrating southwards, but it is incredible

that so fair a land would be abandoned by its possessors except under the pressure of invasion. Very probably, however, the chief men were driven into exile, and they may possibly have found a refuge in Central America, among the Maya and Quiché nations, just as in modern times the leaders of the frequent revolts and faction fights are in the habit of doing. There is, however, no proof that they were the founders of the Mayan civilization of Central America.

The sceptre of the Toltecs passed into the hands of the Chichimecs, and with it all trace of the latter as a people disappears, from which may be inferred that the two were closely related to one another, and that the change was rather that of dynasty than of a displacement of population, analagous in some respects to those changes in names which are met with in the history of the ancient Germanic tribes. The Chichimecs seem to have absorbed the Toltecs into their mass; it is nevertheless probable that some new tribes may have entered into Mexico about this time. Under the Chichimecs Culhuacan recovered its old position as the centre of culture and power, and along with the city of Tezcuco, that of the Chichimecs *par excellence*, and Azcapuzalco, the capital of the Tepanecs, formed a confederation somewhat analogous to that of the Aztecs. Wars and intrigues, however, between them ended in the destruction of the first-mentioned of these cities, and the subjugation of the Tepanecs, who for a time were masters of Anahuac.

While, however, these events were taking place, another of the tribes in Anahuac had gradually been gaining for themselves a place among the nations. The Aztecs, formidable for their fierce and warlike nature and bloody religious rites, had founded the city of Mexico in the marshes adjoining the great lake, after long wanderings and many reverses. It is said to have been founded in the year 1325. At the fall of Culhuacan, Mexico ranked next to Tezcuco, and the Aztecs were the most powerful of all the tribes who sprang to arms against the Tepanecs. The war resulted in the destruction of the capital of the latter, and in the establishment of an empire, or confederation, in which Mexico and Tezcuco had dominions of equal extent, while Tlacopan, belonging to the conquered Tepanecs, was admitted to the alliance with a smaller share of territory. This event is said to have happened in the early part of the fifteenth century. The terms of this confederacy seem never to

have been openly violated. But just before the arrival of Cortes the Aztecs had increased so much in power that they aimed at a supremacy over the confederacy, and a desperate struggle was imminent, which was only averted by the total overthrow of the confederation by the Spaniards. It was to this jealousy of the Aztecs, and to the fear of their obtaining absolute power, that we may attribute the comparative ease with which the destruction of the Mexican empire was brought about.

The ignorant fanaticism of the Spaniard has left only a few uncertain legends as to the ancient history of the Mayas and Quichés, of Yucatan, Honduras, and Guatemala. The key to the hieroglyphs engraved on the monuments of Palenque and Copan is utterly lost. Both these cities were apparently in ruins at the time of the conquest; others, however, according to Mr. Stephens, were conquered and destroyed by the Spaniards. They are undoubtedly the outward signs of a civilization resembling the Nahuatl, but not identical with it. The great stone idols which they worshipped were different from the snake-adorned divinities of the Mexicans, and were of a milder and higher type. In the former we find groups of figures with their feet folded under them, a posture which is rarely observed in Mexican figures. Mr. Bancroft believes that the Mayan power was the first to be developed in Central America, and that alongside of it the Nahuatl gradually rose up with its capital Tulan in Chiapas, and that ultimately the former was overthrown by the latter. This view seems to us purely mythical, for it is incredible that the centre of Nahuatl greatness should have been shifted from Central America to Anahuac without adequate cause; and had the affinity between the two peoples been as great as Mr. Bancroft believes, their languages and hieroglyphs would hardly have been so distinct. Whether the analogies which exist between the institutions and monumental remains of Mexico and Central America be due to the latter region being the ancient home of the Nahuas, or whether they are the result of subsequent intercourse, seems to us doubtful. That, however, the two peoples came into close contact, is proved by the legend of the plumed serpent being common to both, as well as by many common points in their architecture and sculpture.

Mr. Bancroft tells us very little of the relation of the Peruvian civilization to the Mayan and Nahuatl. The most remarkable monuments of Peru are generally con-

sidered the work of a people which preceded those found by Pizarro in possession of the country, and bearing about the same relation to them as the Toltecs to the Aztecs. The great military roads, aqueducts, and other cyclopean structures prove that they were far advanced in the engineering arts. They kindled their sacrificial fire with a concave mirror of polished metal, their records were kept by means of knotted strings or quippus and picture-writings, which were not so far advanced as those of the Nahuas, nor was their method of computing time so elaborate. The possession of the llama distinguishes them from the Mayas and Nahuas, among whom the dog was the only domesticated animal. On the whole we feel inclined to believe either that this Peruvian civilization is distinct from the Mayan or Nahuatl, or that it is derived from a common source so remote that, for all practical purposes, we may consider it to have been distinct.

We must now inquire into the relation which exists between the mound-builders of the Mississippi, and the copper-workers of Lake Superior, with the Mayas and Nahuas. Throughout the great valley of the Mississippi are numerous earthworks and mounds, and other relics of a civilization which had disappeared before the present races of Indians had occupied the country. They centre more particularly in the state of Ohio, from which they decrease in number and importance northwards, eastwards, and perhaps westwards. To the south the temple-mounds (teocallis) are more numerous than the rest. The embankments are generally connected with mounds, and form earthworks for defence like those on the South-downs explored by Col. Lane Fox, and have their entrances sometimes protected by overlapping works. Sometimes they enclose perfect circles or squares. One long ramp in northern Ohio is seventeen miles long, and similar in appearance to the Wandsdyke near Avebury, or Offa's dyke on the borders of Wales, and was probably crowned with palisades for defensive purposes.

Other inclosures are classed as sacred, or pertaining in some way to religious rites, because no other equally satisfactory explanation of their use can be given. That they were in no sense works of defence is evident from their position, almost invariably on the most level spot that could be selected, and often overlooked by neighboring elevations. Unlike the fortifications, they are regular in form, the square and circle predominating, and gen-

erally found in conjunction, but the ellipse, rectangle, crescent, and a great variety of other forms being frequent, and several different forms usually occurring together. A square with one or more circles is a frequent combination. The angles and curves are usually, if not always, perfectly accurate, and the regular, or sacred, enclosures probably outnumber by many the irregular ones, although they are of lesser extent. Enclosed areas of one to fifty acres are common. The groups are of great extent; one at Newark, Ohio, covers an area of nearly four square miles. A remarkable coincidence was noticed by Mr. Squire in the dimensions of the square enclosures, five or six of these having been found at long distances from each other, which measured exactly ten hundred and eighty feet square. Circles are, as a rule, smaller than the squares with which they are connected, two hundred to two hundred and fifty feet being a common size. The largest of the enclosures, with an area of some six hundred acres, are those reported in the far west and north-west by early travellers, whose reports are not confirmed. (Vol. iv., p. 757.)

The temple-mounds, which sometimes were terraced, are often ninety feet high, and cover eight acres, and probably supported wooden temples on their summit. According to Mr. Bancroft they contain no relics, which however have been found in abundance in the smaller mounds, known as altars and tumuli, with which they are intimately associated.

Another class of mounds is found in greatest abundance in the north-west, those in the shape of animals; some of which represent a human figure a hundred feet long, others birds and reptiles. One in Adam's County, Ohio, on the summit of a hill, is said to be a serpent in the act of swallowing an oval mound a hundred and sixty feet long by eighty feet wide; its body is more than a thousand feet long. These are considered by Schoolcraft to be the totems of different tribes, but their use has not as yet been satisfactorily explained.

These people were tillers of the ground, and a dense population centred in the most fertile spots. Their pottery was of a high order, and that figured by Mr. Bancroft (iv., p. 780), is Mexican or Central American in design, like the tablet discovered in Cincinnati, figured by Professor Wilson (i. 177, fig. 1). The same may be remarked of the terra-cotta figures of men. They used also elaborately carved pipes of stone, on which every indigenous bird, beast, and reptile is faithfully delineated, and among them are some creatures now only to be found within the tropics, such as the lamantin and toucan. They ob-

tained also mica from the Alleghanies, and pearls and various marine shells from the Gulf of Mexico. Obsidian knives have also been met with, and copper in native lumps, or hammered into various implements and weapons. They were ignorant of the arts of casting, welding, and alloying, contrasting in these respects with the Mexicans. They used silver in small sheets wrapped about ornaments of copper or shell. Both these metals are native, and the natural alloy of the former points out that it was derived from the ancient copper mines of Lake Superior. Thus we are driven to believe that these people either worked the mines themselves or obtained their copper through barter from the miners. The magnitude of the operations carried on in these mines may be gathered from the fact that one block of copper, weighing upwards of six tons, was discovered in the Minnesota mine, mounted on an open frame preparatory to its being got out. We cannot accept Mr. Bancroft's view that the extreme difficulty of clearing forests and carving stone with implements of stone and soft copper, lends any weight to the supposition that the mound-builders were acquainted with the use of iron.

The mound-builders are proved to have been a numerous people by the magnitude and geographical extent of their works. They are considered by Mr. Bancroft to have been composed of tribes living under similar laws and religion, and possessed, on the whole, of the same habits of life; such variations as are observed being probably those which might be expected to be local. They lived by agriculture rather than on the chase, possessed considerable skill in the art of fortification, and sufficient mathematical knowledge to lay out perfect circles and squares. Their monuments "imply a widespread religious system under a powerful priesthood. Private devotion manifests itself on a scale less magnificent, one involving less hard work. The altar-mounds suggest sacrifice," and the burnt human bones may indicate human victims, but they may be the result of the custom of cremation. They were probably erected by a race that lived long in the land, and which is not represented by any of the tribes now to be found in those regions. Mr. Bancroft concludes that —

The monuments are not sufficient in themselves to absolutely prove or disprove the truth of any one of the following theories :
1. An indigenous culture springing up among the Mississippi tribes, founded on agriculture,

fostered by climate and unknown circumstances, constantly growing through long ages, driving back the surrounding walls of savagism, but afterwards weakened by unknown causes, yielding gradually to savage hordes, and finally annihilated or driven in remnants from their homes southward. 2. A colony from the southern peoples already started in the path of civilization, growing as before in power, but at last forced to yield their homes into the possession of savages. 3. A migrating colony from the north, dwelling long in the land, gradually increasing in power and culture, constantly extending their dominion southward, and finally abandoning, voluntarily or against their will, the north for the more favored south, where they modified or originated the southern civilization. (Vol. iv., p. 787.)

Of these theories Mr. Bancroft adopts the last, and holds that "they were probably a colony of the ancient Mayas who settled in the north during the continuance of the great Maya empire of Xibalba in Central America several centuries before Christ." It seems to us, however, that the absence of bronze, used by the Mayas and Nahuas for implements and weapons, among the traces left behind by the mound-builders, is fatal to that view. Had they advanced northwards they would have left behind more distinct traces of their culture. The view which suggests itself more forcibly to our minds is that the mound-builders gradually extended their borders in very remote times from north to south, and that during the long centuries of their migration they developed a civilization of comparatively high order. It is indeed possible that the pyramid mounds may have been the prototypes of the teocallis, and the germs of the religion which was so highly organized in Mexico originated in this area; but whether this be so or not, there can be no doubt that the Nahuas or Mayan influences, as proved by works of art, occur as far north as Cincinnati. The coiled rattlesnakes, emblematic of royalty among the Mexicans, have been found in Tennessee and Ohio.

The proof that the mound-builders disappeared from this region in remote times is tolerably clear. The fertile plains of the Mississippi and its tributaries consist of three terraces, the one extending on each side of a river, and the two others rising one above the other. None of these works stand upon the last-formed terrace, some of those on the second bear marks of having been invaded by the current, at that time flowing near their level, while most of them are on the oldest and highest of the three. We may therefore infer

that they disappeared before the formation of the last terrace. The fact that some of the monuments were covered with primeval forests in the seventeenth century, and that some of the trees growing on them are from four to five hundred years old, while others were met with in all stages of decomposition at their feet and under the ground, implies that the works were abandoned about one thousand years ago; and even this estimate must be extended when we reflect that cultivated land in reverting to the condition of a forest has to support several generations of trees of different species before it returns to the condition of primeval forest, which was destroyed in the ancient clearings. It is a singular coincidence that the approximate date of the abandonment of these works, arrived at in this fashion, should agree with the date which is assigned by tradition to the arrival of the Nahuas in Anahuac. We may add that the abandonment of the copper mines of Lake Superior is proved to have happened many centuries ago by the large size of some of the trees growing on the old workings. The complete disappearance of all wooden structures from the works of the mound-builders, and the decayed human bones which Mr. Bancroft brings forward as evidence of high antiquity, do not seem to us to have any bearing upon the point, because the preservation of such remains depends upon accidental circumstances varying in each case.

If, however, we attribute any portion of the Mexican or Central-American civilization to the mound-builders, we are bound to admit, with Mr. Bancroft, that by far the greater portion cannot be traced to any particular source in America. Neither in California nor in New Mexico or Arizona, are there any traces of a civilization in any degree analogous to that of Uxmal, Palenque, Copan, Tezcuco, or Mexico, the structures in those districts being referable to the ancestors of the present Moquis and Pueblos. It seems therefore tolerably clear that the culture of the Mayas, Nahuas, and Peruvians was not derived from this quarter. Outside the Americas, however, in the art of the Chinese, Japanese, and other Mongolians of Asia, we find resemblances which can scarcely be accidental. The polished bronze mirrors of Peru are, as Professor Wilson observes, remarkably like those of Japan, the plumed serpents and other figures recall to mind the dragons and other grotesques of the Chinese and Japanese; and when we find further that the Aztec calendar was con-

structed on the same principle as the Mongolian, the suspicion that the one was derived from the other becomes almost a certainty. "A correspondence quite as extraordinary," writes Mr. Prescott ("Conquest of Mexico," p. 466), "is found between the hieroglyphs used by the Aztecs for the signs of the days, and those zodiacal signs which the eastern Asiatics employed as one of the terms of their series. The symbols in the Mongolian calendar are borrowed from animals. Four of the twelve are the same as the Aztec. Three others are as nearly the same as the different species of animals in the two hemispheres would allow. The remaining five refer to no creature then found in Anahuac. The resemblance went as far as it could. The similarity of these conventional symbols among the several nations of the East can hardly fail to carry conviction of a common origin for the system as regards them. Why should not a similar conclusion be applied to the Aztec calendar, which, although relating to days instead of years, was, like the Asiatic, equally appropriated to chronological uses and to those of divination?"

It would be absurd to suppose that two uncivilized peoples could devise such artificial and cumbrous * methods of dividing time without some intercourse with each other. Such a supposition would push Mr. Buckle's theory of civilization to the verge of the ridiculous. It is very hard in a great many cases to define what are the results of environment, pure and simple, from those manners and customs which have been inherited; in this case, however, where a scientific method is concerned, we are driven to believe that the civilizations of Asia and America were connected in remote times. It is very improbable that this knowledge could have been introduced alone without some of the other arts having been brought along with it. We feel, therefore, inclined to hold with Humboldt that the civilization was to some extent imported from Asia. The Japanese current, as we have already remarked, sweeps straight cross the Pacific, and would easily convey vessels from the shores of Japan and China to southern California and the shores of Mexico. To that daring race which has peopled Polynesia such a current would offer a comparatively easy highway.

The traditions of the ancient civilized peoples of America point towards the view which we have arrived at from an exami-

nation of the relics of their art and calendar. Mancocapac, accompanied by his sister, appeared among the Peruvians, gave them an admirable system of laws, and then ascended to his father, the sun. The plumed serpent, the Quetzalcoatl of the Nahuas, the Cukulcan of the Mayas, is said to have introduced the calendar, and after a Saturnian reign to have passed to a distant country. These myths imply the arrival of strangers of a higher culture than the natives, and cannot fairly be taken to be wholly without foundation. Mexico and Central America certainly possessed an indigenous civilization, the result of the experience of man for a long series of ages in those and the neighboring regions, and this formed the basis on which the new culture was engrafted. We should attribute the differences between the Peruvian and Mexican on the one hand, and Central-American civilization on the other, by ascribing them to the arrival of different bodies of emigrants at different times.

But if this view of the Asiatic origin of a part of the Mexican and Central-American civilization be accepted, contact with Asia must have taken place in the enormously remote period of human progress which is marked by the knowledge of the art of making bronze, coupled with the ignorance of the use of iron. The emigrants must have left Asia not later than the bronze age. It is very generally assumed that the knowledge of making bronze was arrived at in the Americas without any communication with Asia. This is a mere assumption unsupported by any proof. Tinstone is not of a lustre suggestive of metal, and there are many other alloys which might have been made of copper, and which a savage would be as likely to discover. None of the ores of iron so abundant in Mexico, nor the large blocks of meteoric iron, such, for example, as at Cholula, were used before contact with the Europeans. The ignorance of native iron is very singular when we reflect that it was used by Eskimos for the manufacture of implements and weapons. From the identity of the polished stone axes of the American tribes generally, with those of the old world, it may be inferred that the principal emigration took place while the civilization of Asia was in the neolithic stage.

We might expect to derive light in these interesting and difficult problems from the study of language, but unfortunately the philologist has not yet arisen to collect together and collate the American dialects with sufficient completeness to allow of

* See Tylor, "Anahuac," 237-41.

their being used in the inquiry; indeed we may say the same with almost equal justice of the non-Aryan dialects of Asia. It is almost unnecessary for us to say that the Mexican, Central American, and Peruvian civilizations withered away at the contact with the fanaticism and ignorance of the Spaniard, and was replaced by one of foreign growth, which can scarcely be said to be higher. Probably its destruction would have been no less sure had it been brought into relation with any other European peoples. In dealing with it we cannot fairly compare it with any of those which have flourished within the last two thousand years in Europe. It can only be compared with the civilization of the bronze age, which was rapidly passing away at the very dawn of history in the region of the Mediterranean; such, for example, as that revealed by the labors of Dr. Schliemann in the mound at Hisarlık.

The general impression left on our mind by the study of the problem offered by the races of the Americas is: 1. That they are, with the exception of the Eskimos, of Mongolian derivation, and that they have inhabited the new world for a sufficient length of time to develop many languages and a peculiar civilization. 2. That from time to time fresh bodies of emigrants arrived from Asia, probably over sea, bringing with them the knowledge of arts and sciences, which were engrafted into this civilization. 3. That there is no proof of contact of the new with the old world to be found in the civilizations of Mexico, Central America, and of Peru later than the bronze age. The absence of domestic animals, except the dog in the two first, may be accounted for by the difficulty of their being conveyed in canoes, as well as by the seafaring Mongolians, Malays, Polynesians, etc., not being addicted to pastoral habits. 4. That the migration has been on the whole from Asia to America, and the general drift of the tribes from north to south. We can confidently recommend Mr. Bancroft's book to our readers as a trustworthy and well-edited encyclopædia of all that is known of the "Native races of the Pacific States of North America," and of the most important facts relating to the history, art, and architecture of the civilized peoples of Mexico and Central America.

THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, AUTHOR OF "MALCOLM," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

FLORIMEL.

THAT night Florimel had her thoughts as well as Malcolm. Already life was not what it had been to her, and the feeling of a difference is often what sets one a-thinking first. While her father lived, and the sureness of his love overarched her consciousness with a heaven of safety, the physical harmony of her nature had supplied her with a more than sufficing sense of well-being. Since his death, too, there had been times when she even fancied an enlargement of life in the sense of freedom and power which came with the consciousness of being a great lady, possessed of the rare privilege of an ancient title, with an inheritance which seemed to her a yet greater wealth than it was. But she had soon found that as to freedom she had less of that than before — less of the feeling of it within her: not much freedom of any sort is to be had without fighting for it, and she had yet to discover that the only freedom worth the name — that of heart and soul and mind — is not to be gained except through the hardest of battles. She was very lonely too. Lady Belair had never assumed with her any authority, and had always been kind, even to petting, but there was nothing about her to make a home for the girl's heart. She felt in her no superiority, and for a spiritual home that is essential. As she learned to know her better, this sense of loneliness went on deepening, for she felt more and more that her guardian was not one in whom she could place genuine confidence, while yet her power over her was greater than she knew. The innocent nature of the girl had begun to recoil from what she saw in the woman of the world, and yet she had in herself worldliness enough to render her freely susceptible of her influences.

Notwithstanding her fine health and natural spirits, Florimel had begun to know what it is to wake suddenly of a morning between three and four, and lie for a long, weary time sleepless. In youth, bodily fatigue ensures falling asleep, but as soon as the body is tolerably rested, if there be unrest in the mind, that wakes it, and consciousness returns in the shape of a dull misgiving, like the far echo of the approaching trump of the archangel. Indeed, those hours are as a vestibule to the

great hall of judgment, and to such as, without rendering it absolute obedience, yet care to keep on some sort of terms with their conscience, it is a time of anything but comfort. Nor does the court those hours sitting concern itself only with heavy questions of right and wrong, but whoever loves himself and cares for his appearance before the eyes of men finds himself accused of paltry follies, stupidities and indiscretions, and punished with paltry mortifications, chagrins and anxieties. From such arraignment no man is free but him who walks in the perfect law of liberty—that is, the will of the Perfect—which alone is peace.

On the morning after she had thus taken Malcolm into her service Florimel had one of these experiences—a foretaste of the valley of the shadow: she awoke in the hour when judgment sits upon the hearts of men. Or is it not rather the hour for which a legion of gracious spirits are on the watch—when, fresh raised from the death of sleep, cleansed a little from the past and its evils by the gift of God, the heart and brain are most capable of their influences?—the hour when, besides, there is no refuge of external things wherein man may shelter himself from the truths they would so gladly send conquering into the citadel of his nature, no world of the senses to rampart the soul from thought, when the eye and the ear are as if they were not, and the soul lies naked before the infinite of reality. This live hour of the morning is the most real hour of the day, the hour of the motions of a prisoned and persecuted life, of its effort to break through and breathe. A good man then finds his refuge in the heart of the purifying fire: the bad man curses the swarms of Beelzebub that settle upon every sore spot in his conscious being.

But it was not the general sense of unfitness in the conditions of her life—neither was it dissatisfaction with Lady Bellair for the want of the pressure of authority upon her unstable being; it was not the sense of loneliness and unshelteredness in the sterile waste of fashionable life, neither was it weariness with the same and its shows, or all these things together, that could have waked the youth of Florimel and kept it awake at this hour of the night, for night that hour is, however near the morning.

Some few weeks ago she had accompanied to the study of a certain painter a friend who was then sitting for her portrait. The moment she entered, the ap-

pearance of the man and his surroundings laid hold of her imagination. Although on the very verge of popularity, he was young—not more than five-and-twenty. His face, far from what is called handsome, had a certain almost grandeur in it, owed mainly to the dominant forehead and the regnant life in the eyes. To this the rest of the countenance was submissive. The mouth was sweet yet strong, seeming to derive its strength from the will that towered above and overhung it, throned on the crags of those eyebrows. The nose was rather short, not unpleasantly so, and had mass enough. In figure he was scarcely above the usual height, but well formed. To a first glance, even, the careless yet graceful freedom of his movements was remarkable, while his address was manly and altogether devoid of self-recommendation. Confident modesty and unobtrusive ease distinguished his demeanor.

His father, Arnold Lenorme, descended from an old Norman family, had given him the Christian name of Raoul, which, although outlandish, tolerably fitted the surname, notwithstanding the contiguous *L*'s, so objectionable to the fastidious ear of their owner. The earlier and more important part of his education—the beginnings, namely, of everything he afterward further followed—his mother herself gave him, partly because she was both poor and capable, and partly because she was more anxious than most mothers for his best welfare. The poverty they had crept through, as those that strive after better things always will, one way or another, with immeasurable advantage, and before the time came when he must leave home her influence had armed him in adamant—a service which, alas! few mothers seem capable of rendering the knights whom they send out into the battle-field of the world. Most of them give their children the best they have, but how shall a foolish woman be a wise mother? The result in his case was that reverence for her as the type of womanhood, working along with a natural instinct for refinement, a keen feeling of the incompatibility with art of anything in itself low or unclean, and a healthful and successful activity of mind, had rendered him so far upright and honorable that he had never yet done that in one mood upon which in another he had looked back with loathing. As yet, he had withstood the temptations belonging to his youth and his profession—in a great measure also the temptations belonging to success: he had not yet been

tried with disappointment or sorrow or failure.

As to the environment in which Florimel found him, it was to her a region of confused and broken color and form—a kind of chaos out of which beauty was ever ready to start. Pictures stood on easels, leaned against chair-backs, glowed from the wall, each contributing to the atmosphere of solved rainbow that seemed to fill the space. Lenorme was seated—not at his easel, but at a grand piano, which stood away, half hidden in a corner, as if it knew itself there on sufferance, with pictures all about the legs of it. For they had walked straight in without giving his servant time to announce them. A bar of a song, in a fine tenor voice, broke as they opened the door; and the painter came to meet them from the farther end of the study. He shook hands with Florimel's friend, and turned with a bow to her. At the first glance the eyes of both fell. Raised the same instant, they encountered each other point-blank, and then the eloquent blood had its turn at betrayal. What the moment meant Florimel did not know, but it seemed as if Raoul and she had met somewhere long ago—were presumed not to know it, but could not help remembering it, and agreeing to recognize it as a fact. A strange pleasure filled her heart. While Mrs. Barnardiston sat she flitted about the room like a butterfly, looking at one thing after another, and asking now the most ignorant, now the most penetrative question, disturbing not a little the work, but sweetening the temper of the painter as he went on with his study of the mask and helmet into which the gorgon stare of the unideal had petrified the face and head of his sitter. He found the situation trying, nevertheless. It was as if Cupid had been set by Jupiter to take a portrait of Io in her stall, while evermore he heard his Psyche fluttering about among the peacocks in the yard. For the girl had bewitched him at first sight. He thought it was only as an artist, though, to be sure, a certain throb, almost a pain, in the region of the heart, when first his eyes fell before hers, might have warned, and perhaps did in vain warn, him otherwise. Sooner than usual he professed himself content with the sitting, and then proceeded to show the ladies some of his sketches and pictures. As he did so, Florimel happened to ask to see one standing as in disgrace with its front to the wall. He put it, half reluctantly, on an easel, and said it was meant for the unveiling of Isis, as presented in a

mahrchen of Novalis, called "*Die Lehrlinge zu Sais*," in which the goddess of nature reveals to the eager and anxious gaze of the beholder the person of his Rosenblüthchen, whom he had left behind him when he set out to visit the temple of the divinity. But on the great pedestal where should have sat the goddess there was no gracious form visible. That part of the picture was a blank. The youth stood below, gazing enraptured, with parted lips and outstretched arms, as if he had already begun to suspect what had begun to dawn through the slowly-thinning veil; but to the eye of the beholder he gazed as yet only on vacancy, and the picture had not reached an attempt at self-explanation. Florimel asked why he had left it so long unfinished, for the dust was thick on the back of the canvas.

"Because I have never seen the face or figure," the painter answered, "either in eye of mind or of body, that claimed the position."

As he spoke his eyes seemed to Florimel to lighten strangely, and as if by common consent they turned away and looked at something else. Presently, Mrs. Barnardiston, who cared more for sound than form or color, because she could herself sing a little, began to glance over some music on the piano, curious to find what the young man had been singing; whereupon Lenorme said to Florimel hurriedly, and almost in a whisper, with a sort of hesitating assurance, "If *you* would give me a sitting or two—I know I am presumptuous, but if you would—I—I—should send the picture to the Academy in a week."

"I will," replied Florimel, flushing like a wild poppy, and as she said it she looked up in his face and smiled. "It would have been selfish," she said to herself as they drove away, "to refuse him."

This first interview, and all the interviews that had followed, now passed through her mind as she lay awake in the darkness preceding the dawn, and she reviewed them not without self-reproach. But for some of my readers it will be hard to believe that one of the feelings that now tormented the girl was a sense of lowered dignity because of the relation in which she stood to the painter, seeing there was little or no ground for moral compunction, and the feeling had its root merely in the fact that he was a painter-fellow and she a marchioness. Her rank had already grown to seem to her so identified with herself that she was hardly any longer capable of the analysis that should

show it distinct from her being. As to any *duty* arising from her position, she had never heard the word used except as representing something owing to, not owed by, rank. Social standing in the eyes of the superexcellent few of fashion was the Satan of unrighteousness worshipped around her. And the precepts of this worship fell upon soil prepared for it. For with all the simplicity of her nature there was in it an inborn sense of rank, of elevation in the order of the universe above most others of the children of men—greater intrinsic worth therefore in herself. How could it be otherwise with the offspring of generations of pride and falsely conscious superiority? Hence, as things were going now with the more human part of her, some commotion, if not earthquake indeed, was imminent. Nay, the commotion had already begun, as manifest in her sleeplessness and the thoughts that occupied it.

Rightly to understand the sense of shame and degradation she had not unfrequently felt of late, we must remember that in the circle in which she moved she heard, on all sides, professions, arts, and trades alluded to with the same unuttered but the more strongly implied contempt—a contempt, indeed, regarded as so much a matter of course, so thoroughly understood, so reasonable in its nature, so absolute in its degree, that to utter it would have been bad taste from very superfluity. Yet she never entered the painter's study but with trembling heart, uncertain foot, and fluttering breath, as of one stepping within the gates of an enchanted paradise, whose joy is too much for the material weight of humanity to ballast, even to the steadying of the bodily step and the outward calm of the bodily carriage. How far things had gone between them we shall be able to judge by-and-by: it will be enough at present to add that it was this relation, and the inward strife arising from it, that had not only prematurely, but over-rapidly, ripened the girl into the woman.

This my disclosure of her condition, however, has not even yet uncovered the sorest spot upon which the flies settled in the darkness of this torture-hour of the human clock. Although still the same lively, self-operative nature she had been in other circumstances, she was so far from being insensible or indifferent to the opinions of others that she had not even strength enough to keep a foreign will off the beam of her choice: the will of another, in no way directly brought to bear on hers, would yet weigh to her encour-

agement where her wish was doubtful, or to her restraint where impulse was strong. It would even move her toward a line of conduct whose anticipated results were distasteful to her. Ever and anon her pride would rise armed against the consciousness of slavery, but its armor was too weak either for defence or for deliverance. She knew that the heart of Lady Bellair—what of heart she had—was set upon her marriage with her nephew, Lord Liftore. Now she recoiled from the idea of marriage, and dismissed it into a future of indefinite removal. She had no special desire to please Lady Bellair from the point of gratitude, for she was perfectly aware that her relation to herself was far from being without advantage to that lady's position as well as means: a whisper or two that had reached her had been enough to enlighten her in that direction. Neither could she persuade herself that Lord Liftore was at all the sort of man she could become proud of as a husband; and yet she felt destined to be his wife. On the other hand, she had no dislike to him: he was handsome, well informed, capable—a gentleman, she thought, of good regard in the circles in which they moved, and one who would not in any manner disgrace her, although, to be sure, he was her inferior in rank, and she would rather have married a duke. At the same time, to confess all the truth, she was by no means indifferent to the advantages of having for a husband a man with money enough to restore the somewhat tarnished prestige of her own family to its pristine brilliancy. She had never said a word to encourage the scheming of Lady Bellair; neither, on the other hand, had she ever said a word to discourage her hopes or give her ground for doubting of the acceptableness of her cherished project. Hence, Lady Bellair had naturally come to regard the two as almost affianced. But Florimel's aversion to the idea of marriage, and her horror at the thought of the slightest whisper of what was between her and Lenorme, increased together.

There were times, too, when she asked herself in anxious discomfort whether she was not possibly a transgressor against a deeper and simpler law than that of station—whether she was altogether maidenly in the encouragement she had given and was giving to the painter. It must not be imagined that she had once visited him without a companion, though that companion was, indeed, sometimes only her maid—her real object being covered by the true pretext of sitting for her portrait, which

Lady Bellair pleased herself with imagining would one day be presented to Lord Liftore. But she could not, upon such occasions of morning judgment as this, fail to doubt sorely whether the visits she paid him, and the liberties which upon fortunate occasions she allowed him, were such as could be justified on any ground other than that she was prepared to give him all. All, however, she was by no means prepared to give him: that involved consequences far too terrible to be contemplated even as possibilities.

With such causes for disquiet in her young heart and brain, it is not, then, wonderful that she should sometimes be unable to slip across this troubled region of the night in the boat of her dreams, but should suffer shipwreck on the waking coast, and have to encounter the staring and questioning eyes of more than one importunate truth. Nor is it any wonder either that, to such an inexperienced and so troubled a heart, the assurance of one absolutely devoted friend should come with healing and hope, even if that friend should be but a groom, altogether incapable of understanding her position, or perceiving the phantoms that crowded about her, threatening to embody themselves in her ruin. A clumsy, ridiculous fellow! she said to herself, from whose person she could never dissociate the smell of fish, who talked a horrible jargon called Scotch, and who could not be prevented from uttering unpalatable truths at uncomfortable moments; yet whose thoughts were as chivalrous as his person was powerful, and whose countenance was pleasing, if only for the triumph of honesty therein: she actually felt stronger and safer to know he was near and at her beck and call.

CHAPTER XV.

PORTLOSSIE.

MR. CRATHIE, seeing nothing more of Malcolm, believed himself at last well rid of him, but it was days before his wrath ceased to flame, and then it went on smouldering. Nothing occurred to take him to the Seaton, and no business brought any of the fisher-people to his office during that time. Hence, for some time he heard nothing of the mode of Malcolm's departure. When at length, in the course of ordinary undulatory propagation, the news reached him that Malcolm had taken the yacht with him, he was enraged beyond measure at the impudence of the theft, as he called it, and rushed to the Seaton in a fury. He had

this consolation, however: the man who accused him of dishonesty and hypocrisy had proved but a thief.

He found the boathouse indeed empty, and went storming from cottage to cottage, but came upon no one from whom his anger could draw nourishment, not to say gain satisfaction. At length he reached the Partan's, found him at home, and commenced, at haphazard, abusing him as an aider and abettor of the felony. But Meg Parton was at home also, as Mr. Crathie soon learned to his cost, for, hearing him usurp her unique privilege of falling out upon her husband, she stole from the ben-end, and having stood for a moment silent in the doorway, listening for comprehension, rushed out in a storm of tongue. "An' what for sudna my man," she cried at full height of her screeching voice, "lay tu his han' wi' ither honest fowk to du for the boat what him 'at was weel kent for the captain o' her sin' ever she was a boat wantit dune? Wad ye tak the comman' o' the boat, sir, as weel's o' a' thing ither about the place?"

"Hold your tongue, woman," said the factor: "I have nothing to say to you."

"Aigh, sirs! but it's a peety ye wasna foreordeent to be markis yersel'! It maun be a sair vex to ye 'at ye're naething but the factor."

"If you don't mind your manners, Mistress Findlay," said Mr. Crathie in glowing indignation, "perhaps you'll find that the factor is as much as the marquis when he's all there is for one."

"Lord save 's! hear till him!" cried the Partaness. "Wha wad hae thought it o' 'im? There's fowk 'at it sets weel to tak upo' them! His father, honest man! wad ne'er hae spoken like that to Meg Partan; but syne he *was* an honest man, though he was but the heid-shepherd upo' the estate. Man, I micht hae been yer mither gien I had been auld enough for 's first wife, for he wad fain hae had me for 's second."

"I've a great mind to take out a warrant against you, John Findlay, otherwise called the Partan, as airt an' pairt in the stealing of the Marchioness of Lossie's pleasure-boat," said the factor. "And for you, Mistress Findlay, I would have you just please to remember that this house—as far, at least, as you are concerned—is mine, although I am but the factor, and not the marquis; and if you don't keep that unruly tongue of yours a little quieter in your head, I'll set you in the street the next quarter-day but one, as sure's ever you gutted a herring; and

then you may bid good-bye to Portlossie, for there's not a house, as you very well know, in all the Seaton that belongs to another than her ladyship."

"Deed, Mr. Crathie," returned Meg Partan, a little sobered by the threat, "ye wad hae mair sense nor rin the risk o' an uprisin' o' the fisher-fowk. They wad ill stan' to see my auld man an' me misused, no to say 'at her leddyship hersel' wad see ony o' her ain fowk turned oot o' hoose an' haudin' for naething ava."

"Her leddyship wad gie hersel' sma' concern gien the haill bilin' o' ye war whaur ye cam frae," returned the factor. "An' for the toon here, the fowk ken the guid o' a quiet caus'ay ower weel to lament the loss o' ye."

"The deil's i' the man!" cried the Partaness in high scorn. "He wad threip upo' mé 'at I'm ane o' thae lang-tongued limmers 'at make themsel's hard frae ae toon's en' to the tither! But I s' gar him priv's words yet."

"Ye see, sir," interposed the mild Partan, anxious to shove extremities aside, "we didna ken 'at there was onything intill't by ord'nar. Gien we had but kent 'at he was oot o' your guid graces —"

"Haud yer tongue afore ye lee, man," interrupted his wife. "Ye ken weel eneuch ye wad du what Ma'colm MacPhail wad hae ye du, for ony factor in braid Scotlan'."

"You *must* have known," said the factor to the Partan, apparently heedless of this last outbreak of the generous evil temper, and laying a cunning trap for the information he sorely wanted, but had as yet failed in procuring, "else why was it that not a soul went with him? He could ill manage the boat alone."

"What put sic buff an' styte i' yer heid, sir," rejoined Meg, defiant of the hints her husband sought to convey to her. "There's mony ane wad hae been ready to gang, only wha sud gang but him 'at gaed wi' him an' 's lordship frae the first?"

"And who was that?" asked Mr. Crathie.

"Ow, wha but Blue Peter?" answered Meg.

"Hm!" said the factor in a tone that, for almost the first time in her life, made the woman regret that she had spoken, and therewith he rose and left the cottage.

"Eh, mither!" cried Lizzy, in her turn appearing from the ben-end with her child in her arms, "ye hae wroucht ruin i' the earth! He'll hae Peter an' Annie an' a' oot o' hoose an' ha', come midsummer."

"I *daur* him till't!" cried her mother

in the impotence and self-despite of a mortifying blunder: "I'll raise the toon upon 'im."

"What wad that du, mither?" returned Lizzy in distress about her friends: "it wad but mak ill waur."

"An' wha are ye to oppen yer mou' sae to yer mither?" burst forth Meg Partan, glad of an object upon which the chagrin that consumed her might issue in flame. "Ye haena luikit to yer ain gait sae weel 'at ye can threip to set richt them 'at broucht ye furth. Wha are *ye*, I say?" she repeated in rage.

"Ane 'at folly's made wiser maybe, mither," answered Lizzy sadly, and proceeded to take her shawl from behind the door. She would go to her friends at Scaurnose and communicate her fears for their warning. But her words smote the mother within the mother, and she turned and looked at her daughter with more of the woman and less of the Partan in her rugged countenance than had been visible there since the first week of her married life. She had been greatly injured by the gaining of too easy a conquest and resultant supremacy over her husband, and had ever after revelled in a rule too absolute for good to any concerned. As she was turning away her daughter caught a glimpse of her softened eyes, and went out of the house with more comfort in her heart than she had felt ever since first she had given her conscience cause to speak daggers to her.

The factor in his wrath ran half the way home, flung himself trembling on his horse, vouchsafing his anxious wife scarce any answer to her inquires, and galloped to Duff Harbor to Mr. Soutar. I will not occupy my tale with their interview. Suffice it to say that the lawyer succeeded at last in convincing the demented factor that it would be but prudent to delay measures for the recovery of the yacht and the arrest and punishment of its abductors until he knew what Lady Lossie would say to the affair. She had always had a liking for the lad, Mr. Soutar said, and he would not be in the least surprised to hear that Malcolm had gone straight to her ladyship and put himself under her protection. No doubt by this time the boat was at its owner's disposal: it would be just like the fellow. He always went the nearest road anywhere; and to prosecute him for a thief would in any case but bring down the ridicule of the whole coast upon the factor, and breed him endless annoyance in the getting in of his rents, especially amongst the fishermen.

The result was, that Mr. Crathie went home—not indeed a humbler or wiser man than he had gone, but a thwarted man, and therefore the more dangerous in the channels left open to the outrush of his angry power.

When Lizzy reached Scaurnose her account of the factor's behavior, to her surprise, did not take much effect on Mrs. Mair: a queer little smile broke over her countenance, and vanished. An enforced gravity succeeded, however, and she began to take counsel with Lizzy as to what they could do, or where they could go, should the worst come to the worst, and the doors not only of her own house, but of Scaurnose and Portlossie as well, be shut against them. But through it all reigned a calm regard and fearlessness of the future which to Lizzy's roused and apprehensive imagination was strangely inexplicable. Annie Mair seemed possessed of some hidden and upholding assurance that raised her above the fear of man or what he could do to her. The girl concluded it must be the knowledge of God, and prayed more earnestly that night than she had prayed since the night on which Malcolm had talked to her so earnestly before he left. I must add this much—that she was not altogether astray; God was in Malcolm giving new hope to his fisher-folk.

CHAPTER XVI.

ST. JAMES THE APOSTLE.

WHEN Malcolm left his sister he had a dim sense of having lapsed into Scotch, and set about buttressing and strengthening his determination to get rid of all unconscious and unintended use of the northern dialect, not only that in his attendance upon Florimel he might be neither offensive nor ridiculous, but that when the time should come in which he must appear what he was, it might be less of an annoyance to her to yield the marquisate to one who could speak like a gentleman and one of the family. But not the less did he love the tongue he had spoken from his childhood, and in which were on record so many precious ballads and songs, old and new; and he resolved that when he came out as marquis he would at Lossie House indemnify himself for the constraint of London. He would not have an English servant there except Mrs. Courthope: he would not have the natural country speech corrupted with cockneyisms and his people taught to speak like Wallis. To his old friends, the fishers and their families, he would never utter a sentence

but in the old tongue, haunted with all the memories of relations that were never to be obliterated or forgotten, its very tones reminding him and them of hardships together endured, pleasures shared and help willingly given. At night, notwithstanding, he found that in talking with Blue Peter he had forgotten all about his resolve, and it vexed him with himself not a little. He now saw that if he could but get into the way of speaking English to *him*, the victory would be gained, for with no one else would he find any difficulty then.

The next morning he went down to the stairs at London Bridge and took a boat to the yacht. He had to cross several vessels to reach it. When at length he looked down from one of them on the deck of the little cutter, he saw Blue Peter sitting on the coamings of the companion hatchway, with his feet hanging down within, lost in the book he was reading. Curious to see, without disturbing him, what it was that so absorbed him, he dropped quietly on the tiller and thence on the deck, and approaching softly peeped over his shoulder, and saw that he was reading the Epistle of James the Apostle. From Peter's thumbed Bible Malcolm's eyes went wandering through the thicket of masts, in which moved so many busy seafarers, and then turned to the docks and wharves and huge warehouses lining the shores; and while they scanned the marvelous vision thoughts like these arose and passed through his brain: "What are ye duin' here, Jeames the just? Ye was naething but a fisherbody upon a sma' watter i' the hert o' the hills, 'at wasna even saut; an' what can the thoughts that gaed throu' your fish-catchin' brain hae to do wi' sic a sicht 's this? I won'er gien at this moment there be another man in a' Lon'on sittin' readin' that epistle o' yours but Blue Peter here? *He* thinks there's naething o' mair importance, 'cep' maybe some ither pairts o' the same buik; but syne he's but a pair fisher-body himsel', an' what kens he o' the wisdom an' riches an' pooer o' this mighty queen o' the nations thront about 'im? Is 't possible the auld body kent something that was jist as necessar' to ilka man, the busiest in this croodit mairt, to ken an' gang by, as it was to Jeames an' the lave o' the mighty apostles themsel's? For me, I dinna doobt it, but hoo it sud ever be onything but an auld-wairld story to the new wairld o' Lon'on, I think it wud bleck Maister Graham himsel' til imaigine."

Before this, Blue Peter had become aware that some one was near him, but,

intent on the words of his brother fisher of the old time, had half-consciously put off looking up to see who was behind him. When now he did so, and saw Malcolm, he rose and touched his bonnet. "It was jist i' my heid, my lord," he said without any preamble, "sic a kin' o' a h'avenly Jacobin as this same Jacobus was! He's sic a leveler as was feow afore 'm, I doobt, wi' his gowdringt man an' his cloot-cled brither! He pat me in twa min's, my lord, whan I got up, whether I wad touch my bonnet to yer lordship or no."

Malcolm laughed with hearty appreciation. "When I am king of Lossie," he said, "be it known to all whom it may concern that it is and shall be the right of Blue Peter, and all his descendants to the end of time, to stand with bonneted heads in the presence of the lord or — no, not lady, Peter — of the house of Lossie."

"Ay, but ye see, Ma'colm," said Peter, forgetting his address, and his eye twinkling in the humor of the moment, "it's no by your leave, or ony man's leave: it's the richt o' the thing; an' that I maun think aboot, an' see whether I be at lee-berty to ca' ye *my lord* or no."

"Meantime, don't do it," said Malcolm, "lest you should have to change afterward. You might find it difficult."

"Ye're cheengt a'ready," said Blue Peter, looking up at him sharply. "I ne'er h'ard ye speyk like that afore."

"Make nothing of it," returned Malcolm. "I am only airing my English on you. I have made up my mind to learn to speak in London as London people do, and so, even to you — in the mean time only — I am going to speak as good English as I can. It's nothing between you and me, Peter, and you must not mind it," he added, seeing a slight cloud come over the fisherman's face.

Blue Peter turned away with a sigh. The sounds of English speech from the lips of Malcolm, addressed to himself, seemed vaguely to indicate the opening of a gulf between them, destined ere long to widen to the whole social width between a fisherman and a marquis, and swallow up in it not only old memories, but later friendship and confidence. A shadow of bitterness crossed the poor fellow's mind, and in it the seed of distrust began to strike root, for nothing but that a newer had been substituted for an older form of the same speech and language. Truly man's heart is a delicate piece of work, and takes gentle handling or hurt. But that the pain was not all of innocence is revealed in the strange fact afterward disclosed by

the repentant Peter himself, that in the same moment what had just passed his mouth as a joke put on an important, serious look, and appeared to involve a matter of doubtful duty: was it really right of one man to say *my lord* to another? Thus the fisherman, and not the marquis, was the first to sin against the other because of altered fortune. Distrust awoke pride in the heart of Blue Peter, and although in action the man could never have been unfaithful, he yet erred in the lack of the charity that thinketh no evil.

But the lack and the doubt made little show as yet. The two men rowed together in their dingy down the river to the Aberdeen wharf, to make arrangements about Kelpie, whose arrival Malcolm expected the following Monday, then dined together, and after that had a long row up the river.

From The Quarterly Review.

STRAWBERRY HILL.*

BOTH of the historic houses, Holland House and Hatfield, which have been recently commemorated in our pages, were great and noble from the foundation, and can boast a far-ascending and richly associated past. Holland House recalls a succession of statesmen and orators, interspersed and relieved by poets, historians and essayists, prominent among whom rises the honored shade of Addison pacing up and down the library, in the act of composition, with a bottle of port at each end. Hatfield is redolent of royal reminiscences, and we can fancy the Virgin Queen seated under the traditional oak, with the grave Cecil in respectful attendance by her side. Strawberry Hill cannot bear a momentary comparison with either in antiquity, original splendor, or illustration. Its historic, artistic, and literary interest is the creation of one man. It stole obscurely into existence as a cottage under the name of "Chopped Straw Hall," having been built by a retired coachman (Lord Bradford's), who was supposed to have acquired the necessary funds by feeding

* 1. *A Description of the Villa of Mr. Horace Walpole, Youngest Son of Sir Robert Walpole, Earl of Orford, at Strawberry Hill near Twickenham, Middlesex. With an Inventory of the Furniture, Pictures, Curiosities, etc.* Strawberry Hill: printed by Thomas Kirkgate, MDCCLXXXIV.

2. *The Letters of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford.* Edited by Peter Cunningham. Now first Chronologically arranged. In Nine Volumes. London, MDCCCLXI.

his noble master's horses with a cheap substitute for oats. At a subsequent stage it had just so much connection with the drama as could be derived from being tenanted by Colley Cibber when he wrote "The Refusal," and just so much of the odor of sanctity or divinity as could be conferred by the residence of Talbot, Bishop of Durham, who rented it for eight years. It could boast of two noble occupants, the Marquis of Carnarvon and Lord John Sackville, prior to Walpole, but his immediate predecessor was Mrs. Chenevix, the celebrated toy-woman. The manner in which he came into possession is specified in his "Short Notes of My Life:"—

In May, 1747, I took a small house near Twickenham for seven years. I afterwards (1748) bought it by Act of Parliament, it belonging to minors; and have made great additions and improvements to it. In one of the deeds I found it was called Strawberry Hill.

He hastens to announce his new possession in his most characteristic style to his friends. To Mr. (afterwards Sir Horace) Mann, June 5, 1747, he writes:—

The house is so small, that I can send it you in a letter to look at: the prospect is as delightful as possible, commanding the river, the town, and Richmond Park; and being situated on a hill descends to the Thames through two or three little meadows, where I have some Turkish sheep and two cows, all studied in their colors for becoming the view. This little rural *bijou* was Mrs. Chenevix's, the toy-woman *à la mode*, who in every dry season is to furnish me with the best rain-water from Paris, and now and then with some Dresden-china cows, who are to figure like wooden classics in the library: so I shall grow as much a shepherd as any swain in the Astrea.

To the Hon. H. Seymour Conway.

Twickenham, June 8, 1747.

You perceive by my date that I am got into a new camp, and have left my tub at Windsor. It is a little plaything-house that I got out of Mrs. Chenevix's shop, and it is the prettiest bauble you ever saw. It is set in enamelled meadows, with filigree hedges:—

A small Euphrates through the piece is roll'd
And little finches wave their wings in gold.

Two delightful roads, that you would call dusty, supply me continually with coaches and chaises: barges as solemn as barons of the exchequer move under my window; Richmond Hill and Ham walks bound my prospect; but, thank God! the Thames is between me and the Duchess of Queensberry. Dowagers as plenty as flounders inhabit all around, and Pope's ghost is just now skimming under my window by a most poetical moonlight. I have about land enough to keep such a farm as

Noah's when he set up in the ark with a pair of each kind; but my cottage is rather cleaner than I believe his was after they had been cooped up together forty days. The Chenevixes had tricked it out for themselves: up two pair of stairs is what they call Mr. Chenevix's library, furnished with three maps, one shelf, a bust of Sir Isaac Newton, and a lame telescope without any glasses. Lord John Sackville *predeceased* me here, and instituted certain games called *cricketalia*, which have been celebrated this very evening in honor of him in a neighboring meadow.

Limited as was the accommodation, he seems to have been perfectly satisfied with it at starting: indeed, more than satisfied: for in the May of the following year he advises his friend, George Montagu, to come there after his own place, Roel, in Gloucestershire, "which you would not be able to bear after my paradise;" and June 7, 1748, he writes to Mann:—

I am now returning to my villa, where I have been making some alterations: you shall hear from me from Strawberry Hill, which I have found out in my lease is the old name of my house: so pray never call it Twickenham again. I like to be there better than I have liked being anywhere since I came to England.

These alterations were confined to the garden and the grounds. The bare notion of converting the cottage into a castle had not yet occurred to him; and it may be as well to show, by a short sketch of his early years, what manner of man he was when he planned the quaint, fanciful, so-called Gothic structure, which, with its decorations and embellishments, was henceforth to form the main object of his life and largely co-operate in the establishment of his fame.

Horace (christened Horatio) Walpole, the third son of Sir Robert Walpole and Catherine (*née*) Shorter, was born in Arlington Street on October 15, 1717. His mother was a beautiful woman, fond of admiration: scandal had been already busy with her name, and common rumor assigned the honor of his paternity to Carr, Lord Hervey, the elder brother of Pope's *Sporus*. Sir Robert was not remarkable for delicacy of sentiment or speech, and we see no reason to discredit a traditional story (told by Lord Wharnccliffe) of his remarking, after Horace had given decided proofs of ability at school, that, whether the lad had or had not the right to the name he went by, he was likely to do it honor.* He was educated until his tenth

* Letters and Miscellaneous Works of Lady Wortley Montague, vol. i., p. 33.

year with his cousins, the four younger sons of Lord Townshend, under Mr. Weston, a son of the Bishop of Exeter. On April 26th, 1727, he went to Eton, where Mr. Bland, son of the master, and afterwards provost, was his tutor. Whilst still at Eton, May, 1731, he was entered at Lincoln's Inn, being intended for the law; but (he says) he never went there, not caring for the profession.* In his "Reminiscences," after mentioning that he was extremely weak and delicate, and extravagantly indulged by his mother on that account, he states that a longing to see the king suddenly took possession of him:

This childish caprice was so strong that my mother solicited the Duchess of Kendal to obtain for me the honor of kissing his Majesty's hand before he set out for Hanover. A favor so unusual to be asked for a boy of ten years old, was still too slight to be refused to the wife of the first minister for her darling child; yet not being proper to be made a precedent, it was settled to be in private, and at night. Accordingly, the night but one before the king began his last journey, my mother carried me at ten at night to the apartment of the Countess of Walsingham on the ground-floor towards the garden at St. James's. Notice being given that the king was come down to supper, Lady Walsingham took me alone into the duchess's anteroom, where we found alone the king and her. I knelt down, and kissed his hand. He said a few words to me, and my conductress led me back to my mother.

We have here the courtier in embryo, the germ of that fondness for courts and court ceremonials which clung to him through life. His genius for forming friendships was another of the distinctive qualities which were developed in boyhood. The famous *partie quarrée* which met at Strawberry Hill was anticipated by the "quadruple alliance" at Eton, consisting of Gray, West, Ashton, and himself. Like the three *mousquetaires* of Dumas, they were known to each other by nicknames: Tydeus, Orosmanes, Almanzor, and Plato. Contemporaneous with these four, and very nearly on a par with them in his early affections, were George Montagu, Seymour Conway, George Selwyn, and Sir Charles Hanbury Williams. In fact, the enduring friendships he formed with so many of his schoolfellows are a conclusive answer to the charges of selfishness and insensibility that have been heaped upon him. It was a favorable report of the Eton

master that drew from Sir Robert the remark already quoted on his proficiency; but there are more decisive proofs of his having made good use of his time — of his having, at all events, acquired a taste for classical reading, one of the most enviable attainments which a public school can confer. Writing to West, at Oxford, from King's College, Cambridge, in December, 1735, a few months after leaving Eton, and referring to the paucity of topics of interest in the university, he says:—

But why may not we hold a classical correspondence? I can never forget the agreeable hours we have passed in reading "Horace" and "Virgil," and I think they are topics which never grow stale. Let us extend the Roman empire, and cultivate two barbarous towns (Oxford and Cambridge) o'errun with rusticity and mathematics. The creatures are so used to a circle, that they plod on in the same eternal round, with their whole view confined to a *punctum cujus nulla est pars*.

"That ever you should pitch upon me for a mechanic or geometric commission" — is the commencement of a letter to Mann in 1759 — "I will tell you an early anecdote in my own life, and you shall judge." It is that when he first went to Cambridge he studied mathematics under the blind Professor Sanderson, who at the end of a fortnight's attendance said to him, "Young man, it is cheating you to take your money; believe me, you never can learn these things — you have no capacity for them." He was ready (he owns) to cry with mortification, and determined to confound the professor. Conceiving that he had talents for anything in the world, he engaged a private tutor, who came to him once a day for a year. The result was, that he learnt just enough to confirm his distaste. He got on no better with logic:—

I have been so used to the delicate food of Parnassus, that I can never condescend to apply to the grosser studies of Alma Mater. Sober cloth of syllogism suits me ill; or what's worse, I hate clothes that one must prove to be of no color at all. . . . Great mathematicians have been of great use, but the generality of them are quite unconvertible. I tell you what I see, that, by living amongst them, I write of nothing else; my letters are all parallelisms, two sides equal to one side, and every paragraph an axiom that tells you nothing but what every mortal almost knows.

His dislike to the studies of the university did not prevent him from cherishing the recollection of his residence at King's College:—

* "Short Notes of my Life." Eliot Warburton, quoting no authority, says he went to Eton in 1726. ("Memoirs of Horace Walpole," vol. i., p. 61.)

Though I forget Alma Mater [he writes in 1780], I have not forgot my *Alma Nutrices*, wet or dry, I mean Eton and King's. I have laid aside for them, and left them in my will, as complete a set as I could of all I have printed.

He sustained an irreparable loss in the second year of his residence by the death of his mother—an event rendered the more poignant by the second marriage of his father, with Maria Skerrett. This lady had borne a daughter to the premier prior to wedlock, and her reputation fully justified the sarcasm that he took her to wife because he had tried all other ways of robbing the public and exhausted them. "I continued at Cambridge," we read in the "Short Notes," "though with long intervals, till towards the end of 1738, and did not leave it in form till 1739, in which year, March 10th, I set out on my travels with my friend, Mr. Thomas Gray, and went to Paris." From Paris they went with his cousin, Conway, to Rheims, where they stayed three months to learn French:—

You must not wonder [he writes from Rheims to West] if all my letters resemble dictionaries with French on one side and English on t'other. I deal in nothing else at present, and talk a couple of words of each language alternately from morning to night.

On quitting Rheims they crossed the Alps at Mont Cenis, and proceeded to Genoa, Parma, Placentia, Modena, Bologna, and Florence, where they stayed three months, "chiefly for the sake of Mr. (afterward Sir) Horace Mann, the English minister." After visiting Rome and Naples he returned to Florence in June, 1740, where he resided in Mann's house till the following May, leaving no ground for the sarcasm (although they did not subsequently meet for forty years) that the solidity of their friendship was in an inverse ratio to their proximity. They got on equally well together from the commencement of their intimacy, and there is nothing extraordinary in their so doing. They were on a footing of social equality; they lived the same life with the same people; the diplomatist would naturally lay himself out to please the son of the premier; and Walpole, had he been ever so disposed, could hardly have been captious or supercilious to one in the position of his host.

His relations with Gray were of a totally different character, and the wonder is not that they quarrelled and separated before the conclusion of the tour, but that they ever planned such an expedi-

tion in concert or kept together for a week. Gray was the son of a London money-scrivener, and his going to Eton was owing to the accident of his uncle being one of the assistant masters of the school. His habits were studious, pensive, and recluse, and he had neither inclination nor aptitude for the amusements or society in which Walpole delighted and shone. The classic lore, the speculative philosophy, the polite literature, which were the sport, the pastime, the playthings, of the one, were the serious absorbing occupation of the other; and Walpole, we suspect, was not long in discovering that he had made the same mistake in choosing Gray for a travelling companion which Lord Byron made when he invited Leigh Hunt to be his guest in Italy.

You would be as much amazed [he writes] at us as at anything you saw; instead of being deep in the liberal arts and being in the gallery every morning, as I thought of course I would be, we are in all the idleness and amusements of the town. . . .

I have seen nothing but cards and dull pairs of Cicisbeos. I have literally seen so much love and pharaoh since being here, that I believe I shall never love either again as long as I live. Then I am got into a horrid lazy way of a morning. I don't think I should know seven o'clock in the morning again if I was to see it.

This was written from Florence in October and November, 1740. Gray seems to have quietly taken his own line when they were stationary, but so soon as they resumed their travels, the incompatibility broke out. They parted company at Reggio, the first place they visited after leaving Florence; and Gray started for Venice with Whithed and Chute; whither Walpole also repaired soon afterwards with Lord Lincoln and Spence, but he did not rejoin Gray, who returned to England alone in the summer of 1741. It is highly honorable to Walpole that, on a calm review of the circumstances, he took the principal blame of the misunderstanding upon himself:—

I am conscious [he wrote to Mason after Gray's death] that in the beginning of the difference between Gray and me the fault was mine. I was young, too fond of my own diversions, nay, I do not doubt, too much intoxicated by indulgence, vanity, and the insolence of my situation as a prime minister's son, not to have been inattentive to the feelings of one, I blush to say it, that I knew was obliged to me. . . . I treated him insolently. He loved me, and I did not think he did. I reproached him with the difference between us, when he acted from the conviction that he was my

superior. Forgive me if I say that his temper was not conciliating.

We learn from Mason, who gives the same account of the disagreement, that "in the year 1744 a reconciliation was effected between them by a lady who wished well to both parties." That the reconciliation was complete in 1747 is shown by Gray's letters to Walpole of that year, especially one of March 1, enclosing the ode "On the Death of a Favorite Cat, Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes." The cat came to this untimely end in Arlington Street; but the bowl or tub (of blue and white china) stood on a pedestal in the small cloister at Strawberry Hill, with a label containing the first stanza of the ode:—

'Twas on this lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art has dy'd
The azure flow'rs that blow:
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima reclin'd,
Gaz'd on the lake below.*

Walpole's letters during his protracted tour, averaging hardly one a month, confirm the account of his idleness, but they are not deficient in lively observation or in thought:—

I have made [he writes] no discoveries in ancient or modern arts. Mr. Addison travelled through the poets, and not through Italy; for all his ideas are borrowed from the descriptions and not from the reality. He saw places as they were, not as they are.

Walpole saw them as they were, and his reflection at Rome was that before a great number of years was elapsed it might not be worth seeing, as from the combined ignorance and poverty of the Romans, everything was neglected and falling to decay; "The villas are entirely out of repair, and the palaces so ill kept that half the pictures are spoiled by damp." At the Villa Ludovisi an oracular head of red marble, colossal, with vast holes for the eyes and mouth, was shown to him as *un ritratto della famiglia* (a family portrait). In a postscript to the letter mentioning this, Gray adds: "*Apropos du Colisée*, if you don't know what it is, the Prince Borghese will be very capable of giving you some account of it, who told an Englishman that asked what it was built for, 'They say it was for Christians to fight tigers in.'" At the same time Walpole was rapidly qualifying for a virtuoso, and his intermittent mania for collecting was

at fever-heat in Rome, when (April, 1740) he wrote: "I am far gone in medals, lamps, idols, prints, etc., and all the small commodities to the purchase of which I can attain; I would buy the Coliseum if I could."

From Florence, July 9, 1740, he writes to Conway, in Ireland:—

Let us see: you are come back to stand for some place, that will be about April. 'Tis the sort of thing I should do, too, and then we should see one another, and that would be charming; but it is a sort of thing I have no mind to do, and then we shall not see one another.

Here we have the tone of his set. George Selwyn was opposed at Gloucester by a timber-merchant, whom Gilly Williams calls "a d—d carpenter," whilst Lord Carlisle asks: "Why did you not set his timber-yard on fire? What can a man mean who has not an idea separated from the footsquare of a Norway deal plank by desiring to be in Parliament? But these beasts are monstrously obstinate, and about as well-bred as the dogs they keep in their yards."

Walpole was nominated for Callington, a government borough, and chosen in his absence at the general election of June, 1741, when the tone of languid indifference with which he anticipated the event was speedily exchanged for one of ill-disguised anxiety. His father's fall was impending, and something more than tenure of office was at stake, when half-mockingly he writes (Dec. 10th) to Mann:—

I look upon it now that the question is, Downing Street or the Tower. Will you come and see a body, if one should happen to lodge at the latter? There are a thousand pretty things to amuse you—the lions, the armory, the crown, and the axe that beheaded Anna Bullen. I design to make interest for the room where the two princes were smothered. . . . If I die there, and have my body thrown into a wood, I am too old to be buried by robin-redbreasts, am I not?

A week later, Dec. 17th, to the same:—

Say a great deal for me to the Chutes. How I envy your snug suppers! I never have such suppers! Trust me, if we fall, all the grandeur, all the envied grandeur, of our house will not cost me a sigh; it has given me no pleasure while we had it, and will give me no pain when I part with it. My liberty, my ease, and choice of my own friends and company will sufficiently counterbalance the crowds of Downing Street. I am so sick of it all, that if we are victorious or not, I propose leaving England in the spring.

* The bowl and pedestal were knocked down to the Earl of Derby at the sale in 1842 for 42*l*.

We can readily believe that it was a positive relief to him when things came to a crisis. The first decisive defeat sustained by Sir Robert was on the question whether an election petition should be received. He was beaten by a majority of one, 236 to 235, and after a brief hesitation intimated his intention to resign so soon as the necessary arrangements could be completed. After recapitulating what had occurred, he writes, Feb. 4, 1742:—

For myself I am quite happy to be free from all the fatigue, envy, and uncertainty of our late situation. I go everywhere, indeed, to have the stare over, and to use myself to neglect, but I meet nothing but civilities.

The uncertainty was not yet over, for impeachments were threatened, and motions for committees of inquiry were eagerly pressed. It was on one of these, March 23, 1742, that he made his maiden speech:—

I am now [he writes to Mann] going to tell you what you will not have expected—that a particular friend of yours opposed the motion, and it was the first time he ever spoke. As the speech was very favorably received and has done him service, I prevailed with him to give me a copy—here it is.

The most remarkable thing about it is that he should have thought it calculated to do him credit as a composition. Poor and commonplace as it reads, the circumstances under which it was delivered secured it a favorable reception, and Pitt, the great commoner, highly commended him for making it, adding that, if it was becoming in him to remember that he was the child of the accused, the House ought to remember too that they are the children of their country.

In the "Short Notes" he says that the speech was published in the magazines, but "was entirely false, and had but one paragraph of the real speech in it." Parliamentary reporting was then strictly prohibited by both Houses; and speeches were published in feigned names from rough notes or hearsay. The famous reply of Pitt to "old" Horace Walpole was composed by Johnson, who was not even present at the debate.

With the exception of a copy of Latin verses at Cambridge, the earliest composition acknowledged in the "Short Notes" was a squib, entitled "The Lessons for the Day: being the First and Second Chapters of the Book of Preferment." This was written in July, 1742, when Mr. Coke, coming in whilst he was writing it, "took a copy and dispersed it till it got into print,

but with many additions, and was the original of a great number of things of that sort." There can be no reasonable doubt that it got into print (like Pope's letters) by the connivance of the writer, or that the additions were by him. About the same time he wrote a "Sermon on Painting" for the amusement of his father, who had it preached by his chaplain. It was printed in the "*Ædes Walpolianæ*." In 1743 he contributed a paper to a weekly journal, called *Old England*, a parody on some scenes in "Macbeth," in ridicule of the new ministry; and a squib in ridicule of Lord Bath.

His father died on March 28, 1745, and on the 29th he writes a letter of four closely-printed pages, in which, after disposing of the melancholy event in a sentence as "only to be felt, never to be talked over, by those it touches," he displays, if possible, more than ordinary spirit and vivacity in supplying his correspondent with the current news and gossip. Although he fully appreciated Sir Robert's best qualities, there was little congeniality or sympathy between the father and the son—the one delicate in constitution and refined to fastidiousness; the other, robust, rude, frank, hearty, and coarse. From early manhood, moreover, Horace was in a great measure emancipated from paternal influence and control by pecuniary independence. When he was between eighteen and nineteen he obtained the place of inspector of imports and exports, which he resigned in about a year on receiving the patent place of usher of the exchequer, then reckoned worth 900*l.* a year. It subsequently turned out worth a great deal more; the returns given in by his deputy for a single year being 4200*l.* This he protests was an exceptional year; but the proceeds certainly averaged more than half that sum, to which must be added those of two other patent places, clerk of the estreats and comptroller of the pipe, granted to him in boyhood. His father left him the house in Arlington Street,* 5000*l.* in money, and shares in a patent place held for two lives, which raised his income to not far from 5000*l.* a year.

In 1746, besides two or three contributions to the *Museum*, a magazine, he wrote "The Beauties," which (he says) "was handed about till it got into print very incorrectly." In 1747 he printed, to give away, two hundred copies of "*Ædes Walpolianæ*," being an account of the col-

* No. 18, now the property of Mr. Pender, M.P.

lection at Houghton. In the same year he wrote "Letters to the Whigs," in answer to a "Letter to the Tories," written, he believed, by Mr. George Lyttelton. In connection with this controversy he mentions a quarrel he had with the speaker (Onslow), who had ruled that he and his friends could only be heard on the amendments to a bill.

The speaker supporting this, I said: "I had intended to second Mr. Potter, but should submit to his (the speaker's) *oracular* decision, though I would not to the complaisant peevishness of anybody else."

The speaker was in a great rage and complained to the House. I said: "I begged his pardon, but had not thought that submitting to him was the way to offend him."

All these things, he frankly owns, were only excusable by the lengths to which party had been carried against his father, "or rather were not excusable at all."

We have now brought him down to the point at which we left him, delighted, after a year's experience, with his recent acquisition. All his hopes, wishes, plans, and prospects, all his objects of interest or affection, will henceforth be found centred in or clustering round it. The history of Strawberry Hill will be his history; which is tantamount to saying that it will be the history of the aristocratic and fashionable world—the only world he really cared about—with occasional glimpses of contemporary literature and politics for half a century.

But there is another point of view from which he and his cherished creation must be contemplated. A far prouder position has been assigned to them than mere eminence in the social annals of England could confer. They stand confessedly in nearly the same relation to the gothic revival in which Brunelleschi and the Church of Santa Maria dei Fiori at Florence stood to the Renaissance. One writer of established and well-merited reputation writes thus:—

The first person who, in England at least, seems to have conceived the idea of a Gothic revival was the celebrated Horace Walpole. He purchased the property at Strawberry Hill in 1753, and seems shortly afterwards to have commenced rebuilding the small cottage which then stood there. The lower cloister was erected in 1760–61, the Beauchamp tower, and octagon closet, and the north bedchamber, in 1770. We now know that these are very indifferent specimens of the true Gothic art, and are at a loss to understand how either their author or his contemporaries could ever fancy that these very queer carvings were

actual reproductions of the details of York Minster or other equally celebrated buildings from which they were supposed to have been copied.

Whether correct or not, they seem to have created quite a *furor* of mediævalism among the big-wigged gentry who strutted through the saloons, and were willing to believe the Middle Ages had been reproduced; which they were with as much correctness as in the once celebrated tale of "The Castle of Otranto."*

This is clear enough as to the main point—the first conception of the revival. But the account of the building is imperfect: the purchase is post-dated by six years: the other dates are inaccurate: neither Walpole nor his contemporaries lay under the delusion so contemptuously imputed to them, and we fail to recognize the familiar forms of his visitors under the description of "big-wigged gentry who strutted through the saloons."†

The services rendered by Walpole to architecture and art are more precisely and less grudgingly stated by Mr. C. L. Eastlake:—

If in the history of British art there is one period more distinguished than another for its neglect of Gothic, it was certainly the middle of the eighteenth century. . . . The old antiquarians were dead, or had ceased from their labor. Their successors had not yet begun to write. An interval occurred between the works of Dugdale and Dodsworth, of Herbert and Wood, on the one side, and those of Grose, Bentham, Hearn, and Gough, on the other—between the men who recorded the history of mediæval buildings in England, and the men who attempted to illustrate them. In this interval one author (Walpole) appeared who did neither, but to whose writings and to whose influence as an admirer of Gothic art, we believe, may be ascribed one of the chief causes which induced its present revival. . . .

It is impossible to peruse either the letters or the romances of this extraordinary man without being struck by the unmistakable evidence which they afford of his mediæval predilections. His "Castle of Otranto" was, perhaps, the first modern work of fiction which depended for its interest on the incidents of a chivalrous age, and it thus became the prototype of that class of novel which was afterwards imitated by Mrs. Radcliffe, and perfected by Sir Walter Scott.

The position which he occupies with regard

* History of the Modern Styles of Architecture, etc. By James Fergusson, Fellow of the Royal Institute of British Architects. 1862, p. 313.

† "The library, and refectory or great parlor, were entirely new built in 1753; the gallery, the round tower, great cloyster, and cabinet, in 1760 and 1761; the great north bedchamber in 1770; and the Beauchamp Tower, with the hexagon closet, in 1776." ("A Description of the Villa," p. 2.)

to art resembles in many respects that in which he stands as a man of letters. His labors were not profound in either field. But their result was presented to the public in a form which gained him rapid popularity both as an author and a *dilettante*. . . .

Walpole's Gothic, in short, though far from reflecting the beauties of a former age, or anticipating those which were destined to proceed from a redevelopment of the style, still holds a position in the history of English art which commands our respect, for it served to sustain a cause which had otherwise been wellnigh forsaken.*

Whether that cause was worth sustaining, whether the revival has done good upon the whole, is still a question; and a controversy has arisen strongly resembling that which arose some fifty years since between the classicists and romanticists in France. Mr. Fergusson evidently thinks that there would be small matter for regret if Strawberry Hill had never risen above the rank of a cockney villa, or had shared the fate of Fonthill Abbey, built upon the same principle, but with far more grandeur and effect.

The fashion [he remarks] set by so distinguished a person as Horace Walpole was not long in finding followers, not only in domestic but in religious buildings. Although London was spared the infliction, Liverpool and other towns in Lancashire which were then rising into importance were adorned with a class of churches which are a wonder and a warning to all future ages. . . . The idea at that time seems to have been that any window that was pointed, any parapet that was nicked, and any tower that had four strange-looking obelisks at its angles, was essentially Gothic, and proceeding on this system, they produced a class of buildings which, if they are not Gothic, have at least the merit of being nothing else. The same system was carried into domestic architecture, and it is surprising what a number of castles were built which had nothing castellated about them except a nicked parapet and an occasional window in the form of a cross, with a round termination at the end of each branch. . . . Lambton, Lowther, Inverary, Eglinton, and fifty others, represent this class.

Viewed with reference to the wants and requirements of modern life, a modern castle may be as much an anachronism as a tournament; and the Gothic style would hardly have become so popular for Protestant places of worship, had it not fallen in with the ritualistic tendency, with that fondness for Roman Catholic (mostly mediæval) forms and ceremonies which

distinguishes a section of the Anglican Church. But all the abuses and corruptions of that style cannot obscure the fact that we are indebted to it for some of the most beautiful specimens of ecclesiastical architecture: for (amongst others) the cathedrals of Cologne, Strasburg, Rheims, Amiens, Milan, Salisbury, and Lincoln; and whatever objections may be urged against its adoption for new buildings, no admirer of the poetical or picturesque, no one imbued with a genuine love of art or respect for antiquity, will consider any amount of care or money expended in the restoration or preservation of existing and time-honored structures, of any age or order, misapplied. The Gothic revival, be it remembered, did not stand alone. It led to a Saxon, a Norman, a Tudor revival; and the impulse thus communicated came just in time to save what was left of many a venerable mansion, crumbling abbey, or dismantled castle, from devastation or decay. When, about a hundred years since, Rhyddlan Castle, in north Wales, fell into the possession of Dr. Shipley, Dean of St. Asaph, the massive walls had been prescriptively used as stone quarries, to which any neighboring occupier who wanted building-materials might resort; and they are honeycombed all round as high as a pickaxe could reach. How often might a baronial hall have been found doing duty as a stable, or an exquisitely carved pointed window giving light to a barn! "To what base uses we may return, Horatio!" How often was the traveller's glance attracted to the spot—

Where longs to fall yon tottering spire
As weary of th' insulting air,
The poet's dream, the warrior's fire,
The lover's vows, are sleeping there.

Now we rarely pass through a rural district without seeing signs of renovation or encountering a bazaar for the restoration of a church.

It will be the enduring praise awarded by common consent to Walpole, that the work of devastation has been checked, and the stealthy unobserved action of decay's effacing fingers arrested, through his instrumentality. Yet, if it had been foretold to him when he set about enlarging his cottage, that he was about to form an epoch in architecture or æsthetics, no one would have been more surprised or amused at the prophecy than himself. Its aggrandizement was gradual, and the form it ultimately assumed was, in a great measure, the result of caprice or accident; certainly not of any complete or original

* A History of the Gothic Revival. By Charles L. Eastlake, Architect, etc. Ch. iii. 1872.

conception or design. It was much the same with "The Castle of Otranto," which he dashed off on the spur of the occasion, without the smallest suspicion that he was founding a new school of romance.

He may have been in one of his mocking or desponding moods, but we believe he spoke his real feeling in July, 1761, when he wrote:—

I am writing, I am building — both *works that will outlast the memory of battles and heroes!* [The italics are his.] Truly, I believe, the one will as much as the other. My buildings are paper like my writings, and both will be blown away in ten years after I am dead. If they had not the substantial merit of amusing me while I live, they would be worth little indeed.

In June, 1748:—

Mr. Churchill and Lady Mary have been with me two or three days and are now gone to Sunning. I only tell you this, to hint that my house will hold a married pair: indeed, it is not quite large enough for people who lie, like the patriarchs, with their genealogy, and menservants, and maidservants, and oxen and asses, in the same chamber with them.

He expresses no intention of enlarging it, and when, later in the same year, he speaks of improvements, he is alluding merely to the grounds. In October, 1748, he writes:—

I am all plantation, and sprout away like any chaste nymph in the "Metamorphoses."

On December 16th:—

I am extremely busy planting here: I have got four more acres, which make my territory prodigious in a situation where land is so scarce and villas as abundant as formerly at Tivoli and Baiæ. I have now about fourteen acres, and am making a terrace the whole breadth of my garden on the brow of a natural hill with meadows at the foot, and commanding the river, the village, Richmond-hill, and the park, and part of Kingston; but I hope never to show it you.

This terrace is the lawn on which recently and frequently has been assembled all that is most brilliant and distinguished in society by birth, rank, beauty, genius or accomplishment, — which summer after summer has presented scenes like the illustrations of Boccaccio, where gay, laughing groups of dames and cavaliers are seen promenading amongst flowerbeds or reclining in picturesque attitudes upon the turf. It still commands the same prospect, or rather would command it but for the trees, which only allow glimpses of the river and the various ob-

jects in the distance or on the banks. It may be doubted, however, whether this is not one of the instances in which glimpses, by leaving scope for the imagination and creating constant variety, are not more effective than full views.

His hope never to show his villa to Mann is explained in a letter referring to the possibility of that gentleman's recall:—

You see my villa makes me a good correspondent; how happy I should be to show it you, if I could, with no mixture of disagreeable circumstances to you! I have made a vast plantation! Lord Leicester told me the other day that he heard I would not buy some old china, because I was laying out all my money in trees. "Yes," said I, "my lord, I used to love *blue* trees, now I love *green* ones."

He had a good deal of difficulty in completing his purchase, and so far on as May 18, 1749, Mrs. Chenevix brought him a deed to sign, and her sister Bertrand, the wife of the fashionable toyman of Bath, for a witness.

I showed them my cabinet of enamels, instead of treating them with white wine. The Bertrand said, "Sir, I hope you don't trust all sorts of ladies with this cabinet." What an entertaining assumption of dignity!

The first we hear of the contemplated castle is (September 28, 1749) in describing a chapel at Chenies, in Buckinghamshire:—

It is dropping down in several places without a roof, but in half the windows are beautiful arms in painted glass. As these are so totally neglected, I propose making a push and begging them of the Duke of Bedford. They would be magnificent for Strawberry Castle. Did I tell you that I had found a text in Deuteronomy to authorize my future battlements?—"When thou buildest a new house then shalt thou make a battlement for thy roof, that thou bring not blood upon thy house, if any man fall from thence."

We need hardly say that this is a somewhat strained interpretation of the text; the battlements of a castle, with a high-peaked roof, having a different purpose from the battlements of a flat-roofed house in the East. In the following January the matured intention is distinctly announced in the postscript of a letter to Mann:—

P.S. My dear Sir, I must trouble you with a commission which I don't know whether you can execute. I am going to build a little Gothic castle at Strawberry Hill. If you can pick me up any fragments of old painted glass, arms, or anything, I shall be exceedingly obliged to you. I can't say I remember any

such things in Italy, but out of old chateaux I imagine one might get it cheap, if there is any.

He was fully aware of the irregularity, incongruity, and departure from the recognized principles of architecture, of which he was about to set the example; but what he wanted was not an imposing structure or commodious house, but one in which his peculiar taste might be indulged, and his heterogeneous collection be ranged without appearing very much out of place.

I shall speak more gently to you, my dear child [he writes to Mann, February 25, 1750], though you don't like Gothic architecture. The Grecian is only proper for magnificent and public buildings. Columns and all their beautiful ornaments look ridiculous when crowded into a closet or a cheese-cake house. The variety is little, and admits no charming irregularities. I am almost as fond of the *sharawadgi*, or Chinese want of symmetry, in buildings, as in grounds or gardens. I am sure, whenever you come to England, you will be pleased with the liberty of taste into which we are struck, and of which you can have no idea.

As his sole building fund consisted of savings out of income, much of which was frittered away in small purchases, the castle progressed slowly. We hear nothing more of it till March, 1753, when he writes:—

Mr. Chute and I are come hither for a day or two to inspect the progress of a Gothic staircase, which is so pretty and so small that I am inclined to wrap it up and send it you in my letter. As my castle is so diminutive, I give myself a Burlington air and say that, as Chiswick is a model of Grecian architecture, Strawberry Hill is to be so of Gothic.

March 27, 1753.

Adieu! I am all bricks and mortar. The castle at Strawberry Hill grows so near a termination, that you must not be angry if I wish you to see it. Mr. Bentley is going to make a drawing of the best view, which I propose to have engraved, and then you shall have at least some idea of that sweet little spot—little enough, but very sweet.

His correspondent, Mann, seems to have stood in need of a more precise idea of the castle than could be conveyed by letters, for on April 27, 1753, Walpole writes:—

I thank you a thousand times for thinking of procuring me some Gothic remains from Rome, but I believe there is no such thing there. I scarcely remember any morsel in the true taste of it in Italy. Indeed, my dear sir, kind as you are about it, I perceive you have

no idea what Gothic is. You have lived too long amidst true taste to understand venerable barbarism. You say, "You suppose my garden is to be Gothic too." That can't be: Gothic is merely architecture; and as one has a satisfaction in imprinting the gloom of abbeys and cathedrals on one's house, so one's garden, on the contrary, is to be nothing but *riant*, and the gaiety of nature. . . . I was going to tell you that my house is so monastic, that I have a little hall decked with long saints in lean-arched windows and with taper columns, which we call the "Paraclete," in memory of Eloisa's cloister.

He refers to Eloisa's cloister as described by Pope:—

Where awful arches make a noonday night,
And the dim windows shade a solemn light.

May 22, 1753. [To George Montagu.]

We emerge very fast out of shavings, and hammerings, and pastings; the painted glass is full blown in every window, and the gorgeous saints that were brought out for one day on the festival of St. George Montagu, are fixed forever in the tabernacles they are to inhabit.

The armory never came to much, but it was seriously contemplated. In April, 1753, referring to the probable visit of an Italian prince, he states that by next spring he hopes to have rusty armor, and arms with quarterings enough to qualify for grand master of Malta; in June, that the armory bespeaks the ancient chivalry of the lords of the castle. In a detailed description of the house as it stood, June 12, 1753, beginning at the little parlor with the bow-window, he says:—

From hence under two gloomy arches, you come to the hall and staircase, which it is impossible to describe to you, as it is the most particular and chief beauty of the castle. Imagine the walls covered with (I call it paper, but it is really paper painted in perspective to represent) Gothic fretwork; the lightest Gothic balustrade to the staircase, adorned with antelopes (our supporters) bearing shields; lean windows fattened with rich saints in painted glass, and a vestibule open with three arches on the landing-place, and niches full of old coats-of-mail, Indian shields made of rhinoceros' hides, broadswords, quivers, long bows, arrows, and spears, all *supposed* to be taken by Sir Terry Robsart (an ancestor) in the holy wars. . . . The bow-window room, one pair of stairs, is not yet finished, but in the tower beyond it is the charming closet where I now write to you. . . . I must tell you, by the way, that the castle, when finished, will have two-and-thirty windows enriched with painted glass.

He goes on to say that the only two good chambers he shall have, an eating-

room and a library, were not yet built. The gallery and round tower were not yet so much as meditated. Even in this unfinished state the castle began to attract attention, and on March 2, 1754, the hero of Culloden paid him a visit. We quote from a letter to Bentley:—

The weather grows fine, and I have resumed little flights to Strawberry. I carried George Montagu thither, who was in raptures, and screamed, and hooped, and hollaed, and danced, and crossed himself a thousand times over. But what will you say to greater honors which Strawberry has received. Nolkejum-skoi* has been to see it, and liked the windows and staircase. I can't conceive how he entered it. I should have figured him, like Gulliver, cutting down some of the largest oaks in Windsor Forest to make joint-stools, in order to straddle over the battlements and peep in at the windows of Lilliput. I can't deny myself this reflection, even though he liked Strawberry, as he has not employed you as an architect.

The Princess Emily was more difficult, or was at less pains to look pleased.

June 10, 1755.

Princess Emily has been here. "Liked it?" "Oh, no!" I don't wonder, I never liked St. James's.

This sounds like what Partridge would call a *non sequitur*. But her Royal Highness ought to have come prepared to like it, or not have come at all.

She (the princess) was so inquisitive and so curious in prying into the very offices and servants' rooms, that her [equerry] Captain Bate-man was sensible of it, and begged Catherine not to mention it. He addressed himself well, if he hoped to meet with taciturnity! Catherine immediately ran down to the pond, and whispered to all the reeds, "Lord! that a princess should be such a gossip!" In short, Strawberry Hill is the puppet-show of the time.

A great breakfast to the "Bedford Court," in the preceding month, is thus described:—

There were the duke and duchess, Lord Tavistock and Lady Caroline, my Lord and Lady Gower, Lady Caroline Egerton, Lady Betty Waldegrave, Lady Mary Coke, Mrs. Pitt, Mr. Churchill, and Lady Mary, Mr. Bap. Leveson, and Colonel Sebright. The first thing I asked Harry [his butler] was: "Does the sun shine?" It did; and Strawberry was all gold, and all green. I am not apt to think people really like it, that is, understand it; but I think the flattery of yesterday was sincere. I judge by the notice the duchess took of your

drawings. Oh! how you will think the shades of Strawberry extended! Do you observe the tone of satisfaction with which I say this as thinking it near?

He was already growing into authority on ornamental building.

Sir Charles Hanbury Williams told me that, on the Duke of Bedford's wanting a Chinese house at Woburn, he said, "Why don't your Grace speak to Mr. Walpole? He has the prettiest plan in the world for one." "Oh!" replied the duke, "but then it would be too dear."

I hope this was a very great economy, as I am sure ours would be a very great extravagance; only think of a plan for little Strawberry giving the alarm to thirty thousand a year! My dear sir (to Bentley), it is time to retrench. Pray send me a slice of granite no bigger than a Naples biscuit.

It was shortly after the entertainment to the Bedford Court that Strawberry Hill received a compliment a little in excess of its claims at that time:—

My Lord Bath, who was brought hither by my Lady Hervey's and Billy Bristow's reports of the charms of the place, has made the following stanzas, to the old tune which you remember of Rowe's ballad on Dodington's Mrs. Strawbridge:—

I.

Some talk of Gunnersbury,
For Sion some declare;
And some say that with Chiswick-house
No villa can compare;
But all the beaux of Middlesex,
Who know the country well,
Say that Strawberry Hill, that Strawberry
Doth bear away the bell.

II.

Though Surrey boasts its Oatlands,
And Claremont kept so jim;
And though they talk of Southcote's,
'Tis but a dainty whim;
For ask the gallant Bristow,
Who does in taste excel,
If Strawberry Hill, if Strawberry
Don't bear away the bell.

Can there be an odder revolution of things, than that the printer of the "Craftsman" should live in a house of mine, and that the author of the "Craftsman" should write a panegyric on a house of mine?

The "Craftsman" was the principal organ of the opposition to Sir Robert Walpole. The coincidence is repeated in a note to the "Description of Strawberry Hill;" but in a preceding letter, April, 1753, he writes:—

I am now assured by Franklyn, the old printer of the "Craftsman," that Lord Bath never wrote a "Craftsman" himself, only gave hints for them. Yet great part of his reputation was built on those papers.

Walpole's mind, if we are to accept Lord

* Cant name for the Duke of Cumberland.

Macaulay as a judge, was "a bundle of inconsistent whims and affectations. His features were covered with mask within mask: when the outer disguise of obvious affectation was removed you were still as far as ever from seeing the real man." We entirely agree with Miss Berry that this is a complete misunderstanding and misrepresentation of the character. Artificial, fastidious, capricious, frivolous, finical, if you like: affected, not. He was what he appeared to be, what he showed himself. He never pretended to like things which he did not like, or to be capable of things of which he was incapable, or to know what he did not know, or to be in any respect better or worse than he was. The real man is constantly before our eyes. Mere change of mood or inconsistency is not affectation; and nothing can be more natural or more in keeping than the air of much seriousness with which he blends the grave with the gay. What mask does he throw off when he writes thus to Mann?"

Forgive me, my dear child, you who are a minister, for holding your important affairs so cheap. I amuse myself with Gothic and painted glass, and am as grave about my own trifles as I could be at Ratisbon. I shall tell you one or two events within my own small sphere, and you must call them a letter. I believe I mentioned having made a kind of *armory*. My upper servant, who is as full as dull as his predecessor, whom you knew, Tom Barney, has had his head so filled with *arms*, that the other day, when a man brought home an old chimney-back, which I had bought for belonging to Harry VII., he came running in, and said, "Sir, sir! here is a man who has brought some more *armor*!"

"Serious business," it is objected, "was a trifle to him, and trifles were his serious business." Did he ever pretend that they were not? He was quite in earnest when he exclaimed: "How I have laughed when some of the magazines have called me the learned gentleman. Pray, don't be like the magazines." His opinions of his literary contemporaries were mostly prejudiced and wrong, but they were his real opinions.

It was one of Johnson's sagacious maxims never to tell a story or repeat anything against yourself, lest people should repeat it to your disadvantage without giving you credit for your frankness. If Walpole had acted on this maxim, he would have blunted the edge of many a sarcastic comment. When Lord Macaulay said he had "the soul of a gentleman usher," this was no more than what (according to Miss

Berry) he had often said of himself, "that, from his knowledge of old ceremonials and etiquettes, he was sure that in a former state of existence, he must have been a gentleman usher about the time of Elizabeth." It was a current joke amongst his friends —

Who had he lived in the Third Richard's reign, Had been lord steward or lord chamberlain.*

The style of his letters was not the less natural because it was playful and discursive: because, instead of saying what he had to say in plain, direct language, he draws upon a fertile fancy and richly stored memory for allusions and illustrations which arrest attention and invest the commonest incidents with a charm. If to be invariably read with pleasure be the object of style, Walpole's must be pronounced inimitable in its way. He has never been excelled in the art of making something out of nothing. Thus, on June 11th, 1755, he writes to Bentley: —

About four arrived such a flood that we could not see out of the windows; the whole lawn was a lake, though situated on so high an Ararat; presently it broke through the leads, drowned the pretty, blue bedchamber, passed through ceilings and floor into the little parlor, terrified Harry, and opened all Catherine's water-gates and speech-gates. I had just time to collect two dogs, a pair of bantams, and a brace of goldfish, for, in the haste of my zeal to imitate my ancestor Noah, I forgot that fish would not easily be drowned. In short, if you chance to spy a little ark with pinnacles sailing towards Jersey, open the skylight, and you will find some of your acquaintance. You never saw such desolation! A pigeon brings word that Mabland (Lord Radnor's) has fared still worse; it never came into my head before that a rainbow office for insuring against water might be necessary.

Fine gentleman as he was, he was far from exclusive in his company, and exults in the notabilities of his neighborhood without reference to their rank: —

Nothing [he writes in 1755] is equal to the fashion of this village. Mr. Muntz says we have more coaches than they have in half France. Mr. Pritchard has bought Ragman's castle, for which my Lord Lichfield could not agree. We shall be as celebrated as Baïæ or Tivoli; and if we have not such sonorous names as they boast, we have very famous people; Clive and Pritchard, actresses; Scott and Hudson, painters; my Lady Suffolk, famous in her time; Mr. H——, the impudent lawyer that Tom Hervey wrote against; Whitehead, the poet, and Cambridge, the everything.

* Mason to Walpole.

We learn from Boswell that Johnson had a very high opinion of Mrs. Clive's comic power, and conversed more with her than with any of the other players. He said, "Clive, sir, is a good thing to sit by; she always understands what you say." And she said of him, "I love to sit by Dr. Johnson, he always entertains me." The same congeniality existed between her and Walpole. Occupying "Little Strawberry," which he christened Cliveden, she was his nearest neighbor and the frequent subject of remark. His regret at her temporary absence (Nov. 1754) is elicited by a sarcastic allusion to her proximity.

I never came up the stairs without reflecting how different it is from its primitive state, when my Lady Townshend, all the way she came up the stairs, cried out, "Lord God! Jesus! what a house! It is just such a house as a parson's, where all the children lie at the foot of the bed." I can't say that to-day it puts me much in mind of another speech of my lady's, "That it would be a very pleasant place, if Mrs. Clive's face did not rise upon it and make it so hot." The sun and Mrs. Clive seem gone for the winter.

Lady Townshend was the original of the lady of quality in "Peregrine Pickle," and Lady Bellaston in "Tom Jones." She was ill-conducted and coarse, but had a great deal of wit, which unluckily was of the same character as the late Lady Aldborough's. Many of her (Lady Townshend's) best *bons mots*, scattered over the Walpole MS. at Strawberry Hill, are hopelessly unfit for publication.

In illustration of Mrs. Pritchard's vulgarity, Johnson told Boswell that she always said *gownd*; but we find her frequently one of Walpole's guests.

Our dinner passed off very well; the Clive was very good company; you know how much she admires Ashton's preaching. She says she is always vastly good for two or three days after his sermons; but by the time Thursday comes, all their effect is worn out. I never saw more decent behavior than Mrs. Pritchard.

Garrick rented a large house at Hampton, and in Aug. 1755 Walpole writes to Bentley:—

I have contracted a sort of intimacy with Garrick, who is my neighbor. He affects to study my taste; I lay it all upon you; he admires you. He is building a grateful temple to Shakespeare; I offered him this motto: *Quod spiro et placeo, si placeo, tuum est* (That I breathe and please, if I please, is yours). The truth is, I make the most of my acquaintance to protect my poor neighbor at *Cliveden*—you understand the conundrum, *Clive's den*.

He forgot that the sound of this name was already poetically linked to other scenes and associations:—

Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love.

On Dec. 24, 1754, to Bentley:—

I am here quite alone; Mr. Chute is setting out for his Vine; but in a day or two I expect Mr. (Gilly) Williams, George Selwyn, and Dick Edgecumbe. You will allow that, when I do admit anybody within my cloister, I choose them well. My present occupation is putting up my books; and thanks to arches, and pinnacles, and pierced columns, I shall not appear scantily provided.

Portraits of this trio of friends (who, with himself, constituted the famous *partie quarrée* of Strawberry Hill) form the "Conversation" by Reynolds, bought at the sale by the late Lord Taunton.

It was nearly five years after he was putting up his books in his completed library that he writes (July 8, 1759):—

The weather is sultry; this country never looked prettier. I hope our enemies will not have the heart to spoil it! It would be a great disappointment to me, who am going to make great additions to my castle; a gallery, a round tower, and a cabinet, that is to have all the air of a Catholic chapel—bar consecration.

In May, 1761, he begs his friend Montagu not to imagine that the gallery will be *prance-about-in-able* by the beginning of June, as he does not propose to finish it till next year. In the following December:—

My gallery advances, and I push on the works there; for pictures, and baubles, and buildings look to me as if I realized something. I had rather have a bronze than a thousand pounds in the stocks, for if Ireland or Jamaica are invaded, I shall still have my bronze; I would not answer so much for the funds, nor will buy into the new loan of glory. . . .

Crassus, the richest man on t'other side their (the Roman) Temple Bar, lost his army and his life, and yet their East India bonds did not fall an obolus under par. I like that system better than ours. . . .

How Scipio would have stared if he had been told that he must not demolish Carthage, as it would ruin several aldermen who had money in the Punic actions!

The gallery was finished in the autumn of 1763, and on Oct. 3 he writes:—

I have given my assembly to show my gallery, and it was glorious; but happening to pitch upon the Feast of Tabernacles, none of my Jews would come, though Mrs. Clive proposed to them to change their religion; so I

am forced to exhibit once more. For the incoming spectators, the crowd augments instead of diminishing . . .

My next assembly will be entertaining; there will be five countesses, two bishops, fourteen Jews, five Papists, a doctor of physic, and an actress (Mrs. Clive); not to mention Scotch, Irish, East and West Indians!

Some of the fine ladies pressed hard for a ball. Not for the universe! What! "Turn a ball, and dust, and dirt, and a million of candles into my charming new gallery." They compounded for a dinner, which came off June 13, 1764. The French and Spanish ambassadors, four other foreigners of distinction, Lord March and George Selwyn were among the guests.

The refectory never was so crowded, nor have any foreigners been here before that comprehended Strawberry. . . . They really seemed quite pleased with the place and the day; but I must tell you, the treasury of the abbey will feel it, for without magnificence, all was handsomely done. I must keep *maigre*; at least till the interdict is taken off from my convent. I have kings and queens, I hear, in my neighborhood, but this is no royal foundation. Adieu! your poor beadsman,

The Abbot of Strawberry.

It was now no longer a castle but an abbey, or more correctly speaking, it partook in tolerably equal proportions of both — *templum in modo arcis*; although it was crowded with articles which would have harmonized equally well with a Grecian temple, a Turkish mosque, or a Chinese pagoda, and would have been hopelessly inappropriate in a regularly-constructed mediæval building of any kind. What would a baron or abbot of the olden time have said to the printing-press which was formally installed in the new building on its completion? Among the movements of the distinguished party that dined with him in June, 1764, he sets down: "Thence they went to the printing-house and saw a new fashionable French song printed." In the "Short Notes" he records: —

June 25 (1757). — I erected a printing-press at my house at Strawberry Hill.

August 8. — I published two odes, by Mr. Gray, the first production of my press.

In a letter to George Lord Lyttleton, Aug. 25, 1757, he goes fully into the merits and demerits of these odes, "The Progress of Poesy" and "The Bard," which were little relished or appreciated by the general public: —

Your lordship sees that I am no enthusiast to Mr. Gray: his great lustre hath not dazzled

me, as his obscurity seems to have blinded his contemporaries. Indeed, I do not think that they ever admired him, except in his Churchyard, though the Eton Ode was far its superior, and is certainly not obscure. The Eton Ode is perfect: those of more masterly execution have defects, yet not to admire them is total want of taste.

Sir George Cornwall Lewis used also to maintain that the "Ode to Eton College" was for its length the most perfect poem in the language since Pope, and decidedly superior to the "Elegy." This is an instance of the misleading tendency of subjective criticism. It was as old Etonians that he and Walpole felt and spoke, forgetting that individual gratification should never be made the unqualified test of excellence.

The *dilettante* style of publication by a private press exactly suited Walpole: it distinguished him from the common herd of authors, and enabled him to feel the pulse of a select circle of readers before definitely exposing himself to the risks of free criticism. But in resorting to it he necessarily laid aside the anonymous, and he shrank from doing this when he did not see his way clearly to a success. Neither "The Castle of Otranto," nor his "Historic Doubts," were printed at Strawberry Hill. The title of the first edition of his romance ran thus: —

The Castle of Otranto, a story translated by William Marshal, Gent., from the original Italian of Onuphrio Muralto, Canon of the Church of St. Nicholas at Otranto. Printed for Thomas Lownds, in Fleet Street, 1765.

Finding it take, he hastened to lay aside the anonymous. On sending a copy to the Rev. William Cole, he takes occasion to explain the circumstances under which it was composed: —

Your partiality to me and Strawberry have, I hope, inclined you to excuse the wildness of the story. You will even have found some traits to put you in mind of this place. When you read of the picture quitting its panel, did not you recollect the portrait of Lord Falkland, all in white, in my gallery? Shall I even confess to you, what was the origin of this romance! I waked one morning, in the beginning of last June, from a dream, of which all I could recover was, that I had thought myself in an ancient castle (a very natural dream for a head filled like mine with Gothic story), and that on the uppermost banister of a great staircase I saw a gigantic hand in armor. In the evening I sat down, and began to write, without knowing in the least what I intended to say or relate. The work grew on my hands, and I grew fond of it — add, that I was very glad to think of anything, rather than

politics. In short, I was so engrossed with my tale, which I completed in less than two months, that one evening I wrote from the time I had drunk my tea, about six o'clock, till half an hour after one in the morning, when my hand and fingers were so weary that I could not hold the pen to finish the sentence, but left Matilda and Isabella talking, in the middle of a paragraph. You will laugh at my earnestness; but if I have amused you, by retracing with any fidelity the manners of ancient days, I am content, and give you leave to think me as idle as you please.

Walpole was at daggers drawn with Warburton. In letters to third persons, each, unconscious of the *tu quoque*, designates the other as a coxcomb. Referring to an explanatory communication from the bishop in Oct. 1762, Walpole writes:—

After this I would as soon have a controversy with a peacock, as with an only daughter that her parents think handsome. The fowl, the miss, and the bishop, are alike incorrigible. The first struts naturally; the second is spoiled; reason itself has been of no use to the last.

Referring to the cause of the quarrel, an "oblique fling" in the "Anecdotes of Painting," Warburton (Feb. 17, 1762) had written to Garrick:—

It is about Gothic edifices, for which I shall be about *his pots*, as Bentley said to Lord Halifax, of Rowe. But I say it better; I mean the galley-pots and washes of his toilet. I know he has a fribble-tutor at his elbow, as sicklied over with affectation as himself.

This quarrel was smoothed over by Walpole's declaring, on his honor, that in the offending passage he had not Warburton in his thoughts. But Warburton was not really satisfied with this formal disavowal, and four years afterwards calls Walpole an insufferable coxcomb.* We are puzzled, therefore, what to make of the exaggerated panegyric on "The Castle of Otranto" in a note by Warburton on these lines of Pope:—

The peers grew proud in horsemanship t'excel,
Newmarket's glory rose as Britain's fell;
The soldiers breathed the gallantries of France,
And every flow'ry courtier wrote romance.

* Letter to Hurd, Nov. 16, 1766. In a letter to the same correspondent (Feb. 7, 1757), Warburton, who was prone to strong language, writes: "Expect to hear that the churches are all crowded next Friday, and that on Saturday they buy up Hume's new Essays, the first of which is the 'Natural History of Religion;' for which I will trim the rogue's jacket . . . a wicked heart, and more determined to do public mischief, I think I never knew." Could this have been Lord Macaulay's precedent, when, speaking of Mr. Croker, he said, "See whether I do not dust that varlet's jacket for him," and calls him "a bad, a very bad, man"?

Amid all this nonsense, [runs the note] when things were at the worst, we had been entertained with what I will venture to call a masterpiece in the fable; and a new species likewise. The piece I mean is "The Castle of Otranto." The scene is laid in Gothic chivalry; where a beautiful imagination, supported by strength of judgment, has enabled the author to go beyond his subject and effect the full purpose of the ancient tragedy; that is, to purge the passions by pity and terror, in coloring as great and harmonious as in any of the best dramatic writers.

Such a criticism from Warburton is little less surprising than the more discriminating one of Sir Walter Scott, who sums up the merits of the work in these words: "This romance has been justly considered not only as the original and model of a peculiar species of composition attempted and successfully executed by a man of great genius, but as one of the standard works of our lighter literature."

It is no longer read except as a curiosity, and commonly laid down with a feeling of disappointment. The characters excite little interest: there is no local coloring; no life-like representation of manners; and the machinery on which the whole plot turns—"an enormous helmet, a hundred times more large than any casque made for a human being," with sword and gauntlet to match—is too material and palpable to inspire awe or terror. It is, moreover, out of keeping with the period. The superstitious credulity of the Middle Ages lent itself to any amount of the supernatural in the shape of haunted chambers, skeletons clanking chains, portraits stepping out of frames, statues descending from pedestals, or deceased barons taking their nightly walk in corridors; but a knight sixty or seventy feet high (and the wearer of the helmet could have been no less) must be relegated to the primitive age when Jack the Giant-killer flourished. At the same time there is no denying that the romance had the grand attraction of novelty, and originated the school of which "The Mysteries of Udolpho" and "The Romance of the Forest" were the pride. The rise and decline of this class of prose fiction are cleverly hit off in one of Haynes Bayley's lyrics:—

Oh, Radcliffe, thou once wert the charmer
Of maids who sate reading all night,
Thy heroes were knights clad in armor,
Thy heroines damsels in white;
But gone are such terrible touches,
Our lips in derision we curl,
Unless we are told how a duchess
Conversed with her cousin the earl.

But it was not the fashionable novel or silver-fork school which succeeded Mrs. Radcliffe's or drove her and her imitators from the field. This good service had been most effectually performed already by Scott, who went to the fountain-head for his inspiration, whose mind was thoroughly saturated with that mediæval lore with which Walpole's was slightly and superficially tinged. Mediævalism was only one, and not the most pronounced, of his innumerable tastes, fancies, and pursuits. As for the warlike spirit of chivalry, he had not a spark of it. He would have regarded a combat or encounter in which hard knocks were interchanged, like the "certain lord, neat, trimly dressed," who angered Hotspur by talking so like a waiting gentlewoman of guns, and drums, and wounds. He preferred the silken barons to the iron barons. His forte lay in chronicling the gossip of courts, or in transporting his readers behind the scenes when a political intrigue was in progress. He was more of a Saint-Simon than a Bayard. Although he counted a suit of Francis I.'s armor amongst his choicest treasures, he would have been more in his element handing Louis XIV. a shirt at Versailles than in helping Francis to a fresh horse at Pavia. It is a singular fact that in the whole nine volumes of letters there is only one allusion to Froissart, and that one a sneer at Lady Pomfret for translating the "Chronicles." His loyalty, considered as a sentiment, was on a par with his chivalry. "On each side of my bed," he writes in 1756, "I have hung Magna Charta, and the warrant for King Charles' execution, on which I have written 'Major Charta;' as I believe, without the latter, the former by this time would be of small importance." The degree of his patriotism may be inferred from his well-known remark: "I should like my country well enough if it were not for my countrymen." His lukewarmness towards the Church is betrayed by his readiness to desecrate her shrines, and the complacency with which he anticipates her fall.

Bishop Luda must not be offended at my converting his tomb into a gateway. Many a saint and confessor, I doubt, will be glad soon to be *passed through*, as it will at least, secure his being *passed over*. When I was directing the east window at Ely, I recollected the lines of Pope:—

How capricious were nature and art to poor Nell!
She was painting her cheeks at the time her nose fell.

Adorning cathedrals where the religion itself totters, is very like poor Nell's mishap.

His "Epistle in Verse" to West begins:—

The greatest curses any age has known
Have issued from the temple or the throne.

Without attaching undue weight to a flash of cynicism or a pleasantry, it must be admitted that he was wanting in the exalted feelings which dignify the finest models of prose fiction; and with the author of "Waverley" before our eyes, we see little reason to regret that "The Castle of Otranto" was his first and last incursion into the region of mediæval or historical romance.

A list, purporting to be complete, of the productions of the Strawberry Hill press is printed in the quarto edition of his works.* They are twenty-six in number, besides small pieces of verse and loose sheets; and it is surprising that he contrived to print so much with an establishment at no time exceeding a man and a boy. On March 15, 1790, he writes:—

At present, even my press is at a stop; my printer, who was a foolish Irishman, and who took himself for a genius, and who grew angry when I thought him extremely the former, and not the least of the latter, has left me, and I have not yet fixed upon another.

The next whom he engaged, Thomas Kirkgate, remained with him till his (Walpole's) death, March, 1797. The name of this faithful servant figures on the title-pages of all the productions of the Strawberry Hill press in his time, and is indissolubly coupled with it. Yet no provision was made for him, and his "Printer's Farewell" begins:—

Adieu! ye Gothic groves and towers,
Where I have spent my youthful hours;
Alas! I find in vain:
Since he who could my age protect,
By some mysterious sad neglect,
Has left me to complain.†

He survived his employer more than thirteen years, dying June 16th, 1810. As Walpole was in the habit of selling copies of his privately printed books through the booksellers, he escaped none of the ordinary trials of authorship, especially in his dealings with the trade, who, he complains, treated him worse because he was a gentleman. It was the same with the critics,

* Vol. ii., pp. 515, 516. Copies of all are in the collection of Walpolean books and manuscripts at Strawberry Hill, which Lord Carlingford and Lady Waldegrave have spared no pains or expense to complete.

† "Memorials of Twickenham, Parochial and Topographical." By the Rev. R. S. Cobbett, M.A., etc., etc.: a carefully executed compilation, containing much valuable matter.

towards whom he struggles to appear in-different, like Pope, with one of Cibber's lampoons before him, declaring, "These things are my diversion," while his features writhed with pain; or like Sir Fretful Plagiary exclaiming: "Ha! ha! ha! very pleasant. Now another person would be vexed at this." Referring to his "Anecdotes of Painting," May 14, 1759, he writes:—

For *nobler* or any other game, I don't think of it; I am sick of the character of author; I am sick of the consequences of it; I am weary of seeing my name in the newspapers; I am tired with reading foolish criticisms on me, and as foolish defences of me; and I trust my friends will be so good as to let the last abuse of me pass unanswered. It is called "Remarks" on my Catalogue, asperses the Revolution more than it does my book, and, in one word, is written by a nonjuring preacher, who was a dog-doctor.

After reading Shenstone's letters, he writes:—

Poor man! he wanted to have all the world talk of him for the pretty place he had made, and which he seems to have made only that it might be talked of.

Then his own similar weakness breaks upon him:—

The first time a company came to see my house, I felt his joy. I am now so tired of it that I shudder when a bell rings at the gate. . . . I own I was one day too cross. I had been plagued all the week with staring crowds; at last, it rained a deluge. "Well," said I, at last, "nobody will come to-day." The words were scarcely uttered when the bell rang; a company desired to see the house. I replied, "Tell them they cannot possibly see the house, but they are very welcome to walk in the garden."

If he had been under any illusion on this subject, his exact state of mind would have been laid bare for him by Madame du Deffand:—

Oh! vous n'êtes point fâché qu'on vienne voir votre château; vous ne l'avez pas fait singulier; vous ne l'avez pas rempli de choses précieuses, de raretés; vous ne bâtissez pas un cabinet rond, dans lequel le lit est un trône, et où il n'y a que des tabourets, pour y rester seul on ne recevoir que vos amis. Tout le monde a les mêmes passions, les mêmes vertus, les mêmes vices; il n'y a que les modifications qui en font la différence; amour propre, vanité, crainte de l'ennui, etc.

Another material drawback to the enjoyment of a suburban residence in Walpole's time was the liability to be robbed. He relates that one night in the beginning of

November, 1749, as he was returning in his chariot from Holland House by moonlight, about ten at night, he was attacked by two highwaymen in Hyde Park, and the pistol of one of them going off accidentally, razed the skin under his eye, left some marks of shot on his face, and stunned him. He wrote an account of the adventure in "The World,"* and made light of it to Mann; complaining that "the frequent repetition has been much worse than the robbery." The capture and exploits of the robber who shot him are mentioned in a letter of Aug. 2, 1750:—

I have been in town for a day or two, and heard no conversation but about M'Lean, a fashionable highwayman, who is just taken, and who robbed me among others; as Lord Eglinton, Sir Thomas Robinson of Vienna, Mrs. Talbot, etc. He took an odd booty from the Scotch earl, a blunderbuss, which lies very formidably upon the justice's table. He was taken by selling a laced waistcoat to a pawnbroker, who happened to carry it to the very man who had just sold the lace. His history is very particular, for he confesses everything, and is so little of an hero, that he cries and begs, and I believe, if Lord Eglinton had been in any luck, might have been robbed of his own blunderbuss. His father was an Irish dean; his brother is a Calvinist minister in great esteem at the Hague.

September 1, 1750.

M'Lean is still the fashion: have not I reason to call him my friend? He says, if the pistol had shot me, he had another for himself. Can I do less than say I will be hanged if he is?

He was robbed again (October, 1781) near his own house in company with Lady Browne, who, after the highwayman had left them, expressed great uneasiness lest he should return, as she had given him a purse with only bad money which she carried on purpose. In 1782, when this state of things was at its worst, Walpole complains that no one can stir out after sunset without servants with blunderbusses; and, referring to the consequent difficulty of making up his card-table, remarks: "If partridge-shooting is not turned into robber-shooting, there will be an end of all society."

"A painful incident in his domestic life was the discovery of the body of his manservant, who had been missing for some days, hanging on a tree in the grounds near the chapel. The man had committed suicide after a petty robbery of one or two

* No. 103, republished amongst his works. He there states that M'Lean wrote him two letters of apology, and proposed a friendly meeting at midnight, which he declined.

spoons or forks."* We cannot help fancying that this must have affected Walpole much as a similar incident affected the late Sir John (Mr. Justice) Williams, who, on entering his chambers late at night found his head caught between the legs of his clerk, who was *sus. per col.* in the passage. On hiring the next, he gravely said to him, "I have only one stipulation to make: if you hang yourself—which you can do or not, as you think fit—do not hang yourself in my chambers."

Whilst Walpole's building was still in progress, the saddening conviction grew upon him that the place was too damp, which is not surprising, considering how frequently it was flooded when the river flowed in full volume and was banked back by the old bridges.

I revive after being in London an hour like a member of Parliament's wife. It will be a cruel fate, after having laid out so much money on this place, and building it as the nest of my old age, if I am driven from it by bad health.

He goes to Bath to take the waters, and cannot endure it.

The river (Avon) is paltry enough to be the Seine or Tyber. Oh! how unlike my lovely Thames! . . . I sit down by the waters of Babylon and weep, when I think of thee, oh, Strawberry!

The late Lord Derby, after trying some sherry which was recommended as a cure for the gout, said that he preferred the gout. A friend of ours on consulting the late Sir Henry Holland, was told that he would get well if he dined at four and went to bed at ten. "Oh!" was the reply, "I don't come to a physician to tell me *that*. I want to know how I am to get well if I dine at eight and go to bed at one." Like Lord Derby and our friend, Walpole preferred the disease to the remedy. He writes from Bath, October 18, 1766:—

If I can but be tolerably well at Strawberry, my wishes are bounded. If I am to live at watering-places, and keep what is called *good hours*, life itself will be indifferent to me. I do not talk very sensibly, but I have a contempt for that fictitious character styled philosophy. *I feel what I feel, and I say I feel what I do feel.*

His apprehensions of being compelled to leave the banks of the Thames proved groundless, and in April, 1768, we find him coaxing Montagu to settle there:—

* Memorials of Twickenham, p. 307.

I thought you would at last come and while away the remainder of life on the banks of the Thames in gaiety and old tales. I have quitted the stage, and the Clive is preparing to leave it. We shall neither of us ever be grave; dowagers roost all around us, and you could never want cards or mirth.

In May, 1769, he writes that Strawberry has been in great glory, and that he has given a *festino* there which will almost mortgage it. The party was principally made up of diplomatists and distinguished foreigners:—

They arrived at two. At the gates of the castle I received them, dressed in the cravat of Gibbons's carving, and a pair of gloves embroidered up to the elbows that had belonged to James I. The French servants stared, and firmly believed this was the dress of English country gentlemen. After taking a survey of the apartments, we went to the printing-house, where I had prepared the enclosed verses, with translations by Monsieur de Lille, one of the company. The moment they were printed off, I gave a private signal, and French horns and clarionets accompanied this compliment. We then went to see Pope's grotto and garden, and returned to a magnificent dinner in the refectory.

No locality hallowed by being the abode of genius has suffered so much from vandalism as Pope's villa. Sir William Stanhope, the purchaser after Pope's death, began with the garden:—

The poet [writes Walpole] had valued himself on the disposition of it, and with reason. Though containing but five square acres, enclosed by three lanes, he had managed it with such art and deception that it seemed a wood, and its boundaries were nowhere discoverable. It is true, it was closely planted, and consequently damp. Refined taste went to work: the vocal groves were thinned, modish shrubs replaced them, and three lanes broke in; and if the Muses wanted to tie up their garters, there is not a nook to do it without being seen.

After it had undergone a series of changes, it was brought in 1807 by Lady Howe, who pulled down the house and built a new one on the site. This shared the fate of its predecessor, and was replaced by one of a style partaking so much of the Chinese that it was said to have been copied by the tea-merchant who built it, from one of his chests. Nothing of Pope's creation now remains but the grotto, sarcastically described by Johnson: "A grotto is not often the wish or pleasure of an Englishman, who has often more need to solicit than exclude the sun; but Pope's excavation was requisite as an en-

trance to his garden, and as some men try to be proud of their defects, he extracted an ornament from an inconvenience, and vanity produced a grotto where necessity enforced a passage." The passage is under a public road which separates the front garden from the house. The entrance at the river end alone presents any semblance of the grotto so enthusiastically celebrated by Pope in poetry and prose.*

Walpole is never tired of telling stories of the sightseers, who were by turns his pleasure and his plague. He overheard one of them, on being shown the bows and arrows in the armory, ask the house-keeper, "Pray, does Mr. Walpole shoot?"

Lady Charleville, my neighbor, told me three months ago, that, having some company with her, one of them had been to see Strawberry. "Pray," said another, "who is that Mr. Walpole?" "Lord!" cried a third, "don't you know the great epicure, Mr. Walpole?" "Pho!" cried the first, "great epicure! you mean the antiquarian." There, madam, surely this anecdote may take its place in the chapter of local fame.

Local fame is singularly precarious. The only tradition we could gather in Pope's garden was that a fine cedar was planted by a famous man a long time ago. An elderly, well-to-do inhabitant of Beaconsfield, of whom we inquired where Burke had lived, made answer: "Pray, sir, was he a poet?" During a pilgrimage which Rogers and his friend Maltby made to Gerrard Street, Soho, to discover the house once occupied by Dryden, they came upon a house-agent, who, scenting a job, eagerly responded: "Dryden—Mr. Dryden—is he behindhand with his rent?"

A favorite excursion from Chevening, in the late Earl Stanhope's time, was to Holwood, to the spot, "at the foot of an old tree just above the steep descent into the vale of Keston," where Pitt and Wilberforce meditated the suppression of the slave-trade.† Some ten years since, when the head-gardener had, as usual, conducted the party to the traditional spot, one of them ventured to suggest that it materially differed from the description, the vale being some way off. This remark came upon the earl like Edie Ochiltree's "I mind the bigging o't," on the Antiquary; but another spot with the requisite qualification was speedily discovered, to which the

tradition was transferred, nothing the worse for the change, by the amiable and accomplished nobleman, who forthwith set up a tablet to perpetuate it.

On August 30, 1768, Walpole writes to the Rev. W. Cole:—

When the round tower is finished, I propose to draw up a description and catalogue of the whole house and collection, and I think you will not dislike lending me your assistance.

On June 7, 1771, to Mann:—

The round tower is finished and magnificent, and the state bedchamber proceeds fast; for you must know the little villa is grown into a superb castle. We have dropped all humility in our style.

The "Description and Inventory," was not printed till 1774. It was reprinted in 1784, with additions, engraved illustrations, and a preface, from which (copies being rare) we shall extract the most remarkable passages:—

It will look [he begins], I fear, a little like arrogance in a private man to give a printed description of his villa and collection, in which almost everything is diminutive. It is not, however, intended for public sale, and originally was meant only to assist those who should visit the place. A farther view succeeded; that of exhibiting specimens of Gothic architecture as collected from standards, in cathedrals, and chapel-tombs, and showing how they may be applied to chimney-pieces, ceilings, windows, balustrades, loggias, etc. The general disuse of Gothic architecture, and the decay and alterations so frequently made in churches, give prints a chance of being the sole preservatives of that style.

After stating that the collection was made out of the spoils of many renowned collections, he says:—

Such well-attested descent is the genealogy of objects of vertu, not so noble as those of the peerage, but on a par with those of race-horses. *In all these, especially the pedigrees of peers and rarities, the line is often continued by many insignificant names.*

This is Horace Walpole all over. If a sneer at his own order or royalty lay in his way, he was sure to pick it up and make the most of it. The collection of miniatures and enamels, he goes on to say, is the largest and finest in any country:—

The historic pictures, including several Holbeins, must be dear to the English antiquary. . . . To virtuosos of more classic taste, the small busts of Jupiter Serapis in basaltes, and of Caligula in bronze, and the silver bell of Benvenuto Cellini, will display the art of ancient and modern sculpture; how high it

* The villa, delightfully situated, now belongs to Mr. Labouchere, formerly M.P. for Middlesex.

† Life of Wilberforce, by his Sons, vol. i. p. 151.

was carried by Greek statuary, appears in the eagle.

In a concluding paragraph he states and meets the objection that a collection thus composed is out of keeping with the building:—

In truth, I did not mean to make my house so Gothic as to exclude convenience and modern refinements in luxury. The designs of the inside and outside are strictly ancient, but the decorations are modern. Would our ancestors, before the reformation of architecture, not have deposited in their gloomy castles antique statues and fine pictures, beautiful vases and ornamental china, if they had possessed them?

Most probably they would, for the simple reason that they had nowhere else to put them, at all events nowhere else where they would be safe. But if our ancestors had not wanted these gloomy strongholds for other purposes, they would not have built them to receive statues, pictures, and objects of vertu; or fitted up interiors to resemble a cloister or an aisle. Conscious of the fallacy, he breaks off:—

But I do not mean to defend by argument a small capricious house. It was built to please my own taste, and in some degree to realize my own visions. I have specified what it contains; could I describe the gay but tranquil scene where it stands, and add the beauty of the landscape to the romantic cast of the mansion, it would raise more pleasing sensations than a dry list of curiosities can excite; at least, the prospect would recall the good-humor of those who might be disposed to condemn the fantastic fabric, and to think it a very proper habitation of, as it was the scene that inspired, the author of "The Castle of Otranto."

This tone disarms criticism, and we believe it to be his natural tone; for talk as he may, he almost always returns to and settles in good sense.

The two principal events of his life, after the completion of his building projects, were his accession to the earldom by the death of his nephew, December 15, 1791, and his acquaintance with the Berrys (Mary and Agnes), which began in the winter of 1787-88. The first notice of them occurs in a letter to the Countess of Ossory. After describing their persons, dress, and manners, he proceeds:—

The first night I met them I would not be acquainted, having heard so much in their praise that I concluded they would be all pretension. The second time, in a very small company, I sat next to Mary, and found her an angel both inside and out. Now I do not know which I like best, except Mary's face,

which is formed for a sentimental novel, but is ten times fitter for a fifty times better thing, genteel comedy. This delightful family comes to me almost every Sunday evening, as our religion is too *proclamatory* to play at cards on the seventh day. I do not care a straw for cards, but I do disapprove of this partiality to the youngest child of the week; while the other poor six days are treated as if they had no souls to save. I forgot to tell you that Mr. Berry is a little merry man with a round face, and you would not suspect him of so much feeling and attachment. I make no excuse for such minute details; for, if your ladyship insists on hearing the humors of my district, you must for once indulge me with sending you two pearls that I found in my path.

They were the comfort of his declining years; it was for them he wrote his "Reminiscences." He was never happy when away from them, and in November, 1791, he installed them in Little Strawberry, which he bequeathed to them for their joint lives at his death.

His accession to the earldom inspired his "*Epitaphium Vivi Auctoris*," in 1792, beginning:—

An estate and an earldom at seventy-four.
Had I sought them or wished, 'twould add
one fear more,
That of making a countess when almost four-score!

It is believed that he was ready to make a countess (when still nearer fourscore) by marrying Miss Mary Berry, with the sole view of giving her his title and a jointure which he was empowered to charge on the estate.

He died at his house in Berkeley Square, March 2, 1797, in his eightieth year; having devised Strawberry Hill, with its contents, to Mrs. Damer for life, with remainder in fee to the Countess Dowager of Waldegrave, his niece. Through her it came to George Edward, the seventh Earl Waldegrave, who (September 28, 1840) married Francis (*née*) Brāham, widow of Mr. J. J. Waldegrave, and, dying September 28, 1846, devised to her in fee the whole of his property, including Strawberry Hill. Pecuniary embarrassments, real or supposed, led to the sale of the entire collection (with the exception of the family portraits* and some choice china) in 1842.

* The intention was to reserve the whole of the family portraits, but four were sold by mistake, and, much to her regret, Lady Waldegrave has hitherto been unable to recover them. They are thus described in the catalogue: "A three-quarter length portrait of Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford, etc.: a *ditto* of Catherine, first wife of Sir Robert Walpole, in

Referring to the treasures of art collected at Fonthill, Mr. Eastlake remarks that some idea of their value may be formed from the fact that in 1819, at the sale of the abbey and its contents to Mr. Farquhar, 7,200 copies of the catalogue at a guinea each were sold in a few days. The large sale of this catalogue, which served as a ticket of admission, was mainly owing to the general eagerness to see a place which had been carefully secluded from view. Connoisseurs and collectors, with the *élite* of the fashionable world, had enjoyed free access to Strawberry Hill, but, making full allowances on this ground, we are at a loss to account for the comparative indifference with which it was regarded by the general public. The private view began on the 28th of March; the public were admitted on the 4th of April, and the sale began on the 25th. The views, public and private, were thinly attended; and on the first and most of the succeeding days of the sale, the renowned auctioneer's audience was principally composed of professional bidders and dealers. The tone taken by the leading journal had doubtless contributed towards this result:—

There are not, perhaps, a dozen things in the house which evince any refined taste, or taste of a high order, in him by whom they were collected. There is nothing whatever of the highest class of art in the whole collection, not one single solitary object by which national taste can be improved, or from the contemplation of which a pure feeling of art can be produced.*

Can the writer have gone over a single department of the collection, or even have read the catalogue? He summarily disposes of the whole of the historical relics in this fashion:—

Old hats, old clothes, old gloves, and old rubbish, dignified by whatsoever name their owner may rejoice to give them, are still rubbish: those by whom they are collected are little better than antiquated dealers in slops; and those who wish to buy may be supplied at half the expense of a trip to Strawberry Hill, by the recognized retailers of rubbish in Mayfair or Rosemary Lane.

Under the generic term rubbish, are comprised Queen Elizabeth's glove, the tortoiseshell jewelled comb of Mary Queen

white, copied from Sir Godfrey Kneller's picture, by Jarvis: a *ditto* of Maria Skerret, second wife of Sir Robert Walpole, in blue, and in the dress of a shepherdess, by Jarvis: a *ditto* of Robert Walpole, second Earl of Orford, etc., in a red velvet dress, by Richardson.

* The *Times*, April 25, 1842.

of Scots, the spur with which William III. pricked his charger through the Boyne, the clock which was Henry VIII.'s wedding present to Anne Boleyn, the watch of Fairfax, the hat of Wolsey, etc., etc. As for the trappings of chivalry:—

The good knights are dust,
And their swords are rust,
And their souls are with the Lord, we trust.

What are their coats of mail, helmets and gauntlets, but so many stone of old iron? And what (by a parity of reasoning may be asked) are the ruins of Iona but ruins? or what is the plain of Marathon but a plain? Johnson's noble apostrophe is the reply: "Far from me and my friends be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground that has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue! Historic relics appeal to the same sympathies as historic localities:—

Struck with the seat that gave Eliza birth,
We kneel and kiss the consecrated earth.

Why not her glove? Is it not linked with the same associations? Does it not similarly recall the lion-hearted queen who flung foul scorn at Tilbury, or the old coquette who signed the death-warrant of Essex? Far from laughing at Mr. Charles Kean for purchasing the dagger of Henry VIII. and the scarlet hat of Wolsey, we should have been strongly tempted to bid against him. Sentiment apart, historic relics have a positive value as illustrations of manners and customs; but if they are one and all to be set down as rubbish, the celebrated collection of the Hôtel de Cluny, at Paris, might as well be flung into the Seine.

By way of counterpoise to the depreciation of the journalist, the noble owner was fortunate enough to engage the services of the late George Robins, the prince of auctioneers, who carried the peculiar eloquence of his profession to a point which almost entitles him to be regarded as the founder of a school. The swelling periods in which Lord Macaulay described the procession of peers at the trial of Warren Hastings were pronounced by Sir George Cornwall Lewis to be an excellent specimen of the genuine George Robins style; and a still happier adaptation of that style, in our opinion, was the paragraph in which Lord Beaconsfield brought vividly before the mind's eye the array of large-acred squires who sealed the doom of Sir Robert Peel's government in 1846.*

* We refer to the paragraph beginning: "They

Nor will any judicious critic deem these comparisons invidious after reading the prefatory remarks to the catalogue, in which Mr. Robins speaks in his own proper person. For example :—

Whether he considers the hallowed recollections that surround a pictorial and historical abode, so dear to its distinguished originator, and so often and so tenderly referred to in his letters and writings, or the extreme rarity and value of the collection contained in it, rich in all that can delight the antiquarian, the scholar, the virtuoso, or the general lover of art, so perfect and unapproachable in all its details that each will quit it with the fixed opinion that his peculiar tastes were those to which the energies, the learning, and the research of the noble founder were directed; when there pass before him in review, the splendid gallery of paintings teeming with the finest works of the greatest masters; * matchless enamels, of immortal bloom, by *Petito, Boit, Bordice, and Zincke*; chasings, the workmanship of *Cellini* and *Jean de Bologna*; noble specimens of *Faenza* ware, from the pencils of *Robbia* and *Bernard Palizzi*; glass, of the rarest hues and tints, executed by *Jean Cousin* and other masters of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries; *Limoges* enamels of the period of the Renaissance, by *Leonard* and *Courtoise*; Roman and Grecian antiquities in bronze and sculpture; Oriental and European china, of the choicest forms and colors; exquisite and matchless missals, painted by *Raphael* and *Julio Clovis*; magnificent specimens of cinquecento armor; miniatures illustrative of the most interesting periods of history; a valuable collection of drawings and manuscripts; engravings in countless numbers and of infinite value; a costly library, extending to fifteen thousand volumes, abounding in splendid editions of the classics; illustrated, scarce, and unique works, with ten thousand other relics of the arts and histories of bygone ages; he may well feel overpowered at the evident impossibility of rendering to each that lengthened notice which their merits and their value demand.

This is a magnificent sentence, in linked richness long drawn out: indeed, one of the longest in the language; yet, considering the weight of the matter, it cannot be censured for redundancy.

trooped on: all the men of metal and large-acred squires whose spirit he had so often quickened and whose counsels he had so often solicited in his fine Conservative speeches in Whitehall Gardens: Mr. Bankes, with a Parliamentary name or two centuries, and Mr. Christopher from that broad Lincolnshire which protection had created . . . and Devon had sent there the stout heart of Mr. Buck, and Wiltshire the pleasant presence of Walter Long," etc. ("Life of Lord George Bentinck.")

* Holbein, Rembrandt, Vandyck, Giorgione, Annibale, Caracci, Poussin, Canaletto, Watteau, Van Eyck, Mytens, Zuccheri, Lely, Kneller, Reynolds, Romney, etc.

Judging merely from the abridged reports in the newspapers, we should say that Mr. Robins's opening address, delivered from a state chair that had belonged to the great cardinal, was on a par with his prefatory remarks.

He concluded by saying that he should have considered it sacrilege to have altered the disposition or arrangement of a single lot; that those who did him the honor to bid should live forever in his heart, and that he would charge them no rent for the tenancy. This eloquence produced good prices.*

The prices were far from good. With the marked catalogue now before us, we should say they were surprisingly low. The *Sèvres* porcelain, for example, did not sell for a tenth of what it would fetch now. Fancy this lot marked down at 4*l.*:—

A cabinet cup and saucer, embellished with strawberries, a present from *Madame du Deffand*, and a ditto, with a wreath of flowers and gold border.

The whole contents of the china room, one hundred and forty lots, went for 648*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.* The sale realized 33,450*l.* We speak within compass when we say that it would now realize three times that sum.

When the last blow of the auctioneer's hammer had sounded, the guardian genius of poor, stripped, despoiled, desecrated, degraded Strawberry must have resembled the *White Lady of Avenel* when her golden zone had dwindled to the fineness of a thread; and only too appropriate in the mouth of the present owner, when, as its uncontrolled mistress, she paced the denuded gallery, would have been the words of *Moore's* song:—

I feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed.

But she had head, heart, imagination, energy, and a will as resolute as *Warren Hastings* when he made it the set purpose of his life to regain and reinstate his ancestral home of *Daylesford*. Animated instead of depressed by the self-imposed task of repairing what seemed irreparable—with views opening and plans expanding as she went on—she restored, renovated, improved, added, acquired, and annexed to give breathing-room, till the villa had grown into a first-class country-house in a land where country-houses are palaces, and this without destroying or materially impairing the distinctive character

* *The Times*, April 26, 1842.

which the founder had so perseveringly impressed upon it or (what would be still worse) producing inside or outside an impression of incongruity.

This is not the place for details. But take up a position on the south-east side so as to command a complete view of the portions constructed at four different periods, and you will find that they slide into each other without a break. Enter the house, pass through the gallery, round room, and ante-room into the finely-proportioned, richly-furnished drawing-room, with the famous Reynolds (the three Ladies Waldegrave) confronting you, and you will see nothing to remind you abruptly or disagreeably of the fact that you have been passing from one epoch of internal decoration to another. The transition is softened down and rendered less perceptible by the adoption of a happy thought of the celebrated Marquise de Rambouillet, who had a room devoted to portraits of her friends. The walls of the gallery at Strawberry Hill are now exclusively occupied by portraits of intimate friends and illustrious or distinguished visitors, including the Prince and Princess of Wales, whose grace, affability, and charm of look and manner, faithfully reflected, would most assuredly have cured Walpole, had he fallen beneath their influence, of his dislike to royal visitors.

First come, first served. Those to whom places have been assigned form only a section of the illustrious or distinguished visitors and friends. When an increase of the peerage was proposed at the Restoration, Buckingham remarked that, if every cavalier with a claim were created, the House of Lords must meet on Salisbury Plain. If Lady Waldegrave persists in her original plan, she must extend the gallery by roofing over the lawn.*

All Walpole's smaller rooms have been

* Besides the portraits of the Prince and Princess of Wales in a single picture, the gallery contains separate portraits of the Duc and Duchesse d'Aumale, the late Earl and Countess of Clarendon, Earl Russell, Earl Grey, Viscount Palmerston, Mr. Gladstone, Viscount Halifax, the Marchioness of Clanricarde, the late Countess of Morley, Lord Lyndhurst, M. Van de Weyer, Bishop Wilberforce, Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe, the Duchess of Sutherland and the late duchess, the Duchess of Westminster, Lady Churchill, Lady Augusta Sturt, the Countess of Shaftesbury, the Marchioness of Northampton, Madame Alphonse de Rothschild, Lady Selina Bidwell, the Hon. Mrs. F. Stoner, the Countess Spencer, the Countess Somers, and Lady Waldegrave herself. The next addition, we believe, will be the charming *habituée* who, at a ball given by Lady Waldegrave at the Secretary's Lodge, Dublin, caused an old Irish gentleman to exclaim: "I have come fifty miles to attend this ball, and I would have come a hundred to look at that beautiful duchess." This compliment may pair off with that of the drayman who asked Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, to let him light his pipe at her eyes.

preserved pretty nearly as he left them, although their destination has been changed. It was in the narrow passage leading from the hall to the beauty room (now a bedroom) that a late chancellor of Ireland, his thoughts reverting to the natural enemies of his youth, exclaimed: "What a capital place if a man was pursued by bailiffs!"

Walpole was constantly haunted by the fear that his creations and collections would not be respected by his successors, whatever indulgent friends might think or say of them.

I wish [he writes to Montagu in 1755] you would visit it [Strawberry Hill] when it is in its beauty, and while it is mine. You will not, I flatter myself, like it so well when it belongs to the *intendant* of Twickenham, when a cockle-shell walk is made across the lawn, and everything *without* doors is made regular, and everything *within* modern and *riant*; for this must be its fate.

May, 1772.

In short this *old, old, very old* castle, as his prints called Old Parr, is so near being perfect, that it will certainly be ready by the time I die to be improved with Indian paper, or to have the windows let down to the ground by some travelled lady.

May 4, 1774. [To Cole.]

Consider, Strawberry is almost the last monastery left, at least in England. Poor Mr. Bateman's is despoiled. Lord Bateman has stripped and plundered it, has advertised the site, and is dirtily selling by auction what he neither would keep nor sell for a sum that is worth while. Surely it is very indecent for a favorite relation, who is rich, to show so little remembrance and affection. I suppose Strawberry will share the same fate. It has already happened to two of my friends.

His melancholy forebodings have been partly realized:—

Jove heard and granted half the suppliants' prayer,
The rest the winds dispersed in empty air.

His collection has been dispersed through both hemispheres. But the fixed (we can hardly say, solid) fabric of his creation, his monastic castle or castellated monastery, the historic Strawberry Hill, has risen with renovated splendor from its temporary prostration; and—thanks to the taste, spirit, munificence, and cordial, graceful, abounding hospitality of an accomplished, highly-gifted woman—has regained and surpassed all the interest, attraction, and celebrity which it possessed in his lifetime, and which he sorrowfully foretold would die with him.

From The Month.
THE ARAB CHRISTIAN VILLAGES IN
ALGERIA.

BY LADY HERBERT.

MANY visitors to Algeria have doubtless heard of the wonderful exertions of the archbishop of that country, Mgr. Lavigerie, whereby thousands of Arab children were saved, both body and soul, after the fearful famine of 1868. But few people in England are aware of the existence of the Arab Christian villages, which form, as it were, the completion of his great and really superhuman work, so that a slight sketch of their origin and establishment may not be without interest to our readers.

It is needless to go back in detail to the horrors of that famine year. No one who had not witnessed them could ever believe the heart-breaking scenes which met one at every turn—men reduced to perfect skeletons, eating grass like the beasts of the field, women sinking by the roadside, with starving babies at their breasts, young children, gaunt with famine, with faces like old men, their bones starting through their skin, vainly striving to keep up with their parents, and dropping by dozens on the way. Such were the hourly sights of that terrible winter. But whereas with the Mussulmans and their fatalist doctrines, scarcely barren pity was elicited for the sufferers, Catholic charity was roused to an heroic pitch of devotion. Priests, with the holy archbishop at their head, sisters of charity of every order, ladies, doctors, soldiers—all put their shoulders to the wheel, and braving death (for typhus had, as usual, followed in the train of the famine), multiplied themselves to meet the terrible crisis, and save this starving multitude. But in spite of all their efforts, thousands of Arabs died, leaving their children on the archbishop's hands. What was to be done with them? In a beautiful letter, addressed by Mgr. Lavigerie to the French and Belgian Catholics, we find the answer to this query in his own simple words, "God inspired me to become their father." Upwards of two thousand boys and girls were received at first in his own episcopal palace; then brothers and sisters of charity offered their services, which were accepted, and large agricultural schools were opened, in which both sexes were trained to every kind of industrial and out-of-door work, with a result which has amazed all those who have visited these establishments. But the archbishop was not content with educating and bringing up these children. He determined to

devise a scheme, whereby their future would be secured from the danger of returning to their tribes or becoming depraved by contact with the bad colonists who, unhappily, abound in Algeria, which, for a long while, was looked upon almost as a penal settlement.

We will give his plan in his own words:—

I have bought land to create by-and-by Arab Christian villages, just as the State has done in Algeria for Spaniards, Swiss, and Italians. We shall form families by uniting our young men and women, giving them each the quantity of land necessary for their maintenance and that of their children, and of these groups of twenty, thirty, and forty young couples, we shall create villages under our own superintendence, and, I trust, with the approval and encouragement of the State. For it will be an easy and certain method of forming in the heart of Algeria a native Christian population, and assimilating to ourselves races which hitherto we have subdued only by force of arms, without inducing them to conform to our faith or habits, and whom we have the sorrow of seeing rapidly deteriorating, and even disappearing before the influx of their Christian conquerors.

He adds with touching earnestness:—

When I think over these plans, in the evening, in my solitude of St. Eugène, and that gazing into the depths of their glorious African sky, I beseech of God the time and the grace to complete the work I have begun. I often dream of my tomb being placed in one of those peaceful villages, surrounded by my adopted children. It seems to me that my last sleep will be sweeter among those who are really my sons in tenderness and gratitude. I feel as if these souls, for whom I have sacrificed all, and whom my ministry will have regenerated, will plead better than others before the throne of God for mercy for the sins of my past life.

This glorious project, which in 1870 was only the dream and prayer of the holy and devoted archbishop, has now been realized, and that with a success beyond all human expectation. Let us once more quote Mgr. Lavigerie's words, written four years later:—

In one of the Algerian valleys, between two chains of mountains, of which one, stretching towards the sea, forms the little Kabylia of Cherchell, and the other, rising in an amphitheatre, leads to the high levels of the Sahara, one perceives, during the last few months, from the railroad, which is now opened between Oran and Algiers, a little village perched on the lowest spurs of the mountains. A bright stream, the Chéiff, flows at its feet; another little river bounds it to the right. This village is on the site of an old Roman colony, which

was undoubtedly a Christian one also, for the ruins of a church were found when making the excavations for the new buildings. . . . The houses, separated one from the other, but arranged in straight streets, are simple in construction, but bright, clean, and cheerful. Green plantations of the eucalyptus look gay against the white walls. A pretty little church is built in the centre of the village, above which rises the cross of the primate, St. Cyprian, the Carthage martyr, to whom the church is dedicated. In front of the village is stretched a vast garden, divided into allotments, according to the number of the families, and irrigated by two *norias* (or wells), sunk in the soil. Behind is a large park, surrounded by a wall, in which are inclosed the oxen for ploughing, with the cows and goats needed for milking. All around, the dwarf palms and Algerian-bush vegetation are being cleared, to make way for wheat-fields and other crops. Everywhere you see work, life, and action. If you ask a European the name of this new village, he will tell you, "It is St. Cyprian of Tighsel" (the Tighsel is the name of the little river to the right, which forms the boundary of the village). But if you go to any of the Arab tribes encamped on the neighboring hills, and ask the same question, they will answer, "It is the village of the children of the great marabout."

This "marabout" is myself. They give the same name to all priests, whether Catholic or Mahometan. My children are our orphans; the Arabs look upon me as the father of all these poor little souls, whom I have saved from death, and it is their custom to give to the tribes the name of their founder.

The archbishop continues in a subsequent letter:—

These villages are, in truth, the salvation of our children. Here, under the eye of our missionaries, sustaining one another, and exciting each other by example and emulation in work and all the virtues of a Christian family, they are sheltered from the evils of our colonies, where the worst vices have free play. They are as green oases in the midst of the desert. Here my children thrive, increase, and multiply, for in this land of the sun, everything goes quickly, and most of our young couples have now two or three children, so I am already a grandfather. I wish you could see me when I come to St. Cyprian, surrounded by all these little creatures, who call me "grandpapa monseigneur," and who pull me about in every direction, and scramble on my knee, to see if I have not some sugarplums for them in my pocket. I let them do what they will, as you may imagine, thanking God for his goodness, who has so blessed this work, and created so many little innocent creatures to serve his gracious purposes hereafter. . . . For the birth of these children in our new families is to us the assurance of the continuance of our work and the pledge of the suc-

cess, in which, thanks be to God, we have not been disappointed.

But one thing was needed to complete these villages, and that was a hospital for the many diseases rife among the natives. Hence the creation of the Hospital of St. Elizabeth, at St. Cyprian, of which some account must be given.

One of the objects which Mgr. Lavigerie hoped to attain by the establishment of these native Christian villages was to bring about friendly relations with the Arab tribes encamped in the neighborhood. Several of the young couples, in fact, had found members of their own families—uncles, aunts, and cousins, who came to visit them at St. Cyprian, and were amazed at what they saw. "Even had your fathers lived," the Arabs would exclaim to the new settlers, "they would never have been able to do for you what the great marabout of the Christians has done." Mgr. Lavigerie had placed as pastors of these new villages some of his own admirable African missionaries. Now, one of their rules is to study medicine, and to attend themselves to any sick who may be brought to them. And so, at St. Cyprian, they began, as they did everywhere else, to devote themselves to the care of the sick and suffering. One of the houses in the village was taken for a pharmacy, and the skill and tender care of the missionaries, who gave both dressing and drugs gratuitously, soon attracted all the sick Arabs of the different mountain tribes in the vicinity. Many who could not walk were brought on the backs of mules, and laid down at the feet of the fathers, who would kneel and dress their hideous wounds with the utmost charity and patience. The natives were never weary of expressing their astonishment. "Why do you do this?" they would exclaim. "Our own fathers and mothers would not take as much trouble for us!" The reputation of the cures effected in this way spread far and wide. The women, who held aloof at first from Musulman prejudice, began flocking in likewise. The archbishop then sent sisters (of the same African congregation which he had founded) to attend to them. But one thing was becoming indispensable, and that was a hospital, where those whose diseases required a longer treatment could be received and nursed with that care and cleanliness, which were almost the conditions of cure. But where was the archbishop to find the money, either for the building or for the necessary staff of such an establishment? He

redoubled his prayers, and those of his religious communities, and Providence came to his aid in a most unexpected manner.

The military governor of Algiers, General Wolff, is a man who combines all that is noble and generous in character with a thorough knowledge of his profession, and an intense interest in the native population. He had watched with the greatest sympathy the difficult and courageous attempts of the archbishop; he admired both his zeal and his prudence, and one day himself proposed to him the creation of the hospital. "The ground is ready prepared for it," he exclaimed; "the Arabs already look upon St. Cyprian's as their home, and you as their father. It will be not only a work of Christian charity, but one of the highest political importance, by thus gaining the hearts of the tribes we have conquered. How much will you require for the purpose?" The archbishop replied that a hundred thousand francs was the least sum with which he could begin. "Well," replied General Wolff, "there are thirty-eight thousand francs in the military chest, set apart during the time of the emperor's visit for the creation of some charitable establishment for the natives. With the consent of the governor-general, I will hand over this sum to you, and Catholic charity must do the rest." General Chanzy, the governor-general, at once acceded to this proposal. The archbishop joyfully set to work, and a hospital was constructed in the Moorish style, with everything needed for the comfort and convenience of its inmates. Even beautiful details were not wanting in the building, Mgr. Lavigerie wishing thereby to show the natives his love and respect for the poor. The Arabs themselves could not contain their astonishment at the sight of the buildings, as they progressed towards completion. "Why, it must be for a prince!" they exclaimed. "No; it is for sick, poor, and suffering Arabs." "But shall we have nothing to pay?" "No, nothing." "Can this be true?" they would ask; and when again the fact was solemnly affirmed, they would lift up their hands to heaven in mute astonishment, and bless God.

After two years' labor, and with the liberal alms of the French and Belgian Catholics, the hospital was completed. The archbishop was implored to give it the name of his patron, St. Charles; but from a feeling of gratitude to General Wolff, he preferred choosing that of *St. Elizabeth*, the patroness of Mrs. Wolff, whose

Christian charity and devotion make her a worthy wife of this brave and loyal soldier.

In order to inaugurate the new hospital in a way which should duly impress the Arabs, Mgr. Lavigerie sent out invitations to a feast (or *diffa*), to be given on the day of the opening to all the natives of the different *douars* of the mountains adjoining the Chécliff, and invited likewise all the French authorities and European visitors of distinction to accompany him on the occasion. All gladly responded to the appeal; and on the 5th of February, 1876, at six o'clock in the morning, a special train conveyed the whole company from Algiers to St. Cyprian. Few who were present on this occasion will forget the beautiful sight presented on their arrival: on the one side, the bright new village, with its church and presbytery glistening in the sun; on the other, the tents of the Arabs, forming an immense camp; and above the village, the new hospital, decorated with flags, the road leading to it being adorned with triumphal arches and flowers. On either side of the railroad were columns of mounted Arabs, armed and motionless, waiting for the arrival of the guests. At a signal from their chief the whole body of cavalry charged the incoming train, which had just slackened speed. They surrounded the carriages, firing in the air, uttering their war-cries, now advancing, then retiring, till some of the ladies of the party were thoroughly alarmed, believing it was their intention to make an attack on the whole company. But no—it was only their picturesque way of giving a welcome. The train stops; the guests, with General Wolff at their head, leave the carriages, and are met by a native mayor with an address, while the cannon sound and the bells of the church chime joyful peals, mingled with the wild and exultant cries of the Arabs. A procession is formed to the hospital, a royal prince of Holland walking first, then the generals of division with Madame de Lamoricière and the rest of the company, the native cavalry keeping the ground on both sides. On the terrace in front of the hospital, with its beautiful arched façade under a red and gold canopy, stood the archbishop, in full pontificals, with his mitre on his head, his crozier in his hand, the pontifical cross and canopy borne by natives in white burnouses and scarlet sashes; and around him fifty of his priests, some in gold vestments, some in the white Arab dress worn by his African missionaries, but all motion-

less as statues. As the procession advanced to the foot of the steps leading to the terrace, Mgr. Lavigerie intoned the hymn to the Holy Ghost, which the clergy took up with fine sonorous voices. Then the archbishop taking holy water, solemnly blessed the building, and turning to the four points of heaven, pronounced the solemn pontifical benediction. Once more the cannon sounded and the church bells joyfully resumed their peal.

Descending from the terrace, the archbishop, followed by his clergy, then advanced to the general with a few words of welcome, who responded in a short but touching speech, which was followed by an eloquent allocution from Mgr. Lavigerie. Then the company were invited to visit the hospital in detail, the simple but beautiful inscription above the entrance *Bit-Allah* (the house of God) having attracted all eyes. In fact, Protestants as well as Catholics were equally impressed by the ceremony they then witnessed, and the English consul exclaimed: "We have seen another St. Augustine!" After the visit to the hospital, the European part of the company returned to the terrace to see the *fantasia*, or horsemanship, which the Arabs had themselves prepared in honor of the archbishop. Upwards of twelve hundred men magnificently mounted, under the command of the bach-agma, Bou-Alem, the friend and companion of Abd-el-Kader, performed for two hours and a half the most wonderful evolutions and equestrian feats, amidst enthusiastic applause from the Arab spectators. These *fantasias* are almost always attended with loss of life, but in this instance, though several accidents occurred to the horses, none were hurt, and the Arabs declared it was the result of the *baraka*, or blessing of the great marabout, which preserved both men and beasts. Then followed the feast, which was Homeric in its character. On the hillside above the hospital innumerable tents were pitched; in the centre, the temporary kitchen was installed; eighty-six sheep and a large number of fat oxen were roasted whole, suspended on long poles: and while one set of Arabs were piling wood on the fires, the women were bearing huge bowls of *cous-cous* into each tent. Rice for four thousand people, ten thousand oranges, and a proportionate quantity of dates and figs were among the gifts presented to the good archbishop for this impromptu Arab feast. And in an incredibly short space of time the sheep and oxen were cut

up, distributed, and devoured by his native guests. Soon music succeeded to the feast; and then an old bard, selected by the Arabs themselves, came forward and sung to the archbishop a ballad composed for the occasion as a surprise to him, and in which, after describing their sufferings during the famine, they drew an eloquent picture of the Catholic charity through which they had been saved. This delicate and touching proof of their gratitude and affection moved the archbishop and those around him almost to tears. But the sun was sinking and the departure of the visitors was at hand. Mme. de Lamoricière had begged to pay a visit to the tent of Bou-Alem (one of the Arab chiefs who had fought under the banner of her lamented husband) and the archbishop and his guests accompanied her. Bou-Alem, surrounded by his sons and grandsons, received them with that grave and gentle courtesy which distinguishes those grave Arab chiefs, and having offered them coffee, which was accepted in the same spirit, turned to his guests and said: "When first my guns echoed through these mountains it was, under the orders of General Lamoricière, to subdue this country. But now that I am old, their echo is repeated to celebrate the victories of the archbishop, who, by his charity, has conquered all hearts to himself."

A short visit was then paid to the new villages of St. Cyprian and St. Monica. Every one admired the tidiness and cleanliness of the houses, the healthy appearance of the children, and the care with which the gardens and fields were cultivated. And before getting into the train to return to Algiers, the whole company repaired to the church, where the priests sung the beautiful African *Ave Maria* (composed for the Church of Notre Dame d'Afrique), the whole native population joining in the chorus. Their voices still echoed through the plain as the train sped rapidly back towards Algiers. All of a sudden a bright light was seen on the mountains; the Arab Christians had improvised an illumination in honor of their dear and cherished father; and a huge glittering cross appeared, as if hanging in mid-air, against the dark shadow of the mountains behind. It seemed the symbol of the event which had been that day commemorated; the triumph of the cross of Christ over the darkness which for so many centuries had hung over this land, and an earnest to the faithful and loving pastor of the flock of the conquest which

he and his devoted brethren would still achieve over the infidel elements by which they are surrounded.

From Good Words.

WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH.

BY SARAH TYTLER,

AUTHOR OF "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

LADY LEWIS'S BIRTHDAY.

PLEASANCE'S solitude, a solitude which she felt was good, in its comparative independence and exemption from burdensome notice, though her young nature fretted at its dulness and stagnation, and was tempted to long for any variety of enlivenment, seemed fated to have no farther existence.

Within a few days of Jane Douglas's impromptu visit, Pleasance, who had never even needed to give a "not at home" to visitors, heard, as she sat at work in her drab drawing-room in the early afternoon, an ominous double knock. Before she could conceive who might be the intruder, and make a motion to prevent it, Mr. Perry, released from his gardening and invested in his orthodox black to serve at Pleasance's early dinner—which he called luncheon—was heard on the stairs ushering up company. He threw open the drawing-room door and announced—with a little trip of the tongue for which he did penance in humiliation to Mrs. Perry afterwards, and which he asserted was caused by the lingering recollection of banquets and balls, in which he had once figured in the hall or on the staircase—"Lady Lewis and party."

The company thus grandiloquently summed up, consisted of one very old lady in black silk gown and white shawl, close telescope bonnet, and long green veil of fashions at least two generations back; and an elderly factotum half companion, half maid, in black silk also, but with a bonnet in its quietness still many fashions in advance of that of her mistress.

As Pleasance rose to greet the two—old Lady Lewis, who was nearly blind with age, did not see her for a moment, and was besides engrossed with her own individuality and at its last feat. "Yes, 'Lizabeth," she said quite aloud, in a piping treble voice, "I have got my breath, and I have not felt the stairs so much, not so very much, and here I am at young Mrs.

Douglas's, as I said I would be; now get me a seat and bring her to me."

'Lizabeth was finding her mistress the most suitable chair in the room, settling her in it, putting a footstool beneath her feet, and looking carefully to all the doors and windows, in spite of Mr. Perry's pompous show of precaution—altogether irrespective of Pleasance's presence.

Pleasance was disarmed and diverted by the sovereignty of age, more than of rank, which was thus, without any question of her inclination, taking possession of her domain. She was touched also, she had that tenderness for age, which, much more than any fondness for children, is the test of the highest manhood and womanhood.

For there are men, and, strange to say, still more women, to whom the infirmities of age seem to present themselves in lights altogether repulsive and almost loathsome.

Pleasance came forward, not as she had greeted Jane Douglas and Rica Wyndham, with unconscious stateliness and stiffness, but with frank, kind cordiality to listen to Lady Lewis, who on her part was never doubting a welcome, but was simply bent on delivering her credentials and achieving her purpose.

"I am old Lady Lewis," she supplemented Mr. Perry's magnificent announcement, in the easiest manner, nodding in emphatic confirmation of her words. "How do you do, Mrs. Douglas, you are young Mrs. Douglas, aint you?" She made sure of Pleasance's identity, but as if it were a matter of inferior consequence. "I am a connection of the Douglasses—through Mrs. Douglas and the Etheringtons, of course—for Mr. Douglas was not of such birth as to have any connections that one hears of, though he was a most worthy wealthy man; he had bought Shardleigh before he married Clara Etherington, and he made Clara very comfortable. You know Shardleigh was quite a place; Willow House, which belongs to Shardleigh, as a dowager house, is nothing in comparison. I was once at Shardleigh, twenty, no, five and twenty years ago—how long ago was it, 'Lizabeth?—when my sight had failed, and my last teeth had grown loose, so that I could no longer eat with any pleasure, and had to get in a complete new set. It was before the heir—your husband, by-the-bye, my dear—was born."

Pleasance, with all her good-will, had nothing to say to these records of the Douglasses and of Shardleigh, which cul-

minated thus. But it was clear that Lady Lewis had no malice prepense in her speech, and indeed that she was not thinking to whom she was speaking.

"My grandmother was an Etherington of Kingsland—a sister, no, a grand-aunt, of Mrs. Douglas's Etheringtons. It is a very old story, for I am ninety years on my birthday, the 2nd of July, which comes round next Thursday," she made the announcement with *empressement*, and a certain harmless self-glorification evidently counting by anticipation on the impression she would produce.

"It is a great age," said Pleasance, with proper admiration and awe, "and you look wonderfully hale."

"There is no mistake," the old lady assured her, anxiously seeking to obviate any suspicion that might arise, before it could take root. "I have my register to show on Thursday; but I am very well, I am thankful to say. I drive out and walk round the garden, the last sometimes before breakfast, don't I, 'Lizabeth? I was always an early riser. I don't choose to get out of a good habit, so long as the fine weather continues, and before I lay myself up for the rest of the year. My sight is nothing to boast of," continued Lady Lewis, blinking at Pleasance, and dwelling on her private and personal statistics as the most interesting subject in the world. "But my hearing, as you will observe, is just a little impaired, if my memory would not serve me such shocking tricks. There is old Mott, the attorney, he says, or rather his family say it for him, for he is hardly fit to answer for himself, that he is ninety-eight on his next birthday, in October. Nearly ten years older than I, and in the same town, too! I cannot believe it, though I admit I recollect young Mott, a well-grown lad, when I was a little girl with my doll; but sizes do differ, don't they? one can never tell one's age from one's looks. There, you said I looked wonderful for ninety. But I was going to tell you about old Mott, he is as deaf as a post, and has to be wheeled out in a chair, besides only seeing middling, and his mind is clean gone—though he is to make a point of coming to me on my birthday, ain't he, 'Lizabeth?—ever since his only son was drowned bathing in the river, more than twenty years ago. Mott was seventy-six and all alive then, and though people thought he would not survive the blow, which he took so much to heart that he broke down all at once, yet he has lived on, in his dotage, till he is eight years older than I am."

Pleasance was struck by the curious mixture of envy and slightly contemptuous commiseration—envy of the greater age, together with half scornful, half boastful pity for the greater weakness, borne by Lady Lewis towards her single contemporary.

But Lady Lewis was at that moment broaching the purport of her visit in the same breath with an apology for not having paid it sooner. "I should have waited upon you, my dear, certainly, when you are a Douglas by marriage, and I am an Etherington by descent, but I go nowhere, I have not, as a rule, paid visits since I completed my eightieth year."

Pleasance ventured to interrupt the speaker. "I could never have expected such a piece of attention from you," she said, gently, having respect to the withered yellow face at the end of the long scoop of a bonnet from which the cumbersome veil was thrown back, to the shrunk, bony hands just shaded by the black mits—for Lady Lewis found mits more comfortable than gloves in summer, and she had ceased for these dozen of years to attend to anything save comfort in her attire—and to the palsied tremble of the whole attenuated figure, "I think you are entitled to claim, not give attention."

"Yes, yes, you are perfectly right," answered Lady Lewis, well pleased and without the least disclaimer, "that is a very pretty, proper speech; I have not heard a prettier, or a more proper since my nephew John wished me to go and live with him and his wife and children, you remember, 'Lizabeth? All about their being feet and eyes to me, when I had lost my own eyes—and I did look after him at school, and had him home for the holidays when his father and mother were in India, only the other day. But I could not. I had kept house too long, and I wanted to divide my little means equally among all my nephews and nieces, since Providence did not give Sir William and me any children, which was a great disappointment in its day, but it wore by, it wore by—and now they would have been elderly men and women themselves, with establishments of their own, very likely, and not able to look after me. My nephew John is very good, but there are the others, Tom and Dick, and Fanny and Sophy, good boys and girls too; and Sophy is a widow, and gone as blind as I am myself; and John might think if I went to him, and he with so many daughters, and no great provision made for them,

that I owed all to him. I do not mean that John or his wife either — she is a broken-down invalid, though not above sixty — is rapacious, but I could not risk it. Don't you think I was right not to risk it?"

"I have no doubt you were," said Pleasance, smiling, "but you are the best judge."

"And I have come at last," exclaimed Lady Lewis, triumphantly, always returning to the charge which she had in reserve, "to bid you to the celebration of my ninetieth birthday which I am to hold, if I am spared, — and after I have lived so long I don't suppose that the Lord will let me fail at the last moment, — on Thursday —"

"Thank you very much, you have done me too much honor," said Pleasance, with more gratitude than she had ever expected to display for an invitation into high society. "But I do not go anywhere, and I should be no addition to your company."

"I am the best judge of that," replied Lady Lewis, with a smartness that did her ninety years credit, "you must come when it is my ninetieth birthday, and I have come myself to bid you."

"Indeed, I would be very happy to do you any favor," represented Pleasance, "but I am sure you do not need me among your many friends, and I am not really a Douglas, far less an Etherington; I am only connected with them by marriage — a humble connection, as I daresay you have heard, Lady Lewis," said Pleasance, with an effort, and a flush, "at the same time I am not a sufficiently humble woman to take a place by favor. I must beg you to excuse me."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," said the ancient lady, bluntly, and with an amount of irritation that was certainly not good for her, and so her faithful 'Lizabith began to make appealing eyes at the perplexed Pleasance. "I do not care for anything that I have heard of you. You might be beneath Archie Douglas when he married you, but you could not be farther beneath him than his father was originally beneath his mother, and we were not only happy to receive him, we were proud to acknowledge him our cousin and host at Shardleigh — which he had bought with his money, to be sure, and you have no money, I suppose, but you have your husband's rank. Ay, nobody can take that from you, though you disagree, which is entirely your own matter, since there is nothing against your reputation as far as I have been able to ascer-

tain, or you would not be here. If you have been a little ailing and nervous" (here Pleasance was thoroughly bewildered and imagined that the old lady's memory was at some of the tricks of which she had accused it), "I can bear witness you are as well again, and as much to be depended on, as any of us; you must come to grace my birthday. Everybody in Stone Cross and round it is coming. My nephews and nieces, and their families — all that are in the country — are to be here. Tom and his wife, and their London sons and daughters, are to arrive to-night. I am to give a dinner at tables on the lawn, to ninety poor men and women — but there ain't one of them so old as I, only seven of them are over eighty — and Mott, who is my senior, is to come wheeled in his chair. My health and many happy days to me, is to be drunk both indoors and out, and the young people are to dance if they please, for fiddles are provided. We have not had such doings since I came to Bridge House half a century ago; not since my Sir William came of age at his place of Nuthurst, and we were married the same year, when I was just turned nineteen. We are to keep early hours because of the dew and the rheumatism, and our party in the house is to break up so that 'Lizabith here is to have me snugly tucked up in bed by eleven o'clock, else my doctor — Doctor Martin Stowe, a young blade of fifty, that I remember in long clothes when I was a middle-aged woman — says he will not allow me to commit any imprudence," and Lady Lewis laughed, with a dim reflection of glee, over the incongruity of the sentence.

"Please, my lady, you are imprudent as it is," put in 'Lizabith, warningly, "you are talking too much to Mrs. Douglas; you will be put off your after-dinner's sleep."

"Ain't you reminded of hearing children told that they are stuffing their mouths too full?" resisted the old lady. "But you will come to my birthday?"

"I am sure Mrs. Douglas will come, and will not hurt you by giving you a refusal, when you have come in person to ask her, Lady Lewis," said 'Lizabith again, throwing out another strong hint to Pleasance, that my lady was far too old, not to say too great, to be contradicted.

But the venerable celebrator of her birthday rites, was passing with the rapidity of childhood from great good humor, and a happy flutter of excitement, to testiness and weariness. "Speak when you

are asked, 'Lizabeth, I am not to begin your training again, at this date. Goodness knows, I had enough trouble with your wilful ways thirty years ago. Mrs. Douglas, do you mean to tell me that not a Douglas is to be represented on my birthday? Etheringtons and Lewises, and Hobhouses and Turners, are to support me in abundance. But your sister-in-law, Jane Douglas, though she was in the town, and made a pretence of paying her respects to me, did not think fit to stay for an event which will not occur often in her history—I should say she won't live to see ninety years, and to remember the French Revolution, and young George III. in his prime—a flaxen-mopped, China-cheeked chit of a girl!" exclaimed Lady Lewis with wounded feelings and pardonable acrimony. "Of course, Mrs. Douglas, Clara Etherington, my own relation, your mother-in-law, is too fine and delicate to be here. She was always full of airs and ailments, was Clara Etherington, while her plain worthy husband had to dance attendance upon her. Archie Douglas, your husband, is away cruising at the ends of the earth, for his own ends, without any reference to what is happening at home; and when I am come myself to invite you—the only Douglas that is left, do you mean to tell me that you will let some stupid whim come between and disappoint me, and put a slight upon me, on that day of all days, before the rest of my people, and my neighbors? Did you hear me say I had come here myself, contrary to my usual habits, to ask you to be my guest, and now you are vexing and heating me, so that very probably I shall be ill and die before my birthday. Yes, you have cause enough to shake your head, 'Lizabeth," and poor Lady Lewis was at the point of weeping.

She had dwelt on her ninetieth birthday till its celebration rose to prodigious moment in her imagination, and she could not bear that the honors with which it was to be accompanied should be shorn in the slightest particular. If not a Douglas were to be represented on the occasion, the universal homage of kith and kin, to the fourth generation, would be sensibly impaired. In this light, the very scurviest Douglas was better than none—the very name, to figure in the county paper, was not to be despised.

The motive was not specially flattering, while Pleasance was not without a tickled sense of the absurdity of the situation. She to represent the Douglasses whom she had distinctly repudiated, on whose wealth

and culture she was a stigma! But she could not find it in her heart to remain obdurate; she could not continue to dash, by her denial, the last festive gratification that ninety years was likely to claim.

No doubt, she would not only be lonely, but lonely in a crowd, pointed and whispered at, because of her peculiar circumstances, her humble origin, her rise in life—none but herself knew how unintentional it was—her separation from her husband. She had been accustomed to broad comment in the old days at Saxford; this would not be open but covert, yet because of that and the sting it contained, it would be inexpressibly more painful. Pleasance seemed to have grown thin-skinned and tender.

But she was young, and because of her youth she could endure any sharp pain better than Lady Lewis could bear thwarting. Pleasance even told herself, a little bitterly, that she might pass muster with no one else to keep her company—at least, among the ninety poor men and women who were to dine at tables on the lawn; she might occupy herself with them, and retire even earlier than Lady Lewis. If she yielded, and let herself be enticed into exposing herself to be publicly patronized or put down—Pleasance did not know which would be worse—by the Douglasses' set in Stone Cross, it would not last long; and she had almost made up her mind to leave, ere long, Willow House and Stone Cross, with or without Mr. Woodcock's permission. She could afford a concession so small that she was almost ashamed to count it a concession, for the sake of the old woman whose death she would not have at her door. 'Lizabeth's imploring face and gestures were, as her mistress said, uncalled for.

"Very well, Lady Lewis, I will come to please you and—and myself," said Pleasance, speaking very slowly and distinctly, yet with a stammer at the end, as if she were guilty of putting more color than was warranted on her consent. She had small thanks, on the spot, for the breach of consistency she was about to make.

"Why did not you say so before, and save all this trouble?" asked Lady Lewis shortly, too sensible of the merits of the case to be impressed by any conquest it achieved, or to be easily propitiated. "Of course I knew all the time that you would come, but you young married women must make yourselves of consequence, if you please; you are a great deal worse than girls," she commented indignantly.

"I am quite worn out, as if I had been dancing all night, or making such a speech as my Sir William used to address to his constituency. Get me home the best way you can, 'Lizabeth; and see that you are in time, Mrs. Douglas," firing a parting shot at Pleasance. "We are to begin by noon; grace is to be said then at the old men and women's tables, on the lawn, and if it should prove wet—but the weather must be fine—the tables are to be set out in the coach-house."

CHAPTER XLIX.

"PLEASANCE, NOT PATIENCE."

PLEASANCE found herself bound to keep her promise, and repair to the Bridge House grounds, in compliance with the imperative summons of its mistress, on the 2nd of July. Happily the weather answered the venerable heroine's sanguine expectations. The day was dry at the commencement of a dry season, if it was not one of the Arcadian days, uniting impossibly all the attractions of freshness, brilliance, sunshine, and shade, which are coveted for auspicious occasions.

Bridge House was another tall, old, red brick house, out of date, like Willow House, but it was not out of keeping with its mistress, while it did not fail to present a gay, bustling spectacle on her ninetieth birthday. The whole house was flung open to guests. Every room was crowded, and overflowing with gala company. The very grounds, of limited extent, and overgrown with old trees and old-fashioned shrubs, were swarming with the ninety poor old men and women in their Sunday's best, who had been selected from the oldest and most virtuous of the humble inhabitants of the parish, in order to check off the fourscore and ten years of Lady Lewis's protracted span of life, and to testify to her gratitude. The servants—old for the most part—were stirred out of their usual torpor, in sympathy with their mistress, and were sporting white ribands as for a wedding or a christening. There was a superabundance of flowers in bouquets, in nosegays, in wreaths round Lady Lewis's and her long-defunct spouse's pictures, in triumphal arches spanning the front door and the gateway, indeed, wherever flowers could bloom in recognition of a hoary head.

The central figure of all was Lady Lewis, in her richest *moiré antique*. She had worn black as a widow, and black again in her age, for more years than even 'Lizabeth could recollect, but she had a few festive-

colored gowns still, and the one she wore on this great day was of silver-grey, like her hair, which was covered by a head-dress of her finest old lace, having butterfly bows and strings—the last were tied comfortably under the peaked chin—of lavender riband. As dainty as a bride, and half laughing, half crying, like a young bride, she was tottering on this or that feeble old elbow of a friend and contemporary, who had himself descended far into the vale of years, though not quite so deep down as his ancient ally—with whom he had kept Christmas and midsummer, and played games and quoted poetry before the most of the gathering of all ages present had opened their eyes on this weary world. Or she was grasping the stalwart young arm of some grand-nephew, or neighbor's grandson, who had the grace to be proud of the feeble burden.

She was very self-conscious, but also very sincere; and as she went here and there, basking in the radiance of her honors, and at the same time bent on shedding the light of her countenance on all—heaping the plates of her ninety poor old men and women—taking notice of the youngest and smallest guest there, and causing her or him to remember the day, nobody grudged the old heroine her triumph, and but a small minority found food in it for cynicism and mockery.

Pleasance had taken heart of grace, and consulted Perry, and Perry had risen to the emergency, and confided to her mistress, merely as a matter of proper lady-like gossip, what dresses the younger ladies of the close were to appear in, and even what presents some of them had prepared as a fit offering to the giver of the feast, in commemoration of the day.

Pleasance put on a nankin-colored China silk, the nearest approach she had made to "silk attire," in order to be like her neighbors, and added to the gown the black lace shawl which the heat of the weather had induced her to acquire, and the dove's-neck-colored gauzy little bonnet, and dove's-neck-colored gloves, that were the gravest things of the kind with which the great milliner's establishment in Stone Cross could supply her. She meant to render herself as little conspicuous as possible by these approaches to the standard of the Stone Cross ladies; but the absence of conspicuousness was hard to manage, when Pleasance in this costume, and carrying the wonderful work-basket which she had provided for the Douglasses' old kinswoman, entered the Bridge House gate, and was at once, beyond question,

the handsomest and most distinguished-looking woman within the bounds. The very shyness, in which her slight trepidation showed itself, took a form which was like hauteur, and lent her in the eyes of many people present that last grace of style in which it had been imagined that she would be lamentably deficient.

However, Pleasance found that she had exaggerated the difficulties and disagreeableness of the day's task. Either higher breeding was a more effectual defence than she could have anticipated, or attention and interest were a good deal divided. Pleasance went through the ordeal with thankfulness, inasmuch as she was not sensible that she was creating any great impression; a few side-glances, a murmured word as she passed, being all the remark that she was aware she excited.

Lady Lewis received Pleasance as one of a multitude come to do her honor, to whom she was at pains to be equally cordial, accepted the work-basket with all the exclamations that she could spare to its merits, and just named Mrs. Douglas to this and that nephew and niece, who took the cue and passed it on. It appeared to the uninitiated Pleasance that, by the simple magic of having her name pronounced, and receiving the mention of another name in exchange, she was in the middle of complacent men and women, who were always near without overwhelming her, spoke to her quietly and courteously now and then, were ready to inform her of any change in the programme, or to offer her refreshments.

The welcome might not go a great way. Pleasance was the last person to put weight upon it; but at least it relieved her from her present concern, it reminded her that there was such an obligation as *noblesse oblige*, and that she had been illiberal in forgetting its influence; and it braced her with answering pride to be sufficient for the occasion, to speak to those calmly polite people with corresponding politeness and equanimity.

The single individual who shook Pleasance's resolution and disturbed her serenity was Rica Wyndham. She would not meet Pleasance as a slight transitory acquaintance.

Rica always preferred to air a code of manners totally unlike those of her natural associates. Besides, this was the first excellent opportunity that she had found of playing off her one-sided intimacy with Pleasance, and amazing and if possible scandalizing her friends, including her mother.

Mrs. Wyndham loomed large and state-ly, filling the seat of one of the open windows, from which she never stirred.

Mrs. Wyndham never saw that anything which Rica did could be wrong. Still her daughter perpetually overturned all her theories, which no one else dared to impugn, and filled her with continual trouble lest the dear, rash child, with her great originality and delightful spirits, should get into any harm.

It was trying to Pleasance to be accosted by Rica within the very range of Mrs. Wyndham's cold, questioning eyes. The owner of these eyes retained a trick of lowering their lids, in keeping with a bland smoothing out of the curves of the red-lipped mouth, while the complexion in the full, rather heavy cheeks, if too deep in the grain, was still the remains of a very fine complexion of its kind, to which Rica's soft ivory tint afforded a complete contrast.

Rica wore a pale pink gown, with grey feather trimmings, so that, as she said, her plumpness might be lost in her fluffiness; she had a hat encircled with the same feathers, and she did look like a softly rounded, exquisitely tinted cockatoo.

"Here you are, Mrs. Douglas; how well you are looking, how glad we are to have you amongst us!" She came forward, and waylaid Pleasance, put an arm through hers, and drew her to a garden-seat in the centre of Rica's particular circle of mischievous or mindless girls, and of knowing or would-be knowing young men.

Pleasance sat down for a moment, the better to make her escape from the party.

"Yes, I dote on roans, high-stepping roans," said Rica, repeating a former assertion. "I am afraid that I could sell my soul—I hope none of the canons hear me—if the choice were offered me, for a pair of roans and a mail phaeton."

"Do you mean that the canon would clench the bargain, or object to it?" an attendant on Rica professed to seek an explanation.

"Oh, you may take it either way you please," answered Rica. "If Mephistopheles did not object to a professor's gown, I suppose neither would he decline a canon's. Why don't you set up a mail phaeton, Mrs. Douglas?"

Pleasance flushed slightly, while there returned to her voice that defiant tone which seemed to prove that she had been right in refusing to the last to be a lady, for in the character she could only be uncomfortable and make others uncomfortable.

"I don't know that I ever saw a mail phaeton," said Pleasance; "my experience of curricles was of a very different description."

"Tell us it, if it was anything new. We do want a novelty in driving, since Norwegian gigs get tilted so often, that the very spilling becomes monotonous," said Rica with lazy impertinence.

But Pleasance was not so easily drawn out for the entertainment of those whom she was inclined to regard as her born foes.

"My experience would be of no use to you," she said, declining the cool proposal.

"I don't know that," said Rica in objection; "but at least you love roans?"

"I am not sure of the color," said Pleasance with a half smile; "bay, and chestnut, and dappled, even piebald and sorrel as well as black and white horses, I can identify, but I am not clear about roan."

"Permit me to say that your confession of ignorance does you credit in days when ladies are only too fond of professing their knowledge of the points of horses, and exposing its shallowness at the same time," said one of the elder of the young men present, coming to the rescue. He admired Pleasance's beauty, whether he were struck favorably or unfavorably with her candor. He rather thought that this tall, handsome, quietly-dressed lady did credit to parvenues.

"Well," said Rica, affecting to emulate Pleasance's candor, "I am horsey to the backbone, and I make no bones about it. It is in our family—witness my brother's feats at Doncaster and Newmarket, and I have heard that papa paid heavily for the same taste. But you have suddenly become a convert to femininity, Mr. Ancaster. What was I told of a pair of ponies you are in search of? and does not Miss Ancaster outstrip all the ladies in the field in riding to hounds? Well she may, being the daughter of an M.F.H."

Mr. Ancaster was believed in polite circles to be on the point of an advantageous marriage, which was not made public, in consequence of some difficulty with exacting relations on the bride elect's side. But this did not prevent Mr. Ancaster from having his future wife—whom he had still no established title to purvey for—in his eye, in the premature purchase of ponies. He was, besides, known to undergo the penance of possessing a decided girl-of-the-period, whom he could not by

his utmost efforts keep in tolerable order, in a motherless sister. All this was familiar matter to Rica Wyndham, and she winged her arrows accordingly with the audacious freedom of a sportswoman in whom feeling never interferes with such light warfare.

Mr. Ancaster, who was no match for Rica Wyndham in spite of his six feet, hung fire immediately, muttered something hastily of a commission for a friend, and of no man's being accountable for his sister's pursuits. He proceeded hastily to divert the conversation to the topic of the day—patriarchal age in the person of Lady Lewis and the solicitor, Mr. Mott.

"Do you suppose the patriarchs were like these two?" inquired Rica, with an affectation of innocent surprise. "Isaac, though he was blind and foolishly fond of venison, an old fogie, like Mr. Mott there, basking like a log in the sun, and waited upon by his dutiful juvenile daughters! When I think of it, I have heard one of the Miss Motts is called Rebecca. Then I dare say we must bear some resemblance to the apostles. Can you fancy Paul or John in millers' hats, with lockets at their watch-chains containing the hair of the mother of Zebedee's children, and of old Mrs. Paul—whoever she might be—like Dicky Lewis the younger and Bertie Mostyn?"

"I believe if the apostles were here in person you would find something to laugh at in them, Miss Wyndham," said Mr. Ancaster dryly.

"I fancy I should," said Rica coolly. "But I do not find fault with our patriarchs, though I laugh at them. I do not see why one should make a fuss about herself or himself growing old, as if it were a gain and not a nuisance to the world in general, as if wise savages did not kill off their own fathers—not to say their own mothers—when they remained an unconsciously long time after they had ceased to be any earthly use or pleasure. I do wonder no political economist—Mr. Lowe, for instance—has brought in the practice with us, when nothing, save a purely selfish love of life, stands in the way of the innovation. But I do not pretend to be an Iphigenia myself; and I have a sneaking kindness for the poor old things who live as long as they can crouch over the ashes of their former fires. Fancy people so mad as to crowd after Lady Lewis or Mr. Mott, in search of a dying spark of beauty or wit!"

"Do you know, Rica," one of the girls

said, "old people were set to run races last century for the diversion of the public? So the dean told me."

"Dear! How I should have liked to see them!" cried Rica with her rippling laughter. "Lady Lewis hobbling and wheezing against Mr. Mott—no, he drives his chair—against any of those other old persons—I imagine he or she would consider it an honor to hobble and wheeze against my lady; it would be better for the spectators than pigeon-shooting or polo."

"No, Miss Wyndham," said a frank-faced lad, coloring up with anger and shame, "we are bad enough, but we are not so beastly bad as that."

"One would think there had been no sons and daughters in those days," said Pleasance, almost involuntarily raising her voice.

"Except those who enjoyed the game and shared in the spoil," said Rica, nodding. "I am sure I would have no objection that mamma, in course of time, should enter for a heat; but I know I should have to poke her on."

"Child, you will catch cold sitting without your hat. What are you saying about me?" said Mrs. Wyndham from the window just behind, where she had caught her name and nothing else. "I trust that it is something pleasant."

"Never mind, mamma," said Rica carelessly; "I'll not put on my hat, and I'll not catch cold, like the Duchess of Marlborough, who would not put on a blister and would not die; and you must know there is a proverb that 'listeners never hear good of themselves.'"

"Foolish child," said Mrs. Wyndham, smiling fondly on the folly.

Pleasance got away from the flippant, hard irreverence of Rica Wyndham's pleasantry, and strolled over to where Mr. Mott sat, with his chair wheeled so that his body might be in the warmth of the sun, while his head was in the shade of a big yew, that had seen still more storms than the man had seen, but looked less old than he. He had the framework of a big man, massive in decay; while Lady Lewis had been under the middle height, and had shrunk with years. A dead calm, which had been unruffled since the troubled waters of his poor old soul closed in upon it, after the shock that had stricken him down—already an old man, when Pleasance was a child—lay on the whole torpid figure, which was wrapped in a woman's shawl, and on the face, grey and

gaunt with the white hair above it, drawn back from the eyes, under a skull-cap. How much of human life, its changes and lessons, could these grey-bearded lips, which had not been shaped to prattle old wives' tales—as Lady Lewis prattled—have disclosed, but that they were sealed in a solemn repose that looked a type of the last great rest. But Mr. Mott was not utterly oblivious or incapable of communicating with others, as one of his daughters who came forward—Pleasance could not help thinking to show him off—told her.

"He knows where he is, and what he has come for—my lady's ninetieth birthday, and all that—except when he forgets at times, and looks round for his own garden and shrubs, or for his drawing-room screen," said well-meaning, fussy Miss Mott. Then she proceeded to enlarge to Pleasance on her father's wonderful age (which was his daughter's passport into higher society than they would otherwise have entered), and the powers that were left him.

"Don't he look well for his ninety-eight?" said Miss Mott affectionately. "Becky and I assert he grows younger every day, and will be quite a youth when he sees his hundred, which the doctor says he has little doubt he will, unworried as he is—so that we never feel able to be old," and Miss Mott shook the streamers of her girlish hat in a happy indemnity from age, on her father's account. "He is fine company with us at home, and can chat a little on old stories. He understands every word we say, for all his deafness, and can let us know what he wishes as well as ever—though he has not been able to carry on his business for quite two-and-twenty years, since our brother—our only brother—Richard was drowned while bathing in the river, in the pool behind our garden, where he had bathed hundreds of times—a terrible day, Miss Douglas, that none of us likes to recall, and my father has never mentioned it—never. But we have a cousin—a good cousin—Thomas, who has done all the business for my father, and allows him his share, as is only just and right; but you know men will—you understand—and my father is able to help cousin Thomas with old information, if father is taken in the right way. Cousin Thomas is here to-day—for he manages everything for Lady Lewis, though she has so many nephews. She likes to keep matters in her own hand, which is best. She would take no denial that my father was to be

here. I was terribly afraid lest anything should happen — rain or a bad night, and she should be — she likes her own — you understand — but as it has turned out, it is all right,” and Miss Mott smiled benignly on Pleasance.

At this moment the sun, which had come round the yew-tree, began to shine in Mr. Mott’s untroubled face, and Pleasance, in the temporary absence of the other Miss Mott and of cousin Thomas, aided in wheeling round the chair an inch, so as to place its occupant again in the partial shelter of the yew.

As Pleasance bent over the old man while his daughter was uttering voluble, incoherent thanks for the little assistance, his glazed, well-nigh fixed eyes, with their far-away look, startled Pleasance by glancing up, with speculation, in her face, and the voice, hoarse and frosty with death’s fog in the throat, addressed her plainly enough, “You are my niece, Patience.”

“Upon my word he takes you for my cousin, Patience Steele!” cried Miss Mott, before Pleasance had time to answer; “and she is something of your figure, only not so — you know. No, no, my dear father!” she screamed, “this is none of our relations; this is a stranger lady, who has done you the honor” — a tickling cough stopped Miss Mott’s further explanation.

“I am Pleasance, not Patience,” said Pleasance, fancying that the old man looked at her, and trying to pitch her voice in a key that might reach his palsied ears. It did reach him, for he repeated “Pleasance,” and stirred slightly in his chair.

“Thank you, my dear madam,” said Miss Mott, recovering herself. “Pleasance, it is a sweetly pretty name, and very uncommon. I don’t think I ever heard it before.”

“Pleasance,” growled the old lawyer, moving again with all the motion which his helplessness left him — “Pleasance; what more?”

“Oh, pray, don’t think he means to be rude or inquisitive,” cried Miss Mott, in discomfiture and vexation, shaking the youthfully crowned head on the end of the long thin neck deprecatingly, like a proud mother whose baby is not behaving so as to do it and her credit, “when, I have no doubt, like me, he never heard the name before.”

“Pleasance Douglas,” said Pleasance. “Do you think I mind saying my own name?” she added in an undertone, with

some amused surprise. “I am happy to gratify your father.”

But Mr. Mott was not gratified. He tapped his great gaunt fingers on the front of his chair.

“That’s not it,” he objected gruffly.

“Pleasance Hatton it used to be,” Pleasance amended her statement, a little puzzled at the effect which her Christian name produced on the dotage before her.

“Ah! that’s it,” said Mr. Mott with a gusty sigh of relief, and subsided into silence.

Pleasance was prevented from attending to any more of Miss Mott’s excuses, by being summoned to the main business of the day — the sitting down of the ninety old men and women to the roast beef and plum-pudding.

Lady Lewis’s health, and thanks for her bounty, followed, drunk in glasses of good sherry, and proposed by the most fully qualified in his own and his neighbors’ eyes, of the men of eighty.

Lady Lewis answered for herself in a well-conned speech, in which she expressed her satisfaction at being spared to furnish this banquet, and her hope that she and every one of her special guests might live to see, and help her to keep, her hundredth birthday — a hope which was hailed with loud applause.

The less formal and more varied feast within-doors was held afterwards, with Mr. Mott, in his chair, seated next Lady Lewis. In the pauses of the entertainment her ladyship questioned Miss Mott narrowly whether the family had the baptismal register, that proved beyond mistake her father’s ninety-eight years, or condoled with her upon his infirmities.

Later there was the attempt at dancing among the young people, which Lady Lewis had boldly proposed; but she would not lead off herself — not with her youngest collateral descendant; she said she had forgotten her steps; she was not Mrs. Piozzi, who had opened the ball at Bath when she was ninety or a hundred — which was it, ‘Lizabeth?

At last, at the early hour fixed upon in consideration for the hostess, lest she should die of the very happiness of celebrating her birthday, and lest the few grains of sand left in her hourglass should be roughly shaken out by rejoicing, the company dispersed. Bridge House was left gradually to subside into its accustomed drowsy sobriety.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume XVI. }

No. 1694. — December 2, 1876.

{ From Beginning,
{ Vol. CXXXI.

CONTENTS.

| | | | |
|---|------------------------------|-------|-----------------------------|
| I. THE ARCTIC REGIONS AND THE ESKIMO, | <i>Quarterly Review,</i> | . . . | 515 |
| II. CARITA. By Mrs. Oliphant, author of "Chronicles of Carlingford," "Zaidee," etc. Part IX., | <i>Cornhill Magazine,</i> | . . . | 530 |
| III. SECRET CORRESPONDENCE ON MARIE AN- TOINETTE, | <i>Edinburgh Review,</i> | . . . | 544 |
| IV. NENUPHAR: A FANCY. Part II., | <i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i> | . . . | 562 |
| V. THE ART OF DECEPTION, | <i>Saturday Review,</i> | . . . | 569 |
| VI. NAMES AND ARMS OF THE GERMAN NO- BILITY, | <i>Saturday Review,</i> | . . . | 571 |
| VII. THE GERMAN EXPEDITION TO SIBERIA, | <i>Nature,</i> | . . . | 574 |
| POETRY. | | | |
| ON THE SOUTH DOWNS, | | 514 | POSSIBILITIES,. 514 |
| MISCELLANY, | | | 576 |

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, *remitted directly to the Publishers*, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage*.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

ON THE SOUTH DOWNS.

O'ER the sea-ramparts where I lie,
Built up of chalk sea-pressed and knit
By the close turf-roots covering it,
Swift lights and shadows chase and fly,
Moths flit, birds travel; all but they
Seems passing and to pass away.

Matched with the shifting sea's green waves,
How steadfast these! And secular signs
Are on them, deep-entrenched lines
Of Roman tracks, and mounded graves
Of Britain; yet we know their birth
Late in the chronicle of earth.

Shell-fragments in yon flinty case,
This channelled slope wherein I rest —
Curved softly, like a woman's breast —
That crumbling ledge, that sea-worn base,
To insight have revealed the power
Which made these walls and doth devour.

Fade we not also? Ah! too plain
Those graves proclaim it, and too sure
He feels it who hath seen Death's door
Half-opened, nor can taste again
That draught of happiness which erst
Life stretched to his unconscious thirst.

But who is oracle for Death?
By whose clear witness are we taught
The spirit that hath loved and thought
Dies with the body's failing breath? —
The same false eye of sense which told
How steadfast were the hills and old.

Insight once more refutes the tale;
Kindled by Love, the spirit's gaze,
Focussing all Hope's astral rays,
Can pierce mortality's dull veil,
And picture in the cosmic span
A happier sphere than earth for man.

Unproved, unprovable the creed,
Bridging a gulf which baffles yet
Brain to explore or heart forget;
But grounded in our common need,
It trusts His purpose to fulfil,
Love's yearning who did first instil.

Moved by dim dreams to reach His eye,
Mutely appealed our fathers rude
When on this upland solitude
They placed their dead so near the sky;
And we who love and lose to-day
Are haply finer-souled than they.

O gentle, kindly hills! not less,
But more we prize you, that we hold
Ourselves, albeit we seem not old,
And wear no mask of steadfastness,
Heirs of a life that will not pass
With crumbling chalk and withering grass.

Prize we or scorn, ye still will bless;
Your outlines load the eye with wealth,
Your sweet airs charm the sick to health,
Your calm rebukes our carefulness,
Your very lifelessness doth give
Zest to the knowledge that we live.
Spectator. H. G. HEWLETT.

POSSIBILITIES.

"On the earth the broken arcs, in the heaven a perfect
round."

R. BROWNING'S *Abt Vogler*.

"What are we all but a mood,
A single mood of the life
Of the Being in whom we exist,
Who alone is all things in one?"

M. ARNOLD.

WHEN man at length his ideal height hath
gained,
So that the heavenly kingdom is attained,
Will there be any room for tears and pain,
For dim grey twilights, sobbing wind, and
rain,
Mist, wreaths, and flying clouds, the thunder's
roar,
Or the sea breaking on a lonely shore,
With all the yearnings these things shadow
forth?

Is the pathetic minor but for earth,
And will the heavens resound with joy alone,
Though sadness often makes a deeper tone?
Must all of life fall off that cannot show
Some fruit that did to full perfection grow?
The tottering steps, the pause, even the fall,
Will not eternal life have time for all;
And in the circle of infinity
Must not all moods of life unfolded lie,
But all complete, — the weak within the strong,
And the one verse become a perfect song;
The bud, the blossom, the fruit-laden bough,
Seen by the light of the eternal *now*?
May not all discords to one concord lead —
Whose every missing note would leave a need
Deep, unimagined as a world untrod —
An infinite harmony whose name is God?

Spectator.

From The Quarterly Review.

THE ARCTIC REGIONS AND THE ESKIMO.*

As is well known, this is a sceptical, fault-finding age, and so our readers must not be surprised if they find old forms and names overthrown in the very heading of our article. Our grandfathers talked of the "Esquimaux" and were content; just as our grandmothers when they sucked eggs extracted the yolk by an old and time-honored process. So far as regards these venerable women, a new generation has sprung up which will not allow them to pursue such a hand-to-mouth means of alimentation, but insists on a more scientific treatment of barn-door deposits. In the same way we are not suffered to write "Esquimaux" after the good old spelling, but are quite behind the age unless we adopt the form "Eskimo." Well, where no principle is involved, we are quite ready to comply with any change which will ensure us a quiet life, and so we are willing to follow the learned Dr. Rink in the orthography of the names of the tribes for which he has done so much, and to call these interesting members of the great human race no longer "Esquimaux," but "Eskimo." If there is any joking on so serious a subject as the nomenclature of a family so widely spread over the Arctic regions, we may add that the best of the joke is that the Eskimo do not speak of themselves by the name so commonly given them by foreigners, but simply and proudly as "*Innuït*," that is "*the people*," as though they were the only people on the face of the earth; a confidence all the more remarkable if we consider that isolated tribes have been met with, numbering not a hundred individuals, who were convinced, until discovered by Arctic explorers, that they were the only members of their race that existed; so completely, while they kept the language spoken by the whole race, had the memory and tradition of a common origin with other Eskimo tribes died out among them. And

* *Tales and Traditions of the Eskimo, with a Sketch of their Habits, Religion, Language, and other Peculiarities.* By DR. HENRY RINK, Director of the Royal Greenland Board of Trade. Translated from the Danish by the Author, and edited by Dr. Robert Brown; with numerous illustrations, drawn and engraved by Eskimo. London, 1875.

yet the Eskimo straggle over, if they do occupy and fill, vast regions, which, fortunately for them, are never likely to excite the cupidity of the Alexanders, Napoleons, and Frederick Williams, of this civilized and wicked world.

Some years ago our attention was attracted by the heading of an article in a periodical too much given to supply its readers with chaff rather than grain. It was entitled, "An Enquiry into the History of the Ancient Picts," a most interesting subject, to which we eagerly turned. What was our surprise, however, to find that the whole essay consisted of these words: "Who were the ancient Picts?" a literary production which might vie for brevity with that famous chapter in Pontoppidan's "History," "There are no snakes in Iceland." As with the Picts and as with the snakes, so with the Eskimo; all that was known of their early history and origin might have been compressed into the narrow compass of an interrogative sentence. Fifty years ago, and, indeed, down to a much later period, the ethnological inquirer might have shouted, "Who are the Eskimo?" till he was hoarse, and yet received no answer. The little, in fact, that was known of them was derived from persons either too ignorant or too preoccupied to be able to ascertain the truth. Whaling captains and Arctic voyagers when they came in contact with the *Innuït* in their snow-houses, cared the one only for blubber, which they envied the Eskimo for consuming, the other only for open water and the North-West Passage. "Whales," and "the way to Behring's Strait," were the only questions which these simple people were required to answer by their visitors, and if they sometimes afforded the whalers welcome information as to whales, the intelligence they could give to the Arctic explorers as to open water towards the north-west was meagre and unsatisfactory in the extreme. The result of the contact between the civilized and uncivilized races was in no wise useful to science. All we knew of the Eskimo from these sources was that they were most accomplished seal and whale hunters; that they delighted in blubber, and that when they

had plenty of it they lay down on their backs to be crammed by their wives with the precious dainty, of which they were capable of devouring twelve or fourteen pounds in a day. It must be owned that the example thus set them by their elders was well followed by the rising generation. An Eskimo boy — we forget whether it is Parry or Richardson who tells the story — ate in twenty-four hours eight and a half pounds of seal-meat, half frozen and half cooked, one pound and two ounces of bread, and one pint and a half of thick soup; washing all this down with three wineglasses of Schnapps, a tumbler of grog, and five pints of water. As they seldom or never washed, except when the warm summer sun melted the ice and snow of their huts, they were so dirty that it was hard to tell what the complexion of the race really was under the mask of soot and clotted train-oil which besmeared their faces. It will readily be conceived that a warm bath to such people was more than a luxury. It was, in fact, as dangerous an experiment as a Turkish bath to many Englishmen. In the great interest of tubbing we are happy to say that Parry, who was the first to introduce warm baths among the Eskimo, found that they were attended with the happiest results in the cure of rheumatism and kindred diseases. Besides affording the Eskimo this medical treatment, the various expeditions collected lists of words, but as for these vocabularies of the language, they rivalled that famous one compiled by the veracious Daly in "Gilbert Gurney" at Boulogne, as the dialect of Timbuctoo, in which "Phiz" meant lightning, "Bang," thunder, and, though last not least, "Tooroluro," a wheel-barrow.

Under these circumstances it is fortunate for the Eskimo that they have fallen on a far more critical age, which, in spite of all its absurdities about egg-sucking, can do for them what they would never have been able to do for themselves, that is, tell them who they are and whence they came, and, in fact, expand the question, "Who were the Eskimo?" into a very satisfactory ethnological essay. But let not our readers be alarmed, we are not going to break their heads in this fine autumn

weather with a dry philological discussion. We will not drag them from the fresh woods and green fields to ponder over roots and conjugations. All that we shall assume is the right to be rather *doctrinaire*, and to beg them to believe us when we state results. The Eskimo, then, are the most considerable remnant in northern regions of that nameless pre-historic race of fishers and hunters, who once clung to the coasts and shores of Europe, until they were pushed away into the holes and corners, and to the very verge and edge of the great continents of the earth by the successive bands of the Aryan migrations. They once existed in England, France, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, and Spain, in all of which they have left their traces in interments and implements, and lay-stalls and "kitchenmixens." They were of Turanian race; and even at the present day they exist as Basks in the rugged mountains of Spain. In Sweden we find them as Lapps and Finns; and so on along the Russian coast there is a fringe of them that clings to the edge of the land on the shore of the frozen ocean. How the great division of this pre-historic family found their way to the vast and inhospitable regions in which they are now known to foreigners as Eskimo, is open to doubt. The received theory now is that they were forced thither from the coasts both of Asia and America, across Behring's Strait, by the migrations of Indian and Mongolian tribes; but it is at least as likely that these hardy savages, who are nowhere so happy as in their native tents, if they only have plenty of seal-meat and blubber, have existed from time immemorial in the Arctic regions, and in this sense may claim to be as really autochthon and indigenous children of the soil, or rather of ice and snow, as any race on the surface of the globe. But whether indigenous or not, there they are, a branch of the great Turanian family, and carrying with them in their speech the best evidence of their origin, in the affinity which their language bears to the Lapp, Bask, Hungarian, and Turkish dialects of their common race. The reader therefore sees at once that these Eskimo, whose existence — huddled up in snow and ice, and con-

demned for half the year to a perpetual night (which we may assure them from experience is not nearly so dark as London in a really good winter fog), and with few or no wants beyond blubber — seems so wretched and miserable to civilized man, have attained to the dignity of being members of the great body politic of nations, and are by kinship cousins to some of the proudest and haughtiest peoples in the world. There is a Turkish proverb, we believe, which speaks of the pride of the Magyar as exceeding that of the peacock, and no doubt the Magyar repertory of wise saws, which embody the “wisdom of many in the wit of one,” contains a saying as apposite to the Turks; but here we find that the Eskimo are of the same race as both these peacocks, and we dare say have quite as much right to pride themselves on their national characteristics.

And now, having thus settled the position of the Eskimo among the races of the world, let us look a little more closely at them by the aid of the light which the researches of Dr. Rink have shed upon them. If, as we think can be shown, Dr. Rink was fortunate in finding so fresh a subject as the Eskimo and their customs, tales, and traditions, the Eskimo in their turn were lucky in having a spokesman so well qualified to become their advocate. The learned doctor has, for the last sixteen winters, either been a resident or a traveller on the shores of Davis Strait, from the southernmost point of Greenland, Cape Farewell, up to the 73rd degree of north latitude. If we reckon his residence by summers, it was still longer, for he was in Greenland for twenty-two summers. He went out to that somewhat unpromising region from Denmark, his native country, in government employ, first as a scientific explorer, until, rising in the service, he became royal inspector or governor of the southern Danish establishment in Greenland. In one respect he set a good example to all governors who have to deal with the natives of a foreign land: he was not above learning the language and acquiring the speech of the people he was to inspect and govern. In this way he came to know and to love the simple race among whom he lived. He soon saw that there

was more in the Greenland Eskimo than mere seal-meat and blubber; that they had a beautiful language and a rich store of traditions and popular tales. These he set himself diligently to collect, and having overcome the natural shyness of all primitive people to impart their popular beliefs to strangers, he ended by gathering more than five hundred tales, one hundred and fifty of which are published in the present volume. These researches enable him to speak with an authority on all that concerns the Eskimo to which no other living man can pretend. In that most useful and laborious work, Ersch and Grüber's “Cyclopædia,” there is, indeed, a monograph of the Eskimo which summarizes all that was known of these tribes up to the date of its publication; but, then, it was written so far back as the year 1843, in what may be called the pre-Franklin times. We are indebted to it for an explanation of the name “Eskimo,” which, it seems, in the language of the Abenaki, a tribe of Red Indians in southern Labrador, means “raw-fish-eaters,” and was given by them to their neighbors in northern Labrador as a term of reproach and an equivalent for savages. The manners and customs of the Abenaki were, no doubt, rude and wild. They were given to scalp and torment their enemies, like other Red Indians, but to fall so low as to eat their fish raw was an abomination to them, and so when they came across one of the *Innuits* — one of “*the people*” *par excellence*, as their northern neighbors styled themselves — they called him “Eskimo,” as much as to say, “There he goes, the raw-fish-eater!” For all the rest of the world the term of reproach applied to one tribe has passed into the name of a nation, and the mockery of the Abenaki, adopted, we believe, in the first instance by the French, has been stereotyped in all books of Arctic travel as the name of the *Innuits*. So far as real knowledge of the Eskimo is concerned, all that has been written of their habits, manners, and customs before Dr. Rink took the subject in hand is little better than so much waste paper. Here was a very interesting race waiting to be understood, and biding its time. Dr. Rink has been the first to do them that good

office, and, like the Greek philosopher of old, he appears on the scene of this inquiry, compared with all before him, as a sober man amongst drunkards. Though his book is nominally a collection of popular tales, it contains in reality much more. In an elaborate introduction he treats in order of the means of subsistence of the Eskimo, of their language, social order, and laws; of their religion, origin, and history, and of the influence which contact with the Europeans has exerted on the race. At last we come to the tales and traditions themselves, but not before we have spent a deal of breath in running our course through the several heads of inquiry which the learned doctor has laid down for us.

The first point that strikes the inquirer is the remarkable uniformity of the race as to its language and customs. Though the various tribes are very local in their migrations, clinging to the seashore, and very rarely withdrawing for any distance from the coast, their territory—the empire of snow—is immense. Let it be remembered that the Eskimo are the only inhabitants of the shores of Arctic America, and of both sides of Davis Strait, and Baffin's Bay, including the whole of Greenland. Besides this, they are found inhabiting a tract of about four hundred miles on the coast of Asia, beyond Behring's Strait. Southward they extend to about the 50th degree of north latitude on the eastern side, and to the 60th on the western side of America, and to about the 60th degree on the shores of Hudson's Bay. As regards their northern limits, the Eskimo have been found as far north as our expeditions to the North Pole have penetrated; and as they are found most where their means of subsistence are most abundant, it is probable that the expedition of Captain Nares, on which such high hopes hang, may find them still further north in that great unknown region, the mystery of which we trust soon to hear that our countrymen have succeeded in solving. As Kane's and Hall's expeditions found abundance of seals and birds at their furthest point, it is reasonable to suppose that Captain Nares will find Eskimo engaged in fishing and hunting still nearer to the pole, according to the good old law, that where the carcase is there the eagles will be found. But whether these tribes extend to the polar regions or not, it must be admitted that they range as it is over a magnificent territory, so far as space is concerned. From the north-westernmost to the southernmost

point, Eskimo land measures about thirty-two hundred miles; and more than this, if a tribe at the westernmost end of their Asiatic ground, beyond Behring's Strait, were to be seized with the insane desire to migrate until it reached the extreme eastern limit of the race in Labrador or Greenland, it would have to travel about five thousand miles along the coast before it reached its journey's end. This, however, is mere theory. As we have said, the Eskimo tribes are very local in their habitats; they range over certain limited districts partly laid down by natural obstacles, and partly defined by hostilities and jealousies with other tribes. And yet, in spite of all these vast distances and the difficulty of communication, there is a singular uniformity not only in the physical features of the race, but also in their manners, traditions, and language. Thus, in the case of the tribe which Sir John Ross found in north-east Greenland, about 77° north latitude, though these "Arctic Highlanders," as he called them, believed themselves not only to be the only Eskimo, but even the only inhabitants in the world, the Eskimo interpreter whom Ross brought with him from south Greenland soon recognized their speech as his own, while many of their customs were identical with those of the rest of the race. But though thus uniform, Dr. Rink has done well to map out the Eskimo as it were geographically, and so to put his readers in a position to carry the local habitations of the main divisions of the race in their heads. Of the Greenlanders proper he makes three divisions: 1. The east Greenlanders, who are to be found on the east coast of that country, down to Cape Farewell. 2. The west Greenlanders, or the inhabitants of the Danish trading districts from Cape Farewell in the south, up to the 74th degree of north latitude. 3. The northernmost Greenlanders, the true hyperboreans of this branch, who inhabit the west coast to the north of Melville Bay, and to whom, as we have already mentioned, Sir John Ross gave the name of "Arctic Highlanders," and who from time immemorial appear to have been cut off by impenetrable glaciers to the north and south from the rest of the race. 4. We have the Labrador Eskimo, across the water. 5. The Eskimo of the middle regions, occupying all the coasts and islands from Baffin's and Hudson's Bays, so far as Barter Island, near the Mackenzie River. As Dr. Rink well says, "This is the most widely spread of them all;" the icy soli-

tudes over which it ranges representing an area measuring two thousand miles long and eight hundred miles broad. These are the Eskimo proper of whalers and Arctic explorers; these the tribes which Parry and Richardson visited and described, these the kindly savages who witnessed the last agonies of Franklin's devoted band, who preserved the relics of that ill-fated expedition, from whom they were recovered by McClure and M'Clintock, and Osborne and Young, and their gallant companions. 6. Beyond these middle Eskimo come the western Eskimo, inhabiting the remaining coast of America to the west and south; these vary most from the common type, as might be expected, from their proximity to Red Indian tribes, with whom their blood by intermarriage with prisoners has got mixed. Last of all come the Asiatic Eskimo, purer than those on the American coast, but still not so unmixed as their brethren of the middle and eastern regions.

Mankind, and more especially mankind who are readers, are very exacting in this nineteenth century. But we do not pay any of our readers the bad compliment of supposing him to be so unreasonable as to imagine that Dr. Rink should be intimately acquainted with all the branches of this widespread race. To do that he must have spent not sixteen but sixty years in his researches into the *Innuits*, and a real "wandering Eskimo" must have stumped over these weary five thousand miles between Cape Farewell and the parts beyond Behring's Strait. It has been cynically said that some men write best on subjects of which they know little and understand less. This cannot be said of Dr. Rink; he writes best where he knows best, and relying on the remarkable uniformity which exists between all Eskimo, he conceives that he has satisfied all the scientific requirements of his investigation by examining one of the principal divisions of the race, taking of course that with which he was best acquainted. To him, therefore, the Greenlanders represent the Eskimo in general as their state may be supposed to have been when Europeans came to settle among them during the early part of the last century. Now as the worthy doctor is not a patriarch, and does not even rival Jenkins or old Parr in the length of his days, it is evident that when he describes the condition of the Eskimo in the year 1720, he must be presenting us with a fancy picture in which he has eked out his own experiences with the traditions

and tales of the race. It is probable, however, that as the Danes have always treated these simple people with the most paternal consideration, denying them that firewater, which has ever been the bane of semi-savage races, and in other ways looking after their material and moral needs — it is probable, we say, that the Greenland Eskimo of the present day are comparatively little altered from their ancestors a century ago, except that they now profess Christianity. It may be that they still live on in the good old way, subjects of the Dane, but not Danicized except in a few unimportant matters. In one great point they are undeniably the same. They still subsist upon seals and cetacea, and they still cling, as was the habit of the race in the most ancient times, to the seashore. The seal is to them more than rice and the bamboo to the Chinese, or the potato to Paddy before the famine. We have no doubt at all that an Eskimo would prefer seal-meat served up with its attendant blubber, to the most savory dish of modern cookery. We question if that were put before him, together with a dish of beefsteaks, whether he would not fall to at once at his national dish. He certainly would if the beefsteaks were as tough as domestic steaks served up by that horror, "a good plain cook," always are. Besides regarding seal-meat as mere nourishment, the Eskimo set still greater store by it. They look upon it and its fringe of blubber as medicine. Thus when "Joe," that heroic Eskimo who supported Hall's expedition by hunting after Hall himself died, was transplanted to America and thence to England, and languished and grew consumptive, his only remark on joining Captain Young in the "Pandora" last year was, "By-and-by get little seal-meat, then all right;" a prediction which Mr. MacGahan tells us was verified to the letter when he got on his native ice. As soon as they killed their first seal, of which no doubt Joe had his full share, he began to grow fat; his hollow cheeks puffed out, his whole expression changed, and he was in short another man. "*Naturam expelles furcâ, tamen usque recurret*," which may be freely rendered, "You may drive out seal-meat with a silver fork, but an Eskimo will always eat it if he can."

Joking apart, the seal is everything to the Eskimo. Seal-meat and blubber feed him; with sealskins he is clad, and not only he, but the women of his family, of whom Mr. MacGahan gave such a charming description during his stay at Disco — not to mention two engravings

by Eskimo artists, which adorn the present volume, and represent, one a very pretty young girl, the other a young mother, with a coquettish top-knot, clad in seal-skin from head to foot, with a baby in an *amook*, or hood of the same material, peeping over her right shoulder. Why any mother or maidservant, after beholding this easy way of carrying an infant, should either dandle it on the arm or run the risk of breaking its tiny neck in a perambulator we cannot tell. It might be hot in summer, but in rain and wet and snow, in winter—in ordinary English weather, in short—it is plain that any Lilliputian warehouse that introduces it will confer, as the advertisements say, “a boon” both on mothers and maids. Perhaps at first those proud nurses, who so long despised perambulators, may look down on the *amook* also with scorn, but their struggle will be all in vain—*solvitur portando*, one trial of the *amook* in Belgrave Square or Portland Place, will establish its supremacy forever. But to return to our Eskimo. Food and dress go a great way towards making life happy, but the seal does much more for the Eskimo; its skin covers his boats, both great and small; its bladder floats the fatal harpoon, which does it to death by preventing it from diving, while in those rare cases in which the sealer misses his aim, it saves the missile from sinking. Seal blubber supplies their lamps and warms their houses, and in a word, without the seal, an animal easily captured and abundant in the Arctic regions, the Eskimo would not be able to exist a month. As for their dwellings, they are of two kinds—tents in the summer, and houses or huts in the winter; the tents are much the same among all the tribes, raised on poles covered with a double layer of sealskins, highest at the entrance and lowest at the opposite end. The houses differ; for the most part they are built of stones or turf; the rafters and pillars which support the roof-tree being of wood. It is only the Eskimo of the middle region who construct their houses of blocks of ice; while those of the west build them of planks. They are all on the same plan; the entrance being a long passage, which dips in the middle and rises at each end, probably for what may be called strategical purposes. The house itself invariably consists of one room, in which sometimes several families live together, sleeping along a broad ledge, which, in Greenland at least, only occupies the side of the house opposite to the entrance. Of such a house

Dr. Rink gives us a picture as the frontispiece of his volume. It is called the dwelling of “a very rich family,” and therefore contains many articles of luxury not to be met with in ordinary Eskimo dwellings. Thus, we see a Dutch clock hanging up on the wall, and close by it a fiddle. The sides of the house are adorned with missionary prints, and there are cups and saucers, and vessels of pottery, and that luxury of all luxuries among the Eskimo, a stove. But for the rest the arrangement of the house is as purely Eskimo as the meanest habitation of the race. There are the pillars which support the roof-tree and the rafters; there is the ledge or bench running round the room, on which is seated the father of the family, smoking a pipe, in sign of his idle ease; while one of his sons nurses a baby, and another reads a book. The men among the Eskimo do no domestic work; they fish and hunt, and after they have brought home seals and birds their day's toil is done. The women stitch, and sew, and cook, and tend the house. Thus, to return to the frontispiece, we see the *mater-familias* struggling with a child behind one of the pillars, which prevents our seeing exactly what she is doing; near her, on the ledge, sit two daughters, the one sewing garments and the other stretching boots of sealskin, a third is stooping over a tea-kettle and laying the tea-things. On the floor lie a heap of wild-fowl, and under the ledge peep out an earthen pan containing the bones of a seal. Add to these two fowling-pieces on the wall, numerous articles of clothing hung up on strings, and a little bedding, and the aspect of the abode of this “very rich family” is complete. This picture, which, *mutatis mutandis*, applies to all Eskimo dwellings, shows that the Eskimo may, as Dr. Rink says, be more properly classed among the people having fixed dwellings than among nomadic nations; but this feature in their existence we imagine to be due rather to the necessities than to the desires of the race. It is the cruel winter cold, and ice, and snow, which drive them into tents, and huts, and houses. Hardy as they are, and able to endure the winter without fire in their stuffy and stifling habitations, they would perish if they were exposed to the full fury of the frost. They would be as nomadic as the Bedouin if they could, as little tied to the soil as a Kaffre or a Bushman; but the climate constrains them, much against their will, to live under shelter for the greater portion of the year.

As fishers and hunters, whose harvest

is derived almost entirely from the sea, the Eskimo have little idea of property or trade. The last is confined to articles of barter, exchanged at irregular intervals; and as for their property, it may be called rather common than personal. Beyond a few necessary utensils and arms, together with a store of food sufficient for a portion of the year, few Eskimo have any personal property beyond their clothes and kayaks. All else is owned rather by the community than the individual, and this custom is based on a certain natural partnership, or joint possession of goods, confined to wider or narrower circles of the inhabitants, who, by an instinctive communism, combine to dwell together, often several families in one house, for mutual assistance and support. Of course, the "very rich family," of which we have spoken, would be what may be called "self-contained," but such affluence was the exception, and not the rule of domestic life among the Eskimo, and is besides a creation of modern times. It sometimes happened that a man's own family, especially when, in the old times, he allowed himself the doubtful luxury of *two* wives, sufficed to fill a capacious house. In that case the sons and daughters were in no need of other support, and they, too, were self-contained; but, sooner or later, when such a family split up by marriage, other inmates were admitted under the roof who were called "housemates" or "housefellows," and thus three or four, or even more families, were found living together, each having its allotted place on the ledge or bench, lit with its own lamp, but all working together for the common good, and owning the house in common. As a natural consequence it would often happen, in spite of the slow increase of the population, that this community of families outgrew the house, and a new knot of "placefellows" in other houses arose beyond its walls, forming a hamlet, but still owning certain things in common, and so all bound together by certain ties. In this arrangement Aristotle would have hailed the Eskimo as excellent examples of his dogma, that man is *ζῷον φύσει πολιτικόν*, and, intolerant of isolation, was forced by a law of his nature to combine with his fellows and to found a community. It is remarkable that in these houses and in these communities, though this or that member was esteemed for his own sake, he was never regarded as a chief, and never recognized with the respect which each family felt for its own head. The Eskimo, therefore, neither as housemates

nor as placefellows, submitted to the authority of one of their number. These popular tales teach us how any man who tried to assume such a position was looked upon as an usurper and put down and put an end to by the combined efforts of the placefellows. From this point of view the Eskimo polity was most democratic. They were a combination of freemen, formed out of family life, and they would not tolerate any tyrant among them. Furthermore, if any stranger from a distance wished to settle down and become a member of such a local community, he could only be admitted by the general consent of all the placefellows.

Bearing these institutions in mind, let us now consider more closely some of their laws with regard to property. Of every seal caught at a winter station, small pieces of flesh, with a proportionate share of blubber, were distributed among all the placefellows. In this way the very poorest could never want for seal-meat or lamp-oil, provided the usual capture of seals did not fail. There could be no Eskimo Jack Horners sitting on the ledge of the house all alone, and munching the seal which they had been fortunate enough to harpoon. Beyond the confines of the district inhabited by such a community any one was at liberty to set up his house and hunt and fish; and every one, whether in a community or out of it, had the right to all drift-wood which he found and was strong enough to carry upon the shore above high-water mark, taking care to put a stone upon it to mark it as his own. If a seal was harpooned, and escaped with the harpoon sticking in it, it belonged to the harpooner so long as the bladder was attached to the harpoon. If two hunters at the same time hit a seal or bird, it was their joint property, and was equally divided. Whales, however, and other large animals, as walruses and bears, however captured, were considered common property, as being of that size and strength that, except in rare cases, they could only be secured by the united strength of the community. In case no seals or other food were brought home to a house, those families in it who were best off for provisions invited the inmates, but not the placefellows, to share their meat with them. In no stipulation does the common right to share all the property that another had beyond necessary articles stand out so prominently as in that which provided that if a man borrowed the tools or weapons of another, and lost or injured them, he was not bound to make any compensation to the owner;

for it was based on the notion that if a man had anything to spare or to lend, it was considered as superfluous, and not held with the same right of possession as his more necessary belongings, but, on the contrary, as something to be classed among those goods which were possessed in common with others. In fact, we are led to the conclusion that the right of any individual to hold more than a certain amount of property was jealously regarded by the rest of the community, who did not scruple to borrow it and waste it. No one could deprive any man of his weapons or his clothes; but if he possessed more than a certain amount of that property, his right to it passed away and became vested rather in the community who could use and wear it than in him who could not. There was no room in the Eskimo code for the hundreds of coats and waistcoats which fashionable tailors send in to the account of silly young men. This common-sense view of the accumulation of property led to a very natural result. Superfluous clothes or weapons rarely existed; and even in the case of kayaks, though a man might possess two of these necessary boats, if he owned three, the third must be lent to some relative or housemate. According to this view of political economy, anything that was not used was regarded as idle, and wasted, and liable to forfeiture for the good of the community.

These rights of the community were accompanied with certain obligations on the individuals who composed it. It was considered as law that every man, as far as he was able to do so, should follow the trade of a hunter on the sea, and catch seals and whales until he was either disabled by age or had a son to succeed him. If he neglected this duty, on which, indeed, the foundations of the whole community rested, he brought on himself the reproaches, not of his housemates alone, but of the placefellows as well. Further, if he neglected to bring up his children to the sea from their earliest years, he was pointed at as a "ne'er-do-weel," who reflected no credit on the community.

Out of this intimate way of life, family side by side with family living in so many compartments of the broad bench in each house, another peculiarity of Eskimo life sprung, and one which we must say reflects the greatest credit on that innocent race. Living so closely packed together, though after all not nearly so closely as the lodgers in many a house near the Seven Dials, *a friendly way of conversing,*

Dr. Rink tells us, was necessary. All high words and quarrelling were considered unlawful. They evidently considered scolding like the letting out of water, and nipped it in the bud by universal consent. An Eskimo house, therefore, was never the scene of such Irish, and for that matter English "rows," as may be heard in poor quarters of this metropolis any Saturday night. The very language of the Eskimo is devoid of any real words for scolding—the "slang" of the Briton and the *Scheltwörter* of the Teuton are alike absent in the vocabulary of that long-suffering race. How, then, do they show their annoyance at an offence? "By silence," says Dr. Rink. At anything unpleasant the Eskimo hold their tongues, not, like the Psalmist, "from good words," but from bad; a fact which shows how far superior they are in patience and forbearance to us, for we have always understood that if there is anything in the world more aggravating to an angry man or woman than another it is to answer nothing to his passionate exclamations; but this treatment, which with us only heaps coals of fire on his hot head, among the Eskimo soon brings the offender to reason.

One great advantage of this peaceful temper and of the community of property was the total absence of litigation and law. No one could sue a man and deprive him of his necessities in clothes and weapons, and as for all the rest of the property of the placefellows or housemates, there could be no legal contention when it was vested in all alike. Some one said that his notion of Paradise was a state of society in which there were no courts of justice. If that Utopian be now alive, he should instantly pack up his portmanteau, which will probably contain all that the law has left him, and taking a passage to Greenland, apply to be admitted a housemate in one of their happy families. But it is literally true there are no courts, except in certain cases to be mentioned, in which the priests enjoy a delegated power; but as even in the happiest condition of society man is fallible, so there are occasional offenders among the Eskimo. A man, therefore, who makes himself disagreeable to his companions and persists in any wrongdoing, is shamed out of his naughty ways by public opinion. At certain times of the year there are meetings for games and festive purposes, which, absurd as it may seem, answer very closely to the great games and gatherings of Greece. There, before the eyes of all the people, the case of the community against

the offender was stated in verse, called a "*nith song*," to which, if he had any answer, he replied in the same strain, each party drumming and dancing as it stated its case. Sometimes the singers were single, at others they were what we should call assisted by counsel, who also sung and drummed and danced. When these pleadings were over, the cheering or dissent of the assembly at once represented the judgment of the country as well as the punishment. Let us hope that all offenders in Greenland have thus been shamed out of their wickedness.

Occasionally, of course, there were great crimes. The race believed, and still believes, in witchcraft and punished witches, not only on the principles of Hobbes, that though they can do no harm they ought to be punished, because they believe they can do it; but also because a man who believes that he is bewitched is for all harmful purposes as badly off as if he actually were in that unhappy condition. Our improved laws refuse to recognize the belief in the black art, which, in spite of the diffusion of useful knowledge, is still so deep-seated among our rural population; and so yokels, who believe themselves to be bewitched, meet with little sympathy from judge or jury. But in simple Greenland it is or was very different; there the witches believe that they can bewitch, and the bewitched believe in witchcraft; and so witches are punished by the priests, for this belongs to moral and ecclesiastical rather than to common law. In early heathen times witches were certainly put to death by the priests; but it is not quite clear what becomes of them under the Dano-Christian dispensation. In like manner, in old times, as we have intimated, ambitious persons who aimed at acquiring more property or power than the community thought good either for themselves or the State were solemnly and deliberately put to death, while ordinary cases of homicide and murder were left to private law,—that is, to the revenge of blood, which fell as a duty on the nearest male relative of the slain, who, having discharged that duty, was bound to denounce himself to the relatives of the man on whom he had fulfilled the sacred duty.

As to religion, the Eskimo, before they conformed to Christianity, had little or none; but that little sufficed for their simple condition of existence. On one point they were as liberal as the Oxford undergraduate, who, when called on for a text to prove the unity of the Godhead, answered, "There is but one God and

Mahomet is his prophet." They believe that man has a soul, which exists after death; but they extend this belief to the lower animals, which they endow with souls of their own, and at the same time believe that the souls of men can migrate to the bodies of such animals. As to the higher powers, they believe that the whole visible world is ruled by supernatural powers, whom they call *owners*, and as almost every object has its owner, this belief would seem to be a modified pantheism. As for their cosmogony, the earth with the sea upon it rests on pillars, and covers another world, and is itself covered by an upper world above the clouds. After death human souls go either up or down; but, reversing the belief of all races, the good go to the nether world, where they live in abundance, and are called *arsissut*, that is those who live up to the Dutchman's maxim that more than enough constitutes a feast. It is a land not of milk and honey, but of perpetual seal-meat and blubber. The bad, on the other hand, go to the upper world, where they suffer continually from frost and famine. Like the ancient Lydians they cheat their appetites, and at the same time amuse themselves by playing at ball with a walrus-head, and thence arises the *aurora borealis*. It is probable, as in other mythologies, that the Eskimo were at first content with the pantheistic arrangement of supernatural owners who ruled each particular object in the universe; but such a creed is only transitory, and ends in the belief of one Supreme Power. This being was called by the Eskimo *Tornasuk*, "the supreme helper," who only, it seems, revealed himself to the *angakoks*, or wise men, that is to the priests. The goddess of plenty who, under certain conditions, becomes a goddess of famine, they imagined as sitting in front of her house, burning a lamp, and as the oil trickles down from its overflow, it generates the animals which serve man for food. This is when she is in a good humor; when she is in a bad one, she turns her lamp and withholds the supply of oil, and then the people starve. It does not appear whether Tornasuk has any authority over her; but it is clear if he has, that he does not always exert it, for every Eskimo knows there are seasons when seals fail, and famine follows.

We now come to witchcraft, on which we must first remark that it really, among the old Eskimo, was "diamond cut diamond," or "Set a thief to catch a thief." As the whole race believed much more in witch-

craft than in anything else, when any one was bewitched he betook himself to the black art for redress. Perhaps as this was practised after resorting to the wise men, or *angakoks* or priests, it might be called "white art," as ecclesiastically legitimate; but still it was, after all, nothing but witchcraft. Thus though the priest in what might be called easy cases relied on prayers, in cases of inveterate bewitchment, he prescribed counter-charms and incantations, and if these failed, went on to amulets or *arnuat*, which were ordinary objects, as parts of a bird or beast, which having been in contact with certain gifted persons, *i.e.* *angakoks*, or supernatural beings, were endowed with the power of holding the possessor safe against all the machinations of witchcraft. They were wonderful things, these amulets, if we are to believe all that is told of them, for in some cases they enabled a man to change his shape into that of the animal out of whose skin it was made. In very bad cases of witchcraft there was a more "soveran" remedy still, this was the *tupilak*, or imaginary animal which was sent out to destroy an enemy. This device differed from the amulet in being a sort of Frankenstein, created by the sender. A wizard, for instance, out of a bit of bear-skin, would fashion an icebear, and bid him be off, and rend his enemy to death. In such a dreadful state of things what was to be done, except to borrow a leaf out of the wizard's book, and create and send out another imaginary beast, if possible, still more formidable, to destroy both the wizard and his *tupilak*? It seems to have been the view of the *angakoks* that it was perfectly fair to hoist the arch-enemy with his own petard. A *tupilak* sanctioned by them was a religious dispensation, but if it originated with a wizard, he might be put to death. *Defensio non provocatio* was probably their motto, like that of the licensed victuallers, who sell tea to ruin their enemies the grocers who sell beer and spirits.

As to the priests or *angakoks* themselves, they were more formidable, but fortunately more benevolent beings than the witches. They were not priests by inheritance, like the Levites, but by prayer, and fasting, and study. By this means they acquired the power of passing out of their own bodies; and after a vision, in which Tornasuk himself appeared to the novice, he granted him a *tornak*, or guardian spirit, whom he could ever afterwards call to his aid. The appearance of the *tornak* was always attended with flame

and fire, and occasionally the soul of the *angakok* flew out of its body, and through a hole in the roof, to take a flight for religious purposes. An accepted *angakok* was frequently consulted, not only in cases of witchcraft, as we have seen, but in discovering the cause of disasters, as well as to procure favorable weather for hunting, or bringing seals and whales to the coast, and in the case of the dying, to console them; and after chanting the happiness of the world to come, to send them out of life to the beat of a muffled drum. We are sorry to add, that in their communications to the people on these important matters, they used allegorical expressions which were as puzzling to the uninitiated as the law terms used to the Chiquanous in Rabelais. Dr. Rink tells us that the unshaken faith with which the population regarded the marvellous deeds of the priests cannot be explained except by supposing them to have had a more profound knowledge of the laws of nature, enabling them to forecast matters which depended on physical causes. No doubt they were more intelligent than the rest of the community, that is invariably the case with the priesthood among primitive people. The charter of their power is superior knowledge, but to a much greater extent the secret of their influence rested in the belief of the people in their power for good or ill, a belief which they also undoubtedly shared. It was not exactly the faith that could remove mountains, but it was capable of making the paths of a simple people straight in that condition of society.

Besides these priests who had a recognized status, there were other men who, though not exactly witches or priests, possessed extraordinary powers, and whom we meet constantly in these tales. First came the *kivigtoks*, recluses who fled from mankind and led a life alone with nature up in the heart of the country. Why should it be so? but so it was, that this kind of existence was attended with wonderful results; a *kivigtok* not only acquired enormous agility, but learned the speech of animals, and even knew, how we cannot tell, all about "the pillars which support this upper earth." In other countries a solitary retirement is not attended with such advantages, nor adopted on such easy terms, for men became *kivigtoks* for very slight reasons. If they were treated with injustice, or even scolded by their kindred or house-mates, they were so hurt that they fled away, and, we should say, bit the noses

off their own faces. In England the worst that a man would do to spite himself under such circumstances, would be to farm a turnpike, in which occupation he may indulge his desire for solitude, and revenge himself on the community by making them pay toll at one and the same time. What will become of this class of discontents when turnpikes are abolished we really cannot tell. Then there were the *angerdlartugsiaks*, a most delightful class both as to the spelling of their names and their pursuits. This was a man of most peculiar education. It consisted in fitting him not for this present life, but for a paulo-post-future existence, so that he might be called to life again in case he should ever be drowned—a very common accident, be it remembered, among the Eskimo. This education was also strange; the mother was to fast strictly, the child was to be accustomed to all kinds of nasty smells, and though last not least he was never to hurt a dog, an article of the educational code which we think it was a mistake in Lord Sandon not to put into his bill last session. Finally when he took to kayaking his father mumbled a prayer over him, and he was sure to come to life again if he was so unfortunate as to be drowned. Besides these special cases the tales are full of fabulous men and monsters, with whom the *Innuits* have adventures, and as in the case of the Norsemen and the trolls, almost invariably have the best of the encounter. It is the old rule that brute strength, unaided by wit, is unequal to cope with superior intelligence and less physical force; in this respect the Eskimo tales are "Jack the Giant Killer" over again.

As for the "Tales" themselves, they will hold their own for genuineness and truth with those of any race. Lessons of justice and truth are always inculcated, and often in a terrible way. The first we shall quote is a stern exhortation to charity, and the duty of housemates. Once on a time there was a poor orphan boy who lived among a lot of uncharitable men. His foster-mother was a wretched old woman, and his name was Kagsagsuk. They were not allowed to enter the house, but had their abode in a little shed next to the house-passage. There Kagsagsuk lay among the dogs, and at times when he crawled along the sunken passage up to the door, some of the inmates would raise him up by putting their fingers into his nostrils, which grew and grew, while the rest of him did not grow

at all. He had wretched fare, and was the laughing-stock of the whole company. At last his foster-mother got him a pair of boots, and sent him up into the hills, telling him to call out, "Lord of strength, come forth." Immediately there appeared to him an *amarok*, that is a monstrous and fabulous wolf, which twisted its tail round him and threw him down. As he lay he heard a rustling, and saw a number of seal-bones, like small toys, falling from his body. "It is because of these bones that thy growth has been stopped," said the *amarok*, which threw him down four times with the same result. The fifth time he did not fall, and went home running and jumping. Every day he returned to the *amarok*, and at last he grew so strong that even the beast could not overthrow him, and then it spoke: "That will do, no man can now conquer thee any more, go home and keep to thy old ways; when winter comes then will be the time to show thyself; three great bears will then appear, and they shall all be killed by thy hand." Home he went, and bore the mocking of the men, and the pelting of the girls and boys, as before, till autumn came. One day the kayakers brought home a huge piece of drift-wood, which was too heavy to be carried up to the house at once. At night Kagsagsuk stepped down to the spot, shouldered the log, and ran up with it to the house. In the morning all the men cried out, "Who ever could have done this? There surely must be a very strong man among us;" and the young men all gave themselves great airs, that each might be believed to be the great unknown strong man, the impostors!

Still Kagsagsuk remained unknown, till in the winter the three bears came, but no one ventured to run the risk of attacking them. "Mother," said Kagsagsuk, "lend me thy boots that I, too, may have a look at the bears." She gave them, and added mocking, "Then fetch me a skin for my couch, and another for my coverlet in return. All the men thought him out of his wits, but he ran down to the shore, shouldering them on one side as though they had been a shoal of little fish. His heels seemed to touch his neck, and the snow sparkled like a rainbow before him. Mounting the iceberg, he seized the biggest bear by the paw, turned round for a moment to make himself "hard" by a charm, and dashed the beast against the iceberg till the haunches parted from the body. Then he hurled the carcass down among the bystanders, bawling out, "This

was my first catch, now flense away and share." They all thought the second bear would be his death, but the second and the third fared much in the same way, except that Kagsagsuk caught hold of the third by the fore-paws, and went swinging it round his head among the crowd, crying out, "This fellow behaved shamefully to me, and this fellow still worse," until they all fled before him. On entering the passage he gave his mother the two bearskins, and ordered the meat to be cooked. Now every one asked him to enter the main room, but he only peeped over the threshold, saying, "I really can't get across unless some one lifts me up by the nostrils." No one dared to do so, till his old mother came and lifted him up. Every one was now very civil: "Sit here, sit there," they said, and offered him boots and breeches, and all the girls wanted to sew clothes for him. After supper, one of the inmates bade one of the girls go and draw water for "dear" Kagsagsuk. She brought it, and he took a drink, and drew her tenderly to him, but all at once he squeezed her so hard that the blood gushed from her mouth; but he only said, "Why, I think she has burst," while her parents said, "Never mind, she was good for nothing but to fetch water." By-and-by the boys came in, and he called out, "What mighty seal-hunters you will make," at the same time seizing hold of them and crushing and tearing them to pieces. But their friends only said, "It doesn't matter, he has only played a little at shooting." Thus Kagsagsuk went on, putting to death all the inmates of the house till he had made an end of them. As for the poor who had been kind to him he treated them well, and shared the store of food laid up for the winter with them. Then taking the best of the kayaks, he roved up and down the coast to show his strength, so that all along the shores records of his great deeds are shown, and this is why the story of Kagsagsuk is believed to be true.

He was, in short, a kind of Eskimo Hercules or Grettir. One remarkable ruin on an island is said to be his bear-trap, referring to which the native relater adds, satirizing the European love for collecting curiosities: "I wonder why the king himself, who seems so fond of collecting rare things, has not taken one of those stones and carried it off in a ship."

There is a grim humor throughout that tale. Another stigmatizes a practice of which some have very unjustly accused the Eskimo. It was said of Igimarasugsuk

that he lost wife after wife, but nobody knew that he used to eat them and their children. At last he married a girl who had a younger brother; and one day he took his axe and struck off the boy's head, and then made his wife cook some portions of the body. She obeyed, for fear, but when she was told to eat some of her brother she only made believe, and hid her share under the ashes. "I really think thou art weeping," said the husband. "No," she said, "I am only a little shy." Now, this cannibal's thoughts were set on eating her too, and to make her fat, he told her to eat nothing but reindeer tallow, and only to drink as much water as a shell would hold. So she grew so fat, that she could scarcely stir. One day he went out, and then she rolled herself off the ledge and so to the door and out of doors, into a muddy pool, and took a good draught. Then she felt less heavy, and was able to get up and walk. Returning to the house, she stuffed out her jacket to look like herself, and, fearing her husband's return, she charmed herself into a large log of driftwood, which opened and closed on her and hid her. The husband came back, and ran his lance into the stuffed jacket, and finding out what it was, followed his wife by her footsteps to the log, where the track failed, and he called out, "Wretch that I am; what a pity that I waited so long before killing her." Soon after she heard him go away, and then she charmed herself out of the log and into a fox's earth, to which he again followed her, still bemoaning his hard fate that he had not eaten her. So she went on flying before him, and he bewailing himself, till she escaped, and fell upon folk to whom she told her story. They took her home, but she said, "Igimarasugsuk has eaten his wives and his brother-in-law, and he will be soon here to eat me. As he is very fond of good living, be sure you treat him civilly and well." Sure enough he soon arrived, and she hid herself behind a skin curtain. The other inmates rose to meet him, and said, "We hope thy people at home are quite well." "They are well, indeed," he said. Then they served him up food, and asked him to play them a tune on the drum. "Nay," he said, "but you ought rather to play to me." So the master of the house seized the drum and began to sing, "Igimarasugsuk, the cruel man who ate his wives." At these words, says the tale, Igimarasugsuk "blushed all over his face and down his throat," as well he might; but the singer went on, "And his last wife was forced to eat some of her own

brother's arm." Then the wife came forward, and said, "No, indeed, I did not, for I hid my share under the ashes." Then the company seized him, and his wife slew him with a lance, in blood-revenge for her brother, and as she slew him she said, "Dost thou remember thrusting thy lance into my stuffed sealskin jacket?"

This is a story which shews in the plainest light the antipathy of the race to cannibalism; but, indeed, in the over-abundance of seal and whale meat, the Eskimo have no excuse for that horrid practice, to which other savages have been driven by sheer necessity. How, for instance, were the New Zealanders to support life without resorting to cannibalism, on an island fruitful in few things except fern-roots, and on which the largest four-footed animal was a rat?

Again, in another story, two brothers lose their sister and set out to seek her; they cross mountain after mountain in their sledges, drawn by dogs, and at last found her. As she was gone before they were grown up they could only know her by a sign, and that was, that her hair was white on one side of her head. But they found her in strange company, combing the hair of a nasty-looking man, and this they saw by mounting the roof and looking down the vent-hole of the house. The customs of the Eskimo are not like ours. None of us could attract attention by clambering up to the roof of a house and spitting down the chimney; but that was what these brothers did in that strange land, and with immediate effect, for their sister gave the nasty man a push and bade him go out and see who it was that had come to them from afar. The man took his bow and went out, and then the brothers told him who they were and why they came, and he asked them in, and a large tub of blubber and bones was set before them, and they were just about to be happy when lo and behold! they saw a human hand floating in the tub. "We don't eat such food as this," they said, but their sister and her children fell to. "Hast thou turned cannibal?" they said. "This nasty fellow has made me one," she said, and gave him another push. Seeing they were so squeamish, the master of the house, who, though a cannibal, was not a bad fellow, cooked other food for them; and, fearing that his neighbors would attack his brothers-in-law, sent out and cut all the traces of their sledges. This was done, as they supposed, but the traces of one sledge were uncut. After supper, the man said they had better be

off. "I will see you on the way till you have got a good start, and then I will give a shout, and you will see what will happen." At parting he said, "Now you know the way to our house, do come back and visit your sister." Off they went, and when they were well on the ice, he cried out. "The visitors are setting off." In a trice the place was black with folk — some half-clad, some stark naked — but all making for their sledges. The travellers pressed on their dogs, but one sledge followed and gained on them. Now their brother-in-law stood them in good stead; he pursued that sledge and slew the driver, besides a number of other people; and the last they saw of him was loading his sledge with the limbs of the slain — no doubt for his larder. It was long before the brothers reached home, and told the tale how their sister had turned cannibal, but they never went to see her again.

As marriages are much encouraged among the Eskimo, old bachelors are objects of scorn and mockery; and even when they repent, and change their state, things seldom go right with them. Once on a time there was such an old bachelor, who used to amuse himself at playing with the skulls of seals, calling them his children, and bidding them to be good boys. But finding this dull work, he went away up the country, and there caught sight of a great many women bathing in a lake. At this sight he stole up to the spot where their clothes lay, seized those of the prettiest, and then came boldly forward. As soon as they were aware of him all the women rushed to their clothing, and putting it on, were turned into birds and flew away. She only remained whose clothing he held, and he went up to her and asked her to be his wife. She said "Yes; but only give me my clothes," and he gave them to her, but he still held her fast lest she too should fly away. So she dressed herself, and he took her home and married her; but for some time he was afraid to go out in his kayak, lest she should take wing and fly away. At last she said, "You may rely upon me, for I love you." So he went out sealing, and they had two children and were happy. But when the children could use their legs, she took them out to walk, and bade them gather feathers, saying, "Children, ye are akin to birds." So when they had gathered enough, she tied a pair of wings on her eldest son, and he became a sea-bird and flew away; then another pair on his brother and he flew away; and last of all she, too, took wings and followed them.

When the old husband came home and found them gone, he was very sad, and followed them in his new kayak, and at last he met a man who, for the sake of a good axe, told him what to do. "Go and sit down on the tail of a salmon in yonder river, and when thou hearest the voices of children mind thou dost not open thine eyes." The old man obeyed, and, shutting his eyes, was borne by the salmon down the stream, and at last he heard the voices of children saying, "Alas! our father is nigh," and then their mother answered, "Lo! we left your father with no wings to bring him hither;" but for all that the children said, "Our father is come." Whether the father now opened his eyes and broke the charm the story does not say, but he went on shore and up to a house with five windows, and going in, he saw that the inmates were all women, except one man with a pug nose, who sat close to his wife, and kept on saying, "Wilt thou not marry me?" but all the answer he got was, "No, I have already got another husband." The inmates now began to go out, and at last only the old man and his wife and the pug-nosed man were left. Next, the pug-nose went out, and then the old man tried to take his wife back; but she quickly followed the others out, and when he pursued her she and all the rest of the women became changed into gulls, and the pug-nosed man was changed into a wild duck; and when the old husband turned round he saw that the fine house was nothing but a gulls' nesting-ledge.

Here at least in this homely and somewhat confused form we find a story which has made the round of the world. These gulls are the representatives of the swan maidens in the Edda, of the fair Melusina in Romance fiction, and of the seal wives in Orkney, who on regaining their skins desert their land husbands and swim off to join their old seal husbands in the sea.

The duty of the blood revenge is inculcated in the following story. The parents of Namak were both killed when he was a child by their housefellows, but a man took pity on him and adopted him. This foster-father was never tired of worrying him and trying to frighten him, to test his spirit. Sometimes when he was asleep he would shout in his ear, "Namak, thy enemies have come to kill thee too." Sometimes, again, he would call out, "How forgetful Namak is! Here are his parents newly murdered, and he is forgetting all about it." As he grew up his

foster-father gave him a sling, bidding him practise with it. So Namak practised slinging and soon got very skilful. At the same time he grew stronger and stronger, and was ever thinking of his wrongs, and at last he said his sling was not strong enough, so his foster-father cut him another out of the very thickest sealskin and left off gibing at him, for he was afraid of him. Others too seem to have got afraid of him, for it was reported one day that Namak's enemies meant to go further north in the spring. This made him mad, a feeling which his foster-father fed by calling out when spring came, "Namak, thine enemies are making ready to depart." But it was a false alarm, though for all that Namak seized hold of a large seal, turned it over with one hand, and cut himself a new thong for his sling. That was proof enough how strong he was. At last the hour came about which his foster-father had so often cried "wolf." "Namak," he cried, "thine enemies are departing," but Namak would not stir, he had been too often cheated. At last he heard the rattle of their tent-poles as they pulled them down, and then he took his sling and lay in ambush on the shore behind some great heaps of stones. As the first boat was launched "bang" went a big stone through it, and it sunk with all the crew, who cried "Alas! alas!" Another boat came to the vessel, that too he sunk, and a third with all on board. One boat was saved, for it had pushed straight out to sea instead of skirting the shore. All which may be seen in the most original and graphic engraving by a native artist of the slinger hurling stones from his mighty sling, while the boats are foundering and the unhappy crews struggling in vain amid the waves.

Now Namak's mind had a little peace. He married and had a son, but it galled him to know that some of his enemies had escaped and were thriving in the north, and so he taught his son to be a good kayaker, and then they both set off to look their enemies up. As they rowed along the coast their constant inquiry was "Where are Namak's enemies?" and the answer always was, "Farther north." At last they reached the spot, and asked the people who came down to meet them on the shore, "Where are Namak's enemies?" This was a question which the inmates of the house were too polite, or perhaps did not care, to answer. They retired into their house, and Namak and his son set up their tent on the shore, and kayaked and did the best they could for

themselves, but they were never invited into the house. At last it blew strong one morning from the south-west, and all the kayakers stayed at home. Then the word was passed to their tent, "Every one wants to see Namak." He was ready in a moment, and his son went with him. Inside they found meat set for two, of which the son ate little, but Namak went on eating till he had finished the dish. Here we must take our readers a little into our confidence, and tell them that it is usual for those who enter a Greenland house to take off their upper garments, a custom which we are sorry to add does not imply the use of under garments. In the engravings of Eskimo interiors all through this volume, the inmates of a house, men and women alike, are naked to their waists; boots and breeches are what may be called the undress of Eskimo domestic life. But to return to Namak. After he had eaten his meal in silence, one of the enemies proposed a series of games, saying, "Ye ought to try your strength at pulling the thong first," and with these words he pulled the thong fitted with walrus' teeth from under the bench, and threw it on the skin on which the champion had to sit on the floor; the game being intended to try the strength of him who was able to pull the other over and off the skin. But Namak said, "This is child's play," and with these words he took up the thong, tore it asunder, and threw the bits down on the floor. Then another proposed to try strength with him, by hooking arms and trying to pull each other across the skin. So Namak sat down on it, and they all tried, but there was no one who could so much as move his arm in the least. Of all which we again have a charming engraving, representing Namak and his son naked to the waist, and surrounded by their enemies in the same primitive garb. At last the son went home, and Namak stayed behind, while his enemies went out. Then he slowly put on his outer coat, *more Hibernico*, expecting an attack, but none came. At last in the spring, having sufficiently dared his enemies to attack him, he and his company returned south. This we trust our readers will think a very characteristic story, and to it the native writer has added the following curious remark: "It is generally supposed that if Namak's foster-father had not continually excited him, he would scarcely have grown to be so immensely strong. People say that among our ancestors before they became Christians, there was no lack of strong men,

because their *bad consciences* induced them to cultivate their strength. Nowadays, since people have turned Christians and have no bad consciences, there are no strong men among them." On which we only remark, *O fortunati nimium!*

We have now nearly said our say about the Eskimo and their manners, customs, and tales; but a very interesting question remains, to which we must devote a little space. It is this—how far these customs are purely Eskimo, and whether they have not a dash and smack of those of another race. Dr. Rink, we know, will not hear of any such heresy, and says expressly, while he admits that the inhabitants in southern Greenland are of mixed descent from Eskimo and Northmen, that the latter have not left the slightest sign of any influence on the nationality or culture of the present natives. In spite of this, we are bound to say that there is ample evidence of such an influence, and that it is supplied by the learned doctor himself in this very volume. In the first place, what are those verses by which offenders are shamed into propriety but mere copies of a custom of the Scandinavians, whose habit it was to recite them at great gatherings of the people? More than this, the very name by which they are known in Greenland at this day is not an Eskimo, but a Scandinavian word. Every reader of the "Egils Saga" knows what a *nith* song is. The word is not Turanian, but Aryan, and is akin to the *niddering* of the Anglo-Saxons. It means a mocking, spiteful song, such as would be likely to injure the reputation of him against whom it has aimed. In the same way the ball-play of the Eskimo, which frequently occurs in these stories, is nothing but the hand and foot ball of the Icelanders; while, as to those trials of strength which we have seen in "Namak's Story," they are literally the same, down to the custom of sitting or standing on a skin, as those found in Icelandic sagas. There is an Icelandic proverb which talks of tugging a rope against a strong man, and the practice of testing strength by locking arms was also common among them. As for the *tupilak* of these tales, it answers exactly to the *sending* of the Icelanders, as described in Arnason's "Popular Tales of Iceland." And if we look a little closer at the history of Greenland, we shall see that *à priori* this was likely to be the case. There is no doubt that when Eric the Red colonized Greenland, about the year 1000 of our era, he found the climate less rigorous than it now is; and so, in a compara-

tively short term, sprung up tidy farms and flourishing villages, not only along the west but also on the east coast, which is now a howling wilderness of ice and snow. We know that on the egg-sucking principle wise men have recently denied that the Icelanders ever colonized the east coast at all, but when they called it *Eys-trabygd*, they meant *Vestrabygd*; but, like the sparrows who would not stay to be pelted, we do not think the Icelandic colonists were such fools. We think when they said east they meant east, and that they colonized the east coast down to Cape Farewell, as well as the west up to Disco. So long as the communication with Iceland and still more with Norway was kept up, the colony flourished, and even stretched out its arms and discovered part of the North American coast. But, besides a better climate than that which exists at present, Eric the Red and his companions found something else in Greenland which also exists at present in that country. These were the Eskimo, whom, however much their strength and prowess is lauded in these tales, there can be no doubt that the hardy northern sea-rovers regarded with contempt as an inferior race. In fact, they disposed of them in a word and called them *Skrælings*, that is, "shrivelled chips of creatures." So things went on for about three centuries; but at last, as the old sea-roving and trading spirit died out in the north, fewer ships from Norway and Iceland hailed for Greenland; the cold at the same time increased in Greenland, as it undeniably has in Iceland, and the colony languished. But what was death to the Northmen, was life to the *Skrælings*. They much preferred winter to summer, frost to sunshine, and seal-meat to rye bread. They waxed while their enemies waned, grew troublesome, cut off settlements to the north, and were engaged in an incessant struggle with their enemies when, early in the fifteenth century, the last ship brought news of Greenland to Norway. It was not for two centuries afterwards that the curtain again rose on Greenland, when it was rediscovered by Davis at the close of the sixteenth century. At that time the struggle had ended in the triumph of the Eskimo, who were supposed to have made short work of the hated race of the *Kavdlunait*, or "foreigners." But here, as in other cases, the conquering race merely absorbed the conquered, and intermarrying with them, amalgamated the two races and fused them into one. The case was much the same with the Saxons and the Romano-British,

and the Picts and Scots. It is a very large order to cut off a race to the last man, especially in a country where men are far more useful alive than dead. It is only in China and in very overpeopled countries that man is a drug, and that prisoners and captives are ruthlessly exterminated. No doubt the Northmen had to suffer much during the struggle; but as soon as it was over the good easy nature of the Eskimo was ready to receive them as friends and brothers. In this way many of the customs and traditions, and a portion of the vocabulary of the Northmen, passed over to the race into which they had been fused and lost. We have now said our say, but we hope we have said enough to show that both for themselves and their traditions the Eskimo are a very interesting people, and that Arctic voyagers might fare farther and fare worse than if they came upon the house of "a very rich Eskimo family."

From The Cornhill Magazine.
CARITA.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XVI.

SUNDAY EVENING.

To sit down in your morning clothes, painfully conscious of a blue tie with a pin in it, at a decorous dinner-table with three men in correct evening dress, and two ladies — not indeed bare-shouldered according to ancient use, but yet arrayed in all the niceties of that demi-toilette which is the despair of the vulgar — is in itself no small trial to a sensitive and thin-skinned youth. Roger Burchell had not been able to resist the spell which Mrs. Meredith exercised upon everybody who came near her, nor had he been able to count the cost of that evening spent in Cara's society, and to strike a balance between the pain it would cause him and the pleasure to be procured from it. He was not calm enough to do this. He had not thought of any pain involved, but snatched at the chance of carrying out his hopes and spending the evening in her society without thinking of any results. To be sure, instinctive dislike and repugnance had moved him at the first sight of the two young men. What did they want here? What had Cara to do with them? But that was all; and he had not realized how hard it would be to sit by and see these natural enemies so much nearer

and more intimate with Cara than himself, linked to her by ties even of older friendship than he could boast of, poor fellow. All this was unthought-of misery. It was true that after the Merediths went away in the short interval before dinner he had half an hour with Cara by herself—but she asked him questions about his aunt and about his little sisters, showing no interest in himself, and at last begged him to excuse her, as she must get ready for dinner. Even then he did not know how dark his fate was to be; but he could not get ready for dinner. He looked at himself in the glass, and at his blue tie which he had thought so well of in the morning. The best that any one could say for poor Roger was that he looked like a respectable mechanic in his Sunday costume, and a consciousness of this fact impressed itself upon his own mind for the first time. Yes—the long glass in the glimmering half-lighted drawing-room showed him his own image as no glass at home had ever done—like an engineer in his Sunday clothes, one of his practical “mates” in the workshop, who showed him how to make boilers and screws, and asked him for beer—exactly like one of them. While this latter thought was in his mind Cara came softly into the room in her white dress, the most perfect dainty creature, tearing poor Roger’s heart in two. How unlike she was to himself in his blue tie! he felt as if he could never leave her, and yet wished himself with his aunt in Notting Hill; for what had he to do here?

The dinner was not, perhaps, the abundant meal which Roger had been used to see on occasions when there was company. There was no huge joint, no pair of visible fowls, with a tongue placed between them, which was his mother’s grand dish, but a succession of small matters handed round, which Roger tried to despise. He tried hard to despise everything—the overdress (as he felt it to be), the flowers on the dainty table, the ready flow of talk. How could these fellows find so much to say? He could have talked to Cara (perhaps) had they been alone together: but to chatter as these fellows did—he could as soon fly, he said to himself. There were no decorous silences, no long pauses, such as he had been used to, but a constant, easy flow of this, which, no doubt, they called conversation! It could not be said that he himself added much to it. Now and then, after considerable pondering, he would fire off a remark, but this seldom happened till after the subject had been dismissed by the others, and when it re-

quired a polite effort on their parts to make out what he meant; and he discovered this with a hot blush of shame as soon as his little speech was made. The only comfort he had was that Cara did not talk very much either: but then she listened with pleased looks while the Meredith family chattered. How they all chattered, mother and sons! Roger did not think they could be quite—he did not know what word to use—not quite—. Perfectly respectable people did not, so far as he knew, indulge in such streams of conversation. He felt there was something wrong in so much talk.

And when they went up-stairs after dinner it was still worse. Mr. Beresford and the others did not sit over their wine, which Roger would have thought the best thing possible had he found themselves satisfactory; but as this was not the case, and he was sure that the only object of the young Merediths in not staying below and drinking themselves stupid was anxiety to be with Cara too, he took their quick move as another sign of depravity. It was new-fashioned, it was un-English, it was almost wicked. He followed up-stairs with a protest in his soul. Cara and Mrs. Meredith were sitting together over the fire. They drew a little apart as the others came in, and Mr. Beresford placed himself by the elder lady, and Oswald by Cara. So! Roger said to himself, that was the habitual way in which they arranged themselves—nothing could be more clear; flirtation, nothing but flirtation, between the old people and between the young people. It was more than wrong, it was monstrous. He supposed such things did happen in London society, where everything that was bad happened; but to think of poor little innocent Cara being thrown into the midst of such a set of people! Roger could scarcely command his feelings. After standing about behind-backs for a time with Edward, who, to tell the truth, seemed a little “out of it” too, Roger’s sense of horror forced him forward to the front of the fire, where he suddenly placed himself with that temerity of enraged shyness which is bolder than assurance. At all events, there could be no particular conversation between Oswald and Cara while he stood there.

This made a little break in the low-voiced talk. Mrs. Meredith, who sat on the other side in a low chair, with a little table by her elbow, on which stood a lamp, turned from Mr. Beresford to look at him. He could not easily think ill of this soft-

smiling lady; but he made an effort, and succeeded even in this.

"Are you at the university, Mr. Burchell?" she said, smiling upon him.

There was some work lying upon her little table. He jumped at this evidence of Sabbath-breaking and profanity with inward satisfaction as a sign that she must be bad too.

"No," he said, with unnecessary explanatoriness, "I am not so lucky. I have got my own way to make in the world. I have to start work at once. I was afraid you would give me credit for more than I deserved. My brother's at Cambridge, for he is going into the Church; but as for me, I've got my own way to make in the world."

"So have the rest of us," said Oswald. "You must not take such high ground of superiority. We have all got our own way to make in the world."

"That is all very well," said Roger, determined to separate himself from all resemblance to his companions; "but I'm a rough, practical man, not in your elegant way. I'm an engineer—I am going to India, I suppose —"

"And so, I suppose, am I," said Edward, looking, as Roger thought, towards Cara with a sigh. "But I am not very fond of the idea. I hope you like it better than I do?"

"Nobody will ask my opinion whether I like it or not," said Roger. He caught a glimpse of himself at this moment in a mirror opposite, and his blue tie seemed to glare at him and force him on. "I shall have to do whatever will make me independent soonest. They've got a number of children at home."

"It is very fine to be independent," said Mrs. Meredith, in her soft way; "or at least so all you boys think. You like to be able to do what you please without reference to your fathers and mothers." She looked at her own boys as she spoke, not at Roger, and even this added to his exasperation. How different they were with this soft mother, whose very look was a caress, from what he was, with all the children at home, and a father and mother whom numbers made impartial, and who had few prejudices in Roger's favor. Poor boy, his heart swelled with a sense of his disadvantages; and naturally he did all he could to make them show the more.

"Independence don't mean that sort of thing to me," he said; "it is taking the expense off my father, that's what they think of. I must get my own living as soon as I can, that is what it means; and

if it is not a very good living, so much the worse for me. No one else will pay much attention. Whether one does what one likes or does what one must, makes all the difference —"

"That is spoken like a philosopher," said Mr. Beresford, who had been looking at the young bear thus making uncouth noises of self-assertion with distasteful amusement; "but you must recollect that very few of us have the privilege of doing what we like. When we get this advantage, it is generally when we cease to prize it, when we should be thankful to go back to the *must*, and be under force again."

Under other circumstances Roger could only have been respectful to Cara's father, but he was otherwise inspired now, and ready to defy even that most privileged of mortals. "So you people say, sir," he said, with a rough show of respect, "who have things all your own way. So long as you don't know what it is to be under force of circumstances, I suppose it seems rather fine than otherwise to do your duty though you don't like it. I have thought that myself now and again. It looks self-denying and all that; but if it's true, as people say, that you do best what you like best, I don't see the good of self-denial in that way."

"I agree with Mr. Burchell," said Oswald; "but I go further. What is the good of self-denial in any way? It always involves unkindness to somebody. Nature gives you a beautiful day, for instance, and you turn your back upon her and work. What could be more unkind and ungrateful? Or Cara says to me, 'Come out, and play croquet in the square —'"

"I hate croquet," cried Cara, indignantly. "I never did such a thing in my life; besides, it is winter, and I could not play croquet if I liked it ever so much."

"What does it matter about details? I use the word croquet as a symbol — or my mother requires my attendance upon her somewhere. Then the rest of the world turn round and call me idle! Self-denial is a disagreeable quality, Cara. Let us avoid it. At the best it is only extracting merit out of necessity, for nobody denies himself except when he's obliged to do so."

"Sybarite!" said Mrs. Meredith, shaking her head at her son; and then she turned to talk to Mr. Beresford, and the four young people were left to themselves.

"Sit down, Roger," said Cara; "why should you stand up there as if you were

defying the world. You are all quite wrong. It is not self-denial to do what you are forced to do. When you give up anything of your own free will because it is right, then perhaps ——”

“Only perhaps, Cara? Don’t take away the little satisfaction one has in doing a thing that is disagreeable. Look here,” said Edward, suddenly seating himself in the vacant place by her which Roger had neglected to take, “going to India is very disagreeable to me. I think I could do just as well at home. My feeling is all against it; I might, perhaps, make more money there, but money is not everything. There is no necessity that I can see, one way or another; but my mother wishes it — that is to say, my mother thinks my father would like it ——”

Roger looked quickly at Mrs. Meredith. “Is there a father?” he said to himself, with a mental whistle of astonishment, to which he dared not give audible utterance. “Whew!” and the astute young man immediately leaped to the conviction that here was something unquestionably wrong.

“I thought — it was Oswald — whom Mr. Meredith wanted ——”

Oswald laughed. “Have you not found out, Cara, that Oswald is an individual?” he said. “If Ned likes to be knocked about the world according to other people’s fancies, that is his affair. I don’t. Yes, it was Oswald that was wanted; but I never was a man for competitive examinations, my ideas don’t run in that channel, so I dropped my mantle upon my brother. Oh, he will have compensation; he will be a member of council while I am only a briefless barrister. He will move princes about like chessmen while I have no influence with any one but a stray editor. Ned will be the great man of the family — what, you don’t approve of me! You would rather Ned stayed at home than I?”

Cara had given him a very young girl’s most emphatic sign of disapproval. She turned her shoulder upon him, and averted her head. Poor Roger looked on with a burning heart, seeing the two brothers, one on each side of her, contending, as it seemed, for her approbation. The fact that there were two seemed to shut him out more and more. He was indignant, disappointed, wounded. He said to himself in his heart every ill thing he could think of against this strange house. First, the Sunday dinner-party — even though he had himself condoned it by becoming one of the guests; second, the work left on the table, which he felt sure the mistress of

the house was quite capable of taking up, although restrained by his presence from actually doing so. Then the separation of the family — the father in India, the mother here. What a house for Cara to be thrown into! What an example for her! A woman who lived apart from her husband and yet asked people to dinner could not be a proper woman to have the charge of Cara. Of course, she was just the sort of person to encourage a girl in flirting, to put evil into her head. These were the thoughts that kept burning and scorching the brain of poor Roger as he stood before the fire in this strange house, the people on either side of him so much engaged with each other, and he so completely left out. Why did he come here to make himself unhappy? Why build such foolish hopes upon this day? His aunt at Notting Hill would have been a much better companion, a great deal kinder, and she would be wondering now what had become of him, or thinking, perhaps, that he was enjoying himself! Strange enjoyment! He made a distinct pause in his thoughts to realize her, but he made no sort of movement to go away, which was the only thing he could do to relieve her anxiety. She would wonder if he meant to come back; if he was going to stay all night; or if he had gone off straight from his friend’s house to catch the train. There were not all the usual trains on Sunday nights, and this would perplex her, poor lady, still more. All this passed through his mind, and he was very uncomfortable. Yet he made no attempt to go away.

“Roger,” said Cara, getting up suddenly, for she felt herself embarrassed on her side, and was glad of a way of escape, “are you going back to the college to-night?”

Her question chimed in with his thoughts, but he did not reply in the way that would have seemed most in keeping with those thoughts. “It does not matter,” he said; “I think I shall go down by the first train to-morrow.” As soon as he felt her soft eyes upon him the foolish young fellow thought that all must go well.

“If I were you I would go to-night,” she said; “you will be obliged to get up so early, and it is so dark in the mornings. You never used to like getting up ——” Roger felt the light and the warmth coming back to him, flooding him round and round.

“I don’t mind now,” he said. “It does not matter. To-night is better than to-

morrow," which was an incoherent utterance that Cara could not understand.

"Have you been enjoying it, then? I was afraid you did not like them," said Cara, very low, so that no one could hear but himself. Then Roger glowed with sudden kindness, and felt ready to embrace the whole party.

"It is only my bad manners," he said. "Oh, Cara, have I been making myself disagreeable? You know they always go on at me about my manners at home."

"Your manners are well enough," she said, with a serious look. "I thought you were not — pleased. Come, then, and sit down, and talk with the rest; they are more like you than they are like me. You ought to be friends, for you are all — boys. A girl has less to say to them. And then Edward is going to India, too —"

"I would rather talk to you; but I will do whatever you like, Cara."

"Yes; but do it, then," she said with a smile, and, leaving him there, she went over to the other side of the fire, and sat down under the shadow of Mrs. Meredith, from whence she looked across placidly at the three whom she had abandoned. Mrs. Meredith smiled upon Cara, putting out her hand caressingly to lay it upon the girl's shoulder. They made a pretty group; but Mr. Beresford, who was leaning over the little table, talking earnestly, did not care for the interruption. A slight cloud came over his face when his daughter came within hearing. He finished what he was saying quickly, and then was silent; it had not been intended for her ear. While on the other side of the room the young men looked at each other in a kind of armed truce, and a moment of dead silence elapsed, the first that had occurred since they came into the room, in the midst of which Mrs. Meredith was heard saying, "I fear you are not amusing yourself, Cara. Are the boys disagreeable? Go and sing something for us. I like your soft little voice on Sunday night. Sing me the 'Angels;' that suits you best."

"Just what I was going to suggest," said Oswald, getting up and going to the piano to open it for her. It was in the back part of the room, which was but partially lighted. Both the others, in their different ways, bestowed a private benediction on Oswald, who was more ready than either of them. They sat looking wistfully into the dimness, listening to Cara's soft voice, which rose out of it like a bird. "Angels, ever bright and fair,"

she sang, looking herself, that little white vision, only half-visible, like anything angelic or fairy-like which the imagination chose to select. Roger listened with his heart full. But for the apparition of that other figure beside her, behind her, who stood keeping time with an involuntary movement of his head and hand in a way which tempted even his brother to blasphemy, Roger's heart would have run over with a soft ecstasy. He had never heard Cara sing before, except in her schoolgirl days. As for the other two, the elder pair, Mr. Beresford's countenance cleared and he resumed his talk, and Mrs. Meredith once more gave him her whole attention, while Edward and Roger stared into the back drawing-room. They did not address nor take any notice of each other, but gazed blankly at Cara, who, having already one attendant, evidently wanted none of them. When she had come to an end of that song, Mrs. Meredith, though she was to all appearance absorbed in what Mr. Beresford was saying, cast a word over her shoulder to the young performer.

"That was very sweet; thank you, dear. Now sing us something else." And Cara went on.

Roger sat and listened, between misery and rapture. He did not know which predominated. Edward, to whose state of mind no one had any clue, turned over a book, and hummed the air she was singing. Not a word passed between the young men, notwithstanding that they were both boys, as Cara had said, both going to India, and with every kind of bond of external resemblance. But Roger did not feel any direct hatred to Edward as he did to the other, who was always thrusting himself forward; and thus an hour passed away. When that was over, Cara rose and said good-night. Then there was a question who was to take her home, which showed as much as did his own attitude — reclining tranquilly in his chair — that Mr. Beresford had no idea of going away. Here Roger sprang to the front, for once forestalling Oswald. He took his leave hurriedly, with confused thanks to Mrs. Meredith, and followed Cara closely as she went down-stairs, alarmed lest some one might interfere even at the last moment. It was but a few steps, unfortunately, from one door to the other, and though she lingered a moment on the steps, wrapping her shawl closely around her, Cara did not ask him to go in.

"It was very kind of you to come," she

said, giving him her hand; "and I am afraid you have not enjoyed it, Roger; but you will like them better when you see more of them." She said this as people say so many things, apologetic and otherwise, not because she wanted to apologize for the Merediths, but because she did not know very well what to say.

"I don't think I shall ever like them," said Roger; "but that does not matter. Cara, let me just say one word. I don't think that they are the right kind of people—for you."

"For me!" After the first astonishment Cara laughed. "I did not think you set up for being such a critic. What have they done to make you think ill of them? They have been very kind to you."

"I did not want their kindness," said Roger, hotly; "they are not the kind of people I like to see you with, Cara."

"I think I will say good-night," said Cara, with dignity. "It is cold here, and you have a long walk to Notting Hill. It is a pity you missed your train. Good-night."

She did not so much as look at him, as she turned away and disappeared, the door closing behind her. He had offended her now to make an appropriate finish of this unhappy Sunday! But however cold it might have been to Cara, it was not cold to Roger as he pushed his way at a tremendous pace along the Sunday streets, so much darker than usual on account of the closed shops, and filled with passengers so different from the usual crowd. He would have kept himself warm in Siberia at that pace. His aunt was waiting for him, but half-disposed to give up her watch, and wondering what had become of him, as he thought she would.

"I am very glad to have you for another night, Roger; but I thought you must have rushed off to catch the train without thinking of your portmanteau," she said; and then she gave him a glass of wine, half-proud, half-disappointed to hear that he had dined "with his fine friends," and sent him to bed with kind good-nights; for he had to start early in the morning, and, no doubt, she thought, the day had been fatiguing, though so pleasant. She was kinder than Cara; perhaps it would have been better for him if he had not gone to the square at all, but contented himself with Notting Hill.

CHAPTER XVII.

EDWARD.

CARA had a visitor quite early next day, when she had just retired up-stairs to the

drawing-room after breakfast. It was Edward Meredith, who came with some message from his mother. He had been Cara's friend when they were both children, though Oswald was the one who had claimed her intimacy since she grew up; and he had come now on a sort of investigation to see for himself whether his brother had taken his place. I think Cara, too, had a consciousness of Edward's meaning, though neither of them could have put it into words; and no idea of love, properly so called, was in the minds of the boy and girl. To be sure, he was twenty-one, no longer legally a boy, and thought himself very much a man in many ways. He was aware that the little serious maiden, who had been the friend of his childhood, appeared very sweet and attractive to him now, and that he did not like Oswald to assume the privileged place by her, to be the one who talked with her and walked with her, and offered her those small services which it is often more pleasant to render than to receive. Edward was not jealous of his brother, but he had the suppressed consciousness of being placed at a disadvantage by Oswald, which is not very unusual in the mind of the younger of such a pair. Oswald had been, not above him, but a step in front of him all his life; he had what those who did not like him called more showy qualities, what those who did like him described as greater talents than Edward's. He talked better, he was more ready in demonstration of his sentiments, and could always express himself—whether on paper or in speech—more fluently. These were real advantages; and to these, as was natural, the young man who felt himself to be second added others which were not so real. He thought Oswald's verses, and literary pretensions, and gracefulness, and good looks were all infinitely superior to his own, and was apt to be depressed, and not to do himself justice in Oswald's presence. It was a relief to find how late Oswald was, and that he could come in, early in the morning, to test Cara, and find out if all her friendliness had been transferred to his brother. If so Edward would not grumble, but he would know what he had to expect, and would not look for anything more. When he had delivered his mother's message, there was a little pause. They had both a little ingenious awe of each other, and did not know how to begin.

"How long it is since I have been here!" Edward said at last; "not since the days when I used to be afraid to move

for fear of breaking some of the beautiful things. My mother wisely refrained from china in those days; but we were always told that Mrs. Beresford was 'very particular.' You do not mind my speaking of her? I remember her so well lying on the sofa, like a picture. You are like her, Cara, but not very like her ——"

"No; for she was beautiful," said Cara, simply; and Edward took her words as she said them, without interposing a laughing compliment, as Oswald would have done. "I do not mind; though sometimes I wonder, when I am sitting alone here ——"

"You wonder? what?"

"All about her," said Cara, her voice dropping lower; "about her dying. Don't you think it must be hard to die like that when everybody wishes you to live? And then——about——whether she ever comes here; the drawing-room is just as she left it ——"

Edward looked round it, following her glance. He did not smile; his countenance had an air of sympathy and interest, almost awe.

"It is so strange, sitting here when all the house is still. One seems to see a chair placed differently to what it was before. I did not do it; and then everything is so still. One feels as if some one was looking, gazing at one. Sometimes I am sure that the eyes are there——not unkind, to frighten me, but solemn and steady, not changing from one thing to another, as we do. Did you ever think what happens when we die?"

"Not much, I am afraid," said the young man, himself feeling the spell of the stillness, and as if those eyes might be upon him of which she spoke. "But, Cara, you ought not to be here by yourself, for it cannot be good for you to feel like this, or to be thinking such things. I like you to be here; but it would be better, more natural, for you in the country. You ought not to stay ——"

"This is home," said Cara, with a little sigh; and then she brightened up. "I think I am making believe for the pleasure of being sympathized with," she said. "I am not dull. It is only sometimes, only now and then, in the morning. Somehow one feels more lonely in the morning, when everybody is busy. To have nothing to do, and to see no one all the long, active forenoon! at the Hill one could run out in the garden; there was always something to do; or if it rained there was work; but no one asks what I do with myself here."

"My poor little Cara! forgive me. I thought you were a little girl again."

"Oh, I don't need to forgive you. It is very kind of you, Edward. Am I a little girl, or am I rather old? I can't be quite sure sometimes. I suppose it is because I am fanciful," said Cara, the tears coming to her eyes in spite of herself. "Aunt Cherry always said I was. Look, I am going to cry——for nothing at all! You never——th——thought I was so silly," she said, with a smile on her face, but a childish sob breaking her voice.

"I wish you were with Aunt Cherry again," said Edward; "you ought not to be left by yourself here."

"Oh, I must be here. It is home, and I like it——sometimes. Your mother is very kind to me; and Oswald comes and talks ——"

Perhaps it was scarcely possible that Edward should resist this temptation to inquire into Oswald's degree of favor. He was not jealous. No, he thought, he felt sure, that he was not jealous; but he was always the second, and no one likes that. He felt a slight passing sting and check when she spoke of Oswald, and in spite of himself could not but feel anxious to find out what degree of intimacy existed between them.

"Do you say this to Oswald? Does he know?" he added.

"I never said anything," said Cara, recovering herself; "why should I? it was nonsense. And then Oswald has so much to tell me about *him*——it is much more amusing than to chatter about one's self. Don't think me very silly, Edward. It was because you seemed to want to know about *me* ——"

"So I did," he said; "so I do, Cara. It was you and I that used to be the friends. Oswald was bigger, don't you remember? It was always you and I ——"

Cara made no direct reply to this representation. She even disregarded the anxious look he gave her, as he made this appeal to old recollections, of which she was not specially thinking at this moment for her part.

"How different people are!" she said. "Some people tell you about themselves; some make you talk, I don't know how, of *you*. I don't think you would have a good moral effect upon me, Edward. You make me selfish; you make me think of myself. Oswald does not ask about me. He makes me listen to him. Oh, it is very pleasant, and it must be better, I feel sure ——"

"You like it better? I am such an uninteresting fellow, Cara, not like Oswald. I prefer to hear about you —"

"Thanks," she said, with a little shy glance at him, and a slight reddening which she could not explain. "Did you think poor Roger very rough and very strange last night? I hope you did not think badly of him. He was, perhaps, a little cross, but he is not like that always, not even often. I don't think I ever saw him so cross before."

"I understand him, Cara. He was an old friend, too, and he hoped to have you to himself; whereas he found you among still older friends than he was, and intimate, and at your ease. And he was not at all at his ease — I understand him. I have had the very same sort of thing happen to me."

"With whom?" Cara asked rather abruptly. She was surprised, even slightly nettled, without knowing why. Did Edward know any other girl well enough? she asked herself. It was nothing to her, and yet she was half displeased.

"Oh, with no one in particular," he said. "I have stolen a march upon Oswald," he added, with a laugh. "I have had the luck of the early bird. He was always a late fellow. To be sure, he sits up writing when the rest of us go to bed."

"And is it true that he would not go to India, and put it upon you? I am very fond of poetry," said Cara, "I would rather be a poet than anything else in the world; but not to put the disagreeable work upon some one else — not to please myself at the expense of another —"

"That is not the way to put it, Cara. I am really the one that can go best. Oswald should have a brilliant career at home. He is clever enough to do whatever he pleases, but it is not the same with me. Oh, I am not going in for humility; I can cram for an examination better than he can; it is a humble quality, but it is very serviceable. So we have both the part that suits us best."

"But you don't like it, Edward."

"Which of us likes best the special thing he has got to do? We all think something else would be better. Even you, Cara — oh, Heaven knows I did not mean to vex you. Is it I that have brought the tears into your eyes?"

"No," she said, putting out her hand; "but it is quite true. I am — out of sorts, I suppose, this morning. I can't help crying; and what you say is quite true. One always thinks something else would be better. Aunt Cherry says the

same thing, but different. Edward, I will try to go to my India as you go to yours — without grumbling —"

"If I had not grumbled, you would not have known anything about it," he said; "and, Cara, if you were coming to India I should not grumble. I should be quite reconciled. It is parting from — every one I care for, that makes it so hard to me."

A kind of crimson reflection had come over Cara's face — not a blush, much more visionary than real — a reflection of a blush: the touch of a vague sentiment which was somehow in the air, and which lighted upon the girl's face because it was more sensitive than the boy's — that was all. But he saw the shadow of a rosy tint over her features, and it moved him with a vague sweetness of fancy, he did not quite know what. If Cara were to go to India — not with him, not as his wife, his thoughts had not gone so far — but if she too had to go, in some incomprehensible delightful way, how the aspect of that banishment would change! All at once, as he sat there, he seemed to see himself looking over the high bulwarks of the ship by her side, the blue water flying in soft ripples behind them, the foam-bubbles dancing on the waves, the sunshine shining, all the world so new and so sweet. How distinctly he realized the scene, which was just about as likely as that the queen should go with Edward to India! He came back from that vision as from a long way off, with a half-choking sigh. "That is nonsense, I suppose. Still it is that, and not India, that vexes me. Parting from those I care for here."

"And Oswald — would have had that, too."

"Yes," said Edward, doubtfully; "Oswald would have had that, too — but Oswald —"

He stopped, and Cara did not ask him to go on. There was a little doubt in the repetition of the name. "But Oswald —" What was he going to say? She was too shy, too conscious, to ask. Cara did not blush, even in this shadowy way, when Oswald spoke to her, but she had a vague sense that perhaps he would be pleased to make her blush, would like to move her. She was far more clear-sighted about him than about Edward. Just as she knew her own power over Roger, she knew that Oswald would be pleased to have a like power over herself. She did not discriminate these fine differences of sentiment in words, but she was aware of them, without attempting definition. She could play

upon Roger if she pleased as upon an instrument, and Oswald was trying, and would like to bring music out of her in the same way. She knew this instinctively, and perhaps Cara would not have been very much surprised to be told that Oswald was "in love" with her; but about Edward she had no insight, no theory. He was kind, and she could talk to him and open her heart; that was all she knew.

Just then they were interrupted by the entrance of Oswald himself, who came in, as he had got into the habit of doing, after his late breakfast. "Hallo, Ned, you here!" he said, in a tone of surprise. He was not by any means delighted by the appearance of his brother. "I did not expect to find you occupied so early," he said to Cara. "Have you had the bear at your levee, too? I hope he has recovered his temper this morning. If your natives in Berkshire are all of that complexion, Cara, I don't wonder you are glad to get away."

"Poor Roger! he did not mean to be rude. Did Mrs. Meredith think he was a bear?"

"Oh, my mother! She would not be the universal charmer she is if she was not something of a hypocrite," said Oswald. "You may be sure she will not allow that any of her visitors is ever disagreeable. I suppose Ned brought you her message about going out? Then I need not repeat it. And there is to be a tea-drinking to-morrow, Cara, with all sorts of strange beasts — authors and authoresses, and that kind of people. If you will keep close to me I'll tell you who they are. It will be a very funny company."

"But, Oswald, I thought you were an author too. Why do you laugh at them? I should have thought there would be sympathy —"

"Wait till you see them," he said, with a laugh. "My dear little Cara, there is a great difference always between out-and-out professionals and — other people. A man may indulge in as much literature as he pleases, and it does him no harm — indeed, it may chance to do him a little good. But the people who have nothing but literature to stand upon, that's a different thing altogether; they are generally people who are out of society. Ned, what are you going to do this morning? You don't mean to say you are wasting your time like an ordinary mortal? You were supposed to have gone to Westminster Hall, or the British Museum, or at the very least the London Library. See how cheaply some people get a character

for virtue! and all the time, Cara, he was amusing himself and talking to you."

"I am going to work now," said Edward. "Remember, this is the first chance I have had of seeing Cara. You are not to sit and think," he said softly, taking her hand. "Go to my mother, will you, Cara? Do not stay all the long morning here."

"I shall not be — dull," she said, in the same tone, with a grateful, friendly look, which went to Edward's heart. He was comforted, though he had to go away and leave the field clear for his brother, and did so without even the half-painful, half-compunctious feeling as of a grudge which he was ashamed of, which generally moved him when Oswald was concerned. Why should he entertain any grudge at his brother's success? If Oswald was not more agreeable, more bright, more winning than himself, he would not be more popular. But, more than all these reasonings, with which he was familiar, Edward felt the consolation of those discriminating words by which Cara had indicated the difference between himself and his brother — he, who made her talk; Oswald, who talked of himself. This kept him warm all the way to Westminster Hall, or wherever else it was that he went to pursue his studies for the future government of India; but perhaps the way in which he had occupied the first hours of the morning did not make his mind more clear for this much more important subject of thought.

"It is well that there should be one hard-working fellow in the family," said Oswald, as the door closed, "for the family's sake; and then it is astonishing what a zest it gives to one's own leisure — like — I suppose I must not quote Latin to you, Cara — like seeing a ship pitching and tossing at sea when one is safe on shore."

"How can you say so! how dare you say so!" cried Cara, with flashing eyes. "Oh, what is the good of your poetry and stuff if it only makes you enjoy the sight of another person working — doing what you ought to have done! Is that all the good it is? It ought to be something pure, something noble, something to make your heart rise —"

"Why, Cara!" cried Oswald aghast, yet half-laughing. "Poetry and stuff! is it you who are speaking, or some one else? This is quite a new outbreak for you."

"I did not mean that," cried Cara, with the hot blush of youthful shame; "still, if poetry does not make you more — a man

— does not make you stronger and better, and more noble and true — ”

“ My dear little girl ! Poetry is not morals and the ten commandments. You have got confused in your reasonings. Come, never mind scolding me, Cara. Listen to this. Your little temper has been put out with your bear last night, and Ned’s gravities this morning. You want me to smooth you down again. And I don’t like to be scolded. It answers with coarser natures, but I am too sensitive. I want the warm atmosphere of commendation to bring me out. Ask my mother if it has not been ever thus from childhood’s hour. Ned can stand it. You may scold him for his good as much as you please — he will like it ; but come here, *Cara mia*. Listen to this — ”

“ Oh, Oswald ! ”

“ Don’t scold me, Cara ! Look here. I am just going to send it off to the *Piccadilly*. I shall not be half so sure of it unless my little critic approves. Come, you are not going to be hardhearted. I do want so very much to hear what you think of this. ”

He held out the dainty little manuscript, set forth in those irregular lines which are dear to youth. And Cara could not help feeling the pleasure and grandeur of being his critic, and of hearing the poem read by its author, which was going to be printed, and to live forever. It glanced across her mind how when Oswald was a great poet, as great as Tennyson or Browning, people would tell how he used to go and read his young verses to a girl whom he had known when he was a child ; and this little scene arranged itself historically in her mind as a scene which would make the hearts of other girls beat with secret envy of her, the confidant of a poet. Thus Cara was mollified and yielded, and criticised only the verses, not the poet. Indeed her criticism of the verses was of the mildest description, just enough to give zest to her almost unbounded praise. And the poet enjoyed himself greatly reading those innocent lines — which were quite innocent, if somewhat insipid — seeing her absorbed face and soft eyes full of attention, and delighting himself in the melody he had made. How wonderful is this appetite of youth for mere rhyme ! Cara listened to each line chiming with the other in a trance of attention. It was as sweet to her as if it had been the truest music, and charmed her very soul.

Oswald went down to the office of the *Piccadilly* afterwards, in great satisfaction with his work. Sometimes these produc-

tions brought him in a guinea or two, and then how pleased he was ! more pleased than if he had inherited a fortune. He thought himself on the high road to fame and fortune when this happened, and was pleased to let his friends think that he made a good deal of money by his pen. Luckily for him, he did not need to put any dependence upon these dilettante earnings ; but they sweetened life to him, if they did not put much money in his purse. And the idea of Cara gave him a soft pleasure. He too thought how it might be told hereafter that his first critic was a beautiful girl, and that it was her enthusiasm which stirred him on to the heights he afterward attained. “ And what became of the beautiful girl ? ” he thought he could hear somebody ask in posterity. Yes indeed ! what became of her ? Should she marry the poet, and be his muse and his critic combined, or should she be drifted away into some other career, and carry the memory of him with her to her last day, not quite breaking her heart, perhaps, or at least no more than could be mended ? He smiled as he went along, with a little conscious warmth on his face, and wondered how this would be. But just then chance threw something else in his way. He met a procession of school-girls — not a very wonderful thing — attended by one or two sisters of one of the many modern Anglican sisterhoods, in poke bonnets and black veils, decorations which are often very effective when they surround a fair young countenance. Oswald had just caught sight of one which charmed him, and which was enclosed by a poke less rigid, and a veil less heavy than the others, which he concluded to mean novicehood, or even mere associateship. The owner of this soft serious face was too young to have made any permanent choice of so grave a kind, and was, indeed, only a governess to whom a modification of the conventual dress had been permitted as a privilege. Oswald crossed the road, and went along very demurely, though it was not his way, parallel with the procession, looking furtively, and, as he flattered himself, with purely artistic admiration, at the little shepherdess of the flock. “ She is a Perugino, ” he said to himself, and already the ready verses began to flutter to his lips. He would write a poem about her ; she was the most charming subject — a true Perugino, with just that warm glow of color, not fair but mellow — those soft features, those modest eyes. He began on the spot : —

From old Pietro's canvas freshly sprung,
Fair face ! that thus so sweetly can combine
The maiden and the mother ever young —

(The reader will perceive that Oswald's verses were not of the highest quality.) He had got just this length when a sudden shriek disturbed him. The little procession was crossing a side street, and one of the younger children had made a rush from her companion, and in a moment, before any one could draw a breath, had been knocked down and apparently crushed by a cart which came lumbering slowly up the street, too slow and too heavy to alarm any one. Oswald, to do him justice, was not given to mooning when there was any need for active service. He rushed across the street, reaching the scene of the disaster before any one else, except his Perugino, who had flown with one small cry, and was herself half under the heavy cart, pushing it back with all her force, while the others stood aghast and shrieked, not knowing what to do. Nothing could be more swift, more ready, than the Perugino novice. She had already drawn the child half into her arms before Oswald reached the spot, and was feeling the little limbs all over, with a little panting cry, half horror, half want of breath. "Let me carry the child to the nearest doctor," cried Oswald. The color had all gone out of the Perugino face—the big wheel of the cart touching her delicate shoulder made a background for her; she was a St. Catherine now. "There is something broken; she must go to the hospital," the girl said, looking up at him with that sudden acquaintance and confidence which comes in such a moment. Her shoulder brushed against him as she transferred the little burden to him. The child had fainted. He took the poor little crushed creature in his arms. They were within a stone's-throw of the great hospital, and there was nothing to be done but to carry it there. The elder sister by this time had joined them, sending the curious, anxious, crying girls away under the charge of the remaining governess. "Agnes, you ought to go back with them. You are as white as a sheet. You will faint," said the sister, putting an arm round the girl.

"Oh, no; I am better. Let me go and see what it is," she said.

Agnes? Was that the name? It was one of the saints, he had felt sure.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TELLING TALES.

"ROGER has been to pay dear Cara a visit," said Mrs. Burchell. "He was in London on Sunday, with his kind aunt, at Notting Hill; and he thought he would call. I don't approve of Sunday visits, but I suppose exceptions must be made sometimes, and Roger went; knowing her all his life, you know, he felt interested. Do you know a family called Meredith, Miss Charity? I should not think, from what he tells me of them, that they can be people you would care to know."

"Meredith! but of course you know them, Aunt Charity—poor Annie's friend, whom she was so fond of—the only person who was allowed to come in when she was ill—the most delightful, kind woman."

"People change as years go on; and Cherry is always enthusiastic—gushing, as my young people say. But do you know, Miss Charity, that poor Mr. Beresford is always there? dining there on Sunday; sitting till one does not know how late; and she is a woman separated from her husband," said Mrs. Burchell, lowering her voice. "I am sure that is a thing of which you cannot approve."

"Of women separating from their husbands?" Miss Charity was sitting in her dressing-gown, in her bedroom, by the fire. She had been laid up by "one of her attacks." This was how everybody spoke of it; and though she was completely out of danger, it was necessary to take care. The consequence was that she lived in her bedroom, and chiefly in her dressing-gown, and was sometimes fretful, hard to manage, and a strain upon Miss Cherry's powers. Almost any visitor, who would come and bring a little variety, and particularly a little news, was an advantage; therefore Cherry was very reluctant to interfere with what Mrs. Burchell said, especially as she was hungering for news of the child who, though she wrote so regularly, did not say half what Miss Cherry wanted to hear.

"I can't pronounce on such a question without knowing the circumstances," said Miss Charity. "Women are fools, but then so are most men as well."

"Oh, Miss Charity! that is one of your quaint ways of stating things. Mr. Burchell always says you have such quaint ways of expressing yourself; but always judicious, quite above what could be expected from a woman."

"Mr. Burchell is a good judge; he has

means of knowing what may be expected from a woman," said the old lady, sharply. "And so you think badly of Mrs. Meredith? But make your mind easy; she is not separated from her husband."

"*Not!*" Mrs. Burchell echoed the negative in a tone which was faint with disappointment. "Oh, but pardon me, I fear you must be mistaken, for Roger says —"

"I thought that boy was a nice boy. What have you done to him to make him a gossip? Cherry, that was the one I thought well of, was it not? The others were naught, except Agnes; but this was a nice boy."

"Agnes is very self-willed," said Mrs. Burchell; "she is gone to that mission, though I am sure there is plenty to do at home and in the parish. I don't know what to say to her. But as for the others being naught, I don't think it is very kind of you to say so," she added, looking as if she meant to cry.

"It is only one of my quaint ways of expressing myself," said Miss Charity, grimly. "I hate a boy who is a gossip. It is bad enough in girls; but then one is sorry for the poor things that have nothing better to do. What does this boy of yours say? if he was my boy, I'd whip him for tale-telling. And what was he doing in the square?"

"My children have always been brought up to confide in their mother," said Mrs. Burchell, on the verge of tears; "they have always told me their impressions. Thank Heaven, though my lot is not luxurious like some people's, I have always had comfort in my children."

"That is a hit at you and me, Cherry, who have no children," said the old lady, who was sharp and keen after her illness. "My dear, we are quite willing to admit your superiority. What did the boy say?"

"I am sure there was no boasting in my mind. I have very little occasion to boast. A poor clergyman's wife, with so large a family to bring up! but I *am* proud of the confidence of my children. Dear Roger went to see Cara out of kindness. He has always had a kind feeling to her, and the poor boy's heart was quite touched to see her among such people. They seem to live in an ungodly way, with dinner-parties on Sunday and that sort of thing — no regard for poor servants or for the bad example they are setting. And as for the lady, Roger did not tell me all; but he says Mr. Beresford *stays* — stays after Cara goes home, and, in short, is never out of the house. I felt that you ought to be

told. Gentlemen have very peculiar ideas, I know — they don't follow our rules; but for a man to take his daughter, his young daughter, into such society —"

"Maria!" Miss Cherry was speechless with horror and dismay. She managed to get out this ejaculation, and no more. But the old lady was less easily moved. She put on the spectacles to which she had taken quite lately, and looked into her visitor's face.

"Here is an odd thing now," she said, "a very odd thing. I am willing to suppose you are an innocent sort of woman, Maria Burchell. You never did anything very bad — for one thing, you have never been tempted — and yet you are ready to believe any evil, at the first word, of another woman whom you know nothing in the world about. It is the oddest thing I know. If you had been a wicked person, one could have understood it. But a clergyman's wife, as you say, in a quiet country place, out of the way of temptation — why, you ought to think well of everybody! You ought to be the sort of person who could be taken in, who would not believe harm of any one, an innocent woman like you!"

"Am I an innocent woman?" said Mrs. Burchell, shaking her head, with a sad smile. The distinction, if flattering to her moral character, was derogatory to her dignity. "Ah, how little we know each other! and what is called charity is so often mere laxness of principle. I hope I know the depravity of my own heart."

"In that case, my dear, there's nothing more to be said," said Miss Charity, briskly, "only that you ought not to come here under false pretences, taking us all in, and looking respectable, as you do. But, however bad you may be, Mrs. Meredith is not bad. I don't know much about the husband; perhaps they don't get on together very well. Perhaps it is health. She lives here, and he lives there — that is all I know; but she is a better woman than I am; that I'll answer for. How she can put up with that fool of a nephew of mine, I can't tell. He is very learned, I grant, and a fellow of half the societies. Well; and so your boy said — What is the woman crying for, I would like to know?"

"Oh!" wept Mrs. Burchell, "I never thought to have lived to be so spoken to; and by an old friend. Oh, Cherry! you that have known me from a girl, how can you sit still and do your knitting, and hear me talked to so?"

"She does not mean it," said Miss

Cherry, softly, "dear Maria! She has been ill. She can't help being a little irritable."

"Stuff!" said Miss Charity. "She brought it on herself. Go away, Cherry; if I were irritable, it is you who would feel it first. Now, Maria, don't be more of a fool than you can help. What did the boy say?"

Miss Cherry went back to her knitting, with a suppressed sigh. It was very true that it was she who paid the penalty first; but to see anybody crying troubled the kind soul. She gave a kind little pat as she passed to Mrs. Burchell's fat shoulders. She was knitting a huge white shawl in thick wool, to keep the old lady warm, and her own slight person was half lost in its folds.

But there was not very much more to be got from Mrs. Burchell. The boy had not, indeed, said any more, nor so much as she had reported. He had been betrayed by the sore state of his feelings, poor Roger, to give a very slight sketch of his uncomfortable Sunday—how he did not think the lady to whom Mr. Beresford talked so earnestly, who had a husband, and yet had no husband—who asked people to dinner on Sunday, and who—but Roger did not say this—had two sons who interfered so uncomfortably with his own inclinations—was at all a good friend for Cara. This was the extent of Roger's confidence, and he regretted bitterly having given it before the evening was out; for it is one thing to disburden your heart of a grievance, and quite another to have that grievance enlarged and embittered by constant reference and repetition. He heard so much of it before he left the rectory that evening that he was furious with himself for having betrayed his wound, and felt ashamed of it, and guilty so far as Cara was concerned. Therefore, Mrs. Burchell was rather glad of the personal offence which concealed the fact that she had very little to say. It had given a great zest to her visit that she had Roger's news to tell; but there was much less detail than she could have desired, so she dropped into her own personal grievance about Agnes, who had insisted on going to the mission-house to teach, when there was plenty to do at home; but neither of the ladies entered warmly into it, Agnes being a greater favorite with them than her mother. When she was gone, however, Miss Charity fell into a musing. Age had crept a little, just a little, upon her. She was no longer the vigorous woman, of no particular age, whom Dr.

Maxwell had commended as a type of womankind. Winter is unfavorable to the human frame when it approaches seventy. With a soft, perpetual summer, never blazing, as it is in the south, and chequered by no chilly gales, would it be necessary that threescore and ten should be man's limit, or that we should ever die? Miss Charity felt the unkindly influence of the winter. When summer came back she would be all right again—or so, at least, she thought.

"It is amazing, the ill people have in their thoughts," she said, at last. "That woman, with her 'laxness of principle' and her depraved heart, and her indignation to be taken at her word! Now, Cherry, that was an inoffensive girl enough. When she was Maria Thompson there was no particular harm in her. I believe we ought all to die at twenty. What a deal of mischief it would save the world."

"And good, too," said Miss Cherry, in her soft voice.

"Good! not so much good. Do you know, I don't feel comfortable about Mrs. Meredith. I know she's a nice woman; but, bless my soul, the number of nice women I have known, who have been—no better than they should be! And Cara, you know—Cara is our business, Cherry; we are her nearest relations. I do believe she would be better here. Nobody can say that you are—no better than you should be. You don't form friendships with men. I daresay that's all Mrs. Meredith's sin at bottom."

"But that is only," said Miss Cherry, composedly, "because there are no men to form friendships with. You may laugh, Aunt Charity; but I say quite what I mean. I am not a young girl—neither is Mrs. Meredith. If she is good to my poor brother James, shouldn't we be grateful? And as for Cara—though Heaven knows how much I would give to have her back again——"

"Who is that at the door? I won't see any more people—that woman has put me out for the day. Though I know it is nonsense, I can't get it out of my head. She is a great deal too fond of being popular. She is——Whom do you say? Mr. Maxwell? to be sure, it is his day. Well, I suppose he must come in, of course. And just as well; we can ask him, and set it to rest."

Mr. Maxwell came in, as he had done regularly every week for no one knew how many years. He was redder and rustier, and perhaps a trifle stouter; but that did not show to familiar eyes. Otherwise, the

five years which had elapsed since Mrs. Beresford's death had made no alteration in the doctor. He was on that table-land in the middle of life when five years tell less than at any other period. He came in with the slight bustle which was characteristic of him, and sat down by Miss Charity, and got through quickly that little confidential talk which is necessary between a doctor and his patient, during which Miss Cherry took her big piece of work to the window, and stood there, holding the mass of white wool in her arms, and knitting on, with her back towards the others. When this formula had been gone through, she returned to her chair. Her interest in the matter was too great to allow even her aunt to open it. "Have you seen my brother James lately?" she said.

"Your brother James!" The question seemed to startle and confuse the doctor. "We have seen very little of each other these five years."

"Ah! I thought you were not so intimate," said Miss Cherry, whom the suspicion had pained. "Is there — any reason? I should like so much to know."

"Well! I suppose there always is some reason or other. But no — estrangements come by accident constantly, Miss Cherry. I can't tell what is the reason. I don't suppose I know. We have drifted apart, that's all; people do so every day without knowing why."

"People know when it begins," said Miss Cherry, eagerly; but here she was interrupted by her aunt.

"Never mind about estrangements. What we want, to ask you, Mr. Maxwell, is whether you have seen Cara, little Cara, you remember? and also something about their neighbors. There is Mrs. Meredith, for instance. We hear she sees a great deal of them. Eh! why shouldn't I tell Mr. Maxwell exactly what we have heard? a doctor isn't a tale-bearer; he'd lose all his practice in a week. We've been disturbed by hearing (especially Cherry; she is more particular than I) something about Mrs. Meredith. You that know everything, tell us if it is true?"

"I have seen very little of Mrs. Meredith. I don't know much about James. Cara would be a great deal better here. What does he want with the child in London? he doesn't require her; he has done without her all these years. I'd have her back, Miss Charity, if I were you."

"It is very easy to talk of having her back. She is his child after all. Come, speak out; they say James is there con-

stantly — and that this lady — she isn't separated from that husband of hers, eh?"

"Not that I know of."

"Not that you know of! Of course you know whatever there is to know. What is the matter? A woman should not let herself be talked of."

"Mrs. Meredith is not talked of, if that is what you mean; but I have heard that James is constantly there. He oughtn't to do it. If he is fond of her, as I don't doubt he is fond of her —"

"Mr. Maxwell, how can you speak so of my brother?" said Miss Cherry, agitated and blushing, with the tears ready to come. "A married woman! I am sure he has no more thought of anything of the kind — what has his life been since Annie died? That speaks for itself; he has thought of no one but her."

"Hold your tongue, Cherry, my dear. You are an old maid; but you have a foolish young soul. What do you know of such things? Let us talk it over quietly. Now, Mr. Maxwell, you need not be upon p's and q's with me. If he is fond of her? that is the question. Nothing but what is innocent, you goose. We don't think James a bad man, do you suppose? Now, doctor; we must be at the bottom of it, now we have opened the question. What do people say?"

"I say — if he is fond of her, he oughtn't to compromise her, Miss Charity; that is all about it. Innocent! of course it's all innocent enough; but the woman *is* married, and her husband is thousands of miles off, and he ought to have more sense than to go there every evening, as he does. Yes, we've talked of it among ourselves; not to let it go any further; not to make any scandal, Heaven knows. No one thinks of any scandal; but he oughtn't to do it. I am not blaming your brother, Miss Cherry; he has fallen into it, poor fellow, without knowing. He and I are not such friends as we were. I have thought I had reason not to be quite pleased with him; but I don't do him injustice here. He means no harm; but he oughtn't to do it. The more he is fond of her, the more he ought to take care. And there you have my opinion, and that's all about it. I don't think any one has ever ventured to say more."

"It is too much to have said," said the old lady, "and she ought to know better. I don't put it all on him. She ought to have put a stop to it. Women see these things better than men; and besides, it is the women who suffer, not the men. She ought to have put a stop to it. I don't

put it all on him, as you seem disposed to do."

"How could she put a stop to it?" said the doctor, warmly. "She is good to everybody. She opened her house to him when he was miserable. How is a woman to say to a man, after she has been kind to him, 'Don't come any more; people are beginning to talk.' Good Lord! it would be like supposing they had some reason to talk. If any woman said that to me I should feel that she thought me a brute bad enough for anything. No, no; everybody says women are hardest upon each other —"

"Everybody says a deal of nonsense," said Miss Charity, sharply. "A woman does not need to speak so plainly. She can let the man see when he is going too far without a word said. How? oh, there's no need to tell *you* how. We know how, that's enough. She could have done it, and she ought to have done it. Still, I don't think any harm of her; and it must simply be put a stop to, now we know."

"Ah!" said the doctor, drawing a long breath, "but how?"

"How, again? Why, what kind of people are you who call yourselves their friends? It's your business to do it. Cherry, my dear, I am a deal better; the bronchitis is all gone, and Barbara is as careful of me as a woman can be. You'll go off directly to the square. If I were well enough, if it were not for this stupid bronchitis, I'd go myself; but it isn't worth a life; is it, doctor? See how things are going on. Of course, you won't make any fuss, Cherry; but whatever ought to be done you'll do."

Maxwell turned, as the old lady made this address to her niece, and looked at her. What would poor old Cherry do? he said to himself, watching her with curiosity and wonder. Was she a person to face this dilemma, which had kept various and more determined persons in difficulty? She let her work drop upon her knee, and looked up with an agitated face. She grew pale and red, and pale again.

"How am I to speak to James?" she said, hurriedly catching her breath — "a man!"

Then she made a pause and an effort, and the doctor, astonished, saw a soft light of resolution come into the mild old maiden's face.

"Of course," she said, still a little breathless. "I will not think of that if there is anything I can do."

"And of course there is something to do!" said the more energetic old lady.

"My patience! what do people get old for, doctor? I should do it without thinking twice. What do they say about a sound mind in a sound body? I wish, for my own part, when an old woman gets bronchitis, she could get it in her soul as well, and be all bad together. But for this old body, I'm as strong as ever I was; and Cherry was always weakly, poor dear."

"Do not vex yourself, Aunt Charity; I will go," said Miss Cherry, with only a slight faltering in her voice. "Mrs. Meredith is a good woman, and my brother James is a good man too, though I wish he was more religious. When a thing is plain duty, that makes it — easy; well, if not easy, at least — I will do my best," she said, softly. Mr. Maxwell watched her quite intently. It was all very well to say this here; but would she venture to do it? He had always taken an interest in Cherry, more or less. All these years, during which he had come weekly to the Hill, he had been always sensible when Cherry was not there, and had a way of looking round for her grey gown when he came in. Everybody knew his way of looking round, but no one, much less the chief person concerned, had ever divined that it was that grey garment which he missed when it was not there. Poor, faded, fluttering, nervous Cherry; he had always taken an interest in her; would she really have the courage to take this bold, independent step, and do the thing which not one of James Beresford's friends had dared to do?

From The Edinburgh Review.

SECRET CORRESPONDENCE ON MARIE ANTOINETTE.*

THESE volumes are rather portentous in size, but they form a work of the greatest interest. In 1864, M. d'Arneth, who has for years been the chief superintendent of the Austrian archives, discovered and published a series of letters of the empress-queen, Maria Theresa, and of the ill-fated consort of Louis XVI., which, as many of our readers doubtless know, threw a clear light on more than one passage in the life and conduct of Marie Antoinette, and even on the contemporaneous history of France. This corre-

* *Marie Antoinette. Correspondance Secrète entre Marie Thérèse et le Comte de Mercy Argenteau, avec les lettres de Marie Thérèse et de Marie Antoinette.* Publiée par M. le Chevalier ALFRED D'ARNETH et M. A. GEOFFROY. Trois Tomes 8vo. Paris: 1874.

spondence, however, valuable as it is, was, it would appear, a supplement only of another intimately connected with it, which is now given for the first time to the world, and certainly is of not less importance. On the occasion of the marriage of Marie Antoinette, Count Mercy Argenteau, the ambassador of Austria at the Court of Versailles, was commissioned by his imperial mistress to act as a kind of unavowed mentor to the youthful princess in her new position; and, at the same time, he was strictly enjoined to report fully, but with the closest secrecy, the results of his counsels and observations, all that he could say touching the ways and doings of the royal lady entrusted to his charge, and the associations in which her lot was cast. Maria Theresa, in turn, answered her emissary in like manner: with the most perfect confidence, but with such precautions that her thoughts were hidden from third persons; she freely commented on the thousand details of the daily converse of Marie Antoinette which, month after month, were brought under her eyes; and, simultaneously, she completely disclosed her estimate of her daughter's character, and openly indicated the line of conduct which, as dauphiness and queen, she ought to pursue. In addition, the empress spoke out her mind unreservedly on the royal family of France, and on the dependents connected with it, who happened to be described to her; she said her say on all kinds of anecdotes of scandal and gossip related to her; and she often pointed out what, in her judgment, should be the policy of France and Austria, then, as is well known, for many years allied, on various questions that chanced to arise. This singular correspondence was regularly carried on from 1770 to 1780—the date of Maria Theresa's death; and, after the lapse of nearly a century, it has been published under the joint editing of Herr von Arneth and M. Geoffroy—a name celebrated in that class of researches—the letters that appeared in 1864, which properly form a part of it, being inserted to make the collection complete. The work, though overcharged, perhaps, with repetitions and small details, is nevertheless of the greatest value to those who desire to ascertain the truth respecting one of the most striking personages who have played a part on the stage of history. Revealing as it does, even in their minutest incidents, the acts and the life of Marie Antoinette, during the period of youth and early womanhood, it does, for this ill-known part of her career, what

the diligence of M. Feuillet de Conches has done for its more conspicuous phase; that is, it gives us a most impressive picture of the princess and the queen, as she really was, and equally free from the false colors of romantic flattery or of detracting malice. This book, in short, and that of M. de Conches, place the true Marie Antoinette before us at every point of her eventful fortunes; and the genuine image, we need hardly say, differs widely from the graceful nymph of Campan, the heroic martyr of Breteuil and Fersen, and the unsexed fury of Hébert and the Mountain. The queen, too, though their central figure, is not the only object of interest in M. d'Arneth's and Geoffroy's volumes. These letters give us a clear conception of Maria Theresa as a parent and a friend, and as a politician and chief of the State; they lead us into the recesses of Versailles during that period of tragic probation, when the Revolution lay waiting its prey, whilst the court disported itself in giddy splendor; and they set before us the doomed succession of the house of Bourbon and its attendant satellites, as glittering in luxury and gay with hope they unconsciously stood within the shadow of fate. They also illustrate, at some points, important passages in the history of the age, especially as regards the partition of Poland, the relations of the French and Austrian monarchies, and the Eastern question, even then beginning to menace the world with war and disunion.

The genuineness of these letters cannot be doubted, and we are therefore spared a tedious inquiry, such as that provoked by the evident forgeries abounding in M. d'Hunolstein's work, and occurring even in M. de Conches' volumes. A few words may be said respecting the conditions under which the correspondence took place, and the mode in which it was usually carried on. Mercy, whether as ambassador or as a trusted friend, had access to Versailles almost at will; he had, besides, a faithful informant in the Abbé Vermond, a reader of Marie Antoinette, who had accompanied her from Vienna and passed his life in her service; and, as he tells us himself, he had gained over more than one domestic of the royal household, who fetched and carried whatever he pleased. The inner life of the French court, therefore, was laid open to him in all its details; and it must be allowed that he proved himself an accurate and painstaking observer, for if his letters are somewhat diffuse, and are not marked by fine taste or wit, they evidently bear the stamp of truth,

and are rich in anecdote and curious facts. As for Maria Theresa, she certainly attached the greatest importance to her envoy's statements; she studied his communications with extreme care; and her comments and replies are often elaborate, and show the intense interest she took in her child, and in everything relating to the policy of France. To ensure secrecy Mercy always wrote his confidential letters with his own hand, and kept them distinct from his official despatches; and though the empress sometimes employed a secretary for those parts of her answers which she considered as not of special importance, she always sent in autograph, and carefully concealed whatever the ambassador was alone to know. The correspondence, with the same end in view, was not entrusted to the ordinary post, so little respected in the eighteenth century; it invariably passed through the hands of couriers who had made themselves worthy of peculiar confidence. These chosen messengers usually travelled by the same route, and at fixed intervals of time; and these circumstances deserve attention, as they confirm, if proof of the kind were needed, the authenticity of the papers before us, and increase our means of detecting the frauds by which fabrications have been palmed off as genuine letters of Marie Antoinette:—

The regulations with regard to the couriers were as follows: one left Vienna at the beginning of every month, and arrived in Paris in nine or ten days, after a stay at Brussels, the capital of the Austrian Low Countries, for the purpose of leaving despatches. The return journey was made from Paris about the middle of the month, and, after passing through Brussels, Vienna was reached about the 25th. . . . Occasionally extraordinary couriers were despatched in the case of circumstances of peculiar interest, that could not be safely committed to the post; but this was of rare occurrence. . . . The importance of these details ought to be understood. Once it has been established that the system upon which the correspondence was conducted was for the most part uniform, it becomes easy to perceive where gaps appear in it, and to be on your guard against apocryphal papers, the concoctors of which, unluckily for themselves, could not even guess at its conditions and rules. Every paper in the series we publish was conveyed by a courier.

Passing from these details to the text of this work, let us first consider the two personages who thus sate in judgment on Marie Antoinette and the world around her for ten long years. As a mother the empress shows very well; she evidently

loved her child dearly; and she followed her daughter's career from a distance with an affectionate sympathy that is truly touching. Observe, for instance, with what delight and pride she draws the horoscope of the reign of Louis XVI., rejoicing at the prospect of hope and happiness that seemed, alas! opening on the youthful queen:—

I promised to let you know all that is expected from the auspicious reign of Louis XVI. and his little wife. Here it is . . . : everybody is in a state of ecstasy; everybody is wild about you; the greatest happiness is thought at hand; you have caused a nation in despair to revive . . . Both of you are very young, and the burden is great. I am sorry, and truly sorry for it. Without your admirable father I never could have endured it; and yet I was older than either of you.

How the mother's heart comes out in these words, despite the corrupting cares of politics, and the artificial life of the eighteenth century: "I have received your portrait; it is a good likeness; it gives me and all the family delight. It stands in the closet in which I do my work; the frame is in the bedroom when I work at night; so I have you always with me and before my eyes; you always had a place in my heart."

Maria Theresa was not only an affectionate, but, on the whole, a judicious parent, within the sphere of private duties. Her reverend and commanding figure could, indeed, become too unbending and stern; her wisdom, savoring of a past age, was too rigid and old-fashioned to win its way easily to a youthful heart; and she was not seldom a severe censor beyond perhaps what the occasion required. But she thoroughly understood the nature of Marie Antoinette; and, in fact, her letters bring out its failings and weaknesses with a vivid completeness, that puts critics at second hand to shame. Though her manner, too, was sometimes imperious, the advice she gave her daughter, in all that relates to domestic life, was for the most part excellent. The following shows how her observant eye had detected, even in earliest youth, the germs of faults in Marie Antoinette, that afterwards were to yield bitter fruit, and how early she raised a warning voice:—

Do not undertake to recommend people; let no one possess your ear if you wish to have a quiet life. Avoid curiosity; that is a point with respect to which I have many fears on your account. . . . Answer everybody with grace and dignity; you can do so if you please. You must also know how to refuse . . . I am

very anxious to know by the next courier how your reading and studies go on. It is allowable, especially at your age, to amuse yourself; but to make amusement your whole occupation, to do nothing that is solid and useful, and to waste all your time in promenades and visits—you will at last discern how hollow and unprofitable is this, and you will regret that you did not employ your life better. . . . You have the art of winning the good will of others; take care not to lose it by neglecting the true means. This gift is not due to your beauty, which is not remarkable, nor to your talents and learning—you have nothing of the kind—but to goodness of heart, frankness, and attentions for others. It is said that you omit to address and take notice of people of distinction; that at table, or at play, you converse with your youngest ladies only, laughing and whispering to them. I am not so unjust as to wish to deprive you of the conversation of young persons whom you know intimately, and to attach you to those only whom you meet on great occasions; but recognition of dignities is an essential point; take care that you do not neglect them. . . . There is some talk also of your winter amusements. Do not give way to the habit of turning people into ridicule; you are disposed to it; if the foible should be perceived, you will be but too much encouraged in it, and you will lose the esteem and confidence of the public. . . . I cannot help touching upon a matter too often brought under my notice by the newspapers—it is that of your dress; they say your head-dress is three feet high, decked out with masses of patterns and ribbons. You know I always thought you should follow fashion in moderation, but not extravagantly. A beautiful young queen, full of charms, has no need of these fooleries; simplicity in dress would become her better, and be more suited to her rank. . . . I feel deeply that you continue to lead such a life of dissipation, to join in promenades, to appear at races in a way never attempted by queens much beyond your years, though, indeed, young and attended by their husbands. I am most grieved at this last point, that you do all this without the king, and that it is the result of your caprice, and of his too great indulgence. . . . You have never liked study or application; for more than a year reading and music have been set aside; and I hear of nothing but of races and hunting without the king, and in very mixed company. This gives me much uneasiness. I love you too well.

Maria Theresa did less well in her relations, as a sovereign, with Marie Antoinette. The marriage of her daughter, as is well known, was a mere bargain between two crowns; and from the first moment the empress-queen studied how to make the youthful princess an instrument for extending Austrian influence, and even for furthering Austrian policy. With this

object in view she caused the dauphiness, to the annoyance of the whole royal family, and of the highest nobles of France, to single out for peculiar distinction what was called the "Lorraine party" at Versailles; and she offended the Rohans and La Tremouilles, by requesting that a lady of the house of Lorraine should have precedence over those haughty names. With the same motive she placed Marie Antoinette in the leading-strings, so to speak, of Mercy; she ordered her to give entire confidence to the ambassador, and the ambassador only; and as long as Choiseul, the acknowledged author of the Austrian alliance, remained in power, she adjured her to show him respect and favor. So, too, she had plainly tutored her child to stand jealously on her guard in the circle of Versailles, and to mistrust all not in the Austrian interest; in fact she sent her to France, less as a royal bride than as a pledge of a political union, and a guarantee for its prolonged continuance. Whenever the ends of Austria were to be promoted, this policy of selfishness made itself manifest, and that too, sometimes, in no becoming manner. Take, for instance, what the correspondence shows to have occurred in 1771-72, when, our readers will recollect, Choiseul had fallen, and France had become the prey of his worthless successors. Up to this the empress had not thought fit to remonstrate with her daughter for writing, concerning Madame Dubarry, in such language as this: "It is pitiable to see the weakness of the king for Madame Dubarry—she is the silliest and most impertinent creature that can be imagined." She knew that Mercy had described the Aiguillon faction, as "a set of rascals who would not stop at anything;" and she had made no complaint that Marie Antoinette had formed this very proper estimate of the duke: "The archduchess broke out indignantly against Aiguillon; she sketched his character very justly, both morally and intellectually. . . . She regards him with extraordinary dislike on account of the opinion she has formed of his evil qualities. Unhappily this notion is perfectly correct." The empress, too, was perfectly aware that the dauphin thought of Dubarry as she deserved, and had requested his wife to avoid the favorite. Mercy had reported thus: "She informed me that the dauphin had no regard or esteem for the Duke of Vauguyon and his son, and that he felt the greatest contempt for Dubarry and her crew."

A crisis, however, had become imminent: Austria, carefully withholding the

fact from France, had been trafficking for the partition of Poland; and Louis XV., with his fickle minister, was secretly trying to thwart her ambition. The empress, determined to gain her object, resolved to win Aiguillon and Dubarry over; and she did not scruple to make her daughter a tool in what was an evil intrigue. Mercy lets out the truth in these decorous phrases:—

I will avail myself, with discretion, of the permission which your Majesty has given me, to hold, at the proper place and time, such language as will confirm the king in his hopes from your Majesty's friendship; all that will be needful then will be to calm down the irritation of the Duke of Aiguillon, who is vexed at the poor figure he has made at the outset of his administration. I flatter myself that means will be found to bring him over; the good offices of the favorite ought not, I conceive, to be neglected; and, with this object, it would be of importance, in my judgment, that Madame the Dauphiness should, during the stay of the court at Compiègne, show such attentions to the Countess Dubarry as would enable me to turn to account the ascendancy which that woman has obtained over the king and his minister. The slightest hint from your Majesty will produce the desired result, and influence the dauphiness in a way conducive to your Majesty's interests.

While the ambassador left no stone unturned to propitiate Dubarry and her worthy colleague, the empress pressed Marie Antoinette to address, and to pay court to, the reigning sultana. The language to Mercy is significant: "To prevent these calamities and injuries to the monarchy and our house, every means ought to be employed; my daughter is the only person who can render this service to her family and her country. Above all, she must, by attention and kindness, gain the favor of the king; she must try to anticipate his wishes, and to cross him in nothing; she must treat the favorite well."

The empress, who had hitherto held up the daughters of Louis XV. as models of excellence, began now to find fault with them, because they, and Madame Adelaide especially, regarded Dubarry with proper contempt: "I do not wish to compare myself with these respectable ladies; I admire their good qualities and private life; but I must repeat that they are not esteemed by the public or liked in their own circle."

The youthful princess, knowing what was due to herself, disobeyed for a time her mother's injunctions, and disregarded the smooth words of Mercy. This letter

is to her credit: "I trust you will be satisfied with my conduct. You may rest assured that I will always sacrifice my prejudices and dislikes so long as nothing discreditable and inconsistent with honor is proposed to me. It would be a lifelong misfortune if misunderstandings were to arise between my two families."

Maria Theresa now became indignant, and insisted on compliance in these angry terms: "Your notion that my minister, or that I myself, could give you advice inconsistent with honor, or even the most delicate propriety, makes me laugh out. . . . You must not only hear what Mercy has to say; you must follow his counsels in everything, without exception; you must by judicious and well-considered conduct prove yourself equal to any occasion."

The dauphiness at last reluctantly agreed to say a few civil words to the favorite, to the astonishment of all that was decent at Versailles, and to the intense annoyance of "Mesdames Tantes," as they were commonly called in the young royal family. The empress, however, had attained her object; Dubarry, charmed at an unexpected favor, exerted herself to gain the minister, and the policy of Austria was successful. Mercy thus exulted over the result: "Since Aiguillon has become aware that he may expect the kindness and confidence which your Majesty accorded to his predecessor, he has softened on every point, even on that of the affairs of Poland. He dwells on this at present sensibly, and in a moderate tone. Besides my position with respect to the favorite has improved; I have begun enlightening her on some important matters of politics." He had also brought Marie Antoinette to reason: "Her Royal Highness the archduchess listened to me with attention, for more than half an hour, and assured me that she was convinced of the truth of what I had laid before her, and that she would act accordingly."

It is unnecessary to add that the convenient favorite was thrust aside when she was no longer able to further Maria Theresa's projects. After the death of Louis XV., the empress-queen took a high tone of pharisaical virtue with reference to her late agent: "I hope that I shall hear no more about the unfortunate Dubarry. I never treated her with attention, except so far as respect for your father and her sovereign required. I trust her name will never be mentioned, except to inform me that the king has acted generously towards

her, by putting her into confinement, with her husband, at a distance from the court."

This correspondence gives us another instance how Maria Theresa made her daughter a card in the game of Austrian politics. In 1778, Joseph II. began his ambitious career by making a claim to the Bavarian succession, and declared that he would sustain his rights by force. His pretensions were disapproved at Versailles; the empress herself did not defend them; and as France was at the moment embarking in the war between England and her revolted colonies, it was not to be supposed she would assist Austria in a project she thought against her own interests. We see from the following how Louis XVI. and Maurepas condemned this scheme of aggrandizement:—

There can be no doubt that the measures taken by your Majesty in this business are not regarded with favor here. . . . The queen spoke to her husband rather vaguely touching the Bavarian affair, the devices of the king of Prussia, and the danger of impairing the alliance, but the king answered: "The ambition of your relations is turning everything upside down; they began with Poland; Bavaria is the second act—I regret it on your account."

The empress, however, reckoned on Marie Antoinette; and when Frederick the Great interposed to cross the policy of his youthful rival, she addressed her daughter in phrases like these:—

The king of Prussia is afraid of you, and of no one else; that, I acknowledge, gives me great pleasure on your account and my own. Our alliance, the only one that is natural, and of use to both monarchies, cemented as it is by such tender ties, and by such identity of policy, and necessary, too, for the good of religion and of millions of human beings, is my dearest object; and I trust that in time, and through Mercy's teaching, you will appreciate its value and usefulness.

As is well known, Frederick invaded Bohemia; whereupon complaints of France and entreaties for support were despatched from Schönbrunn in quick succession:—

France has done us a great deal of mischief by her underhand dealings with the king of Prussia. We, too, have felt ourselves in the wrong as regards her; but that is not to be compared with the shameful indifference to us she displays. . . . I entreat of you to support Mercy and to save our throne and your brother's. I will never make any demands upon the king that can draw him into this unhappy war; but he might make an armed demonstration, he might designate and as-

semble some regiments, he might nominate generals to come to our aid in case the Hanoverians and others declare for our enemies. It is not for the interest of France that we should be conquered by our cruel enemy. She will never find an ally at heart so attached to her as we are.

Marie Antoinette, who by this time had dabbled a great deal too much in politics, was led by these means to work on the king, who, hitherto, stood coldly neutral. France despatched troops to the Belgian frontier; she negotiated a peace in Austrian interests; and she advanced to her ally a large sum of money, being herself already upon the verge of bankruptcy, and with her resources strained to the utmost. Mercy thus describes the results of the intercession of the queen on behalf of his sovereign:—

I have great pleasure in being able to assure your Majesty that, on this occasion, the queen has in her attitude and her language been as urgent, and at the same time as prudent, as the nature of the case required. She has contrived to bring over the king to her way of thinking, and to play him off, so to speak, against his own ministers. One great point has already been gained; with regard to the safety of the Low Countries, explanations have been made to me from which it will be impossible to recede in the event of danger arising. I flatter myself this is not the only advantage we shall obtain.

Mercy's account of an interview of the queen with Maurepas on one of these occasions is characteristic: "The minister wished to betake himself to his usual subterfuges, but the queen, raising her voice, said to him, 'Sir, this is the fourth or fifth time I have spoken to you about these matters, but you have never given me any other answer; up to this I have borne with you, but things are now too serious, and I will no longer endure being baffled in this way.'"

As for the ambassador of Maria Theresa, we need not dwell at length on his part in these volumes. Without faculties of a high order—this is evident from his bewildered terror when the Revolution met him face to face—Mercy Argenteau was a good specimen of the diplomatists of the eighteenth century; adroit, supple, thoroughly versed in drawing-room life and the arts of the closet, a diligent observer, with few scruples, and with a single eye to what he conceived to be his duty. Though rather addicted to crooked ways, he was a sound adviser of Marie Antoinette in all that related to her private affairs; he told her of her faults with del-

icate tact, and, without teasing his royal pupil, he knew how to preach caution and prudence, the avoiding scandal, and the importance of family union. His reports, too, to Maria Theresa are copious, well-informed, and, no doubt, trustworthy; and certainly, we think, he did not spare Marie Antoinette in these secret missives, differential as was his bearing to her. Mercy, however, felt that he was placed at Versailles in order to second Austrian interests; in his eyes everything was subordinate to this, and he did not hesitate to take any step that he believed would lead to this main object. For this purpose, as we have seen, he compromised the dauphiness in an unworthy intrigue; and he did not the least care how the counsels he gave affected her position in her adopted country provided Austria derived any benefit. In a word, even more perhaps than his mistress, he aimed at making Marie Antoinette subservient to the designs of Austria; and he pursued this object with a cool cynicism from 1770 to 1780, as afterwards between 1789 to 1792, when the advice he offered to the imperilled queen had Austria, and Austria alone, in view. He saw very plainly that the controlling influence which Marie Antoinette, even in tenderest youth, established over her weak husband, was one way at least to attain this end; and assuredly he did nothing to check or deprecate an ascendancy useful, as he thought, to his sovereign, however pernicious to the queen or to France. On the contrary, he encouraged it by ill-timed hints; thus, as early as 1773 he wrote in this gratified strain to the empress:—

Madame the Dauphiness said there would be no fear of coolness growing up between the two courts if the dauphin had any authority or could interfere in public business. She was assured of the feelings of the prince as regards the union between the two courts; and, besides, she would find no difficulty in directing his mind; she could flatter herself that she possessed an ascendancy over her husband which he could never resist. She thereupon explained to me how she had prepared the means, with considerable reflection and skill in arrangement, of bringing the dauphin to her way of thinking even on the most trifling occasion. I recognized in this plan a series of observations which I had made at different times to her Royal Highness; and I saw with pleasure, not only that she had borne them in mind, but had put them into practice more than I had ventured to hope.

When Louis XV. passed away from the scene, Mercy anticipated with delight that

Marie Antoinette would be supreme in the new reign, and only regretted that she had been remiss in establishing her position before: "There is every appearance that the character of the king is weak. His seemingly rude manner may have more to do with physical than with moral qualities; but, in any case, I see as clearly as possible that the queen will be able to rule him with the greatest ease provided she will take the trouble, and employ a few hours each day in meditating upon this important subject, and attending to it."

As we see in these volumes what the relations were of Maria Theresa, Mercy, and Marie Antoinette, we perceive how they provoked the jealousy of the circle that represented France at Versailles, and exposed the young princess to malice and censure. The interference of the empress-queen in such affairs as the etiquette of the court, caused heart-burnings and vexatious rivalries; her meddling in discreditable palace intrigues led to sinister gossip and bitter dissensions; and the ill-will and dislike which were thus engendered found, as a matter of course, a mark in her daughter. It was, however, the widespread and not unfounded opinion that Marie Antoinette was made an instrument of foreign ambition, in her adopted country, which, from the outset, did her most harm; unhappily her own acts and sympathies made the impression only more deep and certain. The results were injurious to her in the highest degree; she became an object of suspicion and fear on the part of the very ministers who bowed down before her; her feeble husband was often annoyed; and even among the royal family and highest *noblesse* detraction and calumny were busy with her name. It must not be forgotten that the fatal cry, the "Austrian woman," only reached the streets after it had long been whispered about at Versailles; and for this not only the queen herself but her mother and Mercy were greatly to blame.

We now turn to Marie Antoinette herself—the proud and beautiful child of the Cæsars, who, like the fabled enchantress of old, passed in splendor along her fated path, to meet ruin, ignominy, and a tragic death. In this correspondence we catch frequent glimpses of the princess and the queen as she appeared in youth, the bright morning star of the raptures of Burke, the radiant centre of the pomp of Versailles, the vision of grace who, as Horace Walpole exclaimed, "put all your Hebes and Floras to shame." A hundred

passages in Mercy's letters bear witness to the transcendent charm of the look and bearing of this flower of Austria, with what majestic grace she moved in the dance, what frank courtesy shone out in her manner, how she stood forth among her attendant train, stamped by nature's hand with the air of royalty. The following may convey a faint notion of the brilliant part she so often played in the scenes of the vanished world of Versailles : —

The ball opened with four quadrilles ; in the first the dress was the old costume of France, the second represented a set of morris dancers, the third was that of the queen — Tyrolese peasants, the fourth wild Indians. . . . In the intervals between the dances the queen took occasion to say a kind word to every one. She particularly noticed foreign ladies, among them Lady Ailesbury and three English ladies. They were treated by the queen with a grace and a courtesy which was much remarked and approved. I shall only add that the queen every day brings the elegance of the court to a high degree of perfection.

The popularity of Marie Antoinette in the outer world was, at first, immense, caused, in part, doubtless, by her own attractions, and in part by a widespread hope that she would inaugurate a new order of things, and close the era of vice and shame which had clouded the end of Louis XV.'s reign. The following is a sketch of the celebrated scene — in appalling contrast to those witnessed on the same spot not many years afterwards — when the old courtier let fall the happy phrase, "Madame is not the dauphin jealous? these are all lovers," as the crowds that thronged the courts of the Tuileries bowed in delighted homage to the astonished princess. Marie Antoinette describes it herself : —

I shall never forget our entry into Paris ; as for honors, we received all that could be conceived ; all that, however, affected me less than the kindness and devotion of the poor people, who, though overwhelmed with taxes, were transported with joy at seeing us. When we went to walk at the Tuileries the crowd was so great that we were three-quarters of an hour before we could stir. On getting back we ascended a terrace, and remained there half an hour. I cannot describe, my dear mother, the transports of delight and affection which were exhibited at that moment. Before retiring we bowed a salute to the crowd ; the effect was excellent. How happy it is for those in our position to win the affection of a people so easily. And yet nothing is so precious ; I have felt this and I shall never forget it.

Welcomes such as these were of common occurrence at the beginning of the reign of Louis XVI. whenever the queen appeared in public : —

The queen went to the opera in Paris on Friday the 13th. The people, who crowded to see her passing by, gave proof by their acclamations of their extraordinary and heartfelt affection for her ; and the same thing happened when her Majesty entered the theatre, which was crowded to excess. The opera of "Iphigenia," by Glück, was being represented. In the second act of this piece there is a chorus, in which Achilles sings the first verse, turning to his followers and saying, —

Chantons, célébrez votre reine !

Instead of that the actor, advancing towards the pit and the boxes, gave the words, —

*Chantons, célébrons notre reine,
L'hymen, qui sous ses lois l'enchaîne
Va nous rendre à jamais heureux.*

The audience took this up with extraordinary ardor ; all was shouting and clapping of hands ; and, what never happened at the opera before, the chorus was encored, and there were cries of "Long live the queen," which stopped the performance for several minutes. The queen was so affected that she shed tears.

Beauty, however, and a truly perfect manner, were not the only charms of Marie Antoinette. She had many faults, but her nature was good ; and the impulsiveness, which was a flaw in her character, often showed itself in quick, pleasing sympathies. The palled voluptuary Louis XV. was delighted with her happy attentions ; her winning ways enchanted her jealous "aunts ;" there was amiability even in her imprudent contempt of court forms and the life of etiquette. These volumes abound in instances of the good feeling and genuine kindness she often displayed. We have space for a single anecdote only : —

A sad accident happened. The stag, being closely pursued by the hounds during the royal hunt, leaped into an enclosure in which the owner was at work. The animal, not seeing any means of getting out, became furious, ran at the peasant and struck him two blows with its antlers, which prostrated him and inflicted a deadly wound. His wife, in a state of despair, rushed towards a group of sportsmen she saw at a distance ; it was the king and his suite. She cried out for help, saying what had occurred to her husband, and then fell down in a swoon. The king gave orders that she should be attended to, and having expressed himself compassionately and in a kind tone, rode away ; but the dauphiness, who had come up, stepped out of her carriage, ran to the woman, made her smell essenced waters, which gave her relief, and gave her all the money she had on her person. What was

most charming, however, was the consoling and gentle language of her Royal Highness to the unhappy creature. The archduchess, quite overcome, shed many tears; and the spectators, more than a hundred in number, were equally moved.

There was, however, another side in the character of this royal lady. We have already glanced at some of the failings of Marie Antoinette, even in her teens; these grew with her growth, and became more manifest as she passed from youth into riper womanhood. The frivolity of which her mother complained became a passion for dissipation of the most extravagant and reckless kind, and her life was wasted in a round of pleasures, unprofitable and profuse, and often not becoming. Her gorgeous *fêtes* amazed even Versailles; she lavished sums on dress, and in mere caprices, which seem incredible in this stricter age; she rioted in her gay existence as if France and its wealth were her toys and playthings. Nor were the amusements in which she took delight always befitting a young and beautiful woman; her love of high play was almost a vice; and her gaming-table often witnessed scenes not creditable to her sex or rank. Mercy informs us that the emperor Joseph II. — assuredly not too severe a moralist — sent a message to the queen that —

The play at the queen's table at Fontainebleau was like that in a common gambling-house; people of all kinds went there and mingled without decorum; the Comte D'Artois and the Duc de Chartres displayed there every day some fresh trait of folly; and great scandal was caused by the fact that several ladies cheated. . . . Those who held the bank arrived on the 30th of October; they acted as tellers all night and during the morning of the 31st, in the apartments of the Princesse de Lamballe. The queen remained until five o'clock in the morning. In the evening the queen directed the play to begin again, and continued playing until late in the morning of the first of November, All Saints Day.

The "orgies of Versailles," as they were called in the popular slang of 1793, were, in a word, by no means a myth, under the brilliant reign of Marie Antoinette. Yet these extravagant tastes of the queen were not perhaps so characteristic of her, as her levity in disregarding conventional rules, which should be ever observed by those in high station. Good-natured and amiable as she was, she could give receptions of more than wonted splendor when Paris was starving in cold and want; she could make ruinous demands on a bewildered minister, when she knew the treas-

ury was all but bankrupt; she could select a season of peculiar distress for squandering thousands of pounds on useless amusements. As for the light scorn with which she set at nought, and cast herself free from the dignified state which, ceremonious and tedious as it was, was nevertheless part of that furniture of the throne which, as it has been said, ought never to be carelessly touched, it is unnecessary to refer to it; assuredly, though she meant no wrong, her conduct was often far from discreet; and it subjected her to misrepresentation of every kind, in the vitiated condition of opinion in France. The queen gave ample scope to slanderers at Versailles, by her visits to the Comte D'Artois and his bachelor friends, by her drives to Paris, with scarcely a single attendant, by her ridicule of the starched ways of the court; and scenes like these were not at all edifying, in the eyes of a people that had no longer valid reasons to love or respect royalty, and were certain to view it with increasing contempt, if it put off its decorous trappings, and exposed itself to the public gaze: —

It is a matter for extreme regret that the queen habituates herself to forget all that relates to outward dignity, and I cannot insist too much on the dangerous consequences which might ensue in the case of a nation so light and familiar as this is. . . . The horse-races gave occasion to much that was unfortunate, and, I will say, unbecoming as regards the position held by the queen. . . . I went to the course in full dress and in my carriage; on reaching the royal tent I found there a large table spread with an ample collation, which was, so to speak, fought for by a crowd of young men, unfittingly dressed, who made wild confusion and all kinds of unintelligible noises. In the midst of this mob were the queen, madame, Madame d'Artois, Madame Elizabeth, monsieur, and M. le Comte d'Artois. This last personage kept running about and betting, and complaining whenever he lost, pitifully excited if he won, and rushing among the people outside to encourage his jockeys. He actually presented to the queen a jockey who had won a race. . . . A new kind of amusement, and by no means a becoming one, has been just set on foot. Happily it will cease with the fine weather. During the last month the bands of the French and Swiss Guards have played on the great terrace of the gardens at Versailles, from about ten o'clock at night onwards; a crowd of people, not excepting the populace of the town, flock to the terrace, and the royal family walk about unattended and almost disguised, in the midst of the mob.

These volumes also clearly bring out another striking fault of Marie Antoinette

—her bad choice of friends, and her love of favorites. Maria Theresa, as we have seen, had warned her against her tendency that way, and had entreated her not to devote herself to gay companions of her own age, to the exclusion of others of years and high station. These counsels, however, were not regarded; the queen disliked the general society of the court, and, except with reference to her own amusements, thought representation a tedious trouble; and her delight was to shut herself up at Versailles, in a little circle of female friends, where, as she said, she could do as she pleased. Of the ladies admitted to this intimacy, Madame de Lamballe seems to have been above reproach; but Madame de Polignac, who, for ten long years, had immense influence with Marie Antoinette, was, with her satellites, the Vaudreuils and others, an intriguing and dangerous person, with a reputation by no means immaculate. Mercy thus describes this mischievous clique:—

Madame de Polignac is a woman of but little sense, and is guided in her conduct by very dangerous companions, especially the Comtesse d'Andlau, her aunt, a person well known for her intriguing disposition, who, twenty years ago, was dismissed from court, and from the service of Madame Adelaide, for having obtained some improper books for that princess. . . . Her niece has, doubtless from this source, derived very bad and unbecoming notions; among other things, she affects to be superior to what weak and wrong-headed people call prejudices. This young lady parades a lover, or at least appears to have one, without caring for the remarks of the public. . . . His name is the Comte de Vaudreuil. . . . The emperor went with the queen to a reception of the Princesse de Guéménée; he was shocked at the kind of people he met there, and the license that prevailed.

The injury done to Marie Antoinette by these intimacies was very great. They affected even her conduct as a queen when, as we shall see, she interfered in politics; but their social consequences were even more deplorable. She secretly exasperated many of the high *noblesse* by giving herself up to a worthless coterie; and she had not been five years on the throne before bitter tongues had begun to complain that her Majesty did not know her place. Mercy thus glances at these heart-burnings, and even adds that the "favor shown the Polignacs" had caused persons of rank not to appear at court:—

It is a long time since Versailles has been so deserted as it is this winter, and it may become even more so, if the causes of the jeal-

ousies and bad feeling which have had this disagreeable result should be allowed to continue. Her Majesty treats every one presented to her with kindness and grace, but it is not the less true that the little party of them whom the queen calls her "set" causes a great number of ladies and gentlemen to keep away, and prevents them paying their respects. . . . The Duc de Coigny was lately obliged to use his influence with the queen to permit her lady-in-waiting and lady of honor to have the *entrées* which are their right in virtue of their office; and though they were admitted this did not stop complaints, still less put an end to the excessive jealousy occasioned by the Comtesse Jules de Polignac, who spends nearly the whole day with the queen.

The pernicious effects of this passion for favorites was also seen in another direction. The queen thought she could never do enough for the artful friends she had taken to her heart; and she recklessly employed her enormous influence in soliciting, nay in demanding, places and honors for her cherished clique and all connected with it. A whole brood of Polignacs and others were quartered upon the pension list to gratify a set of fair-faced harpies; and young fops and dandies of the charmed circle were thrust into high places in the State, to please the caprices of Marie Antoinette, against the expressed wish of the king and his ministers. Abuses of this kind were, no doubt, common at Versailles; but instances such as those recorded by Mercy were too much even for the opinion of the place:—

The Comtesse Jules de Polignac has made a disgraceful use of her influence in favor of the Comte de Vaudreuil, a personage a great deal too intimate with her. Having property in the French Indies, which cannot be realized in war-time, he has become embarrassed; and the Comtesse de Polignac sees no other means of relieving him, but procuring thirty thousand livres a year from the royal treasury so long as the war continues. The queen has undertaken to support this demand. . . . The comtesse, too, has of late been extremely occupied in trying to secure a large fortune for her own family; and nothing less is thought of than obtaining for her, as a free gift, a royal estate of one hundred thousand livres a year.

This favoritism, in a word, caused widespread disgust; and increased the strength of the hostile parties, which, headed even by princes of the blood, decried the queen even in the first years of her marriage. The questionable friendships, too, of Marie Antoinette had, no doubt, a bad effect on her character, and encouraged much that was bad in her tendencies. We do not, indeed, believe that she was an un-

faithful wife; the tales of the Besenvals and Lauzuns were, it is quite certain, mere base inventions; and the devotion she showed for Louis XVI., when the hour of trial and affliction came; still more, perhaps, the esteem felt for her, by her admirable sister-in-law, Madame Elizabeth, are signs that her heart had not been corrupted. But the levity of her disposition was not improved by the light associates she gathered around her; and this conversation with her reader the Abbé Vermond lets us see what was thought of her friends by one who had the best means of knowing, and conveys rather a painful impression as to her judgment and sense of self-respect:—

The subject was a priest, who had been her confessor at Vienna. "His idea," she said, "was to make me *dévot*." "How could he do that?" replied the abbe; "for my part, I could not make you even rational. For instance," he continued, "you have become extremely liberal in your views as regards the morals of your friends. I could show that, at your age, such indulgence, especially in the case of women, is injurious to you; but admit that you do not look too closely at the conduct and reputation of a lady whom you make a friend, simply because she is amiable—I excuse it, though this is not the code of morals of a priest. But it does you an infinity of mischief that misconduct, nay, bad living and evil reputations, have literally become titles for admission into your society. For some time past you have not even been prudent enough to keep up your acquaintance with ladies who are supposed to be sensible, and to have a good character." The queen listened with a smile, and, so to speak, approved of this sermon.

The queen, too, under these evil influences, more than ever conducted herself in a way that, to say the very least, was far from becoming. Making every allowance for her dislike of restraints, the freedoms which she could permit to courtiers who hung on the skirts of the Polignac set, were, as we see from the following, most blamable; those acquainted with the scandals of the time will recollect how the name of the Duc de Coigny was mixed up with her own by evil report:—

The Duc de Coigny, the Duc de Guines, the Comte Esterhazy, and the Baron de Besenval were allowed to remain with the queen while she had the measles. . . . These four personages took possession of the private room of her Majesty, and from seven o'clock in the morning until eleven at night they left it only for their meals. . . . All this ended in very disagreeable gossip; bad jokes were made even at court; and people began to ask what four

ladies were to be chosen to nurse the king in the event of his becoming ill. The four gentlemen had scarcely installed themselves in their post before they declared that they would watch at the queen's bedside all night.

Marie Antoinette, as is well known, was for years only a wife in name. We shall not glance at the prurient gossip of French writers on this topic; still less shall we notice the coarse calumnies of Michelet and historians of his school with regard to what they assert was the conduct of Marie Theresa in this matter. The misfortune, however, of Louis XVI. undoubtedly placed him in a position of humiliation as respects his consort; and the ascendancy which, in any case, she would have acquired over his weak nature, soon grew into complete domination. The young queen ruled the king less by address than fear, though when, in time, she became a mother, attachment ripened if her power remained. Mercy describes what, in the first years of the reign, were her sentiments towards her nominal husband:—

The queen persists in her estimate of the feeble character of the king; she thinks it feebler than it really is. From this she concludes that, having obtained a marked ascendancy over her lord, she will always possess the means of subjugating him; that, accordingly, nothing more is to be done or wished for in this matter; that, as the king does not care for her attentions, it would be putting herself gratuitously out to show him any; and that as she can govern him by fear, that method is as certain, shorter, and more convenient than that of courtesies and affection.

In the relations, too, of Marie Antoinette with Louis XVI. at this period, we catch glimpses of scorn and contempt on her part, which we can only describe as very unpleasing. These sentiments, too, are less those of injured womanhood and blighted hope than of a thoughtless and rather unfeeling nature. The following letter from the queen to Count Rosenberg—an Austrian high in the Imperial service—must be regretted by every admirer of her; it simply admits of no excuse. Our readers will note the bitterness veiled in the classical allusions of the indiscreet writer:—

My tastes are not the same as the king's—he cares only for hunting and tradespeoples' work. You will allow that I would not look well in a forge: I would not play the part of Vulcan, and that of Venus might displease him more than my ordinary pursuits, which he does not blame. . . . You have perhaps heard of the audience I gave the Duc de Choiseul at Rheims. So much has been said about it that

I daresay old Maurepas has been afraid to go to sleep in his own house. You will readily believe that I did not see him without mentioning the matter to the king; but you would never guess the arts I employed not to seem to ask leave. I told him that I wished to see M. de Choiseul alone, and that my only difficulty was the day. I played my part so well that the poor man settled himself the time. I think I made good use of a lady's right in this affair.

The conjugal relations of Marie Antoinette at this period bring out, in a word, all that was least gracious and fair in her character. Having completely mastered Louis XVI.—her mother, however, it should be said for her, and Mercy left nothing undone, we have seen, to encourage her to obtain this ascendancy—it was inevitable that, in the existing condition of France, her authority would be felt in the State. Her power in the effete despotism, which was then the government, became supreme; and through her influence over the king and ministers, who did not venture to cross her purposes, she, in a great measure, directed the monarchy. Thus she dismissed Aiguillon at a moment's notice; and it may be observed, this was against the wish of the empress-queen and of Mercy, who had their own reasons for keeping in office an incapable and complaisant courtier. Mere personal motives guided her conduct:—

I am quite convinced that, owing to her inability to conquer her spite, the queen alone has caused the retirement of the Duc d'Aiguillon. But for this he would have remained in office, as I could clearly prove. The king had made up his mind to keep the minister a good time yet; it was only upon the pressing and repeated instances of the queen that he was sent away. No doubt this shows how great is the influence of the queen, but I much regret the use she made of it on this occasion; first, because her conduct was dictated by a spirit of revenge, and secondly because her animosity did not yield to the reasons placed before her in your Majesty's interests.

Louis XVI., strange to say, had the firmness to refuse to reinstate Choiseul in power—he believed that the duke had caused his father's death—even at the bidding of Marie Antoinette, who in this instance, too, did not please her mother. But she evidently had a commanding influence in the administration of the veteran Maurepas:—

The queen ought to have the two or three principal ministers of the king devoted to her; these personages should be attached to the queen through the protection she affords them. The present conjuncture is favorable to this

project. The Comte de Maurepas, and MM. Turgot and de Malesherbes, especially the two last, are most willing to put themselves at the disposition of the queen. . . . The respectful and attentive attitude of the ministers towards the queen is the most conclusive proof of the ascendancy this august princess has over her consort, and this ascendancy is continually increasing.

Though Choiseul, too, remained out of office, his following, the Besenvals and others, had much influence through the interposition of the queen: "The queen is at this moment besieged by the partisans of the Duc de Choiseul, who are acting badly and making use of the power they enjoy for their own personal ends. . . . The Baron de Besenval is one of the great agents of this faction; he is still in favor with the queen, and I shall try to lessen this inconvenience."

As for the manner in which the queen used the authority she had made her own—the character of her rule in a word—it comes out fully in these volumes. Mercy, like Mirabeau and Barnave, tells us that the character of Marie Antoinette was strong, and that naturally her intellect was acute and clear. But she was so impulsive that her resolves were usually vehement and unwise caprices; she was so ignorant and untrained in affairs that she seldom looked below the surface of things, or formed a mature judgment on any subject; and her talents were marred and made worse than useless by these conspicuous and dangerous faults. Being such, it is hardly necessary to say that, at this period, she had no fixed views as to the government of France or the state of the monarchy; and there is not a trace in her of the political insight which distinguished her far more profound parent. She held, indeed, to the alliance with Austria, but for family reasons, and from mere habit, not from a perception of its true bearings; and she, perhaps, favored the American cause, chiefly, it is said, because M. de Lafayette happened to stand well, at the time, in her graces. In fact, politics were with her a game for the gratification of personal wishes; and, apart from the advantages she derived from it, she looked on government as an affair of royal inclinations, tastes, and caprices. This is evident from a hundred passages in this work. We have seen why she dismissed Aiguillon. This is her own account of the dismissal of another minister, who, though in no sense a capable man, had been fifty years in the service of the State: "We have at last got rid of M.

de la Vrillière. He is somewhat hard of hearing, but at last understood that it was time for him to go, for fear the door would be shut in his face."

The mere acts of power of the queen at this period, and her attempts to direct the course of politics, had not perhaps entirely bad effects. She made, however, one immense mistake, and the consequences were disastrous to herself and to France. In 1774-5, Turgot became virtually chief minister; and, as is well known, the reforms proposed by that great man were perhaps the last of the sibyl's leaves for the purblind court. Marie Antoinette, however, more than any one else, contributed to the fall of this true statesman; it is melancholy to read Mercy's account, and to reflect how much turned on this mere display of caprice:—

The controller-general, aware of the hatred the queen has for him, was mainly influenced by this reason to quit his post. The queen had intended to obtain from the king not only that Turgot should be dismissed, but that he should be sent to the Bastille; and the strongest representations were necessary to check the effects of her anger. As the controller-general had the highest reputation for probity, and was generally esteemed by the people, it is unfortunate that his retirement is due, in part, to the queen.

The secret influence of the queen, besides, in the government was extremely hurtful. We have already referred to the manner in which she gorged favorites with the wealth of the State; suffice it here to say that, under her auspices, abuses of the same kind were frequent, even in the highest posts of the monarchy. The queen caused the king to make or change intendants and governors of provinces as she pleased; admirals of her selection controlled the fleets; generals passed from her boudoir to the station or the camp. The following is one only of a hundred instances of this mischievous corruption of the public service:—

At the request of the queen, the king had promised the staff of a marshal to the Duc de Fitz-James, who had no title to such a distinction on account of eminent service. When the king brought the appointment under the consideration of the council, the Comte de Muy made a formal objection, reminding him of the number of general officers who by seniority and service had a prior claim. The king, much surprised, declared that he would not fulfil his promise. The Duc de Fitz-James, however, who had been apprised that his expectations would be realized, was in waiting in the ante-chamber of the council-room, in order to make his acknowledgments

in person. Loud complaints were heard in the circle of the queen when the result of the decision of the council became known; the king thought he could set it at rest by nominating seven marshals at the same time, the Duc de Fitz-James being one; but the public was astounded at this indiscriminate promotion, which was not justified by the merits of the officers selected. Many satirical songs were made about the new marshals; the most popular was one which compared them to the seven capital sins.

A remarkable letter of Joseph II. in these volumes contains this opinion of the emperor on the conduct of the queen with regard to the king and affairs of State:—

Why have you taken upon yourself, my dear sister, to dismiss one minister, to cause another to be sent to his country house, to obtain high office for this person or that, to secure for another a favorable judgment in a lawsuit, to create a new and expensive post at court, in fine, to discourse about public affairs and to employ language by no means suitable to your condition? Have you ever put to yourself the question, by what right do you mix yourself up in the business of the French monarchy? What have been your studies—what acquirements have you that can make you presume to think that your advice or opinion can be good for anything, especially on matters that require such extensive knowledge? . . . Give up all these petty intrigues; have nothing to do with public business, keep away and avoid those who seek to involve you in it. Apply yourself earnestly to deserve the affection and esteem of the king; it is the duty of your station, it is the only interest you ought to possess.

These volumes prove, too, that Marie Antoinette, in public and private life alike, was naturally domineering and proud, that a vein of imperiousness ran through what was really good and kind in her. We have already noticed the arrogant tone she could adopt to her submissive husband; and the same spirit breathes in passages in this work in which she glances at politics and affairs of State. The "insolence," in fact, which was laid to her charge by critics like Madame Roland and others, comes out plainly whenever she thinks the divinity of kingship even remotely touched; and national aspirations and the popular voice were regarded by her with indifference or contempt. Thus, when still a child, she approved with glee the *colûp d'état* of Maupéou and Terray, as, when queen, she approved the violence of Brienne; thus she peremptorily ordered the "immediate suppression" of "libels" which "dealt with public affairs," just as, years afterwards, she wished to put down the "mobs of Paris," which had sacked the

Bastille; thus she dismissed Turgot, although she knew he was backed by the public opinion of France, just as in 1789 she dismissed Necker, and would have brought the States-General summarily to a close. Such sentiments were, no doubt, those of more than one sovereign of the eighteenth century; but they were very characteristic of Marie Antoinette; and they were congenial to her proud nature, in whatever degree we may ascribe them to the associations of her life, and a faulty training. One other defect, too, in this singular woman was a habit of playing a part when it suited her purpose, which could even deepen into dissimulation. Maria Theresa often dwelt on this fault, which she thought more dangerous than any other: "She can cleverly give a plausible turn to things, even at the expense of truth. . . . I fear that she is not sincere. . . . She is self-willed, and determined to carry her point in everything; very capable of dissembling, and of going her own way in spite of remonstrances."

This work supplies a remarkable instance of the occasional double-dealing of Marie Antoinette. The Comte de Guines, one of the Choiseul following, had fallen into disgrace through the arts of Aiguillon; and though he had been acquitted in a trial in which the queen secretly interfered for him, he was nevertheless out of favor at court. In 1776 he lost the embassy to St. James's; and Turgot and Malesherbes, who thought ill of him, recommended, it would appear, his removal from the post. This aroused the resentment of the queen, but she took care to keep her counsels to herself; hardly deigned to notice M. de Guines at Versailles; and was to outward seeming all smiles to Turgot, until she had wrung from the yielding king a patent that made De Guines a duke, and had compassed the fall of the great minister: —

The power which the king has bestowed on M. de Guines in making him a duke is the work of the queen. This princess has conducted herself in the affair with a secrecy and a skill beyond her age. She did not say a word to M. de Guines in public during all the time; it was thought she had given him up. Yet, all of a sudden, a striking proof appears of her paramount influence; there can be no longer a doubt of her power over the king. . . . She had insisted on the dismissal of Turgot on the same occasion.

As we read this, we are obliged to recollect how the queen acted at a very different time; how she endeavored to turn the Revolution back by finesse, intrigue, and

arts of the kind; how she spoke smoothly to Barnave and others, while she beckoned to Austria across the Rhine.

The manner in which the queen ruled the king and France was another cause of offence at Versailles; more especially as this line of conduct was supposed to have been laid down at Vienna. We see in these volumes what discontent she provoked even upon this ground alone; and it is very remarkable with what misgivings her mother surveyed her splendid state. Over and over again Maria Theresa wrote deliberately to Mercy that "her daughter was lost," if she went on in her ill-judged ways; over and over again she declared that a sad future was opening for her "beloved Antoinette." The following letter, written upon the news of the death of Louis XV., shows that, even at that time, the empress-queen had dark forebodings as to the destiny of her child: "I am deeply affected by this intelligence, and still more so when I reflect on what may be the lot of my daughter. She can only be at the height of greatness, or very unfortunate. The situation of the new king, of his ministers, and of France herself, is not reassuring; she, too, is very young; has never applied herself to business, will never do so except with great difficulty. Her days of happiness I consider gone forever."

Such was Marie Antoinette in the flower of her youth, while she basked in the summer sun of life before the tempest gathered in darkness around her. She had some amiable and good qualities; her intellect, had it been properly trained, was above the ordinary level of her sex; she was not incapable of firm resolves, and we discredit what a thousand slanderous tongues have said of her good name and her conjugal faith. But she was not the less, that unpleasing contrast, a fair woman with little discretion; and, while with a disposition almost untutored, she was impetuous and light in thought and act, nature had made her somewhat imperious and hard, fond of self-indulgence and eager for power. Sent, as she was, from Vienna while still a child, placed in the perilous sphere of Versailles, and with the associations that surrounded her life, it is not surprising that, with such a character, she should have committed many and grievous errors; that she should readily have listened to Austrian counsels, should have launched giddily into wild extravagance, should have scorned old ways, and become the centre of a circle of favorites and bad flatterers, should have fashioned

to her will a feeble husband, should have rashly meddled with affairs of State, and have acted recklessly in this position. To judge Marie Antoinette fairly, even at this period of her career, we must consider not only her essential qualities, but the peculiarities of her situation in France; it is because they have not done this that so many French writers have been unjust to her; and when the examination has been rightly made, we find in her, indeed, much that is flawed and imperfect, many blemishes that offend the sight, yet much, too, that is really pleasant and attractive. Yet it is not strange that this ill-fated princess should have seemed almost a prodigy of evil to thousands among the generation of Frenchmen who had grown up to manhood in 1789. It was the singular misfortune of Marie Antoinette that she made numerous and unrelenting enemies in almost every sphere where opinion was formed; and the reports against her which spread from Versailles, especially as her own conduct gave color to them, were eagerly caught up in the observant capital, and thence penetrated far into the nation. What must have been the feelings of the better class of Frenchmen when they heard that a light and designing woman was making France a mere tool of Austria, was keeping the king in a state of bondage, had blighted the hopes of the realm by dismissing Turgot? What must Marie Antoinette have seemed in the eyes of those who, week after week, read that her lovers rioted on the public wealth, and that her life was a round of gilded sin, and who could note how this fine lady made herself superior, as it were, to royalty, trailed its state through the mire with gay insolence, exposed its weaknesses to the prying multitude? What must have been the thoughts of the starving crowds which gathered in the streets and ways of Paris, when they were told that what would relieve their misery was wasted by a crowned harlot at Versailles, when they beheld the queen parading her state indifferent apparently to their life of misery? We cannot wonder, therefore, that Marie Antoinette should have been a name of evil in France, even before 1790-3; and it is less strange, perhaps, that ever since she has found numerous censors in French opinion. To those who have no part in the fortunes of France, to whom her annals are merely a stirring drama, the heroism of the woman in the hour of trial, and her constancy in enduring affliction, may seem to efface her many faults; and in their eyes a tragic and cruel death may transform her

into a suffering martyr. But the French people cannot lightly forget the part played by Marie Antoinette in what was for them a crisis of fate; they have rightly judged that she passionately opposed the Revolution, even in its just changes; they know that the very virtues of which she gave proof made her but a more dangerous and powerful enemy. What, too, we will add, would have been the verdict of history on her had the queen won the terrible game she most certainly played — had a Holy Alliance of armed despots restored the old monarchy by mere brute force, had Brunswick handed her back a crown amidst the ruins and blood of a sacked capital?

Other members of the royal family of France pass lifelike before us in these volumes. The undignified form of Louis XVI. shrinks behind that of his illustrious consort; and his awkward manner, his sullen ways, his tastes for mere mechanical crafts, his immoderate passion for the chase and the gun, make up a character that does not please. Yet there was real good in that dull exterior. Mercy tells us, in a number of passages, that the king had much good sense and intelligence; he was diligent in business, simply good, and scrupulous, and frugal in his own habits. At heart he was sincere and honest, as numerous anecdotes in this book show; and it is melancholy to reflect how, in his case, the vacillation of weakness was mistaken for guile. Marie Antoinette repeatedly wrote of him thus: "The more I see of the three brothers, the more I am convinced that had I to choose between them I should take the one whom Providence has given me as a husband. His character is truthful; although his manner is awkward, he is to me all attentions and kindness." Mercy, too, ascribes to him the like qualities: "Under a somewhat rude exterior, he seems to be frank, decided, regular in his habits, and inclined to do all the good in his power. This is the estimate generally made of him, and I believe it to be correct."

Many passages in these volumes attest also the kind heart of the unfortunate king. He became only a too uxorious husband; and there is something very touching in the wistful tenderness he felt for his exacting wife, in his attempts to join in the gay vanities which he evidently disliked and thought wrong, and above all in his anxious solicitude to stand between the queen and the shafts of slander which he well knew were directed against her. Of his political views we see little in this

work ; but whatever we find confirms the conclusion that he was a well-meaning and just-minded prince, not opposed to reforms in some degree, though fettered by the traditions of divine right, and without the insight needed to perceive what really was the position of affairs, and what the true requirements of France. These good qualities were, however, marred by a weakness of character, which, at some conjunctures, amounted almost to imbecility. We have already noticed how he was completely subjugated by Marie Antoinette ; the thralldom continued to his last hour ; and it was this fatal submissiveness that sent him upon the paths that ended in ruin and death. How abject and thorough that submission was we see from glimpses of life like these :—

The dauphiness scolded the dauphin for his immoderate love of hunting, which injured his health, and on the air of carelessness and negligence in his appearance, which was the result of this pursuit. The dauphin thought he would shorten the sermon by retiring to his own apartments ; but the dauphiness followed him and continued to explain rather angrily all that was objectionable in his habits of life. This language so moved the dauphin that he began to cry. . . . The king is even an obstacle to the queen's making a change in her ways ; his compliance with her wishes amounts to submissiveness ; his manner to her is that of the most attentive courtier ; nay, he is the first to treat with marked distinction the companions of the queen, though it is well known he bears no love to them.

The characters of the brothers of Louis XVI., the Comte de Provence and the Comte d'Artois, each his successor in a very different age, are fully delineated in these volumes, but nothing that is new appears in them. The Comte de Provence was an ambitious schemer—the king once slyly called him *Tartuffe*—smooth in manner and language, but very insincere ; he was bitterly disappointed when the birth of a dauphin placed a bar between him and the throne he had hoped for ; and there can be little doubt he gave the worst turn to the scandals of Versailles respecting the queen. The Comte d'Artois, a mere trifler, a butterfly, sporting in summer sunshine however near was the thundercloud, was a being of a very different kind ; as we have seen, he was chiefly noted for his frivolous pursuits, his petulance, and his unbecoming follies. One anecdote about him strikingly shows the levity and insolence which he displayed in common with many of the young seigneurs of the day ; a royal duke who had

tried the same jest in England would have been summoned before the next justice of the peace :—

The Comte d'Artois has taken it into his head to pull down a country house in the Bois de Boulogne, and to rebuild it from top to bottom. It is to be newly furnished, and a *fête* is to be given there to the queen. Everybody thought it absurd to attempt to finish such a piece of work in six or seven weeks ; yet it has been done. Nine hundred workmen having been employed day and night. The most extraordinary part of the case is that, as there was a deficiency of materials, especially of stones, lime, and plaister, and that time was not to be lost in procuring them elsewhere, M. le Comte d'Artois gave orders that patrols of the Swiss Guards should search the main roads and seize every cart containing materials of this kind which they came across.

Both of these princes thus, in different ways, contributed to shake the tottering throne. We catch but one glimpse of Madame Elizabeth : it is that of a winning and pleasing child : “I begin to know my sister Elizabeth much better ; she is a charming child. She is clever, decided in manner, and very graceful. When her sister went away she showed feeling that was beyond her age and really touching.”

These volumes tell us a great deal concerning “*Mesdames Tantes*,” the daughters of Louis XV. We see from them that the royal ladies did not escape the malignant scandals bred in the pestilent air of Versailles ; but their lives appear to have been without stain ; and we do not think they showed the envious dislike of Marie Antoinette which has been laid to their charge. They certainly opposed the Choiseul party ; but this was from their Jesuit sympathies, and their regard for the deceased dauphin ; and all that can be said against them is that now and then they displayed a touch of jealousy at being supplanted by a foreign bride, whose fresh charms warned them their day had passed. We obtain from this work an impressive view of the last years of Louis XV. as that degraded sensualist drew near his end. Louis was not wanting in sense or judgment ; he had good-nature after his own fashion ; and he had a notion that the France of Louis XIV. ought to count for something, even after Rosbach. We see from these pages how, now and then, he endeavored to shake off the lethargy of sin ; how despising Frederick the Great as a “cheat and an upstart,” he envied him his “way of finding out everything ;” how he intrigued to cross the imperious will of Maria Theresa when he thought

her in the wrong. But his efforts to show himself a king were only fitful; he was incapable of any decided purpose, though not the dupe of flatterers who called him great; and, yielding to habit, yet without a zest for vice, he would plunge back again into the sty of dissoluteness from which he had for the moment emerged. Yet he was fully alive to his fallen state; he shrank from the sight of his own daughters; he shut himself up with Dubarry, indeed gorged her rapacious following, and humored her whims, but he felt ashamed at heart of the scandal; and, in the deference he showed to Marie Antoinette, he offered up the homage of vice to innocence. Conscience, too, pricked him among his joyless pleasures. "I know I have reigned badly," were the first words of his will; and he was often shaken by superstitious terrors. Mercy describes him thus soon before his death:—

The king is growing old, and at times he appears to be brooding on his thoughts in secret. He stands alone, without help, without deriving consolation from his children; he can expect neither zeal nor attachment nor fidelity from the strange medley of people who form his administration, his society, his companions. . . . He dislikes the importunities of the favorite and her set; for, strangely reckless and weak as he is, he nevertheless knows thoroughly his associates, and rates them at their proper worth. He allows himself repeatedly to yield to demands that only multiply ill-will and intrigue; but he is the very slave of habit.

The death of Louis XV. has been often described; we quote from Mercy a few particulars of a scene which Tennyson might have had in his thoughts when he wrote the close of "The Vision of Sin:"—

After being confessed the king sent for the Duc d'Aiguillon and spoke to him in a low tone of voice. It is said that he gave orders to keep Madame Dubarry more at a distance; but he was more besotted about the favorite than could have been supposed. . . . It had been settled to tell him the nature of his illness, which hitherto had been kept from him. . . . The departure of the favorite was then resolved on; the Duchesse d'Aiguillon took her off in her carriage. . . . Immediately afterwards the confessor entered the chamber of the monarch to do his holy office; the excitement in the *château* then became intense. . . . A workman, who closed up the leaden coffin, died within twenty-four hours, such was the state of the remains.

The position of France as a power in Europe is clearly indicated in this work. The state, whose history, Burke has re-

marked, has been a succession of "ebbs and flows," was then at the extreme low tide of fortune; and after the disasters of the Seven Years' War, had, for the moment, all but completely lost its influence. At sea, France was kept down by England; on the Continent, she was dragged in the wake of Austria; and the nation that, in less than twenty years, was to dictate peace to a baffled world, was unable to make its voice heard on almost every question of European politics. It is curious to observe how Maria Theresa considered France as a convenient satellite; treated her ally with scarcely concealed contempt; and repudiated the obligations of the alliance while she insisted upon obtaining its benefits. Thus in the affair of the partition of Poland, in which France had a large traditional interest, she did not even consult the French ministry; and she had the assurance to excuse her share in the deed on the ground that French intrigue had conduced to it, and that France had not the means of affording her aid had she ventured on war with Russia and Prussia. When France, however, made, in her turn, a secret attempt to support Poland, the empress broke out into a storm of wrath; declared that Austria was being betrayed by France, and that such a crime was beyond endurance; and took care to remind Louis XV. that England was supreme on the seas, and had been a powerful ally of her house. So, too, with characteristic boldness, she refused to fall in with the family compact, or to do anything for France in the American war, while she claimed the assistance of Louis XVI., though the king, we have seen, blamed the ambition of her son. With her obsequious ambassador, she took credit with herself for this one-sided and shifty policy by complacently dwelling on the weakness of France: "France, owing to the inexcusable and unheard-of disorder she is in, has for the present reduced herself to a state of complete impotence; she has neither the will nor the power to give aid to any ally. . . . Notwithstanding the narrow range of his views the Duc d'Aiguillon cannot deceive himself as to the weakness of France. . . . He will be compelled to retrace his steps in consequence of the necessities of his position."

Maria Theresa, however, and Mercy also, were not ignorant of the vast resources of France even in this eclipse of greatness, and we may recollect what power she displayed in our struggle with the American colonies. The following is

significant: "The nation is gifted with great and good qualities; the inherent resources of the monarchy are prodigious; and these things ought to be carefully attended to by any power that has to take France into account in its political combinations. . . . The abuses are enormous, but the elements of power are immense."

We have already glanced at the wretched state of the government of France during this period. Despotism was abused by rogues and favorites; the reins passed from the hands of feeble kings into those of corrupt or inexperienced women; the policy of the State was made to depend on palace intrigues or the taste of the boudoir; the strength of the realm was wantonly squandered; incapacity and folly stood in high places while an indignant nation held sullenly aloof. Mercy thus describes the condition of things when Louis XV. passed from the scene; it was not essentially better under Calonne and Brienne, though there had been an improvement upon the surface:—

The melancholy excesses of the king during the last four years of his life, have completely disgraced his reign. The State was in the hands of a vile favorite, whose relations and associates formed an assemblage of abject and degraded beings. France was literally enslaved under this yoke. Honorable people kept away and gave place to rascals of all kinds who peopled the court; thenceforward there was nothing but disorder, scandal, injustice; everything was turned upside down; principle and the sense of right seemed not to exist; everything was let go by chance. The government had no energy or life; the discredit which had fallen on the nation caused inexpressible grief and shame. . . . The monarchy, in a word, was in a pitiable state.

In considering what Marie Antoinette was, we have also incidentally noticed the contemporaneous state of society in France. The extravagance and folly of the old *régime*; the frivolous license of those gay lords and ladies who, without duties in the State or at home, gave themselves up to a mere life of pleasure; the monstrous waste of that effete royalty, which sought to make up for its want of dignity by an outward show of its profuse magnificence, and by lavishing on courtiers the wealth of the nation; the tone of sentiment and thought at Versailles, where, in the corrupted air of despotism, intrigue and malice found their way to power, by murdering the good name of rivals, where calumny filled the place of opinion, and where profligacy rioted under graceful

seeming; the moral perversion which was seen everywhere and which exhibited itself in such scenes as the reign of Dubarry and the Polignac clique—all this has been often described before;* but perhaps nowhere better than in these volumes if carefully and intelligently read. It should be observed, however, that neither Mercy nor Maria Theresa take notice of several most important elements then at work in the social disintegration of France. They never allude to the intellectual forces which were sapping the existing order of things, or only class Voltaire with Dubarry;† they do not refer to the growing strength of a public opinion outside Versailles, keen, fierce, dangerous, bold, destructive, or do so in a mere cursory way; they scarcely touch on the wretched condition of the peasantry or the lower middle class, or glance at it with contemptuous pity; their ears are deaf to the distant moaning of sounds that are soon to break out in the tempest. Omissions like these are full of significance; they fall in with the views prevalent among certainly the large majority of those in high places at this period. The empress, however, and her informant instinctively felt, as they cast their eyes at the unnatural state of things at Versailles, that there was something rotten in the condition of France, though they did not measure the extent of the danger or perceive the quarter whence it was to come:—

It is almost impossible to comprehend the disgraceful disorder of everything in this place. The throne is degraded by the shamelessness of the favorite and her partisans. Seditious cries are beginning to make themselves heard; the person of the sovereign himself is not spared by some writers; Versailles has become a seat of perfidy, malice, and revenge; intrigues and mere personal views direct everything. Every sentiment of honor seems to have left the spot. . . . My daughter, I fear, is going the way of destruction. . . . During two years I have felt the greatest uneasiness. I feel that I may yet witness great misfortunes.

These volumes contain some curious details respecting the first partition of Poland. We have already noticed the selfish policy of Maria Theresa towards France in this matter; but unquestionably

* A good sketch of the social characteristics of the old *régime* will be found in M. Taine's new book "*Les Origines de la France Contemporaine*," vol. i., bk. 2, chap. i.

† The words of Maria Theresa are very curious; but, beside that she was *dévot*e and old-fashioned in her ways of thinking, she probably disliked Voltaire for his friendship for Frederick the Great. She calls Dubarry "contemptible," and Voltaire an "unhappy wretch," in the same sentence, vol. iii., p. 99.

she regretted the part she had in a great national crime. The following is even more striking than the celebrated words which have been often quoted as expressing her fears and regrets on the subject:—

I do not understand a policy which lays it down as a principle that if two persons make use of power to oppress an innocent man, a third person has a right, on the grounds of provision for the future and present convenience, to imitate and commit a like act of injustice. . . . I was always opposed to this iniquitous and unequal partition; I could not bear the notion of an alliance with two monsters even at the risk of a war.

The truth is that Frederick the Great was the real designer and author of the partition of Poland. With due deference to Mr. Carlyle, several of the documents he cites to excuse the king were carefully prepared by that astute personage, who was quite as apt in misleading opinions as others who have imitated him at the present day. The following is a sketch of Frederick the Great as he appeared, not only to Maria Theresa, but to most of the crowned heads of his time; though a caricature, it is very lifelike; and history will say that some at least of the qualities of the man have adhered to the policy of his house:—

What reliance can be placed in him or in his word? France has experienced this; hardly a prince in Europe has escaped the effects of his bad faith; and this is the personage who wishes to constitute himself dictator and protector of a united Germany! And the leading sovereigns will not combine to prevent a calamity which sooner or later will overtake them all! During many years his despotism and his violence have afflicted Europe; he sets at nought every settled principle of right and truth, and laughs at treaties and alliances. . . . If he is permitted to add to his power, what a future will there be for our successors!

There are several interesting passages in this book with respect to Turkey and the Eastern question, then just beginning to become formidable. The state of things in the East in 1777 had a certain resemblance to that which has been passing under our eyes for several months. Russia, with vast secret designs of ambition, had drawn Joseph II. into a hollow alliance, based on a "settlement of the affairs of the Porte;" Prussia, master of the situation as regards the Continent, had joined in the league for her own objects; and the three powers, united, sat watching each other ever meditating, without regard to France or England, how the heritage of the sultan was

to be dealt with. The partition of Turkey was considered, as it has perhaps been, on a recent occasion; but then, as now, there was a wide difference in the objects and views of Russia and Austria; and the nominal alliance soon fell to pieces. It is interesting to observe the conclusions of Maria Theresa upon this subject; they are, in the main, those which have guided the conduct of every Austrian statesman worthy of the name; and she entirely disagreed with her very inferior son:—

The partition of the Turkish empire would be a most hazardous and dangerous enterprise on account of the probable consequences to us. . . . What advantage would we gain even though our conquests should extend to Constantinople? . . . It would be an event even more unfortunate than the partition of Poland, which I regret so deeply; far more useful to my formidable neighbors than to my realm. . . . Unless it cannot possibly be avoided, I will not be a consenting party to the dismemberment of the Ottoman empire; and I hope our grandchildren will yet see the Turk in Europe.

It is impossible to examine these volumes and not to feel that the French monarchy had reached a period when a great change was at hand. No doubt the two personages who, so to speak, form the chorus in the drama before us, cannot interpret many of the signs of the times, and fail to perceive the true significance of much that was passing before their eyes. But as we study what they have left on record, by the light of events that were fast drawing near, the writing on the wall distinctly comes out, and in its characters we see despair and ruin. When a throne had ceased to inspire loyalty; when vice and levity were at the helm of the state; when a court had become a scene of evil; when the rulers of a people had no regard for it, and were indifferent to its wants and its intellect, in what could this moral confusion end but in the subversion of an order of things weighed in the balance of Providence and found wanting?

From Blackwood's Magazine.
NENUPHAR: A FANCY.

JULY.

ALMOST a month has passed away since Nenuphar's midnight confidences, when we take our next look at her. It is after dinner, and she is seated on a low chair by an open window in the drawing-room, contemplating with a faint, troubled look, most unusual on her calm face, Mr. Long and

Heather playing chess in the farthest corner of the room.

John Clermont, looking older and perhaps somewhat harder than he did on that June morning nineteen years ago, is conversing in low tones with Mrs. Evans on the unusual beauty of the weather they have had of late. "There will be a grand harvest," he says, conclusively; and then he rises, and goes over to the window where Nenuphar sits, and for a few moments watches her in silence. Indeed a silence seems to have fallen on the whole party. One might have said there was an angel pausing overhead, but Mr. Clermont breaks it.

"What are you thinking of, Nenuphar?"

She raises her great eyes to his, and half sighs, as she says, "Thinking of? Really I do not know."

As she thus looks up, you can see that in this month—since that day when Sebastian's shadow fell across her—a change has come over her, though where in the change exactly lies it would be hard to say. But it is there nevertheless—a half-troubled look in the blue eyes, which gives them a depth they did not possess in the days when no sorrow or joy seemed to have any power over her.

And what is it, then, that has come over her? Not jealousy of Heather, surely; for Nenuphar is a beautiful woman, and has seen so many men bow down and do homage to her, that it is impossible for her to grudge Heather her one conquest. And as to love, why, she herself acknowledged not so very long ago that the very *meaning* of the word was incomprehensible to her.

At first, after his return home, Mr. Long had believed, as so many men had done before him, that in Nenuphar Clermont he had found his ideal of all that was perfect and lovely in womanhood. But after the first few days it seemed to his passionate Southern nature there was something almost repulsive in the cold beauty, that nothing could stir out of its unnatural calm. Then he had begun to think of the other girl, so full of fire, and life, and activity; of whom his dreams had been the first night of his home-coming, and whose voice had once welcomed him back so warmly, and whose eyes had now learnt to brighten at his approach; and this vision gradually blotted out that other one that had stirred his fancy for a little while with the wonderful fascination of its beauty.

"Do you think," asked Mr. Clermont, after another little pause, spent by him in

speculating as to the likeliest question to gain him an insight into Nenuphar's thoughts—"do you think that those two," with a half movement in the direction of the chess-players, "are likely to make a match of it?"

"Do you?"

"Yes, it would not surprise me."

Nenuphar lifted her eyes then, and looked in the direction indicated. "What makes you think it?" she said; and though she spoke quietly, the very faintest tinge of pink passed over her cheeks—a very unusual show of emotion for her.

"It seems like it," said old Mr. Clermont. "To think that my little, rough, careless Heather should have lived to be preferred to a beautiful woman like you—for you are a beautiful woman, Nenuphar, there is no denying that. 'Eyes, and no eyes,' is it not?"

"Beauty is not everything."

"Perhaps not. But it is nearly everything—or rather, it is a royal road to nearly everything."

"Beauty only turns heads; it does not win hearts," said Nenuphar, softly. "Oh, I wish I knew," she went on, almost appealingly, "what it is that is wanting in me—what it is that makes me so different to every one else! Why *he*," looking towards the far-off players, "finds something almost repulsive in me. What can it be?"

"His bad taste," retorted Mr. Clermont. "Be satisfied with yourself just as you are—it is the best way. And besides, it would be folly to wish a change; for you are lovely to look upon, and nothing more should be required of a woman. Directly they grow learned they become argumentative,—and a woman who argues, ah!" and John shrugged his shoulders expressively. "No,—ignorance and beauty for women!"

"But that is not what I mean; it is not learning that makes so many women lovable,—women a thousand times plainer than I—women in every way insignificant. What is it? Oh, I wish I knew! or rather, I wish I possessed it, whatever it is."

"Do not strive after it, my dear, or you may lose the blessings you have, and perhaps gain nothing in exchange. There are peonies and water-lilies, wall-flowers and mignonette—and they are all prized, though for different reasons. You must not be grasping, and try to seize all the blessings: you may be sure they are equally divided."

"But I am not a flower," urged Nenuphar, still with that faint tone of pleading in her voice.

"Are you not, my dear?" said old John, mockingly. "I am not so sure of that!"

Now let us cross over to the chess-players for a few minutes, and see how their game is progressing.

"Check to the queen," said Sebastian. And at his words, and perhaps also at a certain inflection in his voice, and a certain tender look in his eyes, a quick, bright flush passed over Heather's face.

"Check?" she repeated, inquiringly.

Sebastian touched a black knight with his finger. "Do you not see now?"

"Then I may as well give up the game at once," she replied, somewhat petulantly, "for there seems nothing left for me to do. I do not feel in the humor for playing to-night."

"Then you will give up the game to me, will you not?" said Sebastian, in a low voice.

"No, I will not," said Heather, as she rose from her seat. "I never could bear to give up a game without fighting for it; so we will leave the pieces as they are, and put off the conclusion of the game till to-morrow, when perhaps I may have discovered some way out of my difficulties."

"That is hard upon me," said Sebastian; "for very likely if we wait till then you will have thought of some way of conquering me, whereas if I pressed my advantage now——"

"You are too generous to do that," replied Heather softly. "So good-night: I will think all to-morrow, and perhaps I shall beat you yet."

"Have you ever heard," said Sebastian, rising also, "that, next to victory, there is nothing so sweet as defeat,—if only the *right* adversary overcomes you?"

And Heather turned away, feeling that so far Sebastian had had the best of it. As to the game itself, it was written in the book of fate that it should never be played out; for the next evening, when Heather should have been making her final effort to extricate the white queen from the difficulties that surrounded her, she was out on the terrace-walk, listening to the old story.

So the white queen was conquered; though perhaps the defeat was, as Sebastian had said, as sweet as a victory would have been; for when she re-entered the drawing-room, it was as the affianced wife of Sebastian Long. In this way the game of chess was forgotten; and the next

morning, the housemaid, who had been much annoyed all the previous day by the untidy appearance the pieces presented, took upon herself to return them to their box, and thus all chance of redeeming her fortunes was taken away from Heather.

"I am glad of it," she said, when she discovered what had occurred; "for it is a sort of satisfaction, after all, to know that I gave up the game—that I was not beaten."

"Were you not?" said Sebastian—and there was a smile in his dark eyes as he spoke. "I am not so sure of that; but perhaps," he added, "I *was* the right adversary."

And then Heather, with a blush on her cheeks and a soft light in her eyes that transformed her from a somewhat plain girl into a beautiful woman—beautiful, at least, in Sebastian's eyes—crept into his arms, and laid her head upon his shoulder; and for the time being they two had reached that "kingdom fair and wide,"—that kingdom wherein lovers stand alone, seeing no footprints around of those who have trodden it before them, hearing no echo of the cries of those who have lived to descend the mountain from which they gained their view of the promised land.

As he left the house that night, and was making his way across the garden towards his own home, Sebastian was startled by Nenuphar's suddenly appearing before him.

She looked whiter and more lovely even than usual, was his first thought; the second, that it always seemed to be by moonlight that they met.

He was going to pass her with a simple "Good-night," knowing her fondness for solitary moonlight strolls, when she stopped and held out her hand as though to arrest his steps.

"Mr. Long."

"Yes?" he questioned, stopping also.

"Tell me," she said, more impulsively than he had ever heard her speak,—what is it that I want to make me liked? Liked as Heather is, for instance. No, you need not fear to pain me by telling me the truth," she went on, seeing that Sebastian hesitated. "I am not afraid, for I really want to know. I asked Heather, who is fond of me, you know, and she says I need nothing; that she would not have me changed if she could; then I asked my father, and he—well, you know him well enough to be able to guess what *he* said. Please do not think me vain for repeating it; that I was beautiful, and that

a woman should require nothing else ; but I am not satisfied. So now I come to you ; tell me, what is it other women have, that I have not ?”

Then she looked up at Sebastian with those wonderful blue eyes, which used to be so cold and unmoved, but in whose depths he fancied there was a something of softness, which for the moment made them look almost tender — or was it only a combination of moonlight and shadow on a lovely face ?”

“What is it ?” she repeated ; “tell me.”

And Sebastian looked down at her, and said quietly, “Love.”

“Given or received ?” she questioned ; but she spoke so low that it was more like the sighing of the wind than the utterance of a human voice.

“There you puzzle me,” he answered, “and I do not exactly know how to answer you,—for love begets love, and she who gives most, receives most.”

“But how am I to gain it ?”

“Give your own freely to those about you ; do not try to stand apart from the world—not even *above* it—but mingle freely with its inhabitants, and you will find one day, when you least expect it, that you have won that for which you are seeking.”

“And when one has gained it,” she queried, “is it rest, is it happiness ?”

“When you have felt its power, you will not doubt its happiness,” said Sebastian, confidently,—Heather’s soft kisses returning to his remembrance as he spoke. “It is the only foretaste of heaven that is granted us here ; and it is granted, I believe, to make us long more than ever for that place where there is no death, no parting to separate us from our beloved ones,” replied Sebastian, reverently.

“Yes, I see,” said Nenuphar, slowly. “So you think that to love some one is all I need. But supposing that I learnt this love, and that then —”

“Well ?”

“That then the one I loved did not return it ?”

“Even then,” said Sebastian, gently, “even at such terrible cost, I should think the lesson well learnt. For we should always try and remember, hard though it seems at times to believe it, that we gain more from what we give than from what we receive.”

“Thank you,” said Nenuphar, suddenly raising her eyes from the ground, and looking up into his face ; “then you think that it is *only* love that is required to make me more — what shall I say — human ?”

And the shadow of a smile passed over her face.

Sebastian did not reply.

“Good-night,” at length she said.

He took the hand she held out, and without another word turned homewards, his thoughts suddenly reverting from this strange conversation to where they had been before Nenuphar’s appearance — namely, to Heather, and her tender eyes and loving words.

AUGUST.

ONE more month has come and gone ; the summer, such a lovely summer as it has been, is nearly over ; and now John Clermont, following a study which has always been particularly interesting to him, can note the change that has come over those about him in the last three months.

Perhaps, after all, it was not so much a change as a gradual development — a gradual development of character wrought by love, the great motive power for good or evil ; in much the same way as the sunshine during these long, hot months has brought to perfection many bright, delicate flowers, but has also caused to droop and wither away their slighter, frailer sisters, that could not bear the piercing heat of its rays.

No one would ever call Heather plain now. Indeed, sometimes Sebastian, looking from her to Nenuphar, finds himself wondering how he could ever have compared the two to the disadvantage of the former. Even Mr. Clermont himself, pondering over this and that, and striving as he had striven for so many years to forget that his fellow-beings were anything else than a curious study for those who, by reason of some inward bitterness of spirit, had determined to slip aside and let the world go by,—not joining in its revels, nor yet sorrowing with its griefs, but becoming, as he had fancied he had become, a looker-on, one who could amuse himself by laughing at the slips and falls of those who passed him by, and never heed the cries of distress from those who needed help,—even he, watching Heather’s eyes as they rested on Sebastian’s face, would half wonder whether he had gone quite the right way to work to forget the grief that had so bowed him down ; whether, if he had mingled more with those around him, and had not tried so long to stand above them, he would not perhaps have hushed his grief to a gentler sleep.

And when thus perplexed, a glance at

Nenuphar would cause his conscience to prick him afresh. The study that had interested him so long was almost completed now. He knew it; the human soul he had so often laughed at her for lacking, was coming to her at last — coming slowly and surely, and bringing with it grief immeasurable, such as only those quiet, self-contained natures can feel.

Sometimes as he looked at her, and saw her watching Sebastian and Heather as they walked together in the garden, he would see come into her wide blue eyes an expression of such intense and bitter pain, that, startled and horrified, he would turn away. At such moments he would seem to hear his dead wife's voice; his dead wife's figure would rise before him, pleading by her motherhood for the motherless girl — reproaching him for the years of selfishness that were now bearing such bitter fruit. Then Mr. Clermont would answer the accusing voice by saying that, after all, he could not attach any blame to himself. He had acted most generously by her, and so the world must acknowledge.

He had saved her from certain death as a child — he had brought her up in his own home — he had denied her nothing; and now, was he to blame himself because the girl, when she was grown up, had chosen to fall in love with a man who had no thought for her?

It was nonsense — so he argued; but, all the same, the voice would make itself heard at times. He had left her alone: he had not, indeed, biassed her for evil; but, unfortunately, the mind has to be strongly biassed for good, not left to find its own way out of the evil that surrounds it.

So poor Nenuphar — for surely she needs pity now, if she never needed it before — had grown up quietly and calmly, with never a quicker pulse-beat than was strictly healthy; never a flush of pleasure at any one's appearance; never a feeling of pain at any one's departure: just living, that was all, calmly and evenly from day to day, hearing from John Clermont, or rather seeing from his manner to her, that there was something about her different to all other women; until at last, so firmly did she become imbued with the idea that she was different to those around her, that she began in a manner to feel that she ought to act up to the character assigned to her. All this till that June evening when she first saw Sebastian Long's face, and Sebastian's shadow fell across her. Then, into her tranquil mind was

borne a feeling that there was something greater to be got out of life than the mere pleasure of living from day to day, and also the knowledge that there was something essential to a perfect woman wanting in her; and whatever it was, she felt that it was making her, despite her beauty, less pleasant in Sebastian's eyes than Heather.

So she asked him that question in the moonlit garden, and from his own lips she had the answer; and then she saw him go away into the light of Heather's smiles, leaving her — having learnt her lesson, although as yet she was scarcely aware of the fact — to struggle with the knowledge, and to conquer the grief that it brought with it, as best she might, all alone.

Even now she did not give the sorrow that possessed her a name; or rather, she did not know that, like the tendrils of the vine when first they begin to grow, love must have something near at hand round which to twine; and failing a right support, it will seek about, and cling to whatever is nearest — and always supposing that there is absolutely nothing near, that it will fail and die for want of support.

"The fine weather is going, Nenuphar. Do you see those black clouds on the horizon? They mean rain, I am sure," said Heather, laying a caressing hand on her friend's shoulder; "but we ought not to grumble — we have had a lovely summer."

"It makes it all the sadder to think that it is coming to an end. I cannot bear the idea. The winter always seems so terribly long."

"I enjoy it," said Heather. "Of course I like these long cloudless days we have had lately; but, all the same, I think it would be very dull and monotonous if there were no such things as storms — if it were always sunshiny."

"That is just what Sebastian told me," said Nenuphar, dreamily.

"Did he?" and Heather blushed a soft, rosy red. "I entirely agree with him. Just in the same way that life would be dull, I fear, if it were not for its storms, which come at intervals. I am afraid we are not capable of enjoying uninterrupted sunshine at present."

"Ah, but you are so strong!" sighed Nenuphar. "I cannot bear storms." And she raised her eyes, in which that shadow of pain had now become habitual, to Heather's face.

"Cannot you?" said Heather, simply. "I should have thought you were so calm, and so far above all the rest of us, that storms would scarcely have had the power

to disturb you. Now I—I am different. I feel things dreadfully."

Nenuphar half smiled at the energy in her friend's voice.

"Do you? I think I envy you then; for perhaps it is that which makes you so lovable."

"Lovable? Scarcely that; for until Sebastian came, I do not think any one ever cared for me, but his love seems to have changed me altogether. I seem now to carry my summer about with me; perhaps that is what makes me so careless about the real summer's departure."

Into Nenuphar's eyes again came a look almost of envy.

"And you are really quite, quite happy?"

"Yes, indeed, I am," Heather replied, and then turned away at the sound of Sebastian's voice calling her name.

"What is it," cried Nenuphar, clasping her hands together, and looking towards the place where the sun was setting, amidst red angry clouds—"oh, what is it I need? He says that it is love—love given, he thinks; but whatever it is, I will discover it before I die."

She had spoken impetuously; but the momentary energy died away immediately, and the quiet, apathetic look habitual to her stole over her features, and she was outwardly calm, at least, as she also made her way back into the house.

Night,—not a soft, balmy, moonlit June night, like that first one on which Sebastian came, and cast his shadow across Nenuphar's white dress, but dark and stormy, with black clouds scudding across the sky before a westerly wind, which caused every now and then little rifts and chasms in their blackness, through which a watery moon appeared.

A night, when any one who had a roof under whose safe shelter he could rest, would seek it, and leave the outside world to those to whom a home had been denied.

But there is some one apparently who thinks differently: some one who prefers being out of doors, notwithstanding the darkness of the night, to the comfort of a sheltered room, where two lovers are playing a game of chess; a careless game, in which no move has taken place on either side for the last half-hour—and where an old man sits alternately reading and dozing in the lamplight.

"Heather, where is Nenuphar?" Mr. Clermont rouses himself at length to ask.

"I do not know, father. I think she must have gone to bed."

But no. Out in the garden, without

even a shawl over her white dress, is Nenuphar, pacing up and down, heedless of cold and rheumatism, in the narrow path that leads to the gate, through which the road runs to Sebastian's house.

In the centre of the path is a fountain; and as its waters rise up into the air, the westerly breeze, which, though strong, is not cold, plays with them, and tosses them about, causing them to spread themselves out, and fall in a silver shower around.

Presently down the path from Wykeham Manor comes the tall, dark figure of a man—a man who, as he nears the gate that separates Heather's home from his own, starts, and looks in some bewilderment at the white form before him.

"Nenuphar?" he cries, incredulously. "What are you doing out here, you foolish girl?"

"I am thinking," she replies, lifting her eyes quietly to his.

"You should think indoors on such a night as this. And what, if I may ask, were your thoughts about, that they required such a solitary spot to bring them to perfection in?"

He had turned back as he spoke, as she did not seem inclined to stand still, and walked down the path by her side, until they stood close to the fountain—almost, indeed, within reach of its waters.

"Take care—you will get wet," he said, "if you go on;" and he himself stood still, but she continued her walk two or three steps further, and then looked back to see if he were following.

Seeing he was not, she also stood still; and for a minute they both remained motionless, one on either side of the fountain, with the spray falling softly between them—for there was a lull in the tempest.

And as they thus stood, all Sebastian's old feeling of fear and dislike of the girl returned upon him, and almost with a shudder he turned, intending to leave her without breaking the silence by so much as one word, but some spell seemed laid upon him which prevented his moving. Then it was she spoke, and her voice came softly and gently over to where he stood.

"You know," she said, laying her hand on the marble basin of the fountain, and leaning slightly forward, "that I am unlike every one else; that I have no heart, or that if I have one it is different to those of other women: you yourself have told me so, so also has Mr. Clermont." She had of late rather avoided giving him the title of father. "Other men have told me so, and I have believed them, and yet been satisfied with myself; but now, Sebas-

tian," taking a step towards him, and looking up steadily into his face — "now I have determined, whatever happens, to cross the boundary line that separates me from those around; and I have a fancy, a belief — call it what you will — that if you were to kiss me once, I should wake up to a new life — should break the spell, or whatever it is, that has overshadowed me from childhood, and become like other women."

Her voice never faltered once as she made her strange request: and it did not sound, in Sebastian's ears at least, that of some sweet siren luring him away from his true love, but rather, so it seemed to him, that of a fair statue, which had been endowed with life and motion and all the outward semblance of womanhood, but who had at length discovered that the human soul with all its capabilities of joy and sorrow had been denied her, and for that human soul was pleading.

For a minute after she had spoken all was dark overhead; then through a rent in the clouds the moon appeared, and shed a soft light on the girl's white figure, and on Sebastian's dark, earnest face, as he gazed at his companion, half in surprise and half in pity. Between them the waters of the fountain ceaselessly rose and fell, causing Nenuphar, as seen through the silvery veil of spray, to appear more lovely than she had ever done before.

She moved a step forward, heedless of the shower around, which penetrated her thin dress, and even rested in bright, glittering drops on her golden hair, and waited.

Waited in silence. Not one word to break the intense stillness; not one word of self-justification, of pleading for pardon; and Sebastian, looking down at the quiet eyes and lightly-clasped hands, hesitated no longer, but stooped and kissed her once — still in utter silence — then turned to go.

But before he had time to leave her side, there rang through the night air one sharp, bitter cry — the cry of a breaking heart; and before the word "Heather," could pass his lips, he saw her standing beside them.

Such a world of grief and horror in her eyes as she stood thus, and looked from the one to the other.

And thus they all three remained for a moment. Nenuphar, her head bowed on her hands that rested on the edge of the fountain; and Sebastian and Heather gazing upon each other, wondering who would

speak first, and what the first words would be.

But after all, it was Nenuphar who broke the silence. Lifting her head and looking at Heather, and speaking as though she were repeating some lesson learned by heart, "It was all my fault, Heather," she said; "you must not blame him in the least — not even in your thoughts, Heather," she cried, going over to the girl's side, and touching her hand. "You *must* believe me, however hard it may be; I have never told you a lie in all my life — have I? Well, on the strength of that, believe me now, and do as I bid you. Ask Sebastian to tell you everything, and when he has done so, believe him implicitly, and try to forgive me, will you? Promise me that you will."

"Yes," said Heather, speaking slowly, and as if she were not quite awake; "I will try. But, oh! what are you, who are you, that you could do such a thing?"

"What am I? I am only Nenuphar, you know," said the other sadly; then before Heather could speak again, she turned towards Sebastian. "You must not try to shield *me*," she said, half pleadingly; "tell her *everything*."

Sebastian did not answer. What was this girl, with her strange, wild fancies, to him, compared with Heather's shattered love and trust? So he looked away from her white face — away from her eyes, into which had passed at length a woman's loving, grieving soul — to the slight figure beyond.

"Heather," he cried, stretching out his arms towards her, "you have *loved* me, have you not? Cannot you *trust* me a little?" And Heather, after one second's hesitation, in which she had a glimpse of what a future might be, from which both love and faith had been swept away, moved closer to him — into the shelter of his outstretched arms.

"I trust you, Sebastian," was all she said. "Yes, I trust you implicitly."

"Then you must prove it, dear, for I will not tell you anything until to-morrow. You really must not stay here any longer," Sebastian said, kissing her. "What made you come out this chilly night?"

"I thought I should like one turn before going to bed; one turn in this garden that always speaks to me of you," she replied, low and tenderly.

"Well, good-night again, for there is the rain; I know it must come soon. And to-morrow I will tell you everything; till then, farewell!"

Then as she turned in silence to go back to the house, he drew her towards him again, and whispered, "Once more, Heather, let me tell you that if you had not trusted me, — if you had refused to hear me, and had left me, as I at first feared you might, without giving me a chance of explaining myself, — ah," he broke off abruptly, "I cannot bear to think what my life might have been!"

"But I love you, you see," said Heather, simply.

And neither of them, as they stood thus, looking in each other's eyes, and reading there the happiness that was so surely in store for them, had one thought for the girl who had for a moment come between them, and who had then crept away into the darkness, alone with her sorrow.

Heedless of the rain that was now falling heavily, Sebastian stood and watched Heather's retreating form; then he too turned to make his way to his own home, and as he did so, a heavy clap of thunder sounded overhead, — the summer was indeed over!

The morning dawned dark and unpromising; and what with the war of elements without, and the remembrance of last night's work within, it was with something of a heavy heart that Heather made her appearance.

"Where is Nenuphar?" her father questioned.

But Heather had not been into her friend's room, and had as yet seen nothing of her; very likely she was not up. "You know, father, how she dislikes a dreary day."

Afterwards, when Heather went upstairs to look for her, she found the room deserted.

"Surely she has not gone out in all this rain! What can she be thinking of?"

But on closer examination she saw that the bed had not been slept in.

And at that sight a foreboding of evil crept into Heather's heart, that she hastened down-stairs to confide to her father.

"Father, you do not think it possible, do you, that Nenuphar has run away?" she said, after relating what she had seen.

habit of deception is regarded according to the age and position of those who practise it. Children, as soon as they become capable of distinguishing right and wrong, are taught to look upon deceit as one of the worst sins that can be committed. Boys at school are not only taught the beauty of truth by their masters, but, in a certain rough fashion, reverence it among themselves. A boy, for instance, who parades ostentatiously to his master an assumed steadiness of principle and submissiveness of demeanor is very soon branded with the odious title of sneak. On the other hand, occasions arise in schoolboy life when by sticking to a deliberate falsehood, a boy may gain for himself the reputation of a hero among his fellows. This, however, is a detail of the curious system of schoolboy morality, the unwritten laws of which might afford an interesting matter for study. Girls, it would seem, are by nature more inclined to untruthfulness than boys; but this inclination is really very often the result of moral cowardice, a defect which it may be said is as common to boys and men as to girls and women. But in the one case there are deterrent influences, absent in the other, which often lead to the attempt at overcoming, or at any rate concealing, this fault. A boy who has invented a story to save himself from a scrape, and is found out, is generally made to feel in some tangible way that he has been guilty of a gross blunder, if not of a crime. He becomes conscious that his conduct has gained him nothing but a punishment and the scorn of the community. With girls the matter is somewhat different; some form of punishment may be inflicted, but the sense of having done a shameful thing is less frequently and less strongly inculcated. A girl who has been detected in a falsehood may be teased on the subject by her companions, but she will not be shunned and despised. Thus she is very likely to learn early in life the great maxim that it is not crime but detection that one ought to avoid. Among a certain class of grown-up women there is little more disgrace attached to untruthfulness than among girls; and this, it must be said, is to a great extent the fault of men, who so diligently assure women that they are by nature untruthful that it is small wonder if they end by believing the assertion and acting upon it. It also occurs that certain women who have cultivated a love for truth become disgusted at the general weakness of their sex in this respect, and fly in consequence to the opposite extreme. They judge it neces-

From The Saturday Review.

THE ART OF DECEPTION.

ONE of the most singular inconsistencies to be observed in every-day life is found in the different manner in which the

sary to employ some striking means for convincing the world that they are not as other women are, and that whatever they say is trustworthy, and they therefore affect an irritating sharpness of manner and an uncomfortable habit of saying the most disagreeable things they can. In order to avoid flattery, they overwhelm one with bitter criticism. Perhaps they are, however, more tolerable, inasmuch as they at least act from principle, than the women of the world who are accomplished in the art of deception, and employ all its resources to wound any one against whom they have a grudge. Their words are to those of the woman who flaunts her truthfulness in one's face as the bite of a snake to the chance blow of a bludgeon. Both, however, may be said to be results, in opposite directions, of the same system. The most dangerous woman probably in the matter of untruth is she who, with a frank manner, a pleasant smile, and the honest appearance of Iago, will look you full in the face and tell you what she knows to be a deliberate lie. And such people are commoner than may be generally supposed, inasmuch as the fallacy that a person skilled in the art of deception cannot look others in the face is still very generally entertained, although it has been often enough exposed.

Among men the practice of falsehood is perhaps not more rare than among women; but it is apt to take a less harmful form. There are many women who are known to devote themselves to the propagation of untruths, or, what are more dangerous, half-truths, and who suffer very little in social estimation or position. But a man, and there are of course many such, who spends his time in circulating malicious reports, in collecting the raw gossip of clubs, decking and adorning it after his own fashion, and sending it out again in a complete and finished form, is likely to get little by his pains but contempt, except, indeed, among a circle of scandalous old women, who are always ready to welcome him. The men who lie with success, if so hard a name as lying ought to be given to their practices, are those who have some resemblance to Corneille's *Menteur*, who are led away by force of imagination, and also by a certain feeling for artistic effect. These men are most usually found amongst Irishmen, and their method was pretty accurately hit off by a late judge, who observed that Irish witnesses could never be trusted. "But, my lord," said one of the counsel, "your lordship's father was Irish." "Yes," was the answer; "I

meant that they had a picturesque roundabout way of putting things. They are all very eloquent." These people begin to tell you a story, and as they go on some detail which would be valuable in completing its effect suggests itself to them. The impression that it ought to have happened is so strong that it at last develops into a belief that it did happen; and, as one detail after another rises in this way into the narrator's mind, a gorgeous structure is raised where at first there was the only intention of laying down a brick. And, as the habit gains upon the man who falls into it, it may no doubt happen that he arrives at building up his towering stories of fancy without any foundation of fact. We remember one professor of the art of deception of this kind who had carried his system to something near perfection. He excelled all his rivals by virtue of never making a mistake. He had different sets of visions wherewith to dazzle his different sets of friends. To literary men he always appeared in the character of a man who combined scholarship with vast worldly knowledge, and would flash before their eyes his intimate acquaintance with distinguished military officers, well-known men of fashion, and so on. At an army mess, on the other hand, he was full of stories of what this or that great novelist or poet had said to him in confidence. And, whether by instinct or practice, or a combination of both, he was never known to tell the wrong kind of story to the wrong person.

This is, after all, only the carrying out in mature life of the tendency to invention not rarely found in children, who, especially those who have no companions of their own age, are very apt to live in an imaginary world where they enjoy countless honors and dignities. How far it is desirable to check this tendency must always be something of a puzzle to parents and guardians. By rebuking the child who spends hours in fashioning a tale of wonderful events, and becomes so fascinated by the working of his fancy that he cannot but think it real, they may possibly be checking the faculty that would have made its possessor a poet, a painter, or a musician. On the other hand, if the child's imagination is allowed to run riot as much as it pleases, a habit of complete disregard for truth may be engendered of which the consequences are most disastrous. But it may of course only grow into the skilful practice of that judicious art of humbug which is invaluable to any one bent on making his way in the world.

The pleasant manner which indicates that its possessor has a greater regard for the person to whom he is speaking than for any one else in the world is an acquirement that may be of great use. Only it must be employed judiciously. The person who practises it should be able to discern at a glance whether his interlocutor is likely to resent this appearance of intense sympathy as humbug, or to accept it as a tribute to his own powers of fascination. There are people to whom this peculiar manner is natural, and in whom it probably springs from real kindness; and there are others who deliberately acquire it, and use it with a definite purpose, and it is perhaps rather hard upon good-natured people with a naturally agreeable manner that they should be constantly confounded with professors of humbug. In excuse for these last it might be remembered that pleasant manners are by no means such a drug in the social market that they ought to be rejected without very strong reasons.

Perhaps, of all forms of deception, self-deception is the most dangerous, as it may be the most successful. A man who deceives himself, if he does it thoroughly, will find it easy to make others believe in him. It may always be matter for wonder to those who live with him and know him well how far he carries his self-deception, whether he deliberately imagines himself to be what he is not, and to have what he has not, or whether he lives in a dream out of which he takes care never to wake; but this will not interfere with his success in imposing his own view of his attributes upon outside personages. There are some people whose habit it is to tell long and romantic stories about themselves, who will regulate their actions day after day as if these stories were realities, and who, when some well-meaning but officious friend tries to undeceive them by pointing out the falseness of their hopes and indeed of their lives, will only look upon him as a jealous enemy, and add to their self-deception another prop to support it. One's first thought about such self-deceivers as these is that one day their fall must indeed be great; but one may be disappointed, agreeably or not, by finding that when one thought they were digging pits for themselves, they were in truth raising steps to greatness. And at any rate one thing is tolerably certain, that if a man has not some strong belief in himself, which he may or may not express on every possible occasion to other men, he will find it difficult to convince the

general public of a merit in which he has no personal trust.

From The Saturday Review.

NAMES AND ARMS OF THE GERMAN NOBILITY.*

DR. GRASSE is one of the most indefatigable of antiquaries. A few years ago he published a bulky collection of the legends of the Prussian state — that is to say, of all the countries that were under the dominion of Prussia in the year 1868. This was followed by a collection of other legends proper to the kingdom of Saxony. Then we had all that could be obtained at the time respecting the superstitions connected with German history, brought together under the title "*Jägerbrevier*," soon followed by a second volume with the special name "*Hubertusbrüder*." This year he presents the world with a collection of the legends associated with the origin of the old German nobles, with special references to their armorial bearings, where these can be ascertained. That the book, as it at present stands, is far from complete, is evidently felt by Dr. Grasse himself. Many names no less deserving of notice than many that are made conspicuous are apparently ignored; and, while the story of some families is decorated with a woodcut representing the coat of arms, others are without such illustration. These inconsistencies are to be ascribed, not to carelessness, but to the rule of chance to which the collector has been subjected. What he has discovered he tells us, and what he has not discovered he of necessity leaves out. He hopes that some of the scions of the nobility who have family records and coats of arms yet unpublished will look upon this first edition of his work as a kind of invitation to supply him with matter to make his second more perfect.

To criticise such a book as a whole is impossible. The families are placed in alphabetical order, so that the only thread by which the legends are connected is that provided by the series of initial letters. We content ourselves, therefore, with selecting a few of the legends, some on account of the stories themselves, some on account of the name or title with which they are associated.

Coronations afforded a convenient op-

* *Geschlechtsnamen und Wappensagen des Adels deutscher Nation*. Zusammengestellt von Dr. J. G. Th. Grasse. Dresden: Schönfeld. 1876.

portunity for conferring the honor of knighthood. Thus, it is said, when Charles the Great was crowned as emperor, Count Alvo brought the imperial banner from Brunswick, and, as a reward for this service, his escutcheon was emblazoned with three white roses, as a symbol of spotless honor and moral purity. The family of Andrassy, whose name has of late been so conspicuously before the world, owes its arms to a tournament held at Gran by St. Stephen in the year 1000, when he was crowned king of Hungary. A foreign knight had unhorsed many competitors, and shown himself somewhat insolent in consequence, when a Magyar, of Scythian descent, named Andorás, challenged him to mortal combat. The challenge having been accepted, Andorás, in the presence of the whole assembly, severed the head and right shoulder of his heavily-armed adversary from the body with a single blow. On account of this exploit he was allowed to bear on his shield a man in armor, placed between two lions, erect, who held a crown. Through his subsequent marriage he became founder of the Andrassy family in all its branches. The story is told, however, in another way, with especial reference to a crest representing a Magyar brandishing a sabre. When, we read, St. Stephen was crowned at Stuhlweissenburg in 1100 (*sic*), a strange knight came before him complaining that a lady betrothed to him had fled, and was now in the queen's train. The king promised to repair the wrong if the plaint was just; but learned from the lady, Elsbeth of Elmenau, that her relatives, treating her as an orphan, had assigned her against her will to Willibald of Lundenburg, the complaining stranger, to escape from whose clutches she had fled to the protection of the queen, having bestowed her affections upon another. This was the Magyar noble Andorás, who had seen Elsbeth at the court of Bavaria, while the queen resided there. To settle the dispute, the king adopted the ordinary expedient of a judicial combat, which took place on the following day, when Andorás smote off the head and the right hand of his opponent. He was rewarded with the hand of Elsbeth, and was appointed governor of Transylvania. Of three sons, the issue of his marriage, only one survived, the founder of the house of Andrassy. The second story is the more complete of the two; the regular spot for the coronation of the Hungarian kings for several centuries was Stuhlweissenburg, and

the manifestly incorrect date (1100) may simply be a misprint.

The arms of the house of Berg underwent strange alterations. At first both these and the family name corresponded to the situation of the ancestral castle, which was perched on a mountain (*Berg*), with a brook (*Bach*) at its feet, and on its summit a tree (*Baum*), on which was a flower (*Blume*), more specifically a rose. On the conversion of the castle into a monastery, the painted objects disappeared, and were represented by four B's, placed in the quarters formed by a cross. The line of princes, however, which comprised the counts of the Mark and of Ysenburg, retained the rose, until one of the latter branch disgraced it in 1223 by the murder of his kinsman St. Engelbert, archbishop of Cologne, and it was replaced by a lion. Connected with the earlier arms of this family is a remarkable legend. The first count had a virtuous wife, who had become the mother of two sons, when he departed on a warlike expedition with the emperor. During his absence the retainer to whom he had entrusted the care of his home made dishonorable proposals to the lady, and was of course repelled. The man, in consequence, revenged himself by hastening to the Imperial army in Bohemia, and so worked upon the count by fabrications concerning the countess that the unhappy gentleman hurried home — which, it should be borne in mind, was in the vicinity of Cologne — killed his wife without letting her utter so much as a word in her defence, and had his sons placed in a wood, that they might be devoured by wolves. Their disastrous condition moved the Holy Virgin, who caused a hedge of roses, impenetrable to beasts of prey, to grow round the infants, and attended them as a mother. This prodigy was observed from a neighboring height, and reported to the count, who was convinced, too late, of his wife's innocence. The traitor, of course, was punished with death; and of the two sons, one, Adolph, succeeded his father, the other, Bruno, became archbishop of Cologne. On the spot where the children had been found a chapel was erected in honor of the Virgin, the site of which was afterwards occupied by the celebrated abbey of Altenberg.

The lion with two tails which appears in the arms of Bohemia had several predecessors. First came a red cauldron representing the vessel in which the patron of the country, St. Vitus, suffered martyrdom through a bath of boiling oil. This was

followed by an eagle, which afterwards made way for a lion argent with a golden crown on its head. This was conferred by the emperor in 1159 as an acknowledgment of the valor which the Bohemians had displayed at Milan. To increase the force of the compliment the painter had placed the lion in such a position as to leave the tail unseen; but the Bohemians, far from gratified, complained that the animal was more like an ape than anything else. On hearing that the Bohemians attached such great value to tails, the emperor gave the lion two, which remain to the present day.

The house of Metternich is fortunate in having a legend to account for the first part of its name. The emperor Henry II. had the greatest confidence in the captain of his bodyguard, who was named Metter, and thereby awakened the envy of certain courtiers, who, imitating the favorite's handwriting, wrote a treasonable letter, and contrived to let this fall, as if by accident, in the emperor's way. The stratagem failed, for Henry had no sooner read it than he quietly put it aside, with the words "*O Metter nicht!*" (No, not Metter!) On the captain's entrance he was greeted by all present with the emperor's exclamation, which, with the slightest alteration, is repeated in the family name.

The arms of Würtemberg are connected by tradition with the fall of the house of Hohenstauffen, whose three black lions, each with one red paw, occupy half the escutcheon. When the young Conradin of Swabia took leave of his mother and departed for Italy, he left with her his favorite lion, a present from the shah of Persia, and she kept it in her castle at Ravensburg. No news about Conradin had been received for a long time; but one day the lion, who was perfectly tame, came in from the courtyard whining, with one of its fore-paws stained with blood. The phenomenon was inexplicable; but a week afterwards a messenger arrived with the sad story of Conradin's untimely end, and it appeared that the young prince had been beheaded on the very day when the lion had been so strangely affected. As a memorial of this count, the black lions of the Hohenstauffen had each a paw painted red, and these passed into the hands of their heirs, the house of Würtemberg. In the royal arms the black lion that supports the shield has the same peculiarity.

The family of Stein von Altenstein boast of a descent from the god Thor, and thus account for three hammers in the shield. There is a popular legend, however, which

gives a different interpretation to the escutcheon. During the troublous time that immediately followed the death of the emperor Frederick II., Eyring, Bishop of Würzburg, murdered with his own hand eleven out of twelve brothers Altenstein in their own castle, whither he had been hospitably invited, and the twelfth, named Herdagen, would have shared the same fate had he not made his escape and fled to Vienna, where for some years he gained his livelihood by working as a mason. His trade is indicated by the hammers. According to an old poem, Herdagen was killed with the others, having first, in self-defence, cut off the bishop's nose, and the race would have been extinct had there not been a surviving member, named Seyfried, in Franconia.

A somewhat romantic story is connected with the old ducal house of Zähringen, from which the grand dukes of Baden derive their origin, and of which a monument remains in the neighborhood of Freiburg. The earliest ancestors of the race were, it seems, charcoal-burners, who pursued their vocation in the mountains. One of them chanced to light upon a vein of silver, and soon accumulated a large treasure, which he kept concealed. About the same time an emperor (name unknown) was dethroned, and fled with his family and retinue to the Kaiserstuhl Mountain in the Breisgau, where he endured bitter miseries, which moved him even to tears. He did not, however, lose all hope, but issued a proclamation to the effect that any one who would restore him should be rewarded with a dukedom and the hand of his daughter. The charcoal-burner responded to the call, and appeared before the emperor with some specimens of his silver, and, on condition that he received the adjacent district, together with the lady's hand, offered to bring as much of the precious metal as would lead to the recovery of the throne. The terms were accepted, the emperor was restored, and made his son-in-law Duke of Zähringen, to denote that his tears (*Zähren*) had been dried through the good offices of the charcoal-burner. The title became extinct in 1218, but its vitality in the popular memory is attested by the fact that the Zähringen-Hof is one of the chief hotels in Freiburg.

The legend which accounts for the arms of the very ancient house of Prittwitz claims notice because of its oddity. The founder of that house was a Slavonian warrior, who did military service in Mauritania, and was particularly famed for his

proficiency at chess. A Moorish princess, who was also a good player, hearing him boast of his skill, challenged him to a game, and on his inquiring what should be the stake, replied that the winner should have the privilege of hitting the loser on the head with the chess-board. He agreed, won the game, and dealt the princess so smart a blow on the head that he drew blood, and her wound had to be bandaged. The king, whoever he might have been, so highly admired not only the skill, but, what is more extraordinary, the magnanimity (*Grossmuth*) of the ungallant Slav, that he raised him to a high office, and allowed him to carry a chequered shield, surmounted by the princess without arms, and with a bandaged head as a crest. When the successor of this ancient Philidor settled in Silesia, the people called him Bretfitzen or Bretwitzen, signifying that he was witty (*witzig*) or sharp at the board (*Brett*), and this name easily converted itself into Prittwitz. A similar story is told of the Silesian house of Löben. In this the warrior, having fallen into the hands of the infidels, played a game of chess with the Moorish queen Pelusa, on the condition that if he lost his head should be forfeit. He was the winner, and the queen, not content with sparing his life (*Leben*), whence is derived the name Löben, gave him a large sum of money, and appointed him general in the wars against the king of Egypt, and allowed him to bear her image on his escutcheon. The Löben, according to all our notions of chivalry, can tell a more creditable tale than the Prittwitz, but it should be observed that the Moorish figure in both coats of arms has its head similarly bound.

The origin of the arms of the Bohemian heroes Pardubitz and Stara is connected with the famous siege of Milan in 1158 by the emperor Frederick Barbarossa. One night the Bohemians, who had been brought by the duke Wratisslaw to the assistance of the emperor, had climbed the walls of the besieged city, and had penetrated as far as the market-place, when a struggle ensued, and they were driven back by the citizens. They had secured a retreat by bursting open the gate, through which all made their way, with the exception of Geschek of Pardubitz, who, still fighting, remained behind the rest, until at last a voice from the city called upon the warder to let fall the portcullis. The order was obeyed, and just as Geschek was passing through the gate, his horse was cut in half close behind him. The hinder half, as he boasted, he left for the

benefit of the "Wälschen," the other he brought to the Bohemian camp, where his king knighted him, and allowed him to bear half a white horse on his shield.

As this story may remind some readers of an incident in the life of the fictitious traveller Münchhausen, the two halves of whose horse led a merry life after their separation, we may affix to it, before we take leave of Dr. Grässe, the legend associated with the veritable Münchhausen of Thuringia. In their earliest times the family was simply called Hausen; and when at last all had died out with the exception of one who was a monk, the pope, who took pity on the survivor, allowed him to marry, and he had a son, named Heine, who did such good service under the emperor Frederick II. as to be allowed to bear the effigy of a monk on his shield and to be called "Münchhausen."

From Nature.

THE GERMAN EXPEDITION TO SIBERIA.*

THE travellers left Saissan on May 31, and arrived in Maiterek on June 4, in the company of his excellency the governor-general of west Siberia, General Pottaratzki, whom they met two nights previous to their arrival. Three tarantassas drawn by artillery horses conveyed them from Saissan on to the shores of the Black Irtisch. Their way led again through the steppe mostly covered with *dschi*, a kind of short, thick grass, with here and there patches of white alkaline soil; but after some time their eyes were refreshed by the appearance of a few trees, their number increased until the country became wooded, and therefore they hoped soon to reach the river. In the evening they saw before them the banks of the stream, swelled by the recent rain into a majestic river, its waters of a yellowish-brown color. For two hundred versts into China the stream is navigable for steamers, but up to this time it is not used as a means of communication. Beautiful trees bordered the river, and it was a pleasant change for the travellers, who had seen no trees since the Ala Tau, to find magnificent poplars, aspens, and many other trees and bushes. Though the steppe is grand yet it becomes tedious after a while. The travellers continued their journey in a *lotka* (a sort of boat) belonging to a rich Kirghiz, who is

* Abstract of the third and fourth letters dated from Maiterek, June 5, and a valley in the Tau Teke Mountains, in the Chinese Altai, June 11, respectively.

one of the fishers of the Saissan Nor (Saissan Lake). The lotka was propelled by two enormous oars worked in turn by eight Kirghiz or eight Cossacks. The journey down the Irtisch was rendered delightful by the beautiful vegetation near its banks, and the abundance of birds made it a perfect eldorado for the naturalist. They were tempted to stay here, but "heida" (Kirghisian for "on") was the call, which they had to obey. Gradually the strength and width of the river decline as it gets narrowed in by dense masses of reeds. In the evening they reached the settlements of some fishermen, resembling those seen in Norway—here as there frames for drying the fish, here as there the same disagreeable smell, so attractive for the black Milans, of which they shot a specimen of the Indian variety. A quantity of fish was caught, amongst them splendid specimens of a kind of coregonus, carp, barbel, and sturgeon, the roe of which is prepared as caviare. Towards evening they landed amidst dense reeds.

Early on June 2 an excursion to the neighboring lake was made. On the banks were a good many persons fishing, and numbers of birds—amongst them the East-Indian kind of the bald eagle (*Haliaeetus leucoryphus*), sitting in pairs on the trunks of dead trees—were animating the shores of the river and the reeds. About half past seven—sunset—they landed; Kirghiz with camels and horses were awaiting them, and they proceeded on their journey over the most desolate steppe imaginable towards the north. This steppe was very stony and sparsely covered with vegetation; only at the outskirts the crippled brushwood of the Saik-Saul, of a myrtle-like appearance, was to be found; further on nothing but bare gravel; eye-witnesses told the travellers that the appearance of this steppe was quite analogous to that of the Desert of Gobi. For seven hours' march there was no water, although in spring this steppe is quite impracticable as the water then flowing down the mountains forms ponds and swamps in the loamy parts. Often they passed the dry beds of such ponds, looking like mosaic by reason of the frequent and regular cracks in the dry mud. Here the spermophilus was met with for the first time, and later on three kulans, the wild solipede of these parts of Asia (more horse than ass), accompanied by a young one. Never were the mirages seen more beautiful than on this steppe, though occurring every day, here were splendid blue lakes with trees on the

shores so distinctly that they could fancy them to be real. Several other times Saiga antelopes were seen and kulans, once seven at a time, but none were obtained. At last they came to a depression and found a bad but welcome spring; they rested here for a few hours. On proceeding they had soon to pass through a hilly country covered with slate. This part was interesting for the geologist: granite followed immediately upon slate, then slate and granite, after this quartz, white and grey, and with this a coarse-grained sandstone. On June 4 they reached the outlyers of the Altai; here they saw a numerous fauna and many settlements of the Kirghiz with their cattle. The outlyers consist of granite, crystallized slate, and a hornblend porphyry; they are fantastically shaped but quite bare, yet not without some picturesque beauty. The zigzag road led up-hill. At last they saw in the distance a lovely valley with green trees, and with the joyous cry of "Maiterek" the Kirghisian guide galloped downward, followed as fast as possible by the others, to a yurt camp, situated in a wood of aspen trees near a murmuring rivulet. This was the place where the governor-general was expected, and at last, accompanied by many Kirghiz, his Excellency the governor arrived with a large escort, including ladies. A friendly welcome was exchanged, and after having rested a little while the whole procession moved onward, as fifteen more versts lay still between them and Maiterek.

The travellers proceeded on their journey towards the Altai in the company of the governor-general, his wife, and daughter, on June 6. The weather was most unfavorable from their departure up to their arrival in the Altaian Staniza on June 11, and now they had to undergo all the hardships from which travellers have more or less to suffer. The roads they had to traverse led nearly always along the steep narrow banks of rapid mountain streams, or along the verge of a threatening abyss, or they crossed over vast accumulations of snow filling up the ravines.

On the summit of the pass, about six thousand feet high, covered with grass as yet undeveloped, was a splendid view of the distant Saik Saur mountains behind Saissan; a pale yellow line extended from these up to the horizon like the ocean,—it was the steppe. Beautiful meadows covered with yellow and purple pansies were discernible in the valleys between the plateaus, wooden Kirghisian tombs, somewhat resembling log huts, gave to the

whole the appearance of an Alpine landscape. It was strange to see the mole (*spalax*) burrowing at this height, where trees—even the hardy larch-tree—had disappeared. One night's rest was spent in a yurt camp near the lake Marka Kul. They approached it along the steep shores of the river Kuldschir, the sole outlet of the lake, and one of the tributaries of the black Irtisch. The view here was delightful, the lake of an azure color, surrounded on all sides by mountains rising fifteen hundred feet above its surface, covered with snow, and partly wooded. The banks of the lake are very steep and indented here and there with deep bays. With their nets they secured many fine fishes, which, apart from their scientific interest, were welcomed as a pleasant change to their every-day fare of mutton. There is an abundance of fish in the Marka Kul, but it is caught only by the Chinese Kirghiz and the Russian Altaian peasant, and that in a very primitive way. Generally they divert one or other of the small tributaries from its course, and the fish remaining in the dry bed are caught.

In spite of the dangers of the roads, the governor's wife had availed herself of every possible opportunity to photograph the most beautiful parts of the wild mountain scenery about them: this excellent horsewoman rode without fear or giddi-

ness, never dismounting even at the most dangerous places.

The travellers resumed their journey on June 9, but the bad weather still followed them; they passed through large virgin forests, along the borders of abysses nearly a thousand feet deep; at last they camped on a green meadow facing the Tau Teké Mountains (Steinbock Mountains), so called on account of the numbers of steinbock found there. Early on June 11 a steinbock hunt was attempted, thirty Kirghiz on horseback acting as drivers, but they did not get anything. On going on, in about an hour they reached the top of the pass, the Burchat; here they saw two cairns with poles before them, the Chinese frontier poles, and now they left the Celestial Empire and rode on into Siberian territory, slowly descending from the height of about eight thousand feet, where trees ceased to grow; the descent soon became steeper and steeper, and at last so rapid that even Cossacks and Kirghiz were obliged to dismount. When they reached the plain they were surprised to see the vegetation, trees, bushes, and flowers, so much richer than at the Ala Tau. Also in this camp the governor was welcomed by a deputation of Kirghiz, and after a short rest they rode on to the Altaian Staniza, a military post.

POISONOUS ENAMEL.—The thanks of every good housewife, as well as every one who has the good fortune to be catered for by such, are due to Mr. Tatlock, the analytical chemist, for the pains he has taken (says the *Glasgow News*) to demonstrate the dangers that lurk in enamelled cooking utensils. It is a common and very natural belief that vessels lined with a substance not distinguishable by the ordinary eye from porcelain are perfectly safe for all kinds of cooking. Mr. Tatlock finds that while this is true of some, made by certain manufacturers, it is the very reverse of the truth as regards others. In the *Sanitary Record* for September the 23rd will be found his analysis of three samples of the so-called porcelain. Without going into chemical details, it is enough to say that two out of the

three contain very large quantities of lead, one as much as twenty-five per cent. of its weight. This lead is in an uncombined, or feebly combined condition, and is liable to be dissolved by very feeble acid solutions. There is probably no fruit except strawberries that would not dissolve it freely, and there can be little doubt that even water boiled in the vessels would take up a quantity quite sufficient to injure health. In addition to this, one of the samples contained over one per cent. of arsenic, another nearly a half per cent., and the third a mere trace, or, to be accurate, 1-50th per cent. Mr. Tatlock would add to the favor he has conferred upon the public if he would tell us which manufacturer avoids these dangerous ingredients.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume XVI. }

No. 1695. — December 9, 1876.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CXXXI. }

CONTENTS.

| | | |
|--|--------------------------------------|-----|
| I. LONDON ALMS AND LONDON PAUPERISM, . | <i>Quarterly Review,</i> . . . | 579 |
| II. WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH. By Sarah Tytler, author of "Lady Bell," etc. Part XXI., | <i>Good Words,</i> | 595 |
| III. THE RINGS OF SATURN. — Recent Discov- eries. By Richard A. Proctor, | <i>Fraser's Magazine,</i> | 603 |
| IV. CHARLOTTE BRONTE. A MONOGRAPH. Con- clusion, | <i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i> | 611 |
| V. THE LAWS OF DREAM-FANCY, | <i>Cornhill Magazine,</i> | 627 |
| POETRY. | | |
| THE SILENT POOL, | 578 A MODEL MAIDEN, | 578 |
| MISCELLANY, | | 640 |

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, *remitted directly to the Publishers*, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage*.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

THE SILENT POOL.

BENEATH the surface of the crystal water
Metallic shines a floor of frosted green;
Uneven, like a depth of emerald lichen,
Thro' ranks of dark weeds gleams its fairy sheen.

Horsetails of varied growth and plumage
sombre,
Like ancient warriors in dark armor dight;
Like fair young maidens' arms the prism-hued
grass-leaves,
Clinging in fond embrace before the fight.

Round and about this silent pool the ash-trees
Bend down in thirsty eagerness to drink;
Amid their gray-green leaves show, keenly
vivid,
Long feathering laurel-sprays that clothe the
brink.

High up in air, some thirty feet or over,
A wild white rose above the footpath clings;
Fearless she clasps a tough, unyielding ash-
trunk,
And o'er the pool gay wreaths of blossom
flings.

Idly I drop a pebble in the water,
Each sombre horsetail nods a plumed head;
Like pearl or opal gem, the stone sinks slowly,
Transmuted ere it reach its emerald bed.

Mystic the emerald hue beneath the water,
Weirdlike this tint by which the scene is
haunted;
Vainly I ask my senses if they wake,
Or is the deep and silent pool enchanted?

Now as the widening ripple circles shoreward,
The plumed dusky warriors file away;
The slender grass-blades wave bright arms
imploring,
Streaking with tender green the grim array.

Leafless, a gaunt-armed giant oak, storm-
scathed,
In gnarled bareness overhangs the pool;
Fantastic show its knotted limbs contorted,
Grotesque and gray among the leafage cool.

Caught here and there amid the feathered
foliage
Are glimpses of the far hills' softened blue,
While overhead the clouds, snow-white and
fleecy,
Float slowly on a yet intenser hue.

From Norman times 'tis said, maybe from
Saxon,
This calm tree-circled lake secluded lay,
Pure as an infant's breast, its crystal mirror
Baring its inmost depths to gaze of day.

Some specks there are, some clay-flakes on its
surface,
To open view revealed, like childish sin;
No roots have they, nor downward growth, to
canker
The purity that dwells the pool within.

Mystic the em'rald hue beneath the water,
Fairy the tint by which the scene is haunted;
Vainly I ask my senses if they wake,
Or is the clear and silent pool enchanted?

The swallow flits two-bodied o'er the water,
Its four wings like a windmill's sails out-
spread;
Through the dark horsetails shoot the silver
grayling,
To seize the May-fly skimming overhead.

Flying from lawless love — so runs the story —
A maiden plunged beneath this silent wave;
There, where a holly sits the bank so closely,
She sprang and sank — beyond all power to
save.

Six hundred years and more since that dark
legend,
Legend that stained a king with lasting
shame —
And still the deep and silent pool lies crystal,
Crystal and clear as that poor maiden's
fame.

Yet mystic is the hue beneath the water;
Unreal the tint by which the scene is
haunted; —
Again I ask my senses if they wake,
Or if the silent pool's indeed enchanted?
Macmillan's Magazine. K. S. M.

A MODEL MAIDEN.

'Tis not alone that she is fair,
And hath a wealth of golden hair;
'Tis not that she can play and sing,
To charm a critic or a king;
'Tis not that she is gentle, kind,
And wears no chignon huge behind,
Nor high-heeled boot, nor corset laced
To show her slenderness of waist;
'Tis not that she can talk with ease
On well-nigh any theme you please;
'Tis not that she can row, and ride,
And do a dozen things beside: —
The reasons why I love Miss Brown
Are that she never wears a frown,
Ne'er sulks, or pouts, or mopes, or frets,
Or fusses about "styles" or "sets;"
Ne'er nurses lapdogs by the fire,
Nor bids her friends their charms admire;
Ne'er bets upon the Derby day,
And when she's lost omits to pay;
By bonnets does not bound her talk,
And is not indisposed to walk;
Ne'er bullies her small brothers, nor
Esteems their childish games a bore;
With pigments ne'er her cheek defiles,
Nor practises coquettish wiles;
Needs not a maid to pack her things,
Nor plagues papa for diamond rings;
On biscuits is content to lunch;
Loves Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, and *Punch*.
Never descends to vulgar slang,
And ne'er was known the door to bang!

Punch.

From The Quarterly Review.
LONDON ALMS, AND LONDON PAU-
PERISM.*

A WISE man has said, "Set thyself to do good, and thou shalt have sweet moments and bitter hours : nevertheless, thou must do good to thy neighbor, or thou art not worthy of God's gifts." The self-rewarding nature of acts of benevolence is greatly overstated. To those who enter the field from impulse and emotional self-indulgence, they offer only that evanescent glow which results from all excitement. To those who put their hand to the plough in earnest, and especially in such a soil as London now presents, they are alternately exercises of the sternest faith and purest self-denial, and temptations to doubt, and even to despair. In no career must the heart be more carefully ridden by the head than in a career of philanthropy. When we try to imitate the divine attribute of love, we are soon reminded of the need of that of divine wisdom as well. So difficult is the right control of that passion of so-called charity — only too ardent and spontaneous in many — that it may be said of it, as of another passion as hard to restrain, "*Do good and sin not.*" As a science truly must the art of doing good be treated ; by experiment and by result ; practically, not empirically ; by the spirit, not by the letter, till we reach "the law

within the law," the good which does no harm — the charity that interferes not with the appointments of God.

Just as much as there is a good and an evil principle in life, so is there a true and a false in some of the highest qualities in man's nature ; in his humility, his simplicity, and especially in his charity. But that the indiscriminate application of the same word to the most opposite purposes is too firmly established to be eradicated, we should be tempted to protest against its further abuse. For it is little short of profanation to identify that which "worketh no ill" with the faulty system and selfish impulses to which so much of the degradation of our country is owing. True charity "shall cover a multitude of sins ;" false charity is their surest promoter. The one is "the very bond of peace and of all virtues ;" of the effect of false charity, or mere almsgiving, on the recipient, it may be said, in Burns's words on another form of evil : —

But oh ! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling.

And between the true and the false there is no halfway, harmless ground. What is not elevating, is degrading ; what not useful, mischievous.

It is not too much to aver that the proper administration of public alms has been the greatest problem of our country. How best to bestow what must not be denied has entailed more discussion in England than any other subject since the Reformation. The works that have accumulated on this topic are legion, all telling the same tale of vital mistakes, and urgently needed reforms. Each successive generation has tried to loosen the knot that no one may cut ; for public alms, in some form, are indispensable in a Christian land. But if our poor-laws have been, as is true, the offspring of humanity, they have been also the prolific parents of misery and degradation. As they have been administered, are still, and ever must be administered, their most notable results are improvidence, unfairness, and ingratitude. Yet it is simply fruitless to look forward to a golden age when such results would be neutralized. Idleness and

* 1. *Letters and other Writings of the late Edward Denison, M.P.* Edited by Sir BALDWIN LEIGHTON, Bart. London, 1872.

2. *Our New Masters.* By THOMAS WRIGHT (the Journeyman Engineer). London, 1873.

3. *The Seven Curses of London.* By JAMES GREENWOOD.

4. *Pauperism: its Causes and Remedies.* By HENRY FAWCETT, M.A., M.P. London, 1871.

5. *The Confessions of an Old Almsgiver.* 1871.

6. *Homes of the London Poor.* By OCTAVIA HILL. London, 1875.

7. *The Charitable Administration of an East-end Mission District.* By A. W. H. C. 1872.

8. *Charity Organization Reporter.* Published weekly during the sittings of Council by the Society for Organizing Charitable Relief and Repressing Mendicity.

9. *Provident Dispensaries.* London, 1871.

10. *Address on the Systematic Visitation of the Poor.* By Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN. London, 1870.

11. *Low's Handbook of the Charities of London.* 1875.

12. *First Annual Edition of the Classified Directory to the Metropolitan Charities.* London, 1876.

13. *A Handy Book for Visitors of the Poor in London.* By CHARLES B. P. BOSANQUET, M.A. 1874.

vice must be at a premium where their victims are sure of help; and even-handed justice can have no part in a gigantic system of relief where the needs, and therefore the claims, of misconduct are as great as those of misfortune. Meanwhile the grosser abuses are being reduced: the employer is no longer so openly allowed to eke out the laborer's wages by the supplement of parish relief, and the workhouse is ceasing to be our chief national school for vice. Still, it is hopeless to expect that evil can ever be eliminated from the action of our poor-laws. We may assign hospitals, and give pensions to our soldiers and sailors, and feel the country honored in the performance, but it is different with a system of public alms, the nature of which is to reproduce the causes that require them. And if we add to the action of the poor-law a still more gigantic and indiscriminate distribution of private charity, we arrive at an amount of demoralizing agency, the effects of which ought not to surprise us.

London may be safely declared to be the most extraordinary capital in the world, equally as to size and contents. It is the great heart, not only of the British empire, but also of the known globe. It covers within its jurisdiction five hundred and seventy-six square miles; its area embraces seventy-eight thousand acres. It contains four millions of inhabitants, increasing at the rate of seventy-five thousand a year. Above two millions have been expended annually on the poor in the shape of legal relief, not including paupers in lunatic asylums and vagrants;* and little less, if at all less, than seven millions in the shape of private charity. It is reckoned that one-eighth of the metropolis is assisted by the other seven-eighths, the average received by each individual being 17*l.* a year, or by each family of five persons 85*l.* This population is largely intermixed with various nationalities. London contains more Jews than Palestine, more Irish than Dublin, more Scotch than Edinburgh, and more Roman Catholics than Rome. More largely still is it

diversified in its moral strata. Every degree in the scale is filled: from riches to destitution, from luxury to filth, from learning to ignorance, from refinement to savagery, from goodness of which the world is not worthy, to wickedness which is a disgrace to humanity. Where is there another city where a woman may so easily get rid of a burdensome child, just old enough to steal and beg for himself? She has but to take him through a few miles of intricate streets, and disappear round a corner, and that child and his unnatural parent never meet again. On the other hand, so extensive, however unequally distributed, are the charities, that the best chance some London children can have in life is to be turned into the streets.

There is something in the mixture of English freedom and English charity with that total absence of so-called paternal supervision which distinguishes the working of English law, which has raised up a class in London, finding its parallel nowhere, unless where extremes meet — viz., in savage life. The London lawless man may be likened to the wild Indian in many respects, and not always to his advantage. The struggle for existence sharpens the instincts of each, though in different directions. Each is incapable of providing for more than present want; but the savage procures his food in a healthier way — wresting it from nature more than from man — and he procures it for those dependent on him. Each is ingenious in evading pursuit; where the savage breaks his trail, the Londoner gives a false address. The savage is a terrible spectacle — his rites are dreadful — but rites he has; the other has none. The Indian believes that his distress, or starvation, proceeds from the anger of the Great Spirit; the Londoner believes in nothing. The Red Indian, in the "Great Divide,"* prays thus openly: "I am poor — that is bad. Let me steal horses: give me guns by cheating. Bring the buffalo close by." The London savage has something in him, inseparable from the atmosphere of a Christian community, which tells him that

* The London poor-rates in 1871 amounted to 2,174,761*l.* See "Charity Organization Reporter," No. 23, p. 120.

* "The Great Divide." Travels in the Upper Yellowstone in the summer of 1874, by the Earl of Dunraven. London, Chatto and Windus, 1876.

such a prayer is naught, or worse, and he compounds with his conscience by not praying at all. We may even say that the wild man is not such a fool as his city brother; he chooses a woman for his squaw, who can cook his food and make his mocassins, and even repair his wigwam. The wretched London lad marries a tawdry slut, who can do the first and the second office as little as the third. The savage of the prairie is truer to the animal: the savage of the pavement falsier to the man. The first is more consistent with himself and his surroundings; the last is an anomaly which only the witches' caldron of a perverted civilization could concoct.

From this class it is that those youthful tribes proceed, "bold, pert, and dirty as a London sparrow," whose life is in hideous alleys and courts; whose sleep is in reeking dens; whose play and fight—for no matter how low their condition their spirits and passions never flag—are in the gutter; whose education is the example of their kind. These are the babes fed upon gin, instead of milk, and fed upon gin even *through* their mother's milk; who, as Miss Cotton says in "Woman's Work," are strangers to the meaning of a kiss! These are the urchins, deserted or neglected, who learn "to look sharp;" whose vocabulary ranges about sixty words, and those the uncouthest and foulest; and whose wickedness only grows with their growth. "*Naturâ tamen infirmatatis humanæ tardiora sunt remedia quam mala.*" The disease must precede the antidote, and can alone teach it. As in countries where wolves prevail it is the young ones whom it is easiest and most expedient to destroy, so here it is these children whom it is easiest and most expedient to reform. On their behalf it was that from small beginnings, by admirable and dauntless individuals, the ragged schools grew up. One uses the past tense with regret, for there is no doubt that in closing these schools, and dispersing the band of devoted teachers, the school-board has destroyed what its best machinery can never replace. The ragged schools, as the symptoms of a disease deeply seated at the social core, were institutions rather

of shame than pride to the true patriot and moralist. Still, they should have been left to fall into disuse with improving national habits. As it is, their suppression has only turned adrift thousands of poor waifs and strays, "half-animal, half-vegetable," as Lord Shaftesbury has called them, unfit to herd with happier children, and physically incapable of the same education. How low and enfeebled in bodily condition such children are, however preternaturally sharpened in mind, is proved by the fact that out of 5,567 boys, almost all from the London district, who presented themselves, in 1870, as candidates for the navy, on board the stationary flagship in the Thames, 4,410 were dismissed as not complying with the following conditions: namely, that they should be of sound constitution, free from physical defect or malformation, not subject to fits, and able to read and write.

But to return to their seniors. This is the lowest stratum of London life; what may be called, more or less, the professionally criminal class. Above it, around it, and within it, for all are hopelessly embedded together, are the great masses who may be divided into the idle and the ignorant, the drunken, improvident, and helpless, the sinning and the sinned against, who may in their turn be called the professionally poor. In this mass of wretchedness, only locally cohering, no "short and simple annals of the poor" can be traced; but rather a hideous and intricate growth, circle within circle, engendered at loathsome dwellings, horrible temptations, of disease, dirt, and bad example—where the merest glance discerns such mountains of difficulty, whether of doing or undoing—that it must be a stout heart that can attempt either. Two great parent causes, indissolubly connected, rise to view above the rest: the outer and more obvious one—the boy and girl marriages; the subtler and deeper one—the long existence of a mistaken system of charity.

We are aware that the early and utterly improvident marriages among this class have their defenders. That, as the "liberty of the subject" is supposed to be involved in a man's right to drink himself and his family to ruin, so early marriages

are concluded to be necessary among the reckless and irreligious to guard against a worse evil. The question is not one that demands any elaborate argumentation, or reference to Malthus or Mr. Fawcett, but may be judged on its own merits. Theoretically we may be sure that it never yet answered to do evil that good might come; while, practically, the lives of the poor sufficiently prove that the legal indulgence of selfishness and sensuality seldom stands in the way of the illegal indulgence of those temptations. Those, also, conversant with the miseries of poor women, know that the men who desert their wives and children are chiefly of the class of vicious boys who have thus abused the facility of marriage. Some innocent voice may here be heard to ask, "But why do the parents allow the children to marry thus early?" Little do they know of the poor of London who imagine that there is any allowing or disallowing in the matter. Many are the difficulties that beset even the well-disposed among the laboring-classes in, what is called, the "bringing-up" of their children. And perhaps there is no point in which right-thinking parents among the London poor more legitimately envy the rich than in their comparative facility for keeping their families from contamination. As a rule, however, the London poor, and especially the London mothers, have no idea of assuming any moral authority. They taunt, when provoked; they beat, when angry; and, generally speaking, think it a proof of dignity to wash their hands of all control over their children. The widowed mother has a son, to whom by the laws of nature she is entitled to look for help. He marries before he is twenty, and in three months' time her furniture is seized for the young couple's rent; and this, without the least shame, she converts into a plea for begging. Not that we would be thought to imply any real distinction in these and other vital points between the so-called rich and poor. The faults of the fool are pretty much the same all over the world, though differing in complexion and degree, and, especially in these cases, in excuse.

As to the other count in our indictment — the long existence of a false system of charity — this, as a mere fact, is not difficult to account for. It is remarked, and with truth, that as the rich (in London) have grown richer, the poor have apparently grown poorer; or, in other words, that the signs of wealth and of destitution have increased *pari passu*. In such a sphere as our metropolis, where the im-

possibility of any local contiguity leads unavoidably to greater extremes of physical separation — where the poor crowd the closer together, as the rich expand further and further from them — such a consequence as a totally false system of charity might have been predicted. In England, it is as much a part of a rich man's debt to society to give largely in charity, by subscriptions, etc., as it is to keep carriages and servants. Not one inch, however, has this conventional philanthropy brought the rich and the poor nearer together. How should it? The alms that have proceeded from no individual sense of sympathy have been received with no individual sense of obligation. The hand that has given and the hand that has taken have never felt the warm electricity of each other's touch. Well would it be if the result were confined to the lack of all real bond between the classes. But the consequences have a far deeper evil. The corruption of the best is the worst; and the charity that is twice blessed in spirit, may be twice cursed in effect. That which might bear heavenly fruit, if engendered between one heart and another, now only checks the growth of those sacred instincts which rich and poor are alike bound to cultivate. Somebody has done that for the child which should come from the parent — somebody that for the parent which should come from the child. The cold abstraction of an institution has stepped in, and arrested the practice of forethought and self-denial, and therefore that of a paramount duty. What can we expect from human nature thus tampered with? Men and women, relieved of their responsibilities, are as thoughtless as children. It would be strange to expect powers of application from a schoolboy, who has always a "crib" at hand. Even the forms of charity known to be prompted by necessity, or practised by the most genuine philanthropy, are not free from the reproach of disturbing God's laws. The preacher Irving, in his sermons on "the last days, when," according to the prophecy, "men shall be without natural affections," traces the signs of its fulfilment in the children who let their aged parents find refuge in a workhouse, and in the parents who have brought good people to the necessity of stepping in between them and their children, in the shape of Sunday and infant schools. Without pushing the arguments to these extreme conclusions — though, also, without denying them — the truth must be admitted that the relieving parents and children of

their respective duties, far from being the charity which is "that most excellent gift," is the greatest injury we can do them: all-sufficient to account for boy and girl marriages, deserted wives, neglected children, drink, want, crime, and all "the seven curses of London" on which Mr. Greenwood dilates.

Far be it from us to make light of the needs and temptations of the London poor. In the nature of things they essentially differ from the really country poor. These last, when of an old-fashioned sort, live in a certain sense with the squire's or nobleman's family. They knew his father, and they know his children. The superior comforts and education of "the Hall" constitute the poetry, because the pride and loyalty of their lives. But the London poor man has no contact with the great houses in the squares. The delicate, and often pampered and luxurious-looking creatures who splash him as they roll past him in their vehicles, excite his ill-will, more perhaps than his envy, for he well knows that he could not fill their place. The distance between them is not bridged over by any kindly acts or tender memories. They may possibly subscribe largely to charities, but he is not the wiser for that. He knows as little of their sufferings and sorrows as they of his. Indeed, he only knows what he sees, viz. that they live in a kind of paradise; that they drive while he plods, they slumber while he wakes, they are smart and clean while he is filthy and ragged; and the sole reason for all this of which his mind takes cognizance, is one of antagonism and not attachment; for it consists, as far as he has any perception, simply in their being rich and he poor. Further, we must remember that there are thousands of the lowest London poor who never see the upper classes at all.

We have said that charity, like science, must be tested experimentally. It was in the severe winter of 1866-67 that the destitution of the east of London burst like a hideous revelation upon the public; when the poor-law, as the term was, "broke down." The newspapers teemed with heart-rending accounts of empty mouths, fireless hearths, and small, shoeless feet. One tale, as a specimen, lives in our memory of two little boys, barefooted, and with festering chilblains, who wandered into the snow-covered country to get holly to sell, and "couldn't find none;" being themselves found nearly dead with cold and starvation. Such stories no creature living at ease could resist, and a deluge of

charity in every form set in. Additional casual wards and free dormitories were rigged up. Soup kitchens opened. "Agents from relief societies," in the words of A. W. H. C.,* "distributed tickets with unsparing hand. Gentlemen from the West End collected and sent large sums in coals, bread, meat, groceries, etc. Mysterious persons suddenly made their appearance in the streets, and, without either knowledge or inquiry, gave relief right and left." Money flowed in so abundantly as to puzzle the almoners what to do with it. A clergyman wrote to the *Times*, and by four o'clock of the day that his letter appeared he had received 70%. Yet the misery only increased. "One of the most conscientious and laborious of the West End friends of the district, who grudged neither time nor money, and who freely spent and was spent, confessed after the winter's work that he might as well have left his labor alone, and cast his money into the gutters. The wretchedness was as great, the mouths as clamorous, the pauperism as extensive, as if not a penny had been expended." Strange to say, it seemed literally that the more was given the more was wanted. This might sound contradictory, but it was a very simple truth. Archbishop Whately's words were being practically fulfilled: "If you pay a man to work, he will work; if you pay him to beg, he will beg." Greater circumspection accordingly became the rule; the almoners acted in concert with the relieving officers; inquiry was made into every case, and not a ticket given without sifting as far as possible the need of the family; yet the conclusion came to, in the words of the same A. W. H. C., when the winter was over, was that, "with every gift of a shilling-ticket, he had done fourpennyworth of good, and eightpennyworth of harm. The fourpence represented the food that went into the stomachs of a wretched population; the eightpence the premium given to their wasteful and improvident habits."

But the true results of the experiment were still to be proved. A residue of profit there was; but it was not reaped by the poor. However low the mercantile conditions of the locality, the laws of supply and demand still asserted their natural action. By the unavoidable connection between cause and effect the stream of bounty was destined to turn other mills than those which fed the poor. The ti-

* "The Charitable Administration of an East-end Mission District." 1872. Reprinted 1876: 9d. per dozen.

dings of new wells, suddenly opened in a thirsty land, spread on all sides. The district, instead of being shunned for its misery, was thronged for its good things. It was soon apparent that a lodging in these dens of wretchedness was all that was necessary to constitute a claim to alms. The consequence was that not only *rents rose*, but, by the unfailing level preserved between earnings and alms, *wages fell*. Thus the experiment worked itself out finally and inexorably in a greater grinding of the very people it was intended to serve.

It must be added that this class of London poor had, but a few years before, gone through a short rehearsal of the same wretched drama. The same cry, subsequently proved to be false, of the breaking down of the poor-law machinery had been raised in the winter of 1860-61, when five weeks of frost sufficed, as sensational letters to the *Times* assured the public, to bring thousands to the brink of starvation, and, at all events, to the condition of beggars. So loud was the cry against the guardians in the east of London as to call immediately for a commission of inquiry, presided over by the Hon. Charles Villiers, which commenced its sittings as early as March, 1861. This brought to light a system of indiscriminate alms, chiefly emanating from two sources. The one proceeded from the police courts. It is well known that the benevolence of guilds and private individuals furnishes the sitting magistrates of London with funds to relieve distress and wrong which their respective courts bring to light. At this time the feelings of the public were so excited — the guardians were undeservedly in such bad odor, and a certain mistrust of the workings of charitable institutions had so obtained — that, under the impression that the magistrates would best administer them, large funds flowed into the boxes of the chief police courts of the city. We take the Thames Police Court as an example. Mr. Yardley, the magistrate of that court, on being examined before the commission, stated that the sum thus sent to him for distribution, after the frost had begun, amounted to upwards of 4,000*l.* That he was greatly embarrassed how to dispose of it; entirely disapproved of having to undertake the duties of a relieving officer, and had neither time nor machinery for investigating the cases of the applicants. That by about the third week of the frost, the tidings that alms were to be had collected large crowds about the court. That his plan was to let the applicants file in, one by one, through

a narrow passage, at the end of which was a table with bags of silver coin. As each approached, the distributing officer asked him "a question or two," and looked at his hands to see if they showed signs of labor — gave him money — and so on to the next. Some days the number so relieved amounted to two thousand, and the money given to 120*l.*, that being the largest sum given in any one day. On other days it varied from 60*l.* to 90*l.* — "as much silver, in fact, as I could collect." He stated that he gave directions that a preference should be given to new faces, but in most instances they knew that the same people returned every day. Considering that a similar silver shower was going on at the Mansion House, at Guildhall, and elsewhere, it could be no wonder that the poor-law machinery, far from having broken down, did not even receive the pressure that was expected, and which it was prepared to stand; or that the same parties went from one court to another on the same day, as time and opportunity favored. Some of the magistrates endeavored, at great expense of time and trouble, to be more discriminating; and Mr. Selfe, Mr. Yardley's colleague, distributed a portion to women only. But all who were examined agreed in protesting against the repetition of such a task, and in the conviction that their proceedings had "gone far to turn large sections of the London poor into a mob of mendicants."

The second cause we have adverted to was the institution of a society of young men of birth and fortune, called "The Society for the Relief of Distress," which commenced operations during the short frost thus fatally distinguished. They acted upon the somewhat hastily-formed conclusion that the guardians neither could nor would minister adequately to the wants of the poor, and rushed to the rescue of what they believed to be "perishing multitudes" with all the ardor of novices in the art. While the magistrates gave relief only in money, this society gave it only in kind, opening credits with the tradespeople, and distributing tickets. But though "their failings leant to virtue's side," they did not do the less harm for that. The examination of some of the members before the commission made it pretty plain that they had been more anxious to bestow their tickets than to inquire into the need for them. They thus, within three weeks, managed to dispose of above 3,000*l.* Still, the fact that young men of position would take cab from Piccadilly to Poplar, or from St. George's, Hanover

Square, to St. George's-in-the-East, and spend hours in visiting and succoring the lowest of the London poor, does honor to the humanity of a class rarely before conspicuous on such errands. There is no doubt that these gentlemen contribute — for the society still exists and works in a far more practical way — to establish those individual relations between man and man which are the only true basis of charity.

The sequel to all this history of pauperism is a profitable lesson. The clergyman of the district — we still take our information from A. W. H. C. — where the direst want and beggary had prevailed, having learned the futility of attempting the so-called “relief of distress,” resolved in future to leave it to the legitimate action of the poor-law. With his connivance, therefore, not a ticket has been given since 1868, nor a shilling expended for families the heads of which have been out of employment. His whole energies, on the other hand, have been devoted — firstly, towards alleviating the sufferings of the sick, knowing it to be the best economy as well as charity to restore a man to health as soon as possible; and secondly, towards fostering a spirit of self-dependence. This last object has been mainly promoted by the introduction of a mission woman and the setting up of a penny bank, the accounts of the last showing what may be rescued from the public-house and other forms of selfish waste, even in the most impoverished parishes. In the first year, 1869, the deposits amounted to 78*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.*; in 1875, to 352*l.* 19*s.* 10*d.*

With this same district is connected the history of an individual, the mention of whom we approach with mingled respect and regret. It is related by the hard-working and lonely-placed clergyman of the parish of St. Philip, Stepney — a small tract containing six thousand souls* — that one morning, when greatly occupied, his servant hastily entered, saying that a young gentleman from the West End wished to speak to him. His first feeling was that of annoyance to be so disturbed. Young gentlemen from the West End, with various nostrums for converting “the heathen masses,” had not been unfrequent intruders, their mission generally ending in mutual disgust, and in a bequest of increased work to the permanent laborer. But the first sight of this visitor mollified him, and his first words still more. “The fine young man, with indescribable charm of manner and expression,” was no other

than Edward Denison, one of the wisest as well as noblest of those who have devoted themselves to the succor of their poor brethren. As there are doubtless many to whom the career of this extraordinary young man may still be unknown it is necessary to add a short outline of his history.

Edward Denison was the son of the late Bishop of Salisbury, and nephew of the speaker, afterwards Lord Ossington. He was born in 1840, and educated at Eton and Oxford. At Eton he laid the seeds of a fatal malady by over-exertion, as one of “the eight” in training for a boat-race. Nevertheless, he distinguished himself at Oxford, and was known as a man of earnest mind and frank and generous feeling. From 1862 to 1866 he travelled in Italy, spent a winter at Madeira, and visited Switzerland, where he was much struck with the condition and habits of the Swiss peasantry. Subsequently he joined “The Society for the Relief of Distress,” already mentioned, where he was first brought into contact with the London poor, and perceived, in his own words, “the unsatisfactory results of giving relief by doles, and the impossibility of doing any real work without residence on the spot.” It was to announce his intention so to reside that he appeared before the astonished and worthy Mr. Dowle, the mission clergyman, whose wildest dreams had never expected such a proposition from “the West End.” But Edward Denison was in earnest, and by the beginning of August, 1867, he had taken up his residence at 49 Philpot Street, Commercial Road East. There he remained eight months, during which time he built and endowed a school, himself taught the children, gave lectures on the Scriptures and other subjects to the working-men, and, above all, studied the lives and ways of the London poor. In 1868 he went to Paris, in order to look into the French system of public relief — which, by the way, however less costly than ours, he entirely disapproved — leaving his testimony that “we have nothing to learn from France except the natural thrift of the people.” On coming back to England he was returned as member for Newark, and earnestly attended the House of Commons for one session. Still seeking information as to legislation for the poor, he visited Jersey in 1869, and intended, with the same object, to cross the Atlantic to the United States; but alarming symptoms of consumption coming on, a sailing voyage to Australia was recommended. The prescription

* See Greene's Essays, “A Brother of the Poor.”

proved too severe; he died a fortnight after reaching Melbourne, January, 1870.

Fortunately letters and journals by his hand were preserved, most ably collated and at first privately published by Sir Baldwin Leighton, and since given to the public. No more opportune gift could well be made in our times. This volume may be looked upon as a canon of finely-balanced reasoning and feeling on a subject of the deepest importance to the nation. Edward Denison found his plan of living among the poor entirely successful. Wrongs and neglects, which it was nobody's business to look after, were quickly detected. One of his first letters from Philpot Street contains these passages:—

All is yet in embryo, but it will grow. Just now I only teach in a night school, and do what lies in me in looking after the sick; keeping an eye on nuisances, and the like, and seeing that the local authorities keep up to their work. To-morrow I go before the Board, to compel the removal to the infirmary of a man who ought to have been there already. I shall drive the sanitary inspector to put the act into force against overcrowding with regard to some houses in which there have been as many as eight or ten bodies occupying one room. It is not surprising that the street in which this occurs has for months been full of small-pox, scarlet fever, and typhus. . . . These are the sort of evils which, where there are no resident gentry, grow to a height almost incredible, and on which the remedial influence of the mere presence of a gentleman, known to be on the alert, is inestimable.

At the same time he as immediately discerned the other side of the question—the part that the poor themselves contribute to their own misery, and the part they must be trained to play in order

to get above that uniform level caused by the utter want of education, the complete indifference to religion, with the fruits of all this, viz., improvidence, drink, dirt, and their secondaries, crime and disease. . . . The people create their own destitution and disease. Probably there are hardly any of the most needy who, if they had been only moderately frugal and provident, could not have placed themselves in a position to tide over the occasional months of want of work, or sickness. And this occasional pressure it is which works the ruin. The breadwinner falls sick, or is out of work; the home is broken up, the hospital or the workhouse swallow up the family: the thread of life is broken; perhaps they have been removed to a distance from former employers; at any rate, life has to be begun again right from the bottom. Is it wonderful that drink and crime levy a large conscription on these wretches while the remnant subside into dirt and despondency? *Peu de biens, peu de soin.*

More and more, while spending his time, working and planning for the amelioration of the poor, does he feel that money-giving is the worst palliative of actual want, and the surest encouragement for its continuance:—

You see, the real truth is, sensation-writing and reckless alms are fast doing away the great work of the new poor-law in bringing up the people to providence and self-restraint. You will find all the men who really give themselves most trouble about the poor, are the most alive to the terrible evils of the so-called charity which pours money into the haunts of vice and misery every winter. . . . Giving money away only makes things worse. I am beginning seriously to believe that all bodily aid to the poor is a mistake, and that the real thing is to let things work themselves straight; whereas by giving alms you keep them permanently crooked. Build schoolhouses, pay teachers, give prizes, frame workmen's clubs, help them to help themselves, lend them your brains, but give them no money, except what you sink in such undertakings. Meanwhile, the state of things is very painful.

By the end of that year 1867 he was feeling the depression caused by the moral atmosphere in which he had immured himself: "My wits are getting blunted by the monotony and *ugliness* of this place. I can almost imagine, difficult as it is, the awful effect upon a human mind of never seeing anything but the meanest and vilest of men and men's works, and of complete seclusion from the sight of God and his works." For all this his convictions as to the evil of almsgiving do but deepen, and he adds, with unconscious irony, "Our object, *i.e.* my rector and self, and some others, is to put a stop as much as possible to all benevolence."

One of his correspondents evidently urges him to attach himself to the "Church Union"—a step which he firmly declines: "I already belong to the best possible union—that body which is the blessed company of all faithful people, and I have no desire to entangle myself with an association, most of whose members hold widely different views from mine on points which, though not the most essential from a Christian point of view, are those which most excite the attention of the society." Living as he did among publicans and sinners—not even within sound of the chariot wheels of the great and rich (no less sinners)—it is no wonder that he keenly felt the difference between the talk of modern creeds and crotchets and the realities which lay around him: "Humanitarians and Ritualists, between them, are

making it very thorny walking for plain disciples of Christ. . . . It is not Christianity but Christians that are wanting. Would, indeed, that we could have some real Christianity! That, as you say, is our real want. Taught, but in the way that our Founder taught it — by living in it. That is the only way; it can't be put in with a spoon. Those who teach must live among those who are to be taught. . . . The problems of the time are social, and to social problems must the mind of the legislature be bent for some time to come."

There was that firmness, or rather conscientiousness, of the reasoning power in Edward Denison, with all his benevolence, which singularly fitted him to do battle with every form of sophistical philanthropy. By their fruits he knew them. That which entailed evil, no matter how tenderly named, was evil to him. He detected in "the curse of large eleemosynary endowments, in the perpetual droppings of charity, and in the stream that flows from the whole ratable body of London — those agencies which, appealing to the gambling spirit in man, first attract a redundant population to the metropolis, and then induce it to hang on at half-work." Hence "the anomaly" of a wretched class addicted to occupations which cannot maintain them, and which only keep them at a perpetual low level between chronic want and precarious alms. He looked upon every act — no matter how well intentioned — which lessens or defeats a man's responsibilities as a usurpation of the laws of Providence. "The all-wise Creator made self-preservation the very mainspring of his creatures' life and conduct; but society says, 'No — Providence is too austere; we will mend his work.' And what is the result?" He mercilessly tears up the false creed of those parents' rights who cannot or will not fulfil parental duties; denies the hardship of separating their children from them in the workhouse; and would go further still by separating children from any parents who have been in the receipt of continuous relief for a year, till such parents can satisfy appointed persons that either they or their relatives are able to maintain and educate them. By such means he would cut off the fatal entail of neglect and moral depravity, on the principle "that the ratepayers have a right to choose in what manner they will maintain their pauper neighbors; and if it appear that for the purpose of rendering these children independent of the rates in future it is necessary to separate them for a few

years from their parents, these last have no just grounds for complaint."

In those cases of occasional death from starvation which have harrowed the public mind and brought a burst of indignation against the dispensers of the poor-law (and we hardly needed the late instance of "Charlotte Hammond" to prove how these cases are misrepresented), he urges truly that all the law can do anywhere is to provide that no one *need* starve; and for that our poor-law provides to an extent unparalleled elsewhere. But if pride deters a man from applying for relief, or from entering the House — the old proverb, "Beggars must not be choosers," being quite obsolete — no one but himself is at fault. "The law can no more prevent voluntary starvation than it can prevent a man who has lost a fortune, and has to come down in circumstances, from shooting himself or committing any other form of suicide."

If these conclusions sound stern, it must be remembered that the man who spoke and wrote thus was laboring more than any other of his time in the true service of his fellow-creatures — being deservedly called "a brother of the poor" — and had, therefore, a right to express the convictions so acquired. No one could tax him with forming them in the coldness of an abstract theory.

We must cut short our notice of this book, no part of which can be opened without the desire to quote. Mr. Denison quitted finally the squalor of Philpot Street with predictions as to necessary changes, which have been, in great measure, realized; viz., the necessity for compulsory education; for doing away with all outdoor relief; and for a systematization of charity. He looked to Parliament "only as a longer lever to work with," and, short as was his time in the House, he left his mark there on various subjects connected with the poor. On one especially his feelings might be predicted, namely, on that of their intemperance. Though he had no opportunity of handling it from his seat, his election address gave the subject no quarter, and many an allusion is made to it in his letters.

Another laborer in this field of new and enlightened philanthropy is worthy to stand by the side of the lamented Edward Denison. If he have shown what the man can do in such a cause, Miss Octavia Hill has vindicated the power of the woman. Both have wrought by individual influence as well as by abstract principle, and each has struck and worked a vein of well-

doing, which many, it is to be hoped, will continue to develop. Miss Octavia Hill's experiment of "The Management of a London Court" has solved a problem of which our grandchildren will see the multiplied results. It may be accepted as an axiom, that those who hold the house-property in which the poor lodge, hold, at the same time, and especially in London, their physical and moral condition in their grasp. There is, therefore, no class on which the welfare of a great city so intimately depends; for spiritual and medical relief alike are unavailing against the power of persistent evil which the landlords of the poor can bring to bear. In the history of the dwellings of the London poor, as they long have been and still are constituted, there is that chronic and fatal exchange of cause and effect which more than anything else accounts for the degradation of our population. Landlord and tenant are natural enemies. The one knows nothing of the duties of proprietorship, the other nothing of those of tenancy. But in the unfailing antagonism that ensues it is the landlord who gives the first blow. Both have entered into obligations and responsibilities, but it is he who begins by neglecting his. He allows his property to fall into a state of disrepair unfit for human occupation. He disregards leakage of water-butts, stoppage of drains, holes in roof; he connives at disorder and immorality; he puts up with the arrears of the dishonest who do not pay, at the expense of the honest who do; and thus, besides swelling the great account of misery and sin, he contributes to keep up that incubus of high rent which is the chief burden of the London poor. Miss Octavia Hill's description of the purchase (chiefly with money supplied by Mr. Ruskin) and thorough supervision of one court in Marylebone; of the filth and dilapidation of the homes — banister-rails all wrenched out for firewood, and of one hundred and ninety-two panes of glass only eight unbroken; of the misery and savagery of the occupants; of the immediate cleansing and gradual repair of the tenements, and as gradual education of the tenants; how, while all their wants and sorrows became known to her, and were met and sympathized with in a practical way, no pauperizing fallacies destructive to their self-respect were tolerated; no rent allowed to run on unpaid even for a week, but that rent collected by herself; how, by degrees, the little community became laborious and thrifty, where they had been idle and thriftless; orderly and docile,

where they had been violent and outrageous; good neighbors, where they had been bitter foes. And how further — the point least interesting to the feelings, but most important to the cause — the capital thus invested bore five per cent., with the necessary margin for repairs and reserve fund, and yet permitted her to allot two rooms to a family at less rent than had been given before; all this account, we resume, of work done by one lady, and how to do it, is one of the most useful lessons the present day can receive. Our space allows of no adequate justice to this lady. Happily she is still among us, joined by others under her gentle guidance; the experiment of one court already bearing fruit in several others, and certain to influence largely the working of the "Artisans' Dwellings Bill," the passing of which is entirely owing to the exertions of a society of which she is one of the most efficient members.

Meanwhile, though thus specifying Edward Denison and Octavia Hill as two mighty workers in the pulling down of strongholds, far be it from us to overlook the work of Mrs. Ranyard, author (and welder) of "The Missing Link," of Dr. Barnardo, the friend of friendless boys, of Miss Cotton of Dorking, and of many others, who, each in their way, are helping the poor how best to help themselves.

To the unfailing action of the same urgent causes on many minds, which ensues in a free community, we owe that society just alluded to, which, inaugurated by a few gentlemen of statesmanlike habits and enlightened philanthropy, has assumed the title of "The Society for the Organization of Charity," and has already worked a considerable reform in the external aspect of our streets. The practical enforcement of that sole remedy for London misery — the diminution of the causes that keep it up — has now taken root as an active system, learning strange lessons as it advances; and none so impressive as the heavy responsibility of those who lightly cast their easily-spared gifts to all who excite their compassionate impulses. There is nothing more certain — and we say this at the risk of being accused of repetition — than that the conventional modes of almsgiving, without interest and without inquiry, exactly reverse the precept we are most bound to obey; literally overcoming good with evil. What right have we, for the indulgence of a momentary sentiment, to add to the temptations of the more virtuous poor, who are faithfully endeavoring to do their duty in the state of

life to which God has called them! It is known by the evidence of many a hard-pressed fellow-creature, that the successful beggary of one wretched drone, teaching the folly of working when begging is more profitable, will demoralize a whole hive. A world of bitter reproach is contained in a common saying of the poor: "Those who tell most lies, get most." On the other hand, the success with which the idle and unscrupulous trade on the gracious impulses of the humane and generous may be a melancholy fact, but it is assuredly not one to surprise us. More than half the blame belongs to ourselves. For successful beggary is a game which needs two to play it; the strength of the one depending entirely on the weakness of the other. Such, indeed, is the organized imposture that has thriven in London, that it required nothing short of an organization to meet it. It may be affirmed that the establishment of such an institution as this was a debt long owing to society. We are bound to bear with ingratitude, and, perhaps, have no more of it from the poor than from our fellows; but we are equally bound to do battle with imposture.

It is quite beyond our scope to enter into all the workings of this society, which, in the nature of its object, are only developed by a growing knowledge of the ground. Its purposes, however, are set forth in the following heading to some of its weekly "Reporters:"—

The object of the Charity Organization Society is the improvement of the poor—

1stly. By bringing about co-operation between the charities and the poor-law, and between the charities themselves.

2ndly. By securing thorough investigation and suitable action in all cases.

3rdly. By granting effectual temporary assistance, as far as the funds of the committee allow, in cases where a permanent result may be hoped for, and which are not met by existing sources.

4thly. By repressing mendicity.

These several objects are being sedulously promoted through the agency of numerous district committees—thirty-seven in number—embracing the whole area of the metropolis and suburbs; each locally formed and conterminous with the metropolitan poor-law divisions; and all finding their centre of organization in a council which meets every week. This council is joined at the weekly board by one or two representatives from every committee, all directed by the same rules, and each bringing their local business for

general discussion, and taking part in the action of the whole. Thus a vast and solid machinery is formed, resting on a broad basis composed of all ranks of society and varieties of opinion: English noblemen—not omitting *the* nobleman whose name is a tower of strength to every charitable body—English bishops, a Roman cardinal, clergymen, Dissenters, numerous M.P.'s, with ladies and gentlemen of earnest minds and business habits; no inconsiderable part of their usefulness being the fusion of such diverse opinions, and its operation on ground common to all.

Again, the chief objects specified above break up into special lines of inquiry and action: such as the dwellings of the poor, migration, night refuges, soup-kitchens, provident dispensaries, hospital accommodation, voting charities, special forms of beggary, loans to the poor, and the legal prosecution of impostors. These last-named cases have, of course, been the immediate and fertile source of extensive work. A world of ingenious and most impudent imposture is here laid bare. Common forms of begging under false pretences, which will readily occur to every one, are not worth particularizing. But in one instance the society have penetrated to the headquarters of "the profession." A gang of above forty persons has been detected, known to make about 5*l.* a week apiece by well-regulated audacity. Court guides and directories have supplied the basis of their operations. A volume of this kind, used by one of the chiefs of the band, has fallen into the hands of the society, in which above three thousand names of persons in and near London are marked with various signs, denoting various grades of credulity. The *Morning Post* is also taken and read aloud by the best scholar, so that all become cognizant of the movements of the fashionable world. The begging-letters sent out by this gang usually refer to names and addresses well known to the parties applied to, and which are too readily accepted as a guarantee for the veracity of the tale. These are obtained in a way little suspected, namely, by abstracting the cards lying on hall-tables while a servant goes in with a letter; or by bribing servants to give them. In some cases even visiting cards are forged. This occurred to ourselves. The baker who served the house was induced by the presentation of our card to lend the bearer, purporting to be a relative. 2*l.* The card proved to have been printed from a plate engraved for the purpose; for it differed slightly from the only one in use.

The composition of begging-letters is a regular profession, in great demand with the illiterate, and paid at the rate of five shillings for every sovereign so obtained. Some of the cases have even their comic side; for instance, "The Confessions of a Vagrant"*—a certain George Atkins Brine—who, with a pretended wife, both crippled with rheumatism and on crutches, found their way to a watering-place. There they enlisted the sympathy of good ladies to the tune of about eight shillings a day, "forbye food and tracts," till an unguarded half-pint of rum performed the miracle of setting them dancing, and obliged them to decamp. These confessions, in a letter to a gentleman, might afford materials for a farce.

Such, however, are the humbler forms of speculation, on which the higher members of the profession look down with contempt. Paralyzed fathers and dying wives offer but small profits in comparison with a new or a needy institution in times when no inquiry is made as to who conducts the establishment, or what becomes of the funds. It is one of the saddest features in the history of imposture, that the modern machinery of good works, and the disguise of a clergyman, give the readiest facility for fraud. One of the first important cases prosecuted by the society was that of "The National Bible and Clothing Society," worked by the Rev. C. S. Bore, who had gone about the country collecting subscriptions in the convincing garb of black coat and white tie. The reverend gentleman conducted business in a very regular way; having, namely, a board, of which he was president; a committee of directors; an auditor of accounts; and a treasurer; and issuing a yearly report, with the due amount of pious anecdote and "striking" fruits. Besides the distribution of Bibles and clothing, he also carried on a Sunday school, missionary work, preaching, etc. On the committee and auditor being summoned, they unanimously denied having accepted or fulfilled such offices. The treasurer, Mr. Edwin Wright, a carpenter by trade, was, however, an exception, being father-in-law to Mr. Bore. The schoolmistress was Mrs. Bore. Two lady-teachers, "Miss W. and Mrs. B.," much praised in the report for "their zeal in the Lord's work," though too modest to give their names in full, turned out to be one and the same individual, under maiden and married initials, namely, Mrs. Bore again—*née* Wright; and, finally, the Rev.

C. S. Bore proved to be no clergyman at all, but had successively filled the position of porter, journeyman tailor, and clothier's cutter. The sum of which the public was annually defrauded for the support of this society averaged about 300*l*. In all such cases the plan is to keep up appearances, by sowing an infinitesimal part of the seed thus collected; and the fact that a small percentage of Bibles and clothing were actually distributed, caused this case, which came on in July, 1872, to fall through. But Mr. Bore failed to take the lesson to heart, and in October, 1874, he appeared before the Southwark Police Court—no longer in black coat and white tie, but attired in a fireman's uniform, with cross hatchet and helmet on buttons—to answer a charge for obtaining subscriptions for an imaginary "Disabled Firemen's Relief and Pension Fund." This being satisfactorily proved against him, he was committed to Wandsworth House of Correction for the lenient term of three months' imprisonment with hard labor.

Another delinquent, prosecuted by the society, had more right to the title he disgraced. This was a Rev. Dr. Carden, D.D., who had erected an iron church in South Island Place, Clapham, whence he issued circulars appealing for help in his ministrations. A never-served Christmas dinner for five hundred children had procured him 60*l*.; an imaginary family, decimated by the small-pox, nearly 150*l*. A clerk from the post-office produced ninety-six post-office orders receipted by him; some of them from names of high repute, and all showing how hearts had opened for such purposes, backed by such an office. Dr. Carden was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment with hard labor. But he also, like Mr. Bore, took no warning; and in due time found his way again to a criminal court, in the character of a physician, on various charges of forgery, and was condemned to penal servitude for seven years.

The number of fraudulent institutions successfully prosecuted by the society is startling. We may quote "The Seamen and Fishermen's Friend Society," "The Fire-Escape Association," "The Metropolitan Free Dormitories Association," "The London and Suburban Fire Brigade," "The Albert Institute," etc. They are got up by individuals of aristocratic nomenclature, such as "Francis Chandos Leigh," "Henry de Leycestre," "Vernon de Montgomery," etc. In more than one case some of the first names in London society had been suborned as presidents

* Charity Reporter, No. 145.

and vice-presidents. In that of the Albert Institute, the clever rogue, who had also projected an imaginary "Minerva Institute," had obtained a letter of acknowledgment from the late emperor Napoleon. All these had flourished for a time with impunity; and in the instance of "The Metropolitan Free Dormitories Association," the anonymous donor of one thousand pounds to the chief charitable institutions of London, had here contributed two "one thousands" in succession.

In every instance of detected or suspected fraud, large or small, the society keep the begging letters, names, addresses—in short, complete lists, which circulate from committee to committee, and are at the service of all charities which desire to apply their funds conscientiously. In no respect is the investigating work of the society more needed. One of the most crying evils attending the overgrowth of London wealth is the excessive number of charitable societies, and the blind trust reposed in them by the public. The overlapping of such institutions, even when genuine and honestly conducted, offers a wide field of encouragement to the unthrifty habits which disgrace our country; while their ignorance, sometimes even of each other's existence, and certainly of each other's operations, furnishes a perpetual pretext for fresh extensions and new foundations, with the never-failing concomitant of chronic indebtedness and perpetual appeals. We must own to an unfeigned admiration for a gentleman of well-known benevolence, who makes it a practice never to subscribe to any "charity" that has been allowed to get into debt. So accustomed are we to that dereliction of principle in public institutions which, in private life, reaps its natural penalty, that an expenditure twice the amount of income is rather boasted of as a plea for more subscriptions. "Fixed income 14,000*l.*, necessary expenditure 35,000*l.*,"* is even thought an irresistible confession. Strangely blind have we become to the fact that, at this rate, the demand for alms will always keep in advance of the supply. The pauperism which such a system creates is *never* relieved, but grows with that it feeds on. Most necessary has it become that some system should be set on foot to ensure that publicity of action which shall equally prevent the clashing of one charitable body with another, and the hasty formation of fresh ones. No less is

it urgent that the suggestion of the Charity Organization Society for a public register of these institutions, and a public audit of their accounts, should be carried into effect. Instead of deterring subscribers, such a plan would be a real attraction, by showing—what now puzzles many—when, where, and how best to give.

But even were all the "above nine hundred charitable institutions and funds" set forth in Low's "Handbook of the Charities of London"—which fill our hearts with complacency—well endowed, it would be as well to ask ourselves whether the effect of such a plethora be conducive to the public good. On the contrary, it would seem to be a law in social science, that, except under certain conditions, pauperism and alms, like two connected reservoirs, never fail to keep the same level. Wherever a city, or even a country, teems with endowments, a proportionate amount of idleness and drunkenness may be predicted. Bristol, among other English cities, is a case in point. There, largely endowed charities have so sapped the sense of independence, that when the Bristol and North Somerset Line was being constructed, the contractors found even the offer of high wages powerless to attract "hands," from the temptations to idleness held out by the city.* Bruges is another instance. No *industrie* can live in that atmosphere of old congested charity. Brittany, again, is, for the same reason, the worst of all the departments of France for beggars and drunkenness. Nay, the decay of Holland may, in some measure, be traced to its superabundance of endowments, and consequent pauperism.

The cause for all this lies in the fact, not that charitable endowments are bad in themselves, but that institutions, not watched over and inquired into, naturally tend to administer their funds as carelessly as individuals their alms. It is well known that a large army of paupers, better informed than the charities themselves, migrate regularly from one to the other; and thus live, or vegetate, upon funds only intended for honest emergencies, and in a large percentage of cases for the action of the poor-law. The attention of the Charity Organization Society has been therefore peculiarly directed to the working of certain classes of charitable institutions which draw more and more upon the liberality of the public, and are them-

* London Hospital, Whitechapel Road. Appendix to Low's "Handbook of London Charities."

* In the nineteen central parishes of Bristol there is a drinking shop to every ten houses, and every twentieth inhabitant is a pauper.

selves clogged and surcharged with a crowd of recipients for whose benefit they were not destined. Such especially are the medical charities—in other words, the hospitals of London. No one could wish them curtailed. At the same time it is patent to all familiar with hospital wards, that numbers are admitted for whom the workhouse infirmaries are the intended refuge; and conducted as these now are, no objection, except that of false pride, can be raised against them; and greater numbers still who could easily afford some payment. A foreigner visiting one of our large London hospitals may well ask: “Are *these* the patients for whom the public pay?” Nothing, indeed, can be more scandalous than the dress of the women who visit their sick relations on the appointed days, unless it be the frilled, goffered, and embroidered night-dress—for many are so got up—of “the lady” herself (as the patients call each other) who, lying on a bed of charity, thence serenely surveys all the latest fashions! When to this is added the fact that at least seventy-five per cent. of the male cases are the result of unlimited drink, we obtain the right clue to the supposed “necessary expenditure, 35,000*l.*”

Of late the over-worked staff of some of the London hospitals have seen the policy of availing themselves of the investigating machinery offered by the Charity Organization Society. These efforts have been chiefly directed at present to the class of out-patients. It would seem that this department has been an abuse which has gradually crept in and grown to its present dimensions. In every way it works ill. Subscribers give their out-patient tickets with utmost carelessness; to parties they know nothing of, or for trivial complaints. These help to swell the mob of applicants, afflicted alike with dirt, drink, and disease—sometimes suffering from infectious complaints—to whom it is impossible for the medical officers to do individual justice. Many mistakes are therefore made, for unqualified lads have to prescribe; and many faint and deserving creatures wait for hours, and that in an atmosphere of impurity, which, generated at the very entry of the building, finds its way into the sick wards, to the serious injury of the operation cases. The result of investigation at the London Hospital, Whitechapel Road, was that forty-nine per cent. of the out-patients were persons who had no right to apply for charity at all.

Nor must it be forgotten that there is a

limit to the liberality of the most liberal profession in the world. In some instances, in addition to their gratuitous services, the medical officers are known to relinquish even the fees due to them from their clinical students, in favor of chronically bankrupt institutions. In Brighton, where the Charity Organization Society has spread—as it has largely throughout England—it has been ascertained that one-fourth of the population are in receipt of gratuitous medical relief! Thus, in the anxiety of the public to provide for the supposed sick poor, it virtually robs Peter of what is his due, in order to give to Paul what is not good for him. As now constituted, the hospital not only does the work which belongs to the parochial authorities, but usurps and intercepts much of that which rightly appertains to an expensively educated professional class. The ventilation given to these subjects in the columns of the “Reporter” has already led to changes. St. George’s Hospital and also, we believe, Westminster Hospital have closed their out-door department. The Board of Jewish Guardians also, who in many respects set us an admirable example equally in judgment and benevolence toward their poor, have closed all out-door relief at their dispensaries.

It seems strange that in the face of these obvious facts, such collections as what are called Hospital Sunday and Hospital Saturday, should have been authorized—thus only swelling the funds, without providing any check against their misuse. So imperative a levy from the pulpit is indefensible, unless coupled with conditions for which it was a legitimate opportunity: such as the participation in the collections by such charities only as strictly and conscientiously limit their benefits—as most founders specify—to “the poor and needy;” or who meet the difficulty by a classified tariff of payment from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 7*s.* 6*d.* per week for those who have been in the receipt of good wages (or whose wives visit them in silk dresses!)—such a tariff, in short, as prevails in institutions for a higher, and relatively as poor, if not a poorer class—namely, the Home for Invalid Ladies in Harley Street. Payments of this kind would render a hospital partially self-supporting, while still fulfilling the purpose of charity, and neutralize its pauperizing influences. How always to settle the question as to who can or cannot pay a modicum towards their own or their children’s medical treatment, may be a difficulty, but, with the help of investigation,

by no means an insuperable one. At all events, every one will agree with Mr. Fairlie Clarke, that it should not be left to the hall porters.

As to that anomaly called Hospital Saturday, the medical profession, through their press, have from the beginning rightly condemned it. For the mere fact of subscription from the nominally poor is likely to increase the strain upon an hospital far beyond the proportion of the funds they contribute. It is simply a burlesque that those belonging to the class of alms-receivers should suddenly turn into the class of alms-givers, without setting the far better example of the necessary intermediate stage of self-supporters. Like the idea of workmen M.P.'s, such fallacies lift a man into a position for which only the previous acquirement of independence can qualify him. If the artisan can contribute to pay for his neighbor's bed at an hospital, let him first pay for his own; in short, let him be just before he is generous.

And this brings us to a more becoming use of the mechanics' earnings, and the best remedy for hospital abuse: namely, the support by the lower orders themselves of a class of institutions now happily becoming more known, called "provident dispensaries." These mainly owe their suggestion and existence to the report of a medical committee appointed by the Charity Organization Society. The rules of management require that the members should be persons who, on the one hand, are not in receipt of poor-law relief; and whose means, on the other, are insufficient to pay for medical attendance at the usual rate of charge. The subscription is on the principle of an insurance, during health, for sickness; and is regulated on a scale varying from sixpence to a shilling per month. For this the subscriber has his choice of the medical staff attached, either to prescribe for him at the dispensary, or to attend him at his own home as the case may require; all medicines being supplied. About fifteen per cent. of the receipts are set aside for expenses of management, drugs, etc.; the rest is divided among the medical officers. These dispensaries are in course of being affiliated to the general hospitals, so that in cases requiring extra appliances or skill, it is optional with the doctor to draft patients into the hospital best adapted for them. There are, we believe, already upwards of twenty-four of these capital institutions in and around London, greatly in favor with the better-disposed of the London poor, who are

LIVING AGE. VOL. XVI. 818

thankful, for this small monthly sum, to be spared the labor and humiliation of hunting about for hospital tickets. The Royal Pimlico Free Dispensary, for instance, which had existed above forty years, and which, with the active aid of the Duke of Westminster, was converted in 1873 into a provident dispensary, enrolled within the first six months seventeen hundred and thirty-one paying members. As to the remuneration of the medical men, the Haverstock Hill Dispensary divided among them, the first year, above 400*l.*; and the Camberwell Dispensary above 500*l.* These institutions are superintended by managing committees, careful to prevent their abuses on the part of a higher class. Meanwhile there is no fear that the free hospitals should not be adequately filled, or that the benevolence of their supporters should be checked by the knowledge that it is more honestly applied. As a means of education also in thrift and forethought, the value of these provident dispensaries is incalculable.

We have dwelt thus on the abuses which this society is determined to put down with a firm hand, and in which aim it earnestly seeks the co-operation of the public. Though an institution new and original in itself, it has the merit of utilizing all old ones — its best policy being found in open and amicable relations with the guardians — with the mendicity societies, and with all who unite in the common object of at once helping and improving the poor.

That there should be a feeling adverse to this society on the part of those who do not want abuses to be brought to light, is but natural. It is truly said that the badly-disposed poor "have a kind of vested interest in every sort of sanitary, moral, and religious degradation." Not that they object to the improved conditions the philanthropist aims to secure for them, but they want them *minus* supervision and control — all alms, and no "interference." There are many, too, of the higher classes, well-intentioned, tender-hearted, though perhaps narrow-minded, who would enforce the letter rather than the spirit of our Lord's words regarding the poor; and are hard to convince that the investigation this society unsparingly institutes is as much a duty and a benefit to the worthy poor as to the public. The deeper the society penetrates into the heart of our London population, the more it becomes cognizant of a decent and self-respecting, but poverty-stricken class, who suffer in silence, and to whom the ready credence given to the drunken and wasteful is a

bitter aggravation of their daily trial. To those, therefore, who naturally ask us how far this society befriends as well as corrects, we can open a chapter which, in its pure and widely-stretching benevolence, amply vindicates its sterner action. There is hardly a way in which the poor man can be lifted out of the mire and helped to help himself, which is not initiated, discussed, and arranged at that disinterested, enlightened, and truly benevolent weekly board. Their whole war is with pauperism — their whole care for the poor. Their object is not to tinker the symptoms, but to remove the disease; to confer benefits, not as makeshifts for the day, but which bear in them the principle of permanence. When the cause for poverty cannot, whether from incorrigible habits or incurable afflictions, be removed, the poor are referred to the parochial authorities, to fitting institutions, or to private benevolence; but when judicious and timely help can avail there is no form that can be suggested in which it is not granted.

If the society be anxious to break up those precarious occupations on which none can honestly subsist, it is to substitute for them others in which independence of alms and parish relief can be secured. While London is burdened and suffocated by thousands for whom there is no decent place or certain living, other centres, where rents are lower and air purer, are needing their labor. To these, if willing, whole families, especially those of the widow who here starves on needle-work at 6*d.* a day, are referred and helped. A system of loans, carried on with due prudence, not only assists such migrations, but helps to redeem the man's tools, to purchase the woman's sewing-machine, to fit out the boy for work and the girl for service; such being the force of individual trust and sympathy that, despite the usual futility of lending to the poor, bad debts are the rarest exception. Nor must it be thought that grants and gifts and provision for the old and sick are withheld, when not interfering with parental or filial duties. Those, indeed, who imagine the action of the society calculated to spare the purse of the charitable, while relieving it of the frauds of imposture, are greatly mistaken. To show this in a more business-like form we commend to our readers the following statement of three classes of cases dealt with by this society for the five weeks ending July 29, 1876: Class 1. Dismissed (or reported on as not requiring relief), 164; undeserving 92; cases for poor-law,

316: total, 572. Class 2. Recommended to the guardians, 32; to institutions or local agencies, 444; to private persons, 131: total 607. Class 3. Assisted by grants, 178; by loans, 75; by employment, 59; by letters for hospitals, 132: total, 444. Grand total, 1,623 cases attended to. And all this is done with tenderness and consideration, even to the undeserving, for, in the words of a gentle and valuable lady member of the board, "All abrupt change of plan is to be avoided; the poor have been taught by us to look for relief, and it cannot be stopped all at once."

Here we must cut short our account of this society without touching on many a point on which the single-eyed scrutiny of the committees remains to be judged by its results. We have said that many clergymen are zealously enlisted and peculiarly fitted to assist in the movement; still, generally speaking, the clergy are inclined to look upon the novel action of this society with mistrust, as interfering with their work and calculated to check the impulses of the benevolent. We would venture to remind them that this is rather a change in directing than a check in purpose, and that as there is an interconvertibility in the forces of heat and motion, so there is the same in those forces by which the good of our fellow-creatures is effected. Time necessitates reforms in the machinery of charity, no less than in everything else. What was thought some fifty years ago to be an admirable step in the science of well-doing — the appointment, namely, of lady district visitors — has become, as is proved by the state of our population, utterly inadequate to meet the imposture and pauperism that has obtained. We have said little to the purpose if it be not apparent that, under present circumstances, the administration of charity requires, as Sir Arthur Helps has said, "the sternest labor and the most anxious thought." What we want, therefore, is not less help, but more, only that in a different form. Long arrears have to be made good, and an army of poor creatures who have been carefully, or carelessly, educated in a false direction, have to be gradually brought over to a happier path. Little less, it is true, than an army of the good, the wise, and the brave, are needed for such a revolution; but the campaign has begun, and with the names of Edward Denison, Octavia Hill, and other blessed men and women, on the banners, there is no need to despair of recruits.

From Good Words.
WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH.

BY SARAH TYTLER,
AUTHOR OF "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

ASKED TO COME AND HEAR OF SOMETHING TO HER ADVANTAGE.

THREE days after Lady Lewis's birthday Pleasance was about to enter her own door, returning from the cathedral—the coolest place in the town that hot July—when she was nearly run over by a stout, middle-aged man, rushing along in extreme agitation. He hardly stopped to beg her pardon before he told her in the same breath, "It is you that I want, Mrs. Douglas. Madam, I beg you to come with me instantly, to learn something which you ought to have known long ago. I can say no more at present; but, if I am not very much mistaken, it is worth your while to accompany me, and you will find it greatly to your advantage."

The man delivered his communication in a series of excited gasps, at the same time his manner, though extremely flurried, was not bullying or threatening.

Pleasance listened in amazement, looked at the stout man's spotless linen, good broadcloth, and general unobtrusive evidence of respectability.

Pleasance could not set down her accoster as an impostor, though his sanity might be a matter of dispute. "I think there is some mistake," she suggested.

"Oh no, not at all," he said. "You are Mrs. Douglas, of Willow House. I have seen you pass frequently. I am Thomas Mott, of the firm of Mott and Son, Water Street." He took off his hat as a necessary step to the communication, but replaced it with such carelessness, in his hurry, that he put the back of his hat with the joining of the hat-band in front, so as to lend the most incongruously rakish touch to his appearance. "When I have stated that I am the member of a legal firm, need I say any more in the public street?"

In the midst of the stoutness and professional pomposity, Pleasance detected a reflection of Miss Mott, lean, dark, and with a shade of obsequiousness in her speech and bearing, which warranted the speaker's announcement so far as the name went. Pleasance still held that there was an error, since she could not imagine the Motts a medium of communication between her and Archie Douglas—indeed, Mr. Mott, in the few words of

his address, had referred pointedly to something she should have known "long ago," thus putting Archie Douglas out of count. But she settled to accompany the man to his office, as the easiest means of coming to an explanation.

Mr. Thomas Mott said no more, except in muttered reflections of "the strangest circumstance," "terribly awkward," "no blame could attach"—in the disjointed style of his cousin. Happily the distance was not great from the cathedral to Water Street, the old-fashioned side street in which the place of business and the house of the firm—once the chief attorneys of Stone Cross—were situated, otherwise Pleasance's patience and curiosity might not have held out.

Her coming was expected, and the door was opened before Mr. Thomas Mott could apply his latch-key—not by a junior clerk, but by one of the Miss Motts, who were so like each other that Pleasance judged it was her acquaintance of Lady Lewis's birthday, and was going to greet her accordingly. But this Miss Mott—in a calicot morning gown, with a tiny Dolly Varden cap, perched by way of head-dress on the extreme verge of the scanty locks, and far above the scraggy neck, leaving the lantern-jaws exposed—said that her elder sister was with her dear father. However, she could not wait for an introduction, before she stepped forward to say for everybody, and especially for dear father, who was no longer able to speak for himself—else, indeed, this would never have happened—how sorry, how shocked they were—so terrible an overlook, and never to be detected till that day; she had not been able to think or speak or do a single thing since cousin Thomas turned out the paper—from poor Richard's hairy trunk, too, of all places; and she was still in her worst morning gown—she had not been fit to see about making a change, so that Mrs. Douglas must be so good as to excuse her.

"But I do not at all know what you mean. I think you must be laboring under some atrange delusion," represented Pleasance, as she was taken into the Miss Motts' drawing-room. This was a little apartment furnished in a flimsy style, and cumbered at the present moment with a quota of tin boxes and other receptacles for papers that seemed to have been the centre of a recent investigation.

Amongst these insignia of his old profession reclined Mr. Mott, unaffected by the evident confusion and consternation

reigning around him—nay, with something like a complacent smile flickering over the dead stillness of his face.

Mr. Mott's elder daughter was fussing about him, but broke away to receive Pleasance—"So kind, so noble of you to come, Mrs. Douglas. Our poor room is in a bad state for the reception of a visitor; but that is not to be thought of for a moment; grieved—shocked, indeed, at what has occurred, utterly unlike our dear father—but we have sent to tell you the very first thing, and surely something can be done to set matters right, as I said to my cousin Thomas."

"Leave it to me, cousin Sophy. Don't say another word, cousin Becky. Pray sit down, madam, interposed cousin Thomas, preparing to enter upon the business in a business-like fashion. "Will you answer me some questions, if you have no objection?"

"I have no objection," said Pleasance; "but I should like to know what it is all about," and she could hardly forbear smiling, though she saw that the Miss Motts, and even Mr. Thomas, were in excited earnest.

"All in good time"—Mr. Thomas Mott waved his hand emphatically—"and all in your favor, my good—lady"—woman he had been going to say, showing the ordinary line of clients with whom Mr. Thomas Mott dealt, but he corrected himself before it was too late. "Was your maiden name Pleasance Hatton? as Miss Mott is of opinion she heard you say it was at Bridge House on Lady Lewis's birthday."

"My maiden name was Pleasance Hatton, as Miss Mott heard me say," confirmed Pleasance.

"Good," said Mr. Thomas Mott, crossing his legs and clasping his hands.

"Can you tell me your mother's name?"

"Pleasance Fowler."

"Exactly. Now are you prepared to say that your father was a brother of Mrs. Wyndham's, of Gable House, here, and of Sefton Hall in Warwickshire—a son of Guy Hatton, of Redmead, and Heron Hill, in Warwick and Staffordshire?"

"I should not have said it, if you had not put it to me," said Pleasance, beginning to wonder and even tremble a little; "but I am aware that Mrs. Wyndham is my aunt, though the relationship has been hardly acknowledged, and she does not know me to be her niece. For Redmead and Heron Hill, I believe I have heard the names, but I can say nothing of them, for my father died at New Orleans, when I was

thirteen years of age; besides, I had been parted from him since my mother died, when I—a mere child then—was sent to school with my sister."

"With your sister Anne Hatton," said Mr. Thomas Mott, rubbing his upper lip.

"How do you know about my sister Anne and me?" demanded Pleasance, unable to contain herself any longer; "what is your motive for collecting all this old information which has no interest in the world save for me?"

"I am ready to answer you, Mrs. Douglas, and to give you the explanation to which you are entitled," said Mr. Thomas Mott with something of the simple dignity which may come to a perfectly honest, even though a vulgar and stupid, man on a trying emergency. "And I do not even ask you to judge my uncle Richard's lamentable lapse of memory with candor and forbearance. Happily the heavy injury of which he has been the innocent cause, is not, I trust, in your case irremediable. But it is the saddest proof that I have yet had of his shattered mental condition—not that he could have been guilty of so tremendous an act of forgetfulness, but that on his obliviousness being brought to light—by his own instrumentality we must own—he should sit and smile like a child, or an idiot over the turning up of the deed, in place of showing himself overwhelmed with shame at the wrong done, and at the stain which may be cast on his professional character."

"Oh, Mrs. Douglas is too good, too kind, she would never blame dear father for his misfortune following on our poor brother Richard's death—so hard and cruel even to suppose—you cannot mean it, cousin Thomas," chimed in the two Miss Motts in a chorus.

"You forget," implored Pleasance, feeling as if she were becoming stifled by the mystery which was closing in round her, and which she could not penetrate, "you have not told me a single word."

"A very few words will suffice to lay before you a great injury of which, I grieve to say, madam, you have been one of the victims," said Mr. Thomas Mott. "My uncle, Mr. Richard Mott, must have been summoned to Warwickshire twenty years ago last April." He paused, while his listeners hung breathless on his words, to unlock a box on the floor, with a key which he took from his pocket, and to draw out a legal paper and examine the date. "The 22nd of April, I see by the deed, to re-write and add some codicils to

the will of your grandfather, Mrs. Douglas, Mr. Hatton of Redmead. I can even give, if it be desired, the probable reason for Mr. Hatton's not employing his own agent, but an attorney from a distance, with whom he had a little business connection, in reference to his daughter's settlement, when she married Mr. Wyndham, of Sefton Hall, of which Gable House is the dowager house, since my uncle had always acted for the Gable House property. Old Mr. Hatton must have had residing with him then, his younger son, Frederick, who confided to his father—as I find by the deed which was thus executed—that he had married some time before, without the knowledge of any of his family, a young woman named Pleasance Fowler, and had become by her the father of two daughters Anne and Pleasance, for whom he naturally desired that a due provision should be made by his father. In complying with his son's request, Mr. Hatton, I conclude, was desirous of keeping the settlement secret, and of anticipating the remotest chance by which it might come to the ears of the other members of his family and provoke their remonstrances. My uncle Richard Mott must have executed the deed, seen it signed, and taken it in charge. But I suspect that Mr. Frederick Hatton—your father, madam—had not been aware of more than might have been inferred from his father—doubtless justly offended by the communication made to him—allowing a promise to be drawn from him to do something for the children—if Mr. Frederick understood so much. For I cannot think that on the death of Mr. Hatton any close search had been made for a recent deed, or that any great expectation had been entertained that such a deed existed. In the mean time my cousin Richard met his death by accidental drowning, and my uncle, who was very fond of Richard—caring more for him than for the whole of the others put together, in fact—was so painfully affected by the loss of his only son, coming upon him suddenly, that he was reduced within a few weeks from being an uncommonly shrewd, hale old man, to the state of second childhood in which you see him. You are a witness to the fact that a man may discuss the most momentous transactions nearly concerning Mr. Mott's honor and prosperity before his face, and even if the words reach him through his deaf ears, he will pay no more heed to them than to the idlest tale with which he has not the slightest concern."

"What are you saying of me, nephew Tom?" growled the old man, all at once, with the most startling contradictory effect. "You have found the paper with the name in it—that should be seen to, as I said to you; but you would not believe me." He ended with an unearthly chuckle that brought on a wheezy cough, which sent both the Miss Motts off in search of his liquorice.

"Ay, there it is!" exclaimed Mr. Thomas Mott in an accent of exasperation. "He pottered about and made the most awful mess among his papers, after he was quite unfit to see to them, but while he was still able to walk into his private room, and sit an hour or two at his desk, and before the family could be brought to comprehend that all business was at an end for him. If he had died outright, at the time of his son's death—if I may say so, before the poor old fellow too," remarked Mr. Thomas Mott, divided between desperation at the consequences of his uncle's prolonged life, and remorse for his own reflection on the same, "it would have saved a great deal of trouble, and all this worry, and been no great loss to himself or any body; but Providence don't seem to take those things into consideration."

"Oh, cousin Thomas!" cried the two Miss Motts in simultaneous horror, "how can you?—so dreadfully hard-hearted and profane—so unlike you."

Cousin Thomas only shook his head and proceeded with his complaint. "Indeed he will muddle by fits and starts still, and harp on this security that has gone to the dogs half a lifetime ago, and that annuity that has lapsed this quarter of a century—enough to drive a man of the present day mad," protested Mr. Thomas Mott, ruffling up his already stubbly hair.

"Oh, cousin Thomas!" again exclaimed the two daughters, this time in undertones of deepest reproach and of hurt feelings, taking out pocket-handkerchiefs and applying them to their eyes, while they wagged the Dolly Varden caps on the extreme crowns of their long heads, "when dear father tries his best, and is quite bright sometimes."

"I cannot help it, Sophy and Becky," maintained cousin Thomas stoutly; "the truth must be spoken, in justice to everybody—your father included. I have done what I could from the first to put and keep what is left of the business in order; but of course I could not overlook and amend every blunder. I had no more notion, when he kept hammering for the last day

or two on a paper which concerned two minors — and one Pleasance — that there was anything in it, save some old story which has been shelved these score of years, than that I should live to be the lord-mayor of London or the governor-general of India. It was more for peace and quietness than anything else that I agreed to make a search this morning, and when I was turning over boxes that I had rummaged a hundred times before, in the middle of my investigation he roared out, 'You blockhead!' — I was reared in his office, besides being a near relation, which warranted him in taking liberties — 'why don't you look in the hairy trunk?' 'Why, sir, that was cousin Richard's college trunk; you forget,' I said mildly; 'that was never a place for papers, like the office-boxes.' But, 'Look in the hairy trunk,' he held on, and I thought he would have a fit if he were contradicted. So we had in the hairy trunk, Becky and I lugging it between us, down from the garret — where it had lain since shortly after Richard's death. When I opened it, what should I find but a whole lot of papers, that my poor uncle, in the maze into which he had fallen after his great sorrow between his grief for Richard, with his dwelling on every relic that belonged to his son, and his desperate attempts to resume the care of his business, had stuffed into Richard's trunk? I turned the papers over with fear and trembling, my uncle laughing at the sight, in a way to make the blood run cold, all things considered, as he did just now. Among the very first that I came to, what should I read, to my horror, but a will — the will of your grandfather, Mr. Hatton of Redmead, made so shortly before his death, that there is every presumption it was his last will, in which, after the disposal of Redmead, according to the will which was proved and acted upon, and by which the property went soon afterwards, in consequence of other deaths in the family, to his daughter, Mrs. Wyndham, there was an entire reservation and alteration of bequest with regard to his small property of Heron Hill? It was set aside for the benefit of his granddaughters, Anne and Pleasance Hatton, daughters of his son Frederick Hatton, by his marriage with Pleasance Fowler, which Frederick Hatton had owned and certified to his father, so as to cause him to reconsider and rewrite his will."

Pleasance interrupted the deliberate, prolix narrative at last. "My sister Anne and I were acknowledged and provided

for, from the first," she said, drawing a long breath.

"Undoubtedly, and the provision which was under the joint guardianship of my uncle, Mr. Richard Mott, and your father, Mr. Frederick Hatton, until the legatees came of age, was a fair provision for the granddaughters by a younger son, of a squire like Mr. Hatton. Heron Hill, which I have often heard discussed in relation to Mrs. Wyndham, of the Gable House, was a very inconsiderable place in comparison with Redmead, but its value was about eight thousand pounds."

"Then all might have been saved, Anne and all," said Pleasance, scarcely knowing what she said, as she sat thunderstruck, and gazed at the recumbent, stranded author of her misfortunes.

"Stay, madam," cried Mr. Thomas Mott, excited and turgid as ever in his excitement and long-windedness, "there is more to be told, unless, indeed, you are already familiar with the particulars, and apprehend what is to follow." Pleasance shook her head. "Why, Mrs. Douglas, it is on Heron Hill that the last great discovery of Staffordshire coal and ironstone has been made, which has trebled the Wyndhams' income. In fact, as both Mr. Wyndham and his son have been sporting men, and have contrived to dip Sefton Hall deeply, and even their interest in Mrs. Wyndham's property of Redmead, pretty considerably, the Heron Hill rental is now the mainstay of the family's affluence and consideration."

"I am sorry to hear it," said Pleasance, mechanically; and then she roused herself by a great effort. "What have you done farther, sir?" she asked gravely. "Have you communicated with Mrs. Wyndham and her son, or with their lawyers?"

"No, I have not taken that step," said Mr. Thomas Mott, a little stiffly. "Mrs. Wyndham, or her advisers, have withdrawn the Gable House property from our charge within the last ten years. They have done me the despite in the eyes of my townsmen of not regarding me as qualified to discharge the smallest part of my uncle's once numerous obligations; our firm has nothing to do now either with Mrs. Wyndham or her son." And for the first time Pleasance thought she detected a shade of gratified malice in Mr. Thomas Mott's manner.

"The more reason that you should communicate with them without delay," she said, a little sharply, with a passing pang at the suspicion that Mr. Mott was only

exhibiting a tinge of the ugly feelings she might be expected to entertain, and with which, for aught she knew, her own heart might swell to bursting before she had done with the lifelong injury and the late retribution she could not yet realize.

"I shall retain the will for my own sake and my uncle's, till I can deliver over the trust to a competent authority," said Mr. Thomas Mott, a little doggedly. "My imparting the painful discovery to you, one of the two persons principally concerned, and my perfect willingness to come forward and state all the trying circumstances, ought to clear me and Mr. Richard Mott from all suspicion of malice, not to say collusion."

"I am sure there will be no suspicion," said Pleasance, much more gently; "how can there be? Who was to be benefited by such silent years of treachery? But, write to Mrs. Wyndham's lawyers, Mr. Mott. I shall write to Mr. Woodcock. I think he will not refuse to look into the business for me; perhaps it may turn out to be nothing—I mean of no avail, after all these years. I am like most women, ignorant of law, but the lawyers will decide for me." She rose and stood for a moment looking steadfastly at the wreck of the old lawyer, who, in simple obliviousness, had done her so much wrong. "You do not know me, or why it should concern you to know me," she said, with a faint smile, "and it is well I have not even to say that I forgive you, for there is nothing to forgive. No, no, I am not angry, Miss Mott, how could I be? No one could help it; it is 'by the will of God,' as people say of accidental deaths; but I must go home and think over it all."

CHAPTER LI.

HOW A MAD YOUNG FELLOW LIKE ARCHIE DOUGLAS CONTRIVED TO UNDO THE BEST JOB HE HAD EVER DONE IN HIS LIFE.

MR. WOODCOCK had been informed of the extraordinary coming to light of what proved Mr. Hatton of Redmead's last will. Mr. Woodcock had satisfied himself of the perfect genuineness and legal correctness of the will. He had farther established the fact beyond doubt, that Mrs. Douglas was the sole surviving granddaughter of Mr. Hatton indicated in the will. There were still legal inquiries and forms to be gone through, and probably some compromise to be effected, between the incredulous, indignant Wyndhams and the heiress of Heron Hill, which

had become a land of Ophir, but there did not remain the shadow of a doubt in Mr. Woodcock's mind of what the result would be.

Mr. Woodcock declined to say that he was altogether surprised. "I saw from the first that she was something out of the common—as different from an ordinary country lass as a diamond from a bit of glass. I always suspected that there was a wheel within a wheel. I should not have wondered any day, though she had been announced a countess in disguise, a peasant countess like the peasant Lord Clifford of the Middle Ages."

Certainly the young squire of Shardleigh did not need an heiress to patch up his shattered inheritance, like many a broken-down young squire of ancient stock; but what wise man would despise a large accession of riches, honorably come by, which might indeed, had all things gone well, been looked upon as the due reward of his having had the taste to appreciate the choice flower blushing unseen and unsuspected among rude surroundings?

There was an estate likely to come into the market, in the neighborhood of Shardleigh, the purchase of which Mr. Woodcock had always looked forward to, as all that was wanted to make Shardleigh the finest property in that part of the country. But then the purchase was so extensive that to make it would cripple even the late Mr. Douglas's heir for ready money in the future, and if Archie went on with his schemes, at the rate he had begun, it would not be a moderate sum at his banker's which would suffice him.

And Archie had actually held the prize within his grasp, had shown that he possessed the discrimination to detect a jewel in the grass, yet the end of it all was, that he had, by some intolerable fickleness or captiousness, flung away his prize, and lost it forever. Mr. Woodcock could not flatter himself that this enlightenment, with regard to Mrs. Archie's antecedents, and what she was entitled to in the matter of fortune, would serve as a powerful aid to a reconciliation.

Mrs. Douglas had taken advantage of Brighton's not being in season to carry her daughter there, to have ten days' benefit from the sea breezes, while Archie, who had escaped shipwreck on Spitzbergen and Jan Mayen, was gone to his Scotch moor, and before Shardleigh and other country houses began to fill in anticipation of September.

Mr. Woodcock, on inquiry at the house in Grosvenor Place, heard that Mrs.

Douglas was not at Shardleigh, for which he had been bound; and, boiling over with sympathetic indignation, tending to personal savageness, as he was at the time, he immediately discovered that after fagging at his chambers since early spring, nothing would set him up like the glare, dust, and unaristocratic turmoil of Brighton in August.

He had no sooner arrived than he made his way from the Bedford Hotel, where he had established himself, to the private hotel in Brunswick Square where the Douglasses had their rooms. But he had not to go far to meet his friend, for as he took his way along the parade, threading the motley multitude of promenaders, among whom elderly gentlemen, suffering from a prolonged course of clubs, and a pronounced preference for port, formed no insignificant feature, he caught a glimpse of Mrs. Douglas in her carriage, going the usual length of the King's Road. Jane had begged off from the drive, and was away with her maid, reading under an artist's umbrella on the shingle of the beach.

Mrs. Douglas discovered him as soon as he saw her, pulled the check-string, and with the most winning expressions of pleasure at encountering her friend, asked him to join her.

The opportunity was excellent, and Mr. Woodcock had no compunction for the manner in which he proposed to spoil sun, sky, and sea, to the gentle lady beside him.

"So glad to see you, Mr. Woodcock," repeated Mrs. Douglas, after the carriage had gone on with its double freight. "I hope only recreation has brought you down. Brighton is refreshing to a poor semi-invalid like me, even when it swarms with complete invalids, or with nobody knows whom."

"I cannot say that I came for my own solace entirely. I had some news which I thought I might as well bring you," said Mr. Woodcock, blunt as he was wont to be to Archie's mother.

"Thanks, thanks. Anything about my son?" inquired Mrs. Douglas quickly, smiling still, but unable to keep out of her liquid dark eyes the anxiety which had been lurking in them ever since Archie went abroad with her a changed man, last autumn. The announcement of his marriage, with the arrangement of a separate maintenance for his wife, ought to have constituted a crisis; but it brought no relief, for Archie had been still more un-

like himself, and more restless and unmanageable, after the crisis.

"Nothing bad, in the first instance," said Mr. Woodcock, touching his hat slightly to an acquaintance in a passing carriage, "and it does not concern Archie directly, it has to do with his wife."

"Oh! that poor, mistaken, out-of-place young woman; she is quite a weight on my mind," said Mrs. Douglas, with a sigh, while she was rapidly resolving that nothing need be said — she would warn Jane to that effect — even to the family friend, of her daughter's girlish adventure with her unacknowledged sister-in-law. "What has happened to her now? I hope she has got into no fresh scrape!"

"That has happened to her which none of us would object to having occur to ourselves," said Mr. Woodcock, with a little grimness in his humor; "her last scrape is only too enviable in this needy age. She has succeeded to a large fortune."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Mrs. Douglas, raising herself up from her graceful, lounging attitude, and staring at the handsome, acute, elderly face in its setting of white hair, opposite her, as if Mr. Woodcock must have gone out of his senses — "a girl of the people, a working-girl — pardon me, but it cannot be."

"She may have been a working-girl, but she turns out no more of a girl of the people than Archie's sister is, if you will forgive the comparison. Mrs. Archie Douglas's mother was a yeoman's daughter, but her father was Fred Hatton, younger son of old Hatton of Redmead, and brother to Mrs. Wyndham."

"How could it be? Why were we never told so? I knew all the Hattons long ago," cried Mrs. Douglas, her eyes sparkling with curiosity and eagerness, her wonderfully youthful animation and sympathy as at times, coming out in full force.

"You may ask that of your son, or, better, of his wife. I suppose Fred Hatton, of whom I knew something also, and who was a dreamy, shilly-shally fellow, at the best, had not treated his humbly-born wife and unacknowledged children so well, that they should make it the business of their lives to recollect him, and boast of the relationship."

"I assure you Fred Hatton was not half a bad fellow, he was a great deal nicer than his elder brother. He was more womanly than manly perhaps — unquestionably more womanly than his surviving sister, that red and white *beauté de diable*,

Mrs. Wyndham, or that incarnation of mischief, her daughter Rica."

"Then I have been misinformed that you looked not unfavorably on a probable match between Archie and Miss Wyndham," said Mr. Woodcock, dryly. "I remember she was staying with you last spring when his marriage came out. I fancied that she and Miss Douglas had been friends. There was some tattle of a nearer connection among your acquaintances."

"My dear sir, what would you have?" said Mrs. Douglas, with impatient energy that was in marked opposition to her usual caressing suavity. "People will talk, whether they have occasion or not. How could there be anything in such a report, when as it turned out the poor boy had been married for six months? But what could I do? The Wyndhams were old acquaintances, I was bound to be civil to them, and Rica Wyndham would not have been a bad match, in a worldly point of view, for Archie, with regard to whom I seemed to have a presentiment that he would throw himself away, in making a mad marriage. As for Jane, she detests Rica more than I think it right for a girl to dislike any companion. But we are wandering from the point, except, indeed, that the young Wyndhams and this young lady, Archie's wife, must be cousins. That does make a difference; you are sure that her father was married to her mother? It is an odious question, but it is best to start by being certain, and so obviating horrible mistakes."

"There is no mistake here, Mrs. Douglas," Mr. Woodcock assured her.

"And pray where do her riches come from? I have always been led to believe that Fred Hatton ran through his patrimony."

"From her grandfather's last will and testament, madam, made after Fred told him of the marriage, and which has been lying *perdu* ever since, in the repositories of a doting old idiot of a lawyer, who ought to be flayed alive, only his skin must be parchment already at this date. That will secure to Mrs. Archie Douglas and an only sister, who died young, the succession to Heron Hill, on which the great fields of coal and ironstone have since been found."

"Good heavens! these are what supply the gaps in the Wyndham estates," exclaimed Mrs. Douglas, excitedly; "then she steps into the chief source of their remaining wealth, and becomes rich by their impoverishment."

"Quite so, I am afraid. If justice be done, the last result cannot be helped. But the Wyndhams will still be far from paupers. If Tom Wyndham choose to pull up and put out Sefton Hall with his mother's place of Redmead, which he has been plundering, to nurse, for the next half-dozen of years, he may do very well yet."

Mrs. Douglas was silent, thinking. A hectic brightness was in the olive of her cheek, her mobile mouth was compressed. "I am very, very glad to hear it," she broke out suddenly, holding out her two little gloved hands ecstatically to Mr. Woodcock. "Why, Mr. Woodcock, it is quite a romance; Mrs. Archie Douglas will be the heroine of the day; there is nothing that she may not do. I was always romantic myself, it is from me that dear Archie takes his romance; and do you know that your friend Jane, whom we always thought such a good, sensible, prosaic girl, has been bitten in her turn? I did not mean to tell tales, but she has made Archie's wife's acquaintance in the most wilful, unconventional manner. Yes, she has, Mr. Woodcock. It seems she could not rest till she knew more of her sister-in-law, and had tried what she could do, like a loving young soul, to set the little differences right. She stole a march upon me, when I was in Wales, and she was with the Russels of the Moat. She went with them to Stone Cross, and there she managed it all. Of course I could forgive anything in such a cause; and I may add that Jane came back perfectly captivated with the beauty and natural graces of my daughter-in-law, as indeed you announced yourself from the first."

"I hope the captivation was mutual," said Mr. Woodcock, dubiously. "I have some confidence in Jane, but if she has been able to accomplish a marvel of reconciliation by the youthful audacity of putting her fingers in so delicate a pie, I shall be surprised."

"It is a very delicate affair, as you say," reflected Mrs. Douglas, evasively. "I believe Mrs. Archie is very shy, and that it will require the greatest pains to draw her out, but with the strongest motive, surely, it can be done. This strange, unhappy misunderstanding must be dissipated, and cease to cloud two young lives, otherwise so well endowed and so full of promise. Is Archie aware of the change in his wife's fortune?"

"Not so far as I know—not through me."

"But you intend that it should be com-

municated to him immediately?" said Mrs. Douglas, with a little involuntary accent of wonder.

"Of course I have neither the power nor the right, if I had the will, to keep to myself information which the newspapers — if they are not anticipated — are sure to convey to your son; only I suspect its influence may be different from what you count upon."

"You do not mean that our boy, that Archie — the most generous, kind-hearted fellow in the world — will not rejoice at any good fortune which has come to his wife, however she may have offended him? Oh, Mr. Woodcock, I think that you are wrong there," said Mrs. Douglas, making great eyes, and speaking reproachfully.

"That was hardly my meaning," said Mr. Woodcock, smiling a little coolly, and not choosing to explain himself farther.

"And you will convey the good news to Archie yourself without fail, and at once," said Mrs. Douglas, persuasively. "It is not fair that he should not know it already — of course I would be only too happy to write or tell it to him, but you know I have been always scrupulous of interfering with business matters where my son is concerned, believing that the relation between us should have another foundation and another expression. Of course Archie's best interests were my first concern, but after them, I have desired that he should love me with all his heart, as he loved me when he was a child, and my pet and darling; I have wished that he should have no association of contradiction and restraint — nothing but pleasant memories connected with his mother. Can you blame me?"

"I do not presume to blame when I am not a mother, and have only had a father's unvarnished part to play."

"Do not say that. And a man, especially a young man, will take freely from his father, or his father's friend — in short from a fellow-man — what he will not tolerate, or at least will be sure to recall with a grudge if it has been authority openly exercised and insisted upon by a poor mother. Now I cannot tell how Archie will feel, where he himself is concerned, about this inheritance of his wife's, though he can only experience satisfaction on her account. He has always been odd in some things, in his goodness and cleverness, and I am afraid he grows more uncertain and impracticable every day. He might resent my intrusion into his affairs, though it were to bring him this news of his wife's succession; he might construe

it into arrogating a title to meddle and advise, which would be more invidious than ever, now that he is his own master. But none of these objections hold good with you, who are Archie's appointed legal adviser, as well as one of his oldest friends. He will always be delighted to receive and listen to you; he will not mind your recounting and dwelling as a man of business on so extraordinary a piece of good fortune. Dear Mr. Woodcock, you must go north immediately, see Archie, and tell him what so nearly concerns him."

"I do not decline to comply with your request, my dear Mrs. Douglas; indeed I had already meditated a run north; and I do not wish to fling cold water on your amiable fancies — facts may they prove, with all my heart; but there are two ways of regarding things. Permit me simply to state that I am by no means certain my friend Archie will accord to me and my news the ready and entire welcome that you anticipate. I have a fear that our meeting, if accompanied by remonstrances or entreaties on my part, will prove stormy rather than sunshiny. More than that, I am not convinced, in my own mind, that the news which I am to carry are really such good news for Archie — not to say his wife — as you, in your partiality, hold."

"Don't be a prophet of evil," she entreated him; "let me think all will be well, and that this splendid piece of good fortune will not be wasted."

He did not know whether to admire or to be affronted by the ease and rapidity with which she had got over the shock of the announcement. Nay, with her large share of the versatility of women, she had so accommodated herself to it, on the spur of the moment, that her whole views and intentions had undergone a transformation within the compass of a short drive.

The blazing sun of Brighton had not sunk perceptibly so as to lengthen the acceptable afternoon shadows. The hot multitude clung still to their refuge on or under the pier, and sought to temper the fierce heat with what moist, salt-flavored air was stirring. In despair of other shade, people resorted to the ascending squares and steep side streets — given over to lodging-houses or to a thriving trade in luxurious edibles and fast and fashionable attire — and after passing the faded toy grounds of the old Steyne, arrived at the green oasis of a modern croquet-ground, among the mature trees and bushes encircling the grotesque hideous barbarism of the Pavilion. The various brass bands continued to clash and clang,

as if the individual men were so many crickets and salamanders, to which warmth was a natural element. The fishermen and fishwomen who shouted soles and screamed "red mullet and mackerel all alive—o," were pursuing the even tenor of their way. The girls who ought to have been at Cowes or Ryde in their blue yachting-dresses—the more amphibious girls in the Galatea stripes and brown Hollands—the full-blown and bouncing, the lean and stiff matrons and maidens—the jaunty old, the lounging young men, strolled on the parade or occupied the benches. The invalids jogged along in unbroken file, and looked with wistful, dazed eyes at their better-faring fellows. The carriages of high and low degree, from coroneted coach to ramshackle cab, with the occupants of the last more elevated in spirits than the first, rolled and rattled along. The riding parties of school-girls and riding masters, fathers and daughters, brothers, sisters, friends and lovers, and idle young men, ambled and cantered, trotted and galloped in spite of the heat, and clattered generally the same as ever.

Jane had been too lazy to do more than turn a page of her book, and to wonder if her mother were returning, and whether afternoon tea could be refreshing in such weather, when her mother had heard tidings which caused her to forget five-o'clock tea, dressing, dinner, even the expediency or necessity of asking Mr. Woodcock to join the little party. For Mrs. Douglas's mind had sustained an upheaval and overthrow on the most important interest of her life. She had recovered her balance and taken her cue with admirable if astounding celerity. But all the same her altered sentiments must pervade and affect her own and her daughter's future comfort and happiness, and assist in coloring the remainder of their lives.

Mrs. Douglas's quick brain and lively imagination were already full of schemes and projects, hopes and expectations. To marshal and conduct these, with pliant deference and subtle sweetness, would be sufficient to occupy and engross even so well-armed and accomplished an actress on the world's stage, for many days.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE RINGS OF SATURN.

(RECENT DISCOVERIES.)

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

THE rings of Saturn, always among the most interesting objects of astronomical research, have recently been subjected to close scrutiny under high telescopic powers by Mr. Trouvelot, of the Harvard Observatory, Cambridge, U.S. The results which he has obtained afford very significant evidence respecting these strange appendages, and even throw some degree of light on the subject of cosmical evolution. The present time, when Saturn is the ruling planet of the night, seems favorable for giving a brief account of recent speculations respecting the Saturnian ring-system, especially as the observations of Mr. Trouvelot appear to remove all doubt as to the true nature of the rings, if indeed any doubt could reasonably be entertained after the investigations made by European and American astronomers when the dark inner ring had but recently been discovered.

It may be well to give a brief account of the progress of observation from the time when the rings were first discovered.

In passing, I may remark that the failure of Galileo to ascertain the real shape of these appendages has always seemed to me to afford striking evidence of the importance of careful reasoning upon all observations whose actual significance is not at once apparent. If Galileo had been thus careful to analyze his observations of Saturn, he could not have failed to ascertain their real meaning. He had seen the planet apparently attended by two large satellites, one on either side, "as though supporting the aged Saturn upon his slow course around the sun." Night after night he had seen these attendants, always similarly placed, one on either side of the planet, and at equal distances from it. Then in 1612 he had again examined the planet, and lo, the attendants had vanished, "as though Saturn had been at his old tricks, and had devoured his children." But after awhile the attendant orbs had reappeared in their former positions, had seemed slowly to grow larger, until at length they had presented the appearance of two pairs of mighty arms encompassing the planet. If Galileo had reasoned upon these changes of appearance, he could not have failed, as it seems to me, to interpret their true meaning. The three forms under which the rings had been seen by him sufficed to

indicate the true shape of the appendage. Because Saturn was seen with two attendants of apparently equal size and always equidistant from him, it was certain that there must be some appendage surrounding him, and extending to that distance from his globe. Because this appendage disappeared, it was certain that it must be thin and flat. Because it appeared at another time with a dark space between the arms and the planet, it was certain that the appendage is separated by a wide gap from the body of the planet. So that Galileo might have concluded — not doubtfully, but with assured confidence — that the appendage is a thin, flat ring, nowhere attached to the planet, or, as Huyghens said some forty years later, Saturn "*annulo cingitur tenui, plano, nusquam coherente*." Whether such reasoning would have been accepted by the contemporaries of Galileo may be doubtful. The generality of men are not content with reasoning which is logically sound, but require evidence which they can easily understand. Very likely Huyghens' proof from direct observation, though in reality not a whit more complete and far rougher, would have been regarded as the first true proof of the existence of Saturn's ring, just as Sir W. Herschel's observation of one star actually moving round another was regarded as the first true proof of the physical association of certain stars, a fact which Michell had proved as completely and far more neatly half a century earlier, by a method, however, which was "caviare to the general."

However, as matters chanced, the scientific world was not called upon to decide between the merits of a discovery made by direct observation and one effected by means of abstract reasoning. It was not until Saturn had been examined with much higher telescopic power than Galileo could employ, that the appendage which had so perplexed the Florentine astronomer was seen to be a thin flat ring, nowhere touching the planet, and considerably inclined to the plane in which Saturn travels. We cannot wonder that the discovery was regarded as a most interesting one. Astronomers had heretofore had to deal with solid masses, either known to be spheroidal, like the earth, the sun, the moon, Jupiter, and Venus, or presumed to be so, like the stars. The comets might be judged to be vaporous masses of various forms; but even these were supposed to surround or to attend upon globe-shaped nuclear masses. Here, however, in the case of Saturn's ring, was a quoit-shaped

body travelling around the sun in continual attendance upon Saturn, whose motions, no matter how they varied in velocity or direction, were so closely followed by this strange attendant that the planet remained always centrally poised within the span of the ring-girdle. To appreciate the interest with which this strange phenomenon was regarded, we must remember that as yet the law of gravity had not been recognized. Huyghens discovered the ring (or rather perceived its nature) in 1659, but it was not till 1666 that Newton first entertained the idea that the moon is retained in its orbit about the earth by the attractive energy which causes unsupported bodies to fall earthwards; and he was unable to demonstrate the law of gravity before 1684. Now, in a general sense, we can readily understand in these days how a ring around a planet continues to travel along with the planet despite all changes of velocity or direction of motion. For the law of gravity teaches that the same causes which tend to change the direction and velocity of the planet's motion tend in precisely the same degree to change the direction and velocity of the ring's motion. But when Huyghens made his discovery it must have appeared a most mysterious circumstance that a ring and planet should be thus constantly associated — that during thousands of years no collision should have occurred whereby the relatively delicate structure of the ring had been destroyed.

Only six years later a discovery was made by two English observers, William and Thomas Ball, which enhanced the mystery. Observing the northern face of the ring, which was at that time turned earthwards, they perceived a black stripe of considerable breadth dividing the ring into two concentric portions. The discovery did not attract so much attention as it deserved, insomuch that when Cassini, ten years later, announced the discovery of a corresponding dark division on the southern surface, none recalled the observation made by the brothers Ball. Cassini expressed the opinion that the ring is really divided into two, not merely marked by a dark stripe on its southern face. This conclusion would, of course, have been an assured one, had the previous observation of a dark division on the northern face been remembered. With the knowledge which we now possess, indeed, the darkness of the seeming stripe would be sufficient evidence that there must be a real division there between the rings; for we know that no mere darkness

of the ring's substance could account for the apparent darkness of the stripe. It has been well remarked by Professor Tyndall, that if the moon's whole surface could be covered with black velvet she would yet appear white when seen on the dark background of the sky. And it may be doubted whether a circular strip of black velvet two thousand miles wide, placed where we see the dark division between the rings, would appear nearly so dark as that division. As we could only admit the possibility of some substance resembling our darker rocks occupying this position (for we know of nothing to justify the supposition that a substance as dark as lampblack or black velvet could be there), we are manifestly precluded from supposing that the dark space is other than a division between two distinct rings.

Yet Sir W. Herschel, in examining the rings of Saturn with his powerful telescopes, for a long time favored the theory that there is no real division. He called it the "broad black mark," and argued that it can neither indicate the existence of a zone of hills upon the ring, nor of a vast cavernous groove, for in either case it would present changes of appearance (according to the ring's changes of position) such as he was unable to detect. It was not until the year 1790, eleven years after his observations had commenced, that, perceiving a corresponding broad black mark upon the ring's southern face, Herschel expressed a "suspicion" that the ring is divided into two concentric portions by a circular gap nearly two thousand miles in width. He expressed at the same time, very strongly, his belief that this division was the only one in Saturn's ring-system.

A special interest attached at that time to the question whether the ring is divided or not, for Laplace had then recently published the results of his mathematical inquiry into the movements of such a ring as Saturn's, and, having *proved* that a single solid ring of such enormous width could not continue to move around the planet, had expressed the *opinion* that Saturn's ring consists in reality of many concentric rings, each turning, with its own proper rotation-rate, around the central planet. It is singular that Herschel, who, though not versed in the methods of the higher mathematics, had considerable native power as a mathematician, was unable to perceive the force of Laplace's reasoning. Indeed, this is one of those cases where clearness of perception rather than profundity of mathematical insight

was required. Laplace's equations of motion did not express all the relations involved, nor was it possible to judge from the results he deduced how far the stability of the Saturnian rings depended on the real structure of these appendages. One who was well acquainted with mechanical matters, and sufficiently versed in mathematics to understand how to estimate generally the forces acting upon the ring-system, could have perceived as readily the general conditions of the problem as the most profound mathematician. One may compare the case to the problem of determining whether the action of the moon in causing the tidal wave modifies in any manner the earth's motion of rotation. We know that as a mathematical question this is a very difficult one. The astronomer royal, for example, not long ago dealt with it analytically, and deduced the conclusion that there is no effect on the earth's rotation, presently, however, discovering by a lucky chance a term in the result which indicates an effect of that kind. But if we look at the matter in its mechanical aspect, we perceive at once, without any profound mathematical research, that the retardation so hard to detect mathematically must necessarily take place. As Sir E. Beckett says in his masterly work, "Astronomy without Mathematics," "the conclusion is as evident without mathematics as with them, when once it has been suggested." So when we consider the case of a wide flat ring surrounding a mighty planet like Saturn, we perceive that nothing could possibly save such a ring from destruction if it were really one solid structure.

To recognize this the more clearly, let us first notice the dimensions of the planet and rings.

We have in Saturn a globe about seventy thousand miles in mean diameter, an equatorial diameter being about seventy-three thousand miles, the polar diameter about sixty-six thousand miles. The attractive force of this mighty mass upon bodies placed on its surface is equal to about one-fifth more than terrestrial gravity if the body is near the pole of Saturn, and is almost exactly the same as terrestrial gravity if the body is at the planet's equator. Its action on the matter of the ring is, of course, very much less, because of the increased distance, but still a force is exerted on every part of the ring which is comparable with the familiar force of terrestrial gravity. The outer edge of the outer ring lies about eighty-three thousand five hundred miles from the planet's

centre, the inner edge of the inner ring (I speak throughout of the ring-system as known to Sir W. Herschel and Laplace) about fifty-four thousand five hundred miles from the centre, the breadth of the system of bright rings being about twenty-nine thousand miles; between the planet's equator and the inner edge of the innermost bright ring there intervenes a space of about twenty thousand miles. Roughly speaking, it may be said that the attraction of the planet on the substance of the ring's inner edge is less than gravity at Saturn's equator (or, which is almost exactly the same thing, is less than terrestrial gravity) in about the proportion of nine to twenty; or, still more roughly, the inner edge of Saturn's inner bright ring is drawn inwards by about half the force of gravity at the earth's surface. The outer edge is drawn towards Saturn by a force less than terrestrial gravity in the proportion of about three to sixteen — say roughly that the force thus exerted by Saturn on the matter of the outer edge of the ring-system is equivalent to about one-fifth of the force of gravity at the earth's surface.

It is clear, first, that if the ring-system did not rotate, the forces thus acting on the material of the rings would immediately break them into fragments, and, dragging these down to the planet's equator, would leave them scattered in heaps upon that portion of Saturn's surface. The ring would in fact be in that case like a mighty arch, each portion of which would be drawn towards Saturn's centre by its own weight. This weight would be enormous if Bessel's estimate of the mass of the ring-system be correct. He made the mass of the ring rather greater than the mass of the earth — an estimate which I believe to be greatly in excess of the truth. Probably the rings do not amount in mass to more than a fourth part of the earth's mass. But even that is enormous, and, subjected as is the material of the rings to forces varying from one half to a fifth of terrestrial gravity, the strains and pressures upon the various parts of the system would exceed thousands of times those which even the strongest material built up into their shape could resist. The system would no more be able to resist such strains and pressures than an arch of iron spanning the Atlantic would be able to sustain its own weight against the earth's attraction.

It would be necessary then that the ring-system should rotate around the planet. But it is clear that the proper rate of rotation for the outer portion would be very

different from the rate suited for the inner portion. In order that the inner portion should travel around Saturn entirely relieved of its weight, it should complete a revolution in about seven hours twenty-three minutes. The outer portion, however, should revolve in about thirteen hours fifty-eight minutes, or nearly fourteen hours. Thus the inner part should rotate in little more than half the time required by the outer part. The result would necessarily be that the ring-system would be affected by tremendous strains, which it would be quite unable to resist. The existence of the great division would manifestly go far to diminish the strains. It is easily shown that the rate of turning where the division is, would be once in about eleven hours and twenty-five minutes, not differing greatly from the mean between the rotation-periods for the outside and for the inside edges of the system. Even then, however, the strains would be hundreds of times greater than the material of the ring could resist. A mass comparable in weight to our earth compelled to rotate in (say) nine hours when it ought to rotate in eleven or in seven, would be subjected to strains exceeding many times the resistances which the cohesive power of its substance could afford. That would be the condition of the inner ring. And in like manner the outer ring, if it rotated in about twelve hours and three-quarters, would have its outer portions rotating too fast and its inner portions too slowly, because their proper periods would be fourteen hours and eleven hours and a half respectively. Nothing but the division of the ring into a number of narrow hoops could possibly save it from destruction through the internal strains and pressures to which its material would be subjected.

Even this complicated arrangement, however, would not save the ring-system. If we suppose a fine hoop to turn around a central attracting body as the rings of Saturn rotate around the planet, it may be shown that unless the hoop is so weighted that its centre of gravity is far from the planet, there will be no stability in the resulting motions; the hoop will before long be made to rotate eccentrically, and eventually be brought into destructive collision with the central planet.

It was here that Laplace left the problem. Nothing could have been more unsatisfactory than his result, though it was accepted for nearly half a century unquestioned. He had shown that a weighted fine hoop may possibly turn

around a central attracting mass without destructive changes of position, but he had not proved more than the bare possibility of this, while nothing in the appearance of Saturn's rings suggests that any such arrangement exists. Again, manifestly a multitude of narrow hoops, so combined as to form a broad flat system of rings, would be constantly in collision *inter se*. And then each one of them would be subjected to destructive strains. For though a fine uniform hoop set rotating at a proper rate around an attracting mass at its centre would be freed from all strains; the case is very different with a hoop so weighted as to have its centre of gravity greatly displaced. Laplace had saved the theoretical stability of the motions of a fine ring at the expense of the ring's power of resisting the strains to which it would be exposed. It seems incredible that such a result (expressed, too, very doubtingly by the distinguished mathematician who had obtained it) should have been accepted so long almost without question. There is nothing in nature in the remotest degree resembling the arrangement imagined by Laplace, which indeed appears on *à priori* grounds impossible. It was not claimed for it that it removed the original difficulties of the problem, while it introduced others fully as serious. So strong, however, is authority in the scientific world that none ventured to express any doubts except Sir W. Herschel, who simply denied that the two rings were divided into many, as Laplace's theory required. As time went on and the signs of many divisions were at times recognized, it was supposed that Laplace's reasoning had been justified, and, despite the utter impossibility of the arrangement he had suggested, that arrangement was ordinarily described as probably existing.

At length, however, a discovery was made which caused the whole question to be reopened.

On November 10, 1850, W. Bond, observing the planet with the telescope of the Harvard Observatory, perceived within the inner bright ring a feeble illumination which he was at a loss to understand. On the next night the faint light was better seen. On the 15th, Tuttle, who was observing with Bond, suggested the idea that the light within the inner bright ring was due to a dusky ring inside the system of bright rings. On November 25, Mr. Dawes in England perceived this dusky ring, and announced the discovery before the news had reached England that Bond had already seen the dark ring. The

credit of the discovery is usually shared between Bond and Dawes, though the usual rule in such matters would assign the discovery to Bond alone. It was found that the dark ring had already been seen at Rome so far back as 1828, and again by Galle at Berlin in May, 1838. The Roman observations were not satisfactory. Those by Galle, however, were sufficient to have established the fact of the ring's existence; indeed, in 1839 Galle measured the dark ring. But very little attention was attracted to this interesting discovery, insomuch that when Bond and Dawes announced their observation of the dark ring in 1850, the news was received by astronomers with all the interest attaching to the detection of before unnoted phenomena.

It may be well to notice under what conditions the dark ring was detected in 1850. In September 1848 the ring had been turned edgewise towards the sun, and as rather more than seven years are occupied in the apparent gradual opening out of the ring from that edge view to its most open appearance (when the outline of the ring system is an ellipse whose lesser axis is nearly equal to half the greater), it will be seen that in November 1850 the rings were but slightly opened. Thus the recognition of the dark ring within the bright system was made under unfavorable conditions. For four preceding years—that is, from the year 1846—the rings had been as little or less opened; and again for several years preceding 1846, though the rings had been more open, the planet had been unfavorably placed for observation in northern latitudes, crossing the meridian at low altitudes. Still, in 1838 and 1839, when the rings were most open, although the planet was never seen under favorable conditions, the opening of the rings, then nearly at its greatest, made the recognition of the dark ring possible; and we have seen that Galle then made the discovery. When Bond rediscovered the dark ring, everything promised that before long the appendage would be visible with telescopes far inferior in power to the great Harvard refractor. Year after year the planet was becoming more favorably placed for observation, while all the time the rings were opening out. Accordingly it need not surprise us to learn that in 1853 the dark ring was seen with a telescope less than three inches and a half in aperture. Even so early as 1851, Mr. Hartnup, observing the planet with a telescope eight inches and a half in aperture, found that “the dark

ring could not be overlooked for an instant."

But while this increase in the distinctness of the dark ring was to be expected, from the mere fact that the ring was discovered under relatively unfavorable conditions, yet the fact that Saturn was thus found to have an appendage of a remarkable character, perfectly obvious even with moderate telescopic power, was manifestly most surprising. The planet had been studied for nearly two centuries with telescopes exceeding in power those with which the dark ring was now perceived. Some among these telescopes were not only of great power, but employed by observers of the utmost skill. The elder Herschel had for a quarter of a century studied Saturn with his great reflectors eighteen inches in aperture, and had at times turned on the planet his monstrous (though not mighty) four-foot mirror. Schröter had examined the dark space within the inner bright ring for the special purpose of determining whether the ring-system is really disconnected from the globe. He had used a mirror nineteen inches in aperture, and he had observed that the dark space seen on either side of Saturn inside the ring-system not only appeared dark, but actually darker than the surrounding sky. This was presumably (though not quite certainly) an effect of contrast only, the dark space being bounded all round by bright surfaces. If real, the phenomenon signified that whereas the space outside the ring, where the satellites of the planet travel, was occupied by some sort of cosmical dust, the space within the ring-system, was, as it were, swept and garnished, as though all the scattered matter which might otherwise have occupied that region had been either attracted to the body of the planet or to the rings.* But manifestly the observation was entirely inconsistent with the supposition that there existed in Schröter's time a dark or dusky ring within the bright system. Again, the elder Struve made the most careful measurement of the whole of the ring-system in 1826, when the system was as well placed for observation as in 1856 (or, in other words, as well placed as it can possibly be); but though he used a telescope nine inches and a half in aperture, and though his attention was specially attracted to the inner edge of the

inner bright ring (*which seemed to him indistinct*), he did not detect the dark ring. Yet we have seen that in 1851, under much less favorable conditions, a less practised observer, using a telescope of less aperture, found that the dark ring could not be overlooked for an instant. It is manifest that all these considerations point to the conclusion that the dark ring is a new formation, or, at the least, that it has changed notably in condition during the present century.

I have hitherto only considered the appearance of the dusky ring as seen on either side of the planet's globe within the bright rings. The most remarkable feature of the appendage remains still to be mentioned—the fact, namely, that the bright body of the planet can be seen through this dusky ring. Where the dark ring crosses the planet, it appears as a rather dark belt which might readily be mistaken for a belt upon the planet's surface; for the outline of the planet can be seen through the ring as through a film of smoke or a crape veil.

Now it is worthy of notice that whereas the dark ring was not detected outside the planet's body until 1838, nor generally recognized by astronomers until 1850, the dark belt across the planet, really caused by the dusky ring, was observed more than a century earlier. In 1715 the younger Cassini saw it, and perceived that it was not curved enough for a belt really belonging to the planet. Hadley again observed that the belt attended the ring as this opened out and closed, or, in other words, that the dark belt belonged to the ring, not to the body of the planet. And in many pictures of Saturn's system a dark band is shown along the inner edge of the inner bright ring where it crosses the body of the planet. It seems to me that we have here a most important piece of evidence respecting the rings. It is clear that the inner part of the inner bright ring has for more than a century and a half (how much more we do not know) been partially transparent, and it is probable that within its inner edge there has been all the time a ring of matter; but this ring has only within the last half-century gathered consistency enough to be discernible. It is manifest that the existence of the dark belt shown in the older pictures would have led directly to the detection of the dark ring, had not this appendage been exceedingly faint. Thus, while the observation of the dark belt across the planet's face proves the dusky ring to have existed in some form long before it was perceived,

* The same peculiarity has been noticed since the discovery of the dark ring, the space within that ring being observed by Coolidge and G. Bond at Harvard in 1856 to be apparently darker than the surrounding sky.

the same fact only helps to render us certain that the dark ring has changed notably in condition during the present century.

The discovery of this singular appendage, an object unique in the solar system, naturally attracted fresh attention to the question of the stability of the rings. The idea was thrown out by the elder Bond that the new ring may be fluid, or even that the whole ring-system may be fluid, and the dark ring simply thinner than the rest. It was thought possible that the ring-system is of the nature of a vast ocean, whose waves are steadily advancing upon the planet's globe. The mathematical investigation of the subject was also resumed by Professor Benjamin Pierce, of Harvard, and it was satisfactorily demonstrated that the stability of a system of actual rings of solid matter required so nice an adjustment of so many narrow rings as to render the system far more complex than even Laplace had supposed. "A stable formation can," he said, "be nothing other than a very great number of separate narrow rigid rings, each revolving with its proper relative velocity." As was well remarked by the late Professor Nichol, "If this arrangement or anything like it were real, how many new conditions of instability do we introduce! Observation tells us that the division between such rings must be extremely narrow, so that the slightest disturbance by external or internal causes would cause one ring to impinge upon another; and we should thus have the seed of perpetual catastrophes." Nor would such a constitution protect the system against dissolution. "There is no escape from the difficulties, therefore, but through the final rejection of the idea that Saturn's rings are rigid or in any sense a solid formation."

The idea that the ring-system may be fluid came naturally next under mathematical scrutiny. Strangely enough, the physical objections to the theory of fluidity appear to have been entirely overlooked. Before we could accept such a theory, we must admit the existence of elements differing entirely from those with which we are familiar. No fluid known to us could retain the form of the rings of Saturn under the conditions to which they are exposed. But the mathematical examination of the theory that the rings can consist of continuous fluid masses, that we need not now discuss the physical objections to the theory.

There remains only the theory that the

Saturnian ring-system consists of discrete masses analogous to the streams of meteors known to exist in great numbers within the solar system. The masses may be solid or fluid, may be strewn in relatively vacant space, or may be surrounded by vaporous envelopes; but that they are discrete, each free to travel on its own course, seemed as completely demonstrated by Pierce's calculations as anything not actually admitting of direct observation could possibly be. The matter was placed beyond dispute by the independent analysis to which Clerk Maxwell subjected the mathematical problem. It had been selected in 1855 as the subject for the Adams prize essay at Cambridge, and Clerk Maxwell's essay, which attained the prize, showed conclusively that only a system of many small bodies, each free to travel upon its course under the varying attractions to which it was subjected by Saturn itself, and by the Saturnian satellites, could possibly continue to girdle a planet as the rings of Saturn girdle him.

It is clear that all the peculiarities hitherto observed in the Saturnian ring-system are explicable so soon as we regard that system as made up of multitudes of small bodies. Varieties of brightness simply indicate various degrees of condensation of these small satellites. Thus the outer ring had long been observed to be less bright than the inner. Of course it did not seem impossible that the outer ring might be made of different materials; yet there was something bizarre in the supposition that two rings forming the same system were thus different in substance. It would not have been at all noteworthy if different parts of the same ring differed in luminosity — in fact it was much more remarkable that each zone of the system seemed uniformly bright all round. But that one zone should be of one tint, another of an entirely different tint, was a strange circumstance so long as the only available interpretation seemed to be that one zone was made (throughout) of one substance, the other of another. If this was strange when the difference between the inner and outer bright rings was alone considered, how much stranger did it seem when the multitudinous divisions in the rings were taken into account! Why should the ring-system, thirty thousand miles in width, be thus divided into zones of different material? An arrangement so artificial is quite unlike all that is elsewhere seen among the subjects of the astronomer's researches. But when the rings are regarded as made up of multi-

tudes of small bodies, we can quite readily understand how the nearly circular movements of all of these, at different rates, should result in the formation of rings of aggregation and rings of segregation, appearing at the earth's distance as bright rings and faint rings. The dark ring clearly corresponds in appearance with a ring of thinly scattered satellites. Indeed, it seems impossible otherwise to account for the appearance of a dusky belt across the globe of the planet where the dark ring crosses the disc. If the material of the dark ring were some partly transparent solid or fluid substance, the light of the planet received through the dark ring added to the light reflected by the dark ring itself, would be so nearly equivalent to the light received from the rest of the planet's disc, that either no dark belt would be seen, or the darkening would be barely discernible. In some positions a bright belt would be seen, not a dark one. But a ring of scattered satellites would cast as its shadow a multitude of black spots, which would give to the belt in shadow a dark grey aspect. A considerable proportion of these spots would be hidden by the satellites forming the dark ring, and in every case where a spot was wholly or partially hidden by a satellite, the effect (at our distant station where the separate satellites of the dark ring are not discernible) would simply be to reduce *pro tanto*, the darkness of the grey belt of shadow. But certainly more than half the shadows of the satellites would remain in sight; for the darkness of the ring at the time of its discovery showed that the satellites were very sparsely strewn. And these shadows would be sufficient to give to the belt a dusky hue, such as it presented when first discovered.*

The observations which have recently been made by Mr. Trouvelot indicate changes in the ring-system, and especially in the dark ring, which place every other theory save that to which we have thus been led entirely out of the question. It should be noted that Mr. Trouvelot has employed telescopes of unquestionable excellence and varying in aperture from six inches to twenty-six inches, the latter aperture being that of the great telescope

of the Washington Observatory (the largest refractor in the world).

He has noted in the first place that the interior edge of the outer bright ring, which marks the outer limit of the great division, is irregular, but whether the irregularity is permanent or not he does not know. The great division itself is found not to be actually black, but, as was long since noted by Captain Jacob, of the Madras Observatory, a very dark brown, as though a few scattered satellites travelled along this relatively vacant zone of the system. Mr. Trouvelot has further noticed that the shadow of the planet upon the rings, and especially upon the outer ring, changes continually in shape, a circumstance which he attributes to irregularities in the surface of the rings. For my own part, I should be disposed to attribute these changes in the shape of the planet's shadow (noted by other observers also) to rapid changes in the deep cloud-laden atmosphere of the planet. Passing on, however, to less doubtful observations, we find that the whole system of rings has presented a cloudy and spotted aspect during the last four years. Mr. Trouvelot specially describes this appearance as observed on the parts of the ring outside the disc, called by astronomers the *ansæ* because of their resemblance to handles; and it would seem, therefore, that the spotted and cloudy portions are seen only where the background on which the rings are projected is black. This circumstance clearly suggests that the darkness of these parts is due to the background, or, in other words, that the sky is in reality seen through those parts of the ring-system, just as the darkness of the slate-colored interior ring is attributed, on the satellite theory, to the background of sky visible through the scattered flight of satellites forming the dark ring. The matter composing the dark ring has been observed by Mr. Trouvelot to be gathered in places into compact masses, which prevent the light of the planet from being seen through those portions of the dark ring where the matter is thus massed together. It is clear that such peculiarities could not possibly present themselves in the case of a continuous solid or fluid ring-system, whereas they would naturally occur in a ring formed of multitudes of minute bodies travelling freely around the planet.

The point next to be mentioned is still more decisive. When the dark ring was carefully examined with powerful telescopes during the ten years following its

* I cannot understand why Mr. Webb, in his interesting little work, "Celestial Objects for Common Telescopes," says that the satellite theory of the rings certainly seems insufficient to account for the phenomena of the dark ring. It seems, on the contrary, manifest that the dark ring can scarcely be explained in any other way. The observations recently made are altogether inexplicable on any other theory.

discovery by Bond, at which time it was most favourably placed for observation, it was observed that the outline of the planet could be seen across the entire breadth of the dark ring. All the observations agreed in this respect. It was, indeed, noticed by Dawes that outside the planet's disc the dark ring showed varieties of tint, its inner half being darker than its outer portion. Lassell, observing the planet under most favorable conditions with his two-foot mirror at Malta, could not perceive these varieties of tint, which therefore we may judge to have been either not permanent or very slightly marked. But, as I have said, all observers agreed that the outline of the planet could be seen athwart the entire width of the dark ring. Mr. Trouvelot, however, has found that during the last four years the planet has not been visible through the whole width of the dark ring, but only through the inner half of the ring's breadth. It appears, then, that either the inner portion is getting continually thinner and thinner—that is, the satellites composing it are becoming continually more sparsely strewn—or that the outer portion is becoming more compact, doubtless by receiving stray satellites from the interior of the inner bright ring.

It is clear that in Saturn's ring-system, if not in the planet itself, mighty changes are still taking place. It may be that the rings are being so fashioned under the forces to which they are subjected as to be on their way to becoming changed into separate satellites, inner members of that system which at present consists of eight secondary planets. But, whatever may be the end towards which these changes are tending, we see processes of evolution taking place which may be regarded as typifying the more extensive and probably more energetic processes whereby the solar system itself reached its present condition. I ventured more than ten years ago, in the preface to my treatise upon the planet Saturn, to suggest the possibility "that in the variations perceptibly proceeding in the Saturnian ring-system a key may one day be found to the law of development under which the solar system has reached its present condition." This suggestion seems to me strikingly confirmed by the recent discoveries. The planet Saturn and its appendages, always interesting to astronomers, are found more than ever worthy of close investigation and scrutiny. We may here, as it were, seize nature in the act and trace out the actual progress of developments which at present are matters rather of theory than of observation.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE. A MONOGRAPH.

X.

WITH the autumn of 1851 another epoch in the life of Charlotte Brontë was ushered in. She began to write "Villette." Something has already been said of the true character of that marvellous book, in which her own deepest experiences and ripest wisdom are given to the world. Of the manner in which it was written her readers know nothing. Yet this, the best-beloved child of her genius, was brought forth with a travail so bitter that more than once she was tempted to lay aside her pen and hush her voice forever. Every sentence was wrung from her as though it had been a drop of blood, and the book was built up bit by bit, amid paroxysms of positive anguish, occasioned in part by her own physical weakness and suffering, but still more by the torture through which her mind passed as she depicted scene after scene from the darkest chapter in her own life, for the benefit of those for whom she wrote. It is from her letters that at this time also we get the best indications of what she was passing through. Few, perhaps, reading these letters, would suppose that their writer was at that very time engaged in the production of a great masterpiece, destined to hold its own among the ripest and finest fruits of English genius. But no one can read them without seeing how true the woman's soul was, how deep her sympathy with those she loved, how keen her criticisms of even the dull and commonplace characters around her, how vivid and sincere her interest in everything which was passing either in the great world which lay afar off, or in the little world, the drama of which was being enacted under her own eyes. Even the ordinary incidents mentioned in her letters, the chance expressions which drop from her pen, have an interest when we remember who it is that speaks, and at what hour in her life this speech falls from her.

September, 1851.

I have mislaid your last letter, and so cannot look it over to see what there is in it to answer; but it is time it was answered in some fashion, whether I have anything to say or not. Miss —'s note is very like her. All that talk about "friendship," "mutual friends," "auld lang syne," etc., sounds very like palaver. Mrs. — wrote to me a week or a fortnight since—a well-meaning, amiable note, dwelling a good deal, excusably perhaps, on the good time that is coming. I mean, to speak plain English, on her expectation of

soon becoming a mother. No doubt it is very natural in her to feel as if no woman had ever been a mother before; but I could not help inditing an answer calculated to shake her up a bit. A day or two since I had another note from her, quite as good as usual, but I think a trifle nonplussed by the rather unceremonious fashion in which her terrors and the expected personage were handled. . . . It is useless to tell you how I live. I endure life; but whether I enjoy it or not is another question. However, I get on. The weather, I think, has not been very good lately; or else the beneficial effects of change of air and scene are evaporating. In spite of regular exercise the old headaches and starting, wakeful nights are coming upon me again. But I *do* get on, and have neither wish nor right to complain.

October, 1851.

I am not at all intending to go from home at present. I have just refused successively Miss Martineau, Mrs. Gaskell, and Mrs. Forster. I could not go if I would. One person after another in the house has been ailing for the last month and more. First Tabby had the influenza, then Martha took it and is ill in bed now, and I grieve to say papa too has taken cold. So far I keep pretty well, and am thankful for it, for who else would nurse them all? Some painful mental worry I have gone through this autumn; but there is no use in dwelling on all that. At present I seem to have some respite. I feel more disinclined than ever for letter-writing. . . . Life is a struggle.

November, 1851.

Papa, Tabby, and Martha are at present all better, but yet none of them well. Martha especially looks feeble. I wish she had a better constitution. As it is, one is always afraid of giving her too much to do; and yet there are many things I cannot undertake myself; and we do not like to change when we have had her so long. The other day I received the inclosed letter from Australia. I had had one before from the same quarter, which is still unanswered. I told you I did not expect to hear thence—nor did I. The letter is long, but it will be worth your while to read it. In its way it has merit—that cannot be denied—abundance of information, talent of a certain kind, alloyed (I think) here and there with errors of taste. This little man with all his long letters remains as much a conundrum to me as ever. Your account of the H— “domestic joys” amused me much. The good folks seem very happy; long may they continue so! It somewhat cheers me to know that such happiness *does* exist on earth.

November, 1851.

All here is pretty much as usual. . . . The only events of my life consist in that little change occasional letters bring. I have had two from Miss W— since she left Haworth, which touched me much. She seems to think so much of a little congenial company, a little

attention and kindness. She says she has not for many days known such enjoyment as she experienced during the ten days she stayed here. Yet you know what Haworth is—dull enough. Before answering X—’s letter from Australia I got up my courage to write to — and beg him to give me an impartial account of X—’s character and disposition, owning that I was very much in the dark on these points and did not like to continue correspondence without further information. I got the answer which I inclose. Since receiving it I have replied to X— in a calm, civil manner. At the earliest I cannot hear from him again before the spring.

December, 1851.

I hope you have got on this last week well. It has been very trying here. Papa so far has borne it unhurt; but these winds and changes have given me a bad cold; however, I am better now than I was. Poor old Keeper (Emily’s dog) died last Monday morning after being ill one night. He went gently to sleep; we laid his old faithful head in the garden. Flossy is dull, and misses him. There was something very sad in losing the old dog; yet I am glad he met a natural fate. People kept hinting that he ought to be put away, which neither papa nor I liked to think of. If I were near a town and could get cod-liver oil fresh and sweet, I really would most gladly take your advice and try it; but how I could possibly procure it at Haworth I do not see. . . . You ask about the “Lily and the Bee.” If you have read it you have effected an exploit beyond me. I glanced at a few pages and laid it down hopeless, nor can I now find courage to resume it. But, then, I never liked Warren’s writings. “Margaret Maitland” is a good book, I doubt not.

At this point, the illness of which she makes light in these letters, increased to such an extent as to alarm her father, and at last she consented to lay aside her work and allow herself the pleasure and comfort of a visit from her friend. The visit was a source of happiness whilst it lasted; but when it was over the depression returned, and there was a serious relapse. Something of her sufferings at this time—whilst “Villette” was still upon the stocks—will be gathered from the following letter, dated January, 1852:—

I wish you could have seen the coolness with which I captured your letter on its way to papa, and at once conjecturing its tenor, made the contents my own. Be quiet. Be tranquil. It is, dear Nell, my decided intention to come to B— for a few days when I *can* come; but of this last I must positively judge for myself, and I must take my time. I am better to-day—much better; but you can have little idea of the sort of condition into which mercury throws people to ask me to go from home anywhere in close or open carriage.

And as to talking — four days ago I could not well have articulated three sentences. Yet I did not need nursing, and I kept out of bed. It was enough to burden myself; it would have been misery to me to have annoyed another.

March, 1852.

The news of E. T.'s death came to me last week in a letter from M——, a long letter, which wrung my heart so in its simple, strong, truthful emotion, I have only ventured to read it once. It ripped up half-scarred wounds with terrible force — the death-bed was just the same — breath failing, etc. She fears she will now in her dreary solitude become "a stern, harsh, selfish woman." This fear struck home. Again and again I have felt it for myself, and what is *my* position to M——'s? I should break out in energetic wishes that she would return to England, if reason would permit me to believe that prosperity and happiness would there await her. But I see no such prospect. May God help her as God only can help!

To another friend she writes as follows, in reply to an invitation to leave Haworth for a short visit: —

March 12th, 1852.

Your kind note holds out a strong temptation, but one that *must be resisted*. From home I must not go unless health or some cause equally imperative render a change necessary. For nearly four months now (*i.e.* since I first became ill) I have not put pen to paper; my work has been lying untouched and my faculties have been rusting for want of exercise; further relaxation is out of the question, and *I will not permit myself to think of it*. My publisher groans over my long delays; I am sometimes provoked to check the expression of his impatience with short and crusty answers. Yet the pleasure I now deny myself I would fain regard as only deferred. I heard something about your purposing to visit Scarborough in the course of the summer, and could I by the close of July or August bring my task to a certain point, how glad should I be to join you there for a while! . . . However, I dare not lay plans at this distance of time; for me so much must depend, first, on papa's health (which throughout the winter has been, I am thankful to say, really excellent); and, second, on the progress of work — a matter not wholly contingent on wish or will, but lying in a great measure beyond the reach of effort, or out of the pale of calculation.

As the summer advanced her sufferings were scarcely abated, and at last, in search of some relief, she made a sudden visit by herself to Filey, inspired in part by her desire to see the memorial stone erected above her sister's grave at Scarborough.

FILEY BAY, June, 1852.

MY DEAR MISS —,

Your kind and welcome note reached me at this place, where I have been staying three

weeks *quite alone*. Change and sea-air had become necessary. Distance and other considerations forbade my accompanying Ellen to the south, much as I should have liked it had I felt quite free and unfettered. Ellen told me sometime ago that you were not likely to visit Scarborough till the autumn, so I forthwith packed my trunk and betook myself here. The first week or ten days I greatly feared the seaside would not suit me, for I suffered almost incessantly from headache and other harassing ailments; the weather, too, was dark, stormy, and excessively — *bitterly* — cold; my solitude under such circumstances partook of the character of desolation; I had some dreary evening hours and night vigils. However, that passed. I think I am now better and stronger for the change, and in a day or two hope to return home. Ellen told me that Mr. W—— said people with my tendency to congestion of the liver should walk three or four hours every day; accordingly I have walked as much as I could since I came here, and look almost as sunburnt and weather-beaten as a fisherman or a bathing-woman, with being out in the open air. As to my work, it has stood obstinately still for a long while: certainly a torpid liver makes a torpid brain. No spirit moves me. If this state of things does not entirely change my chance of a holiday in the autumn is not worth much; yet I should be very sorry not to meet you for a little while at Scarborough. The duty to be discharged at Scarborough was the chief motive that drew me to the east coast. I have been there, visited the churchyard, and seen the stone. There were five errors, consequently I had to give directions for its being refaced and relettered.

The sea-air did her good; but she was still unable to carry her great work forward, in spite of the urgent pressure put upon her by those who in this respect merely expressed the impatience of the public.

HAWORTH, July, 1852.

I am again at home, where (thank God) I found all well. I certainly feel much better than I did, and would fain trust that the improvement may prove permanent. . . . The first fortnight I was at Filey I had constantly recurring pain in the right side, and sick headache into the bargain. My spirits at the same time were cruelly depressed — prostrated sometimes. I feared the miseries and the suffering of last winter were all returning; consequently I am now indeed thankful to find myself so much better. . . . You ask about Australia. Let us dismiss the subject in a few words, and not recur to it. All is silent as the grave. Cornhill is silent too: there has been bitter disappointment there at my having no work ready for this season. Ellen, we must not rely upon our fellow-creatures — only on ourselves, and on Him who is above both us and them. My *labors*, as you call them, stand in abeyance and I cannot hurry

them. I must take my own time, however long that time may be.

August, 1852.

I am thankful to say that papa's convalescence seems now to be quite confirmed. There is scarcely any remainder of the inflammation in his eyes, and his general health progresses satisfactorily. He begins even to look forward to resuming his duty ere long, but caution must be observed on that head. Martha has been very willing and helpful during papa's illness. Poor Tabby is ill herself at present with English cholera; which complaint, together with influenza, has lately been almost universally prevalent in this district. Of the last I have myself had a touch; but it went off very gently on the whole, affecting my chest and liver less than any cold has done for the last three years. . . . I write to you about yourself rather under constraint and in the dark; for your letters, dear Nell, are most remarkably oracular, dropping nothing but hints which tie my tongue a good deal. What, for instance, can I say to your last postscript? It is quite sibylline. I can hardly guess what checks you in writing to me. Perhaps you think that as *I* generally write with some reserve, you ought to do the same. *My* reserve, however, has its origin not in design, but in necessity. I am silent because I have literally *nothing to say*. I might indeed repeat over and over again that my life is a pale blank, and often a very weary burden, and that the future sometimes appals me; but what end could be answered by such repetition, except to weary you and enervate myself? The evils that now and then wring a groan from my heart lie in my position—not that I am a *single* woman and likely to remain a *single* woman; but because I am a lonely woman and likely to be *lonely*. But it cannot be helped, and therefore *imperatively must be borne*, and borne too with as few words about it as may be. I write this just to prove to you that whatever you would freely *say* to me, you may just as freely write. Understand that I remain just as resolved as ever not to allow myself the holiday of a visit from you, till *I* have done my work. After labor, pleasure; but while work was lying at the wall undone, I never yet could enjoy recreation.

Slowly page after page of "Villette" was now being written. The reader sees from these letters that the book was composed in no happy mood. Writing to her publisher a few weeks after the date of the last letter printed above, she says, "I can hardly tell you how I hunger to hear some opinions beside my own, and how I have sometimes desponded and almost despaired, because there was no one to whom to read a line, or of whom to ask a counsel. 'Jane Eyre' was not written under such circumstances, nor were two-thirds of 'Shirley.' I got so miserable about it I could bear no allusion to the book. It is

not finished yet; but now I hope." But though her work pressed so incessantly upon her, and her feverish anxiety to have it done weighed so heavily upon her health and spirits, she could still find time to answer her friend's letters in a way which showed that her interest in the outer world was as keen as ever:—

September, 1852.

Thank you for A——'s notes. I like to read them, they are so full of news, but they are illegible. A great many words I really cannot make out. It is pleasing to hear that M—— is doing so well, and the tidings about —— seem also good. I get a note from —— every now and then, but I fear my last reply has not given much satisfaction. It contained a taste of that unpalatable commodity called *advice*—such advice, too, as might be and I dare say was, construed into faint reproof. I can scarcely tell what there is about ——, that, in spite of one's conviction of her amiability, in spite of one's sincere wish for her welfare, palls upon one, satiates, stirs impatience. She *will* complacently put forth opinions and tastes as her own which are *not* her own, nor in any sense natural to her. My patience can really hardly sustain the test of such a jay in borrowed plumes. She prated so much about the fine wilful spirit of her child, whom she describes as a hard, brown little thing, who will do nothing but what pleases himself, that I hit out at last—not very hard, but enough to make her think herself ill-used, I doubt not. Can't help it. She often says she is not "absorbed in self," but the fact is I have seldom seen any one more unconsciously, thoroughly, and often weakly egotistic. Then, too, she is inconsistent. In the same breath she boasts her matrimonial happiness and whines for sympathy. Don't understand it. With a paragon of a husband and child, why that whining, craving note? Either her lot is not all she professes it to be, or she is hard to content.

In October the resolute determination to allow herself no relaxation until "Villette" was finished broke down. She was compelled to call for help, and to acknowledge herself beaten in her attempt to crush out the yearning for company:—

October, 1852.

Papa expresses so strong a wish that I should ask you to come, and I feel some little refreshment so absolutely necessary myself, that I really must beg you to come to Haworth for one single week. I thought I would persist in denying myself till I had done my work, but I find it won't do. The matter refuses to progress, and this excessive solitude presses too heavily. So let me see your dear face, Nell, just for one reviving week. Could you come on Wednesday? Write to-morrow and let me know by what train you would reach Keighley, that I may send for you.

The visit was a pleasant one in spite of the weariness of body and mind which troubled Charlotte. She laid aside her task for that "one little week," went out upon the moors with her friend, talked as of old, and at last, when she was left alone once more, declared that the change had done her "inexpressible good." Her pen now began to move more quickly, and the closing chapters of "Villette" were written with comparative ease, so that at last she writes thus on November 22nd:—

Monday Morning.

Truly thankful am I to be able to tell you that I finished my long task on Saturday, packed and sent off the parcel to Cornhill. I said my prayers when I had done it. Whether it is well or ill done I don't know. *D.V.*, I will now try to wait the issue quietly. The book, I think, will not be considered pretentious, nor is it of a character to excite hostility. As papa is pretty well, I may, I trust, dear Nell, do as you wish me and come for a few days to B—. Miss Martineau has also urgently asked me to go and see her. I promised if all were well to do so at the close of November or the commencement of December, so that I could go on from B— to Westmoreland. Would Wednesday suit you? "Esmond" shall come with me, *i.e.*, Thackeray's novel.

Every reader knows in what fashion "Villette" ends, and most persons also know from Mrs. Gaskell that the reason why the actual issue is left in some uncertainty was the author's filial desire to gratify her father. Charlotte herself was firmly resolved that she would *not* make Lucy Snowe the happy wife of Paul Emanuel. She never meant to "appoint her lot in pleasant places." Lucy was to bear the storm and stress of life in the same manner as that in which her creator had been compelled to bear it; and she was to be left in the end alone, robbed forever of the hope of spending the happy afternoon of her existence in the sunshine of love and congenial society. But Mr. Brontë, altogether unconscious of that tragedy of heart-sickness and soul-weariness which was being enacted under his own roof, and which furnished so striking a parallel to the story which ran through "Villette," would not brook a gloomy ending to the tale, and by protestations and entreaties induced his daughter at least so far to alter her plan as to leave the issue in doubt.

So "Villette" went its way as "Jane Eyre" and "Shirley" had done before it from the secluded parsonage at Haworth up to the busy publishing-house in Cornhill,

and thence out into the world. There was some fear on Charlotte's part when the MS. had been despatched. She herself was gradually forming that which remained the fixed conviction of her life—the conviction that in "Villette" she had done her best, and that, for good or for ill, by it her reputation must stand or fall. But she was intensely anxious, as we have seen, to have the opinions of others upon the story. Nor was it only a general verdict on its merits for which she called. She was uneasy upon some minor points. According to her wont, she had taken most of her characters from life, and it was not during her stay at Brussels alone that she had studied the models which she employed when writing the book. Naturally, she was curious to know whether she had painted her portraits too literally. So "Villette" was allowed to pass, whilst still in MS., into the hands of the original of "Dr. John." When that gentleman had read the story, and criticised all the characters with the freedom of unconsciousness, her mind was set at rest, and she knew that she had not transgressed the bounds which divide the storyteller from the biographer.

In the mean time, her work done, she hurried away from Haworth to spend a well-earned holiday at B— with her friend. "Esmond" accompanied her, and the quiet afternoons were spent in reading it aloud. On December 9th she writes from Haworth announcing her safe return to her own home:—

I got home safely at five o'clock yesterday afternoon, and, I am most thankful to say, found papa and all the rest quite well. I did my business satisfactorily in Leeds, getting the head-dress rearranged as I wished. It is now a very different matter to the bushy, tasteless thing it was before. On my arrival I found no proof-sheets, but a letter from Mr. S—, which I would have inclosed, but so many words are scarce legible you would have no pleasure in reading it. He continues to make a mystery of his "reason;" something in the third volume sticks confoundedly in his throat, and as to the "female character" about which I asked, he responds that "she is an odd, fascinating little puss," but affirms that "he is not in love with her." He tells me also that he will answer no more questions about "Villette." This morning I have a brief note from Mr. Williams, intimating that he has not yet been permitted to read the third volume. Also there is a note from Mrs. —, very kind. I almost wish I could still look on that kindness just as I used to do: it was very pleasant to me once. Write *immediately*, dear Nell, and tell me how your mother is. Give my kindest regards to her, and all others at B—. Every-

body seemed very good to me this last visit. I remember it with corresponding pleasure.

The private reception of "Villette" was not altogether that for which its author had hoped. Her publisher had objection to urge against certain features of the story, and those who saw the book in manuscript were not slow to express their own disapproval. It was evident that there was disappointment at Cornhill; and the proud spirit of Miss Brontë was keenly troubled. The letters in which she dwells on what was passing at that time need not be reproduced here; for their purport is sufficiently indicated by that which has just been given. But it is worth while to notice the scrupulous modesty with which she listened to all that was said by those who found fault; her careful anxiety to understand their objections, such as they were, and her perfect readiness to discuss every point raised with them. Of irritability under this criticism there is no trace, only a certain sadness and sorrow at the discovery that she had not succeeded in impressing others as she had hoped. Yet she is scarcely surprised at first that it is so. Had she not written years before, when "Shirley" was first produced, these words?—

No matter, whether known or unknown, misjudged or the contrary, I am resolved not to write otherwise. I shall bend as my powers tend. The two human beings who understood me, and whom I understood, are gone. I have some that love me yet, and whom I love without expecting, or having a right to expect, that they shall perfectly understand me. I am satisfied, but I must have my own way in the matter of writing. . . . I am thankful to God who gave me the faculty; and it is for me a part of my religion to defend this gift and to profit by its possession.

So now she is not astonished at finding herself misunderstood. Nor is she angry. She is perfectly ready to explain her real meaning to those who have misjudged her, but she is resolute in abiding by what she has written. The work wrung from her during those two years of pain and sorrow is not work which can be altered at will, to please another. Even to meet the entreaties of her father she had refused to do more than draw a veil over the catastrophe in which the plot ends, and she cannot introduce new incidents, or lay on new colors, because the little circle of critics sitting in judgment on her manuscript have pronounced it to be imperfect. "I fear they" (the readers) "must be satisfied with what is offered; my palette affords no brighter tints; were I to attempt to deepen the

reds or burnish the yellows, I should but botch." Yet she admits that those who judge the book only from the outside have some reason to complain that it is not as other novels are:—

You say that Lucy Snowe may be thought morbid and weak, unless the history of her life be more freely given. I consider that she *is* both morbid and weak at times; her character sets up no pretensions to unmixed strength, and anybody living her life would necessarily become morbid. It was no impetus of healthy feeling which urged her to the confessional, for instance; it was the semi-delirium of solitary grief and sickness. If, however, the book does not express all this there must be a great fault somewhere. I might explain away a few other points, but it would be too much like drawing a picture and then writing underneath the name of the object intended to be represented.

Happily the heart of the great reading world is bigger and truer as a whole than any part of it is. What those who read the manuscript of "Villette" failed to see at the first glance was seen instantly by the public when the book was placed in its hands. From critics of every school and degree, there came up a cry of wonder and admiration, as men saw out of what simple characters and commonplace incidents genius had evoked this striking work of literary art. Popular, perhaps, the book, could scarcely hope to be in the vulgar acceptance of the word. The author had carefully avoided the "flowery and inviting" course of romance, and had written in silent obedience to the stern dictates of an inspiration which, as we have seen, only came at intervals, leaving her between its visits cruelly depressed and pained, but which when it came held her spell-bound and docile. Yet out of the dull record of humble woes, marked by no startling episodes, adorned by few of the flowers of poetry, she had created such a heart-history as remains to this day without a rival in the school of English fiction to which it belongs.

I bring together a batch of notes, not all addressed to the same person, which give her account of the reception and success of the book:—

Feb. 11th, 1853.

Excuse a very brief note, for I have time only to thank you for your last kind and welcome letter, and to say that, in obedience to your wishes, I send you by this day's post two reviews—the *Examiner* and the *Morning Advertiser*—which, perhaps, you will kindly return at your leisure. Ellen has a third—the *Literary Gazette*—which she will likewise send. The reception of the book has been

favorable thus far—for which I am thankful—less, I trust, on my own account than for the sake of those few real friends who take so sincere an interest in my welfare as to be happy in my happiness.

Feb. 15th.

I am very glad to hear that you got home all right, and that you managed to execute your commissions in Leeds so satisfactorily. You do not say whether you remembered to order the bishop's dessert; I shall know, however, by to-morrow morning. I got a budget of no less than seven papers yesterday and to-day. The import of all the notices is such as to make my heart swell with thankfulness to Him who takes note both of suffering and work and motives. Papa is pleased too. As to friends in general, I believe I can love them still without expecting them to take any large share in this sort of gratification. The longer I live, the more plainly I see that gentleness must be the strain on fragile human nature. It will not bear much.

I have heard from Mrs. Gaskell. Very kind, panegyric, and so on. Mr. S— tells me he has ascertained that Miss Martineau *did* write the notice in the *Daily News*. J. T. offers to give me a regular blowing-up and setting-down for 5*l.*, but I tell him the *Times* will probably let me have the same gratis.

March 10th, 1853.

I only got the *Guardian* newspaper yesterday morning, and have not yet seen either the *Critic* or *Sharpe's Magazine*. The *Guardian* does not wound me much. I see the motive, which, indeed, there is no attempt to disguise. Still I think it a choice little morsel for foes (Mr. — was the first to bring the news of the review to papa), and a still choicer morsel for "friends" who, — bless them! — while they would not perhaps positively do one an injury, still take a dear delight in dashing with bitterness the too sweet cup of success. Is *Sharpe's* small article like a bit of sugar-candy, too, Ellen? or has it the proper wholesome wormwood flavor? Of course I guess it will be like the *Guardian*. My "dear friends" will weary of waiting for the *Times*. "O Sisera! why tarry the wheels of thy chariot so long?"

March 22nd.

Thank you for sending —'s notes. Though I have not attended to them lately, they always amuse me. I like to read them; one gets from them a clear enough idea of her sort of life. —'s attempts to improve his good partner's mind make me smile. I think it all right, enough, and doubt not they are happy in their way; only the direction he gives his efforts seems of rather problematic wisdom. Algebra and optics! Why not enlarge her views by a little well-chosen general reading? However, they do right to amuse themselves in their own way. The rather dark view you seem inclined to take of the general opinion about "Villette" surprises me the less, as only the more unfavorable reviews seem to have

come in your way. Some reports reach me of a different tendency; but no matter; time will show. As to the character of Lucy Snowe, my intention from the first was that she should not occupy the pedestal to which "Jane Eyre" was raised by some injudicious admirers. She is where I meant her to be, and where no charge of self-laudation can touch her.

XI.

EVERY book, as we know, has its secret history, hidden from the world which reads only the printed pages, but legible enough to the author, who sees something more than the words he has set down for every one to read. Thackeray tells us how, reading again one of his smaller stories, written at a sad period of his own life, he brought back all the scene amid which the little tale was composed, and woke again to a consciousness of the pangs which tore his heart when his pen was busy with the imaginary fortunes of the puppets he had placed upon the mimic stage. Between the lines he read quite a different story from that which was laid before the reader. I have tried to show how largely this was the case with Charlotte Brontë's novels. Each was a double romance, having one meaning for the world and another for the author. Yet she herself, when she wrote "Shirley" and "Villette," had no conception of the strange blending of the secret currents of the two books which was in store for her, or of the unexpected fate which was to befall the real heroine of her last work — to wit, herself.

I have told how fixed was her belief that "Lucy Snowe's" fate was to be a tragic one — a life the closing years of which were to be spent in loneliness and anguish, and amid the bitterness of withered hopes. Very few readers can have forgotten the closing passage of "Villette," in which the catastrophe, though veiled, can be readily discovered: —

The sun passes the equinox; the days shorten, the leaves grow sere; but — he is coming.

Frosts appear at night; November has sent his fogs in advance; the wind takes its autumn moan; but — he is coming.

The skies hang full and dark — a rack sails from the west; the clouds cast themselves into strange forms — arches and broad radiations; there rise resplendent mornings — glorious, royal, purple as a monarch in his state; the heavens are one flame; so wild are they, they rival battle at its thickest — so bloody, they shame Victory in her pride. I know some signs of the sky; I have noted them ever since childhood. God, watch that sail! Oh! guard it!

The wind shifts to the west. Peace, peace, Banshee — “keening” at every window! It will rise — it will swell — it shrieks out long: wander as I may through the house this night, I cannot lull the blast. The advancing hours make it strong: by midnight, all sleepless watchers hear and fear a wild south-west storm. . . .

Peace, be still! Oh! a thousand weepers, praying in agony on waiting shores, listened for that voice, but it was not uttered — not uttered till, when the hush came, some could not feel it; till, when the sun returned, his light was night to some!

In darkness such as here is shadowed forth, Charlotte Brontë believed that her own life would close; all sunshine gone, all joys swept clean away by the bitter blast of death, all hopes withered or uprooted. But the end which she pictured was not to be. God was more merciful than her own imaginings; and at eventime there was light and peace upon her troubled path.

Those who turn to the closing passage of “*Shirley*” will find there reference to “a true Christian gentleman,” who had taken the place of the hypocrite Malone, one of the famous three curates of the story. This gentleman, a Mr. McCarthy, was, like the rest, no fictitious personage. His original was to be found in the person of Mr. Nicholls, who for several years had lived a simple, unobtrusive life at Haworth, as curate to Mr. Brontë, and whose name often occurs in Charlotte’s letters to her friend. In none of these references to him is there the slightest indication that he was more than an honored friend. Nor was it so. Whilst Mr. Nicholls, dwelling near Miss Brontë, and observing her far more closely than any other person could do, had formed a deep and abiding attachment for her, she herself was wholly unconscious of the fact. Its first revelation came upon her as something like a shock; as something also like a reproach. Whilst she had thought herself alone, doomed to a life of solitude and pain, a tender yet a manly love had all the while been growing round her.

It is obvious that the letters which she addressed at this time (December, 1852) to her friend cannot be printed here. Yet no letters more honorable to the woman, the daughter, and the lover have ever been penned. There is no restraint now in the outpourings of her heart. Her friend is taken into her full confidence, and every hope and fear and joy is spoken out as only women who are pure and truthful and entirely noble can venture to speak out. Mrs. Gaskell has briefly but distinctly

stated the broad features of this strange love-story, giving such promise at the time, so happy and beautiful in its brief fruition, so soon to be quenched in the great darkness. Mr. Brontë resented the attentions of Mr. Nicholls to his daughter in a manner which brought to light all the sternness and bitterness of his character. There had been of late years a certain mellowing of his disposition which Charlotte had dwelt upon with hopeful joy, as her one comfort in her lonely life at Haworth. How much he owed to her none knew but himself. When he was sinking under the burden of his son’s death, she had rescued him; when, for one dark and bitter interval, he had sought refuge from grief and remorse in the coward’s solace, her brave heart, her gentleness, her unyielding courage, had brought him back again from evil ways, and sustained and kept him in the path of honor; and now his own ambitions were more than satisfied by her success; he found himself shining in the reflected glory of his daughter’s fame, and sunned himself, poor man, in the light and warmth. But all the old jealousy, the intense acerbity of his character broke out when he saw another person step between himself and her, and that other no idol of the great world of London, but simply the honest man who had dwelt almost under his roof-tree for years.

When, having heard with surprise and emotion, the story of Mr. Nicholls’s attachment, Charlotte communicated his offer to her father, “agitation and anger disproportionate to the occasion ensued. My blood boiled with a sense of injustice. But papa worked himself into a state not to be trifled with. The veins on his forehead started up like whipcord, and his eyes became suddenly bloodshot. I made haste to promise that on the morrow Mr. Nicholls should have a distinct refusal.” It so happened that very soon after this, that is to say when “*Villette*” was published, Miss Martineau caused deep pain to its writer by condemning the manner in which “all the female characters in all their thoughts and lives” were represented as “being full of one thing—love.” The critic not unjustly pointed out that love was not the be-all and the end-all of a woman’s life. Perhaps her pen would not have been so sharp in touching on this subject, had she known with what quiet self-sacrifice the author of “*Villette*” had but a few weeks before set aside her own preferences and inclinations, and submitted her lot to her father’s angry will. This truly must be reckoned as another illustra-

tion of the extent to which the *Quarterly Review* of 1848 had formed an accurate conception of the character of "Currer Bell."

Not only was the struggle which followed sharp and painful; it was also stubborn and prolonged. Mr. Nicholls resigned the curacy he had held so many years, and prepared to leave Haworth. Mr. Brontë not only showed no signs of relenting, but openly exulted in his departure, and lost no opportunity of expressing, in bitterly sarcastic language, his opinion of his colleague's conduct. How deeply Charlotte suffered at this time is proved by the letters before me. Firmly convinced that her first duty was to the parent whose only remaining stay she was, she never wavered in her determination to sacrifice every wish of her own to his comfort. But her heart was racked with pity for the man who was suffering through his love for her, and her indignation was roused to fever-heat by the gross injustice of her father's conduct.

Compassion or relenting is no more to be looked for from papa than sap from fire-wood. I never saw a battle more sternly fought with the feelings than Mr. N. fights with his, and when he yields momentarily, you are almost sickened by the sense of the strain upon him. However, he is to go and I cannot speak to him or look at him or comfort him a whit—and I must submit. Providence is over all; that is the only consolation.

In all this [she says, after speaking again of the severity of the struggle] it is not *I* who am to be pitied at all, and of course nobody pities me. They all think in Haworth that I have disdainfully refused him. If pity would do him any good he ought to have, and I believe has, it. They may abuse me if they will. Whether they do or not I can't tell.

During this crisis in her life, when suffering had come to her in a new and sharp form, but when happily the black cloud was lit up on the other side by the rays of the sun, she went up to London to spend a few weeks. From the letters written during her visit I make these extracts:—

Jan. 11th, 1853.

I came here last Wednesday. I had a delightful day for my journey, and was kindly received at the close. My time has passed pleasantly enough since I came, yet I have not much to tell you; nor is it likely I shall have. I do not mean to go out much or see many people. Sir J. S— wrote to me two or three times before I left home, and made me promise to let him know when I should be in town, but I reserve to myself the right of deferring the communication till the latter part of my stay. All in this house appear to be pretty much as usual, and yet I see some changes.

Mrs. — and her daughter look well enough; but on Mr. — hard work is telling early. Both his complexion, his countenance, and the very lines of his features are altered. It is rather the remembrance of what he was than the fact of what he is which can warrant the picture I have been accustomed to give of him. One feels pained to see a physical alteration of this kind; yet I feel glad and thankful that it is *merely* physical. As far as I can judge, mind and manners have undergone no deterioration—rather, I think, the contrary.

Jan. 19th, 1853.

I still continue to get on very comfortably and quietly in London, in the way I like, seeing rather things than persons. Being allowed to have my own choice of sights this time, I selected the *real* rather than the *decorative* side of life. I have been over two prisons, ancient and modern, Newgate and Pentonville; also the Bank, the Exchange, the Foundling Hospital; and to-day, if all be well, I go with Dr. Forbes to see the Bethlehem Hospital. Mrs. — and her daughters are, I believe, a little amazed at my gloomy tastes; but I take no notice. Papa, I am glad to say, continues well. I inclose portions of two notes of his which will show you better than anything I can say how he treats a certain subject. My book is to appear at the close of this month. Mrs. Gaskell wrote to beg that it should not clash with "Ruth," and it was impossible to refuse to defer the publication a week or two.

The visit to London did good; but it could not remove the pain which she suffered during this period of conflict. The remainder of the year 1853 was a chequered one. Mr. Nicholls left Haworth; Charlotte remained with her father. Those who saw her at this time bear testimony to the unfailing, never-flagging devotion she displayed towards one who was wounding her cruelly. But she bore this sorrow, like those which had preceded it, bravely and cheerfully. To her friend she opened her heart at times, revealing something of what she was suffering; but to all others she was silent.

HAWORTH, April 13th, 1853.

MY DEAR MISS —,

Your last kind letter ought to have been answered long since, and would have been, did I find it practicable to proportion the promptitude of the response to the value I place upon my correspondents and their communications. You will easily understand, however, that the contrary rule often holds good, and that the epistle which importunes often takes precedence of that which interests. My publishers express entire satisfaction with the reception which has been accorded to "Villette." And, indeed, the majority of the reviews has been favorable enough. You will be aware, however, that there is a minority, small in

character, which views the work with no favorable eye. Curren Bell's remarks on Romanism have drawn down on him the condign displeasure of the High Church party, which displeasure has been unequivocally expressed through their principal organs, the *Guardian*, the *English Churchman*, and the *Christian Remembrancer*. I can well understand that some of the charges launched against me by these publications will tell heavily to my prejudice in the minds of most readers. But this must be borne; and for my part, I can suffer no accusation to oppress me much which is not supported by the inward evidence of conscience and reason. "Extremes meet," says the proverb; in proof whereof I would mention that Miss Martineau finds with "Villette" nearly the same fault as the Puseyites. She accuses me of attacking Popery "with virulence," of going out of my way to assault it "passionately." In other respects she has shown, with reference to the work, a spirit so strangely and unexpectedly acrimonious, that I have gathered courage to tell her that the gulf of mutual difference between her and me is so wide and deep, the bridge of union so slight and uncertain, I have come to the conclusion that frequent intercourse would be most perilous and unadvisable, and have begged to adjourn *sine die* my long-projected visit to her. Of course she is now very angry; but it cannot be helped. Two or three weeks since I received a long and kind letter from Mr. —, which I answered a short time ago. I believe he thinks me a much better advocate for *change*, and what is called "political progress" than I am. However, in my reply, I did not touch on these subjects. He intimated a wish to publish some of his own MSS. I fear he would hardly like the somewhat dissuasive tendency of my answer; but really, in these days of headlong competition, it is a great risk to publish.

April 18th, 1853.

If all be well, I think of going to Manchester about the close of this week. I only intend staying a few days; but I can say nothing about coming back by B—. Do not expect me; I would rather see you at Haworth by-and-by. Two or three weeks since Miss Martineau wrote to ask why she did not hear from me, and to press me to go to Ambleside. Explanations ensued; the notes on each side were quite civil; but having deliberately formed my resolution on substantial grounds, I adhered to it. I have declined being her visitor, and bid her good-bye. It is best so; the antagonism of our natures and principles was too serious to be trifled with.

This difference with Miss Martineau is not a thing to dwell on now. The pity is that two women so truthful, so sincere, so bold in their utterances, should ever have differed. Charlotte Brontë had known how to stand bravely by Miss Martineau when she believed that the latter was suf-

fering because of her honestly-formed opinions; she had known how to speak on her behalf with timely generosity and force. But her sensitive nature was wounded to the quick by criticisms which she believed to be unjust, and so these two great women parted, and met again no more.

To the mental pain which she was now suffering from her father's conduct there was added keen physical torture. During this summer of 1853 many of her letters contain sentences like this: "I have been suffering most severely for ten days with continued pain in the head — on the nerves it is said to be. Blistering at last seems to have done it some good; but I am yet weak and bewildered." A visit from Mrs. Gaskell, who came to see how Haworth looked in its autumn robe of splendor, did her some good; but still more was gained by a journey to the seaside in the company of her old friend and schoolmistress, Miss Wooler.

December came, and she writes to this friend expressing her wonder as to how she is spending the long winter evenings — "alone probably like me." It was a dreary winter for her; but the spring was at hand. Mr. Brontë, studying his daughter with keen eyes, could not hide from himself the fact that her health and spirits were drooping now as they had never drooped before. All work with the pen was laid aside; and household cares, attendance upon her father or on the old servant who now also needed to be waited upon, occupied her time; but her heart was heavy with a burden such as she had never known before. At last the stern nature of the man was broken down by his genuine affection for his daughter. His opposition to her marriage was suddenly laid aside; he asked her to recall Mr. Nicholls to Haworth, and with characteristic waywardness he now became as anxious that the wedding should take place as he had ever been that it should be prevented.

April 11th, 1854.

The result of Mr. Nicholls's visit is that papa's consent is gained and his respect won; for Mr. Nicholls has in all things proved himself disinterested and forbearing. He has shown, too, that while his feelings are exquisitely keen he can freely forgive. . . . In fact, dear Ellen, I am engaged. Mr. Nicholls in the course of a few months will return to the curacy of Haworth. I stipulated that I would not leave papa, and to papa himself I proposed a plan of residence which should maintain his seclusion and convenience uninvaded,

and in a pecuniary sense bring him gain instead of loss. What seemed at one time impossible is now arranged, and papa begins really to take a pleasure in the prospect. For myself, dear E—, while thankful to One who seems to have guided me through much difficulty, much and deep distress and perplexity of mind, I am still very calm. . . . What I taste of happiness is of the soberest order. Providence offers me this destiny. Doubtless, then, it is the best for me; nor do I shrink from wishing those dear to me one not less happy. It is possible that our marriage may take place in the course of the summer. Mr. Nicholls wishes it to be in July. He spoke of you with great kindness, and said he hoped you would be at our wedding. I said I thought of having no other bridesmaid. Did I say right? I mean the marriage to be literally *as quiet as possible*. Do not mention these things as yet. Good-bye. There is a strange, half-sad feeling in making these announcements. The whole thing is something other than the imagination paints it beforehand: cares, fears, come mixed inextricably with hopes. I trust yet to talk the matter over with you.

So at length the day had dawned, and every letter now is filled with the hopes and cares of the expectant bride.

April 15th.

I hope to see you somewhere about the second week in May. The Manchester visit is still hanging over my head, I have deferred it and deferred it; but have finally promised to go about the beginning of next month. I shall only stay about three days; then I spend two or three days at H—, then come to B—. The three visits must be compressed into the space of a fortnight if possible. I suppose I shall have to go to Leeds. My purchases cannot be either expensive or extensive. You must just resolve in your head the bonnets and dresses: something that can be turned to decent use and worn after the wedding-day will be best—I think. I wrote immediately to Miss W—, and received a truly kind letter from her this morning. Papa's mind seems wholly changed about this matter; and he has said, both to me and when I was not there, how much happier he feels since he allowed all to be settled. It is a wonderful relief for me to hear him treat the thing rationally—and quietly and amicably to talk over with him themes on which once I dared not touch. He is rather anxious that things should get forward now, and takes quite an interest in the arrangement of preliminaries. His health improves daily, though this east wind still keeps up a slight irritation in the throat and chest. The feeling which had been disappointed in papa was *ambition*—paternal pride—ever a restless feeling, as we all know. Now that this unquiet spirit is exorcised, justice, which was once quite forgotten, is once more listened to, and affection, I hope, resumes some power. My hope is that in the end this

arrangement will turn out more truly to papa's advantage than any other it was in my power to achieve. Mr. N. only in his last letter refers touchingly to his earnest desire to prove his gratitude to papa by offering support and consolation to his declining age. This will not be mere *talk* with him. He is no talker; no dealer in mere professions.

April 28th.

Papa, thank God! continues to improve much. He preached twice on Sunday and again on Wednesday, and was not tired. His mind and mood are different to what they were; so much more cheerful and quiet. I trust the illusions of ambition are quite dissipated, and that he really sees it is better to relieve a suffering and faithful heart, to secure in its fidelity a solid good, than unfeelingly to abandon one who is truly attached to *his* interests as well as mine, and pursue some vain empty shadow.

The marriage took place on June 29th 1854. A neighboring clergyman read the service; Charlotte's "dear Nell" was the solitary bridesmaid; her old schoolmistress, whose friendship had ever been dear to her, Miss Wooler, gave her away, and visitors to Haworth who are shown the marriage register, will see that these two faithful and trusted friends were the only witnesses. Immediately after the marriage the bride and bridegroom started for Ireland to visit some of the relatives of Mr. Nicholls. "I trust I feel thankful to God for having enabled me to make a right choice, and I pray to be enabled to repay as I ought the affectionate devotion of a truthful, honorable, unboastful man," are words which appear in the first letter written from Ireland. A month later the bride writes as follows to her friend:—

DUBLIN, July 28th, 1854.

I really cannot rest any longer without writing you a line, which I have literally not had time to do during the last fortnight. We have been travelling about, with only just such cessation as enabled me to answer a few of the many notes of congratulation forwarded, and which I dared not suffer to accumulate till my return, when I know I shall be busy enough. We have been to Killarney, Glen Gariffe, Tarbert, Tralee, Cork, and are now once more in Dublin again on our way home, where we hope to arrive next week. I shall make no effort to describe the scenery through which we have passed. Some parts have exceeded all I ever imagined. Of course much pleasure has sprung from all this, and more perhaps from the kind and ceaseless protection which has ever surrounded me, and made travelling a different matter to me from what it has heretofore been. Dear Nell, it is written that there shall be no unmixed happiness in this world. Papa has not been well, and I have

been longing, *longing intensely* sometimes, to be at home. Indeed, I could enjoy and rest no more, and so home we are going.

It was a new life to which she was returning. Wedded to one who had proved by years of faithfulness and patience how strong and real was his love for her, it seemed as though peace and sunshine, the brightness of affection and the pleasures of home, were at length about to settle upon her and around her. The bare sitting-room in the parsonage, which for six years of loneliness and anguish had been peopled only by the heart-sick woman and the memories of those who had left her, once more resounded with the voices of the living. The husband's strong and upright nature furnished something for the wife to lean against; the painful sense of isolation which had so long oppressed her vanished utterly, and in its place came that "sweet sense of depending" which is the most blessed fruit of a trustful love. A great calm seemed to be breathed over the spirit of her life after the fitful fever which had raged so long, and her friends saw new shoots of tenderness, new blossoms of gentleness and affection, peeping forth in nooks of her character which had hitherto been barren. Of her letters during these happy months of peace and expectation I cannot quote much: they are too closely intertwined with the life of those who survive to permit of this being done; but all of them breathe the same spirit. They show that the courage, the patience, the cheerfulness with which the rude buffetings of fate had been borne in that stormy middle-passage of her history, had brought their own reward; and that joy had come at last, not perhaps in the shape she had imagined in her early youth, but as a substantial reality, and no longer a mocking illusion.

August 9th, 1854.

— will probably end by accepting —; and judging from what you say, it seems to me that it would be rational to do so. If, indeed, some one else whom she preferred *wished* to have her, and had duly and sincerely come forward, matters would be different. But this it appears is not the case; and to cherish any *unguarded* and unsustained preference is neither right nor wise. Since I came home I have not had one unemployed moment. My life is changed indeed; to be wanted continually, to be constantly called for and occupied, seems so strange: yet it is a marvellously good thing. As yet I don't quite understand how some wives grow so selfish. As far as my experience of matrimony goes, I think it tends to draw you out and away from yourself. . . .

Dear Nell, during the last six weeks the color of my thoughts is a good deal changed. I know more of the realities of life than I once did. I think many false ideas are propagated, perhaps unintentionally. I think those married women who indiscriminately urge their acquaintance to marry, much to blame. For my part I can only say with deeper sincerity and fuller significance, what I always said in theory—wait God's will. Indeed, indeed, Nell, it is a solemn, and strange, and perilous thing for a woman to become a wife. Man's lot is far, far different. . . . Have I told you how much better Mr. Nicholls is? He looks quite strong and hale. To see this improvement in him has been a great source of happiness to me; and, to speak the truth, a source of wonder too.

HAWORTH, September 7th, 1854.

I send a French paper to-day. You would almost think I had given them up, it is so long since one was despatched. The fact is they had accumulated to quite a pile during my absence. I wished to look them over before sending them off, and as yet I have scarcely found time. That same *time* is an article of which I once had a large stock always on hand; where it is all gone to now it would be difficult to say, but my moments are very fully occupied. Take warning, Ellen. The married woman can call but a very small portion of each day her own. Not that I complain of this sort of monopoly as yet, and I hope I never shall incline to regard it as a misfortune, but it certainly exists. We were both disappointed that you could not come on the day I mentioned. I have grudged this splendid weather very much. The moors are in their glory; I never saw them fuller of purple bloom; I wanted you to see them at their best. They are fast turning now, and in another week, I fear, will be faded and sere. As soon as ever you can leave home, be sure to write and let me know. . . . Papa continues greatly better. My husband flourishes; he begins indeed to express some slight alarm at the growing improvement in his condition. I think I am decent—better certainly than I was two months ago; but people don't compliment me as they do Arthur—excuse the name; it has grown natural to use it now.

HAWORTH, September 16th, 1854.

MY DEAR MISS —

You kindly tell me not to write while Ellen is with me; I am expecting her this week; and as I think it would be wrong, long to defer answering a letter like yours, I will reduce to practice the maxim, "There is no time like the present," and do it at once. It grieves me that you should have had any anxiety about my health; the cough left me before I quitted Ireland, and since my return home I have scarcely had an ailment, except occasional headaches. My dear father, too, continues much better. Dr. B— was here on Sunday preaching a sermon for the Jews, and he gratified me much by saying that he thought

papa not at all altered since he saw him last — nearly a year ago. I am afraid this opinion is rather flattering; but still it gave me pleasure, for I had feared that he looked undeniably thinner and older. You ask what visitors we have had. A good many amongst the clergy, etc., in the neighborhood, but none of note from a distance. Haworth is, as you say, a very quiet place; it is also difficult of access, and unless under the stimulus of necessity, or that of strong curiosity, or finally that of true and tried friendship, few take courage to penetrate to so remote a nook. Besides, now that I am married, I do not expect to be an object of much general interest. Ladies who have won some prominence (call it either *notoriety* or celebrity) in their single life, often fall quite into the background when they change their names. But if true domestic happiness replace fame, the change is, indeed, for the better. Yes, I am thankful to say that my husband is in improved health and spirits. It makes me content and grateful to hear him, from time to time, avow his happiness in the brief but plain phrase of sincerity. My own life is more occupied than it used to be; I have not so much time for thinking: I am obliged to be more practical, for my dear Arthur is a very practical as well as a very punctual, methodical man. Every morning he is in the national school by nine o'clock; he gives the children religious instruction till half past ten. Almost every afternoon he pays visits amongst the poor parishioners. Of course he often finds a little work for his wife to do, and I hope she is not sorry to help him. I believe it is not bad for me that his bent should be so wholly towards matters of real life and active usefulness — so little inclined to the literary and contemplative. As to his continued affection and kind attention, it does not become me to say much of them; but as yet they neither change nor diminish. I wish, my dear Miss —, *you* had some kind, faithful companion to enliven your solitude at R —, some friend to whom to communicate your pleasure in the scenery, the fine weather, the pleasant walks. You never complain, never murmur, never seem otherwise than thankful; but I know you must miss a privilege none could more keenly appreciate than yourself.

There are other letters like the foregoing, all speaking of the constant occupation of time which once hung heavily, all giving evidence that peace and love had made their home in her heart, all free from that strain of sadness which was so common in other years. One only of these letters, that written on the morrow of her last Christmas-day, need be quoted, however: —

HAWORTH, *December 26th.*

I return Mrs. —'s letter: it is as you say, very genuine, truthful, affectionate, *maternal*, without a taint of sham or exaggeration. She

will love her child without spoiling it, I think. She does not make an uproar about her happiness either. The longer I live the more I suspect exaggerations. I fancy it is sometimes a sort of fashion for each to vie with the other in protestations about their wondrous felicity — and sometimes they *fib*! I am truly glad to hear you are all better at B —. In the course of three or four weeks, now, I expect to get leave to come to you. I certainly long to see you again. One circumstance reconciles me to this delay — the weather. I do not know whether it has been as bad with you as with us; but here for three weeks we have had little else than a succession of hurricanes . . . You inquire after Mrs. Gaskell. She has not been here, and I think I should not like her to come now till summer. She is very busy now with her story of "North and South." I must make this note very short. Arthur joins me in sincere good wishes for a happy Christmas and many of them to you and yours. He is well, thank God, and so am I; and he *is* "my dear boy" certainly — dearer now than he was six months ago. In three days we shall actually have been married that length of time.

There was not much time for literary labors during these happy months of married life. The wife, new to her duties, was engaged in mastering them with all the patience, self-suppression, and industry which had characterized her throughout her life. Her husband was now her first thought; and he took the time which had formerly been devoted to reading, study, thought, and writing. But occasionally the pressure she was forced to put upon herself was very severe. Mr. Nicholls had never been attracted towards her by her literary fame; with literary effort, indeed, he had no sympathy, and upon the whole he would rather that his wife should lay aside her pen entirely than that she should gain any fresh triumphs in the world of letters. So she submitted, and with cheerful courage repressed that "gift" which had been her solace in sorrows deep and many. Yet once "the spell" was too strong to be resisted, and she hastily wrote a few pages of a new story called "Emma," in which once more she proposed to deal with her favorite theme — the history of a friendless girl. One would fain have seen how she would have treated her subject, now that "the color of her thoughts" had been changed, and that a happy marriage had introduced her to a new phase of that life which she had studied so closely and so constantly.

But it was not to be. On January 19, when she had returned to Haworth, after a short visit to Sir J. K. Shuttleworth's, she wrote to her friend saying that her

health had been very good ever since her return from Ireland till about ten days before, when a sudden change had taken place, and continual attacks of faintness and sickness had set in. Those around her were not alarmed at first. They hoped that before long all would be well with her again; they could not believe that the joys of which she had just begun to taste were about to be snatched away. But her weakness grew apace; the sickness knew no abatement; and a deadly fear began to creep into the hearts of husband and father. She was soon so weak that she was compelled to remain in bed, and from that "dreary bed" she wrote two or three faint pencil notes which still exist—the last pathetic chapters in that lifelong correspondence from which we have gathered so many extracts. In one of them, which Mrs. Gaskell has published, she says: "I want to give you an assurance which I know will comfort you—and that is that I find in my husband the tenderest nurse, the kindest support, the best earthly comfort, that ever woman had. His patience never fails, and it is tried by sad days and broken nights." In another, the last, she says: "I cannot talk—even to my dear, patient, constant Arthur I can say but few words at once." One dreary March morning, when frosts still bound the earth and no spring sun had come to gladden the hearts of those who watched for summer, her friend received another letter, written, not in the neat, minute hand of Charlotte Brontë, but in her father's tremulous characters:—

HAWORTH, near KEIGHLEY,
March 30th, 1855.

MY DEAR MADAM,

We are all in great trouble, and Mr. Nicholls so much so that he is not sufficiently strong and composed to be able to write. I therefore devote a few lines to tell you that my dear daughter is very ill, and apparently on the verge of the grave. If she could speak she would no doubt dictate to us whilst answering your kind letter. But we are left to ourselves to give what answer we can. The doctors have no hope of her case, and fondly as we a long time cherished hope, that hope is now gone, and we have only to look forward to the solemn event with prayer to God that he will give us grace and strength sufficient unto our day.

Ever truly and respectfully yours,
P. BRONTË.

The following day, March 31st, 1855, the blinds were drawn once again at Haworth parsonage; the last and greatest of the children of the house had passed away; and the brilliant name of Charlotte

Brontë had become a name and nothing more! "We are left to ourselves," said Mr. Brontë in the letter I have just quoted—and so it was. Not the glory only, but the light, had fled from the parsonage where the childless father and the widowed husband sat together beside their dead. Of all the drear and desolate spots upon that wild Yorkshire moorland there was none now so dreary and so desolate as the house which had once been the home of Charlotte Brontë.

XII.

No apology need be offered for any single feature of Charlotte Brontë's life or character. She was what God made her in the furnace of sore afflictions and yet more sore temptations; her life, instinct with its extraordinary individuality, was notwithstanding always subject to exterior influences, for the existence of which she was not responsible, and which more than once threatened to change the whole nature and purpose of her being; her genius, which brought forth its first-fruits under the cold shade of obscurity and adversity, was developed far more largely by sorrow, loneliness, and pain, than by the success which she gained in so abundant a degree. There are features of her character which we can scarcely comprehend, for the existence of which we are unable to account; and there are features of her genius which jar upon our sympathies and ruffle our conventional ideas; but for neither will one word of apology or excuse be offered by any who really know and love this great woman.

The fashion which exalted her to such a pinnacle of fame, like many another fashion, has lost its vitality; and the present generation, wrapped in admiration of another school of fiction, has consigned the works of Currer Bell to a premature sepulchre. But her friends need not despair; for from that dreary tomb of neglect an hour of resurrection must come, and the woman who has given us three of the most masterful books of the century, will again assert her true position in the literature of her country. We hear nothing now of the "immorality" of her writings. Younger people if they turn from the sparkling or didactic pages of the most popular of recent stories to "Jane Eyre," or "Villette," in the hope of finding there some stimulant which may have power to tickle their jaded palates, will search in vain for anything that even borders upon impropriety—as we understand the word in these enlightened days—and

they will form a queer conception of the generation of critics which denounced Currer Bell as the writer of immoral works of fiction. But it is said that there is coarseness in her stories "otherwise so entirely noble." Even Mrs. Gaskell has assented to the charge; and it is generally believed that Charlotte Brontë, as a writer, though not immoral in tone, was rude in language and coarse in thought. The truth, however, is, that this so-called coarseness is nothing more than the simplicity and purity, the straightforwardness and unconsciousness which an unspotted heart naturally displays in dealing with those great problems of life which, alas! none who have drunk deep of the waters of good and evil can ever handle with entire freedom from embarrassment. An American writer* has spoken of Charlotte Brontë as "the great pre-Raphaelite among women, who was not ashamed or afraid to utter what God had shown her, and was too single-hearted of aim to swerve one hairbreadth in duplicating nature's outlines." She was more than this, however. She was bold enough to set up a standard of right of her own; and when still the unknown daughter of the humble Yorkshire parson, she could stir the hearts of readers throughout the world with the trumpet-note of such a declaration as this: "Conventionality is not morality; self-righteousness is not religion; to pluck the mask from the face of the Pharisee is not to lift an impious hand to the Crown of Thorns." Let it be remembered that these words were written nearly thirty years ago, when conventionalism was still a potent influence in checking the free utterance of our inmost opinions; and let us be thankful that in that heroic band to whom we owe the emancipation of English thought, a woman holds an honorable place.

Writing of her life just after it had closed, her friend Miss Martineau said of her, "In her vocation she had, in addition to the deep intuitions of a gifted woman, the strength of a man, the patience of a hero, and the conscientiousness of a saint." Those who know her best will apply to her personal character the epithets which Miss Martineau reserved for her career as an author. It has been my object in these pages to supplement the picture painted in Mrs. Gaskell's admirable biography by the addition of one or two features, slight in themselves, perhaps, and yet not unimportant when the effect

of the whole as a faithful portrait is considered. Charlotte Brontë was not naturally a morbid person; in youth she was happy and high-spirited; and up to the last moment of her life she had a serene strength and cheerfulness which seldom deserted her, except when acute physical suffering was added to her mental pangs. If her mind could have been freed from the depressing influences exerted on it by her frail and suffering body, it would have been one of the healthiest and most equitable minds of our age. As it was, it showed itself able to meet the rude buffetings of fate without shrinking and without bravado; and the woman who is to this day regarded by the world at large as a marvel of self-conscious genius and of unchecked morbidness, was able to her dying hour to take the keenest, liveliest interest in the welfare of her friends, to pour out all her sympathy wherever she believed that it was needed and deserved, and to lighten the grim parsonage at Haworth by a presence which, in the sacred recesses of her home, was bright and cheerful, as well as steadfast and calm.

"Do not underrate her oddity," said a gifted friend who knew her during her heyday of fame, while these pages were being written. Her oddity, it must be owned, was extreme — so far as the world could judge. But I have striven to show how much this eccentricity was outward and superficial only, due in part to the peculiar conditions of her early life, but chiefly to the excessive shyness in the presence of strangers which she shared with her sisters. At heart, as some of these letters will show, she was one of the truest women who ever breathed; and her own heart-history was by no means so exceptional, so far removed from the heart-history of most women, as the public believes.

The key to her character was simple and unflinching devotion to duty. Once she failed, or, rather, once she allowed inclination to blind her as to the true direction of the path of duty, and that single failure colored the whole of her subsequent life. But her own condemnation of herself was more sharp and bitter than any which could have been passed upon her by the world, and from that one venial error she drew lessons which enabled her henceforward to live with a steady, constant power of self-sacrifice at her command such as distinguishes saints and heroes rather than ordinary men and women. Hot, impulsive, and tenacious in her affections, she suffered those whom

* *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, February, 1866.
LIVING AGE. VOL. XVI. 820

she loved the most dearly to be torn from her without losing faith in herself or in God; tenderly sensitive as to the treatment which her friends received, she repaid the cruelty and injustice of her father towards the man whose heart she had won, by a depth of devotion and self-sacrifice which can only be fully estimated by those who know under what bitter conditions it was lavished upon an unworthy parent; bound, as all the children of genius are, by the spell of her own imagination, she was yet able during the closing months of her life to lay aside her pen, and give herself up wholly, at the desire of her husband, to those parish duties which had such slight attractions for her. Those who, knowing these facts, still venture to assert that the virtues which distinguished Currer Bell the author were lacking in Charlotte Brontë the woman, must have minds warped by deep-rooted and unworthy prejudices.

I have expressed my conviction that the comparative neglect from which "Jane Eyre" and its sister works now suffer is only temporary. It is true that in some respects these books are not attractive. Though they are written with a terse vigor which must make them grateful to all whose palates are cloyed by the pretty writing of the present generation, they undoubtedly err on the side of a lack of literary polish. And though the portraits presented to us in their pages are wonderful as works of art, unsurpassed as studies of character, the range of the artist is a limited one, and for the most part the subjects chosen are not the most pleasing that could have been conceived. Yet one great and striking merit belongs to this masterly painter of men and women, which is lacking in some who, treading to a certain extent in her footsteps, have achieved even a wider and more brilliant reputation. There is no taint of the dissecting-room about her books; we are never invited to admire the supreme cleverness of the operator who with unsparing knife lays bare before us the whole cunning mechanism of the soul which is stretched under the scalpel; nor are we bidden to pause and listen to those didactic moralizings which belong rather to the preacher or the lecturer than the novelist. It is the artist, not the anatomist who is instructing us; and after all we may derive a more accurate knowledge of men and women as they are from the cartoons of a Raphael than from the most elaborate diagrams or sections of the most eminent of physiologists.

Perhaps no merit is more conspicuous in Charlotte Brontë's writings than their unswerving honesty. Writing always "under the spell," at the dictation as it were of an invisible and superior spirit, she would never write save when "the fit was upon her" and she had something to say. "I have been silent lately because I have accumulated nothing since I wrote last," is a phrase which fell from her on one occasion. Save when she believed that she had accumulated something, some truth which she was bound to convey to the world, she would not touch her pen. She had every temptation to write fast and freely. Money was needed at home, and money was to be had by the mere production of novels which, whether good, bad, or indifferent, were certain to sell. But she withstood the temptation bravely, withstood it even when it came strengthened by the supplications of her friends, and from first to last she gave the world nothing but her best. This honesty — rare enough unfortunately among those whose painful lot it is to coin their brains into money — was carried far beyond these limits. When in writing she found that any character had escaped from her hands — and every writer of fiction knows how easily this may happen — she made no attempt to finish the portrait according to the canons of literary art. She waited patiently for fresh light; studying deeply in her waking hours, dreaming constantly of her task during her uneasy slumbers, until perchance the light she needed came and she could go on. But if it came not she never pretended to supply the place of this inspiration of genius by any clever trick of literary workmanship. The picture was left unfinished — perfect so far as it went, but broken off at the point at which the author's keen intuitions had failed or fled from her. Nor when her work was done would she consent to alter or amend at the bidding of others; for the sake of no applause, of no success, would she change the fate of any of her characters as they had been fixed in the crucible of her genius. Even when her father exerted all his authority to secure another ending to the tale of "Villette," he could only, as we have seen, persuade his daughter to veil the catastrophe. The hero was doomed; and Charlotte, whatever might be her own inclination, could not save him from his fate. Books so true, so honest, so simple, so thorough, as these, depend for their ultimate fate upon no transitions of fashion, no caprices of the public taste. They will hold their own as the slow-born

fruits of a great genius, long after the productions of a score of facile pens now able to secure the world's attention have been utterly forgotten. The daring and passion of "Jane Eyre," the broad human sympathies, sparkling humor, and graphic portraiture of "Shirley," and the steady, patient, unsurpassed concentration of power which distinguishes "Villette," can hardly cease to command admiration whilst the literature of this century is remembered and studied.

But when we turn from the author to the woman, from the written pages to the writer, and when, forgetting the features and fortunes of those who appear in the romances of Currer Bell, we recall that touching story which will forever be associated with Haworth parsonage and with the great family of the Brontës, we see that the artist is greater than her works, that the woman is nobler and purer than the writer, and that by her life, even more than by her labors, the author of "Jane Eyre" must always teach us those lessons of courage, self-sacrifice, and patient endurance of which our poor humanity stands in such pressing and constant need.

T. WEMYSS REID.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THE LAWS OF DREAM-FANCY.

THE phenomena of dreams may well seem at first sight to form a world of their own, having no discoverable links of connection with the other facts of human experience. First of all there is the mystery of sleep, which quietly shuts all the avenues of sense and so isolates the mind from contact with the world outside. To gaze at the motionless face of a sleeper temporarily rapt, so to speak, from the life of sight, sound, and movement, which, being common to all, binds us together in mutual recognition and social action, has always something awe-inspiring. How unlike that external inaction, that torpor of sense and muscle, to the familiar waking life with its quick responsiveness and its overflowing energy! And then if we look at dreams from the inside, so to speak, we seem to find but the obverse face of the mystery. How inexpressibly strange does the late night-dream seem to one on waking. He feels he has been sojourning in an unfamiliar world, with an order of sights and a sequence of events quite unlike those of waking experience, and he asks himself in his perplexity

where that once visited region really lies, or by what magic power it was suddenly created for his fleeting vision. In truth, the very name of dream suggests something remote and mysterious, and when we want to characterize some impression or scene which by its passing strangeness filled us with wonder, we naturally call it dreamlike.

The earliest theories respecting dreams illustrate very clearly this perception of the remoteness of dream-life from waking experience. The view held in common by the ancient world, according to Artemidorus, was that dreams were dim previsions of coming events. This great authority on dream-interpretation (*oneirocritics*) actually defines a dream as "a motion or fiction of the soul in a diverse form signifying either good or evil to come;" and even a logician like Porphyry ascribed dreams to the influence of a good demon, who thereby warns us of the evils which another and bad demon is preparing for us.* The same mode of viewing dreams is quite common to-day, and many who pride themselves on a certain intellectual culture, and who imagine themselves to be free from the weakness of superstition, are apt to talk of dreams as of something uncanny, if not distinctly ominous. Nor is it surprising that phenomena which at first sight look so wild and unconditioned should still pass for miraculous interruptions of the natural order of events.

Yet in spite of this obvious and impressive element of the mysterious in dream-life, the scientific impulse to illuminate the less known by the better known has long since begun to play on this obscure subject. Even in the ancient world a writer might here and there be found, like Democritus or Aristotle, who was bold enough to put forward a natural and physical explanation of dreams. But it has been the work of modern science to provide something like an approximate solution of the problem. The careful study of mental life in its intimate union with bodily operations, and the comparison of dream-combinations with other products of the imagination, normal as well as morbid, have gradually helped to dissolve a good part of the mystery which once hung like an opaque mist about the subject. In this way our dream-operations have been found to have a much closer connection with our waking experiences than could be supposed on a superficial view. The quaint

* A good deal of interesting information respecting dream-theories may be found in Mr. Frank Seafeld's work, "The Literature and Curiosities of Dreams."

chaotic play of images in dreams has been shown to illustrate mental processes and laws which are distinctly observable in waking thought, more especially the apparent objective reality of these visions has been accounted for, without the need of any supernatural cause, in the light of a vast assemblage of facts gathered from the by-ways, so to speak, of waking mental life.

We do not mean to say that dreams are even now fully explained. Were this so, the motive of the present essay would be wanting. Both the physiology and psychology of the subject are far from complete. This is seen in a striking manner in the present insolubility of the question—so frequently discussed since the time of Locke—whether dreams are co-extensive with sleep, or whether they are confined to the intermediate stages of imperfect slumber. While many physiologists incline to the latter view, some few—among whom we may name Sir Henry Holland—go with Leibnitz and the Cartesians in upholding the former supposition. The incompleteness of the physiological interpretation is seen, too, in the divided state of opinion respecting the precise physical conditions of sleep.* The most that can be called commonly accepted truth is that sleep is produced by a temporary congestion of the blood-vessels of the brain. But the precise steps by which this result is brought about are still unknown. With respect to the physiological conditions of dreams, there seems to be still less certainty. It is assumed of course that every dream answers to some partial and locally circumscribed excitation of the brain substance, but what may be the precise mode of this “automatic” activity is altogether a matter of conjecture. All that can be obtained is some more or less ingenious hypotheses, as for example the one recently put forward by Wundt, that the cerebral excitations are caused by the retardation of the circulation within the blood-vessels of the brain and the presence in the blood thus arrested of numerous products of decomposition.†

Such being the uncertainty of the physiological theory of dreams, it seems better for one who is not a physiologist to approach the subject from the other and

psychological side. And this line of inquiry is all the more inviting inasmuch as psychologists are by no means agreed respecting the precise mental structure of dreams. It is seen by all that the play of mental function in dreams differs considerably from the exercises of the waking mind; but there is great difference of opinion as to the precise nature and amount of this difference. For example it is maintained by some that reason and will are wholly excluded from dreams.

Dreams are the interludes which Fancy makes,
When monarch Reason sleeps this mimic wakes.

Others, again, among whom we may name the late Dr. Symonds, hold that dreams differ from waking thought, not in the number of faculties employed, but in the less degree of completeness of the mental processes. There is thus an opening for a careful psychological reconsideration of the phenomenon, and this is what I propose to effect in the present essay.

For our present purpose a dream may, perhaps, be defined as a group or series of groups of vivid imaginative representations of sensory, motor and emotional experiences, which simulates the form of real perceptions, and which, while appearing as a connected whole, presents its various elements in combinations very dissimilar to those of waking experience. There seem to be three main problems involved in this statement of the phenomenon. First of all, it may be asked, whence the mind of the sleeper draws the various elements of its dreams. Secondly, one may inquire into the causes of the exceptional order of sequence and the strange forms of composition, in which the images of the sleeper are wont to present themselves. Lastly, the question may be raised, why these products of imagination should be taken by the dreamer for objective realities.

Since the last problem is the one which is best understood, and has been most adequately explained, it may be well to dismiss it at once by a few remarks, after which we shall be free to concentrate our attention on the other and more intricate questions.

Modern psychology has taught us to regard the difference between a sensation and an idea, a perception and an imagination, as one of degree and not of kind. Our mental image of the setting sun, for example, is said to be simply a faint copy of the impressions produced by the real object in visual perception. Hence,

* “The proximate cause of sleep has ever been a disputed question.” (Article entitled “Pathology of Sleep” in the *Journal of Psychological Medicine*, 1852.) This remark is quite as pertinent now as when it was written.

† *Physiologische Psychologie*, pp. 188-191.

though there is in the normal mind a clear and broad distinction between the two classes of mental phenomena, there is a considerable margin within which the two tend to become confused and scarcely distinguishable. One part of this region of incomplete separation lies in normal perception itself, for this operation always involves an element of representation or idea, though it seems to be altogether real and immediate. Thus when I appear to myself to *see* the downy softness of a rose's petal, I am in truth only vividly imagining it by help of previous sensations of touch.

The great field, however, for this confusion of idea and sensation is to be found in all excited states of the imagination, including pathological conditions. Under these circumstances, pure fancies of the mind, by acquiring a certain degree of vividness and persistence, become mistaken for real perceptions. Many excitable persons cannot read a ghost-story at a late hour of the evening without danger of a momentary illusion that they see or hear something uncanny and supernatural. In mental disorders the mistaking of some imagination for a real fact is one of the commonest symptoms. Whether the evil be a passing state of nervous irritability due to fatigue and exhaustion, or a permanent condition of mania, there is the same tendency to mistake a mental fiction for a fact, an imaginative representation for an immediate presentation. It is this last kind of effect which has the closest connection with dreams, and it will be well to try to elucidate it yet a little further.

In the normal mind our most vivid imaginations are prevented from imposing on us by what M. Taine calls the "corrective" of a present sensation.* When, for example, the weary prisoner indulges in a pleasing fancy picture of his home and family, the perception of the narrow boundaries of his cell at once corrects the tendency to illusion. So long as real sensations are present to the mind, and there is any distinguishable difference between the sensations and the images, so long is it difficult to lapse into this state of illusion. This result may occur either when the imagination has reached such an intensity as to be no longer distinguishable from the sensations of the moment, as in the

illusions and hallucinations of the insane, or when, on the other hand, actual sensations are removed, so that the various fancies which run to the mind lack their proper corrective. In other words, ideas are recognized as such through a certain ratio of intensity to actual sensations; they fail to be recognized when this ratio is obliterated either by the elevation of the idea in intensity, or by the obscurity of the sensation.

It seems probable that the apparent reality of dream-fancy is a result of both these circumstances. One thing is certain, that when sleeping we are deprived to a large extent of external sensations, so that the mind loses its normal standard of comparison. On the other hand, it is exceedingly likely, if not certain, that the imaginations of our dreaming states have an absolute as well as a relative increase of intensity. It seems to be a plausible supposition that the cerebral elements excited in dream-activity have an extraordinary degree of irritability, so that the stimulation of them, however it be effected, has as its consequence a peculiar intensity of the corresponding ideas. These considerations appear fully to account for the seeming reality of our dreaming fancies.

We may now pass to the more intricate question respecting the sources and originating impulses of our dream-fancies.

David Hartley says the elements of dreams are derived from the three following sources: (*a*) impressions and ideas lately received; (*b*) states of the body, especially of the stomach during sleep; and (*c*) ideas restored by association. This serves very well as a rough classification of the exciting causes of dream-images, though recent psychology, assisted by physiological experiment, may enable one to supply a more elaborate scheme.

The exciting causes of dream-imagery may be broadly divided into two large classes, peripheral and central stimulations. By the former are meant those excitations which have their seat in the outlying parts of the nervous system, namely, the organs of sense, the muscular apparatus, and the vital organs, together with the external portions of the nerves connected with these. Central stimulations are such as do not depend in any way on these peripheral actions, but arise within the encephalic region itself. They are of two kinds, direct and indirect stimulations. The former depend entirely on the condition of the nerve elements (cells and connecting fibres) acted upon, and on the unknown influences (say those of the con-

* M. Taine supposes that every image tends to pass into the semblance of an external perception, though in normal waking states this tendency is opposed and overcome by the stronger contradictory tendency of the sensation of the moment. ("On Intelligence," Part I., p. 52.)

tents of the blood-vessels) exerted on them at the moment. The indirect stimulations arise as an extension of some previous excitation in the same or in some connected cerebral region. The former underlie many of the apparently spontaneous revivals of images of dreaming, and those fancies which depend on a recent impression or idea. The latter are the substratum of all ideas which rise in dream-consciousness through some link of association with a previous mental element, whether idea or sensation. Let us now review each of these classes in greater detail, and illustrate them by examples.

First of all, then, we have to examine how the several kinds of peripheral excitation brought about in the state of sleep, serve as the prompters of dream-image. And here the question which first suggests itself is, whether actual sensations produced by external stimuli on the organs of sense play any part in this production. It is commonly supposed that the channels of our senses are wholly stopped during sleep, but this idea is incorrect. All of us probably can recall dreams in which a noise, a light, or an odor, was an exciting cause. The bark of a dog, or the ticking of one's watch, frequently prompts the precise direction of dream-fancy. Dr. Beattie speaks of a man who could be made to dream about any subject by gently talking of it in his ear when sleeping. For our knowledge of the extent to which sensation may feed, so to speak, dream-fancy, we are greatly indebted to the researches of M. Alf. Maury, described in his elaborate and highly interesting volume entitled "*Le Sommeil et les Rêves*." M. Maury made experiments on this subject by engaging a coadjutor to employ appropriate sensory stimuli on his organs of hearing and touch while he was asleep, immediately after which he was to be roused, so as to record the dream of the time. The results were very curious. When his lips were tickled, he dreamt that a pitch-plaster was being torn from his face and lips; when a pair of tweezers was made to vibrate near his ear, he dreamt of bells, the tocsin, and of the events of June, 1848. The connection between the dream-fancy and the external sensation in these cases is sufficiently plain. It is probable that the sensations of touch and pressure due to the contact of the various bodily parts with their surroundings, and with one another, during sleep, are potent influences in the origination of dreams.

Along with objective sensations due to the action of external stimuli on the sen-

sory organs, we must reckon subjective sensations which arise from internal stimulation within the organ itself. It is known that when all external light is withdrawn from the eye, the optic nerve remains in a state of partial excitation. Hence the phantasies which often float before the eye in the dark, and which Goethe and Johannes Müller were able to observe at will with great distinctness. These subjective images commonly arise, according to Helmholtz, from varying pressure on the nerve exerted by the blood in the retinal vessels, or from a chemical action of the blood owing to its altered composition. Similarly it has been maintained that the extremities of the nerves of hearing, smell, and taste, may be acted on in the absence of properly external causes. Thus the flow of blood in the vessels of the ear is heard as a dull roar, and the changing condition of the saliva on the surface of the tongue and palate may give rise to distinct sensations of taste. Once more, variations in the state of the circulation and functional activity of the skin are accompanied with a number of sensations as of objects touching, tickling, or creeping over its surface. All these subjective sensations probably furnish a considerable part of the raw material of dreams. Though little remarked during waking hours, when the mind is controlled by the more powerful excitations occasioned by external objects and their movements, these vague feelings may be impressive elements in the circumscribed consciousness of the sleeper. More particularly the predominance of visual imagery in dream-fancy, which is expressed in one of the commonest names for a dream, namely, "vision," points to the conclusion that the subjective stimulations of the optic nerve — which may be intensified during sleep by the condition of the retinal blood-vessels — play a prominent part in dream-production. This conjecture is confirmed, as Wundt has recently pointed out, by the fact that we so often see in our dreams a multitude of like or exactly similar objects, for such a crowd of images exactly answers to the diffused "light-chaos" which often reveals itself to the waking eye with the most complete external darkness.

Next to the influence of actions on the extremities of the nerves of sense, there comes that of excitations of the nerves which are connected with the voluntary muscles, and which regulate our various movements. We need not enter into the difficult question how far the "muscular sense" is connected with the activity of

the motor nerves, and how far with sensory fibres attached to the muscular or the adjacent tissues. Suffice it to say, that an actual movement, a resistance to an attempted movement, or a mere disposition to movement, whether consequent on a surplus of motor energy or on a sensation of discomfort or fatigue in the part to be moved, somehow or other makes itself known to our minds even when we are deprived of the assistance of vision. And these feelings of active energy and of movement are common initial impulses in our dream-experiences. It is quite a mistake to suppose that dreams are built up out of the purely passive sensations of sight and hearing. A close observation will show that in nearly every dream we imagine ourselves either moving among the objects we perceive or striving to move when some weighty obstacle obstructs us. All of us are familiar with the common forms of nightmare in which we strive hopelessly to flee from some menacing evil, and this fancy, it may be presumed, frequently comes from a feeling of strain in the muscles, due to an awkward disposition of the limbs during sleep. The common dream-illusion of falling down a vast abyss is referred by Wundt to an involuntary extension of the foot of the sleeper, and the scarcely less common imagination of flight to the rhythmic play of the semi-voluntary movements of respiration.

Besides the sensations received through the proper organs of sense and the feelings connected with the muscles, our dream-consciousness is liable to be stimulated by numerous other feelings called "systemic" or "organic" sensations, which are attached to the activities of the various bodily organs. Examples of this effect will readily recur to the reader who has been accustomed to reflect but very slightly on his dreams. Not to speak of the famous dream which Hood traces to an excessive indulgence at supper the preceding evening, one may recall the many dreams excited by feelings of oppression in the heart and lungs, by sensations of pain and giddiness in the head, by toothache and so on. A German writer, Herr Volkelt, in an interesting volume on "Dream-Fancy,"* says it is not uncommon for a faint sensation of toothache to prompt images having a certain resemblance to the two rows of teeth, and quotes such a dream from Scherner, in which there appeared two rows of fair boys standing opposite one another, then attacking one another, re-

suming their original position, and so on. The present writer has frequently had grotesque fancies, such as that all his teeth became suddenly loose and fell out, which he has afterwards been able to connect with sensations of the teeth and gums. Sensations of temperature are very apt to give a direction to dream-fancy. A feeling of excessive warmth suggests images of stoves, furnaces, burning houses, and so on. Many dreams are distinctly traceable to varying conditions of the several secreting organs and of the conducting apparatus of the excretions. Into these we need not enter. Enough has probably been said to show how large a quantity of material our dream-fancy derives from this lower region of bodily sensation.

We may now pass to the second great fountain of dream-life, the cerebral excitations, which are central or automatic, not depending on movements transmitted from the periphery of the nervous system. Of these stimulations the first class is direct, and must be supposed to be due to some unknown influence exerted by the state of nutrition of the cerebral elements, or the action of the contents of the blood-vessels on these elements. That such action does prompt a large number of dream-images may be regarded as fairly certain. First of all, it seems impossible to account for all the images of dreaming fancy as secondary phenomena connected by many and various links of association with the foregoing classes of sensation. However fine and invisible many of the threads which hold together our ideas may be, they will hardly explain, one suspects, the profusion and picturesque variety of dream-imagery. Secondly, we are able in certain cases to infer with a fair amount of certainty that our dream-image is due to such central stimulation. The common occurrence that we dream of the persons and events, of the anxieties and enjoyments of the preceding day, appears to show that when the cerebral elements are predisposed to a certain kind of activity, as they are after having been engaged for some time in this particular work, they are liable to be excited by some stimulating influence brought to bear on them during sleep. And if this is so, it is not improbable that many of the apparently forgotten images of persons and places which return with such vividness in dreams are excited by a mode of stimulation which is for the greater part confined to sleep. I say "for the greater part," because even in our indolent, listless moments of waking existence such seemingly forgotten ideas

* *Die Traum-Phantasie*. By Dr. Johannes Volkelt.

sometimes return as though by a spontaneous movement of their own and by no discoverable play of association.

The second division of these central stimulations, which I have called the indirect, includes no doubt a very large number of our dream-images. There must, of course, be always some primary cerebral excitation, whether that of a present peripheral stimulation, or that which has been termed central and spontaneous; but when once this first link of the imaginative chain is supplied, other links may be added in large numbers through the operation of the forces of association. One may indeed safely say that the large proportion of the contents of every dream arrive in this way. The simplest type of dream excited by a present sensation contains these elements. Thus when the present writer dreamt, as a consequence of a loud barking in the night, that a dog approached him when lying down, and began to lick his face, the play of the associative forces was apparent. A mere sensation of sound called up the appropriate visual image, this again the representation of a characteristic action, and so on. So it is with the dreams whose first impulse is some central or spontaneous excitation. A momentary sight of a face, or even the mention of a name, during the preceding day, may give the start to dream-activity; but all subsequent members of the series owe their revival to a tension, so to speak, in the fine threads which bind together, in so complicated a way, our impressions and ideas.

The subject of mental association naturally conducts us to the next problem in the interpretation of dream-life, the laws which govern the ordering and shaping of the various elements of our dream-pictures. It is commonly said that dreams are a grotesque dissolution of all order, a very chaos and whirl of images without any discoverable connection. On the other hand, a few claim for the mind in sleep a power of arranging and grouping its incongruous elements in definite, even though very unlikelike, sensuous representations. Each of these views is correct within certain limits; that is to say, there are dreams in which the strangest disorder seems to prevail, and others in which one detects the action of a central control. Yet, speaking generally, sequences of dream-thought are determined by certain circumstances and laws, and so far are not haphazard and wholly chaotic. We have now to inquire into the laws of these successions; and, first of all, may ask how far the known

laws of association, together with the peculiar conditions of the sleeping state, are able to account for the various modes of dream-combination. We have already regarded mental association as adding a new and large store of dream-imagery; we have now to consider it as giving a certain direction or order of succession to our dream-elements.

First of all, then, in the case of all the less elaborately ordered dreams, in which sights and sounds appear to succeed one another in the wildest dance, the mind may be regarded as purely passive, and the mode of sequence be referred to the action of association complicated by the ever-recurring introduction of new initial impulses, both peripheral and central. These are the dreams in which we are conscious of being perfectly passive, either as spectators of a strange pageant, or as borne away by some apparently extraneous force through a series of the most diverse experiences. The flux of images in these dreams is very much the same as that in certain waking conditions, in which we relax attention, both external and internal, and yield ourselves to the spontaneous play of memory and fancy.

If the reader thinks it impossible that all the most incoherent successions of dreams are due to certain mental laws, he should carefully study the nature and range of the principles of association. According to these, any idea may, under certain circumstances, call up another, if the corresponding impressions have only once occurred together, or if the ideas have any degree of resemblance, or, finally, if only they stand in marked contrast with one another. Any accidental coincidence of events, such as meeting a person at a particular foreign resort, and any insignificant resemblance between objects, sounds, etc., may thus supply a path, so to speak, from fact to dream-fancy. In our waking states these innumerable outlets are practically closed by the supreme energy of the coherent groups of impressions furnished us from the world without through our organs of sense, and also by the volitional control of internal thought in obedience to the pressure of practical needs and desires. In dream-life both of these influences are withdrawn, so that delicate threads of association, which have no chance, so to speak, in our waking states, now exert their fine potency. Little wonder then that the ties which hold together these dream-pictures should escape detection, since even in our waking thought we so often fail to see the connec-

tion which makes us pass in recollection from a name to a visible scene, or perhaps to an emotional vibration.

It is worth considering for a moment how great an apparent disorder must break in on our thought when the binding force of resemblance has unchecked play. In waking thought we have to connect things according to their essential resemblance, classifying objects and events for purposes of knowledge or action, according to their widest or their most important points of similarity. In sleep, on the contrary, the slightest touch of resemblance may engage the mind and affect the direction of its fancy. In a sense we may be said, when dreaming, to *discover* mental affinities between impressions and feelings. Among these links of affinity we must not overlook those which hold together analogous states of feeling, as bodily uneasiness and emotional distress. Many of the successions of ideas set in movement by bodily sensations during sleep are explained by this thread of connection.

The force of even the lesser degrees of similarity among impressions is well illustrated in many of those odd transformations of image which occur in dreams. A person often seems to our dream-fancy, by a kind of metempsychosis, to assume the shape of another, and the dreamer not unfrequently blends in this way his own bodily appearance with that of another. So scenes, such as brilliantly-lit halls, gay assemblages, impressive landscapes, melt away into others without any sensible break. Such "transformation scenes" answer probably to the transition of a mental image to another, when both have some element in common.

We do not pretend, be it understood, to explain why, in every case, the action of association should take this or that particular direction rather than some other. There are myriads of associative ramifications to some of our most familiar images, such as those of our relatives, homes, etc., and it is hopeless to attempt to say why one direction should be taken rather than another, and especially why a slender thread should pull, when a stronger cord fails to do so. To take an example, names, when heard in our waking moments, call up at once mental pictures of the corresponding objects, and our thought is carried away in this direction. In sleep, however, a familiar name may call up a similar name, and so produce the oddest sequence of ideas. Thus M. Maury tells us that he has passed from one set of images to another through some simi-

larity of names, as that between *corps* and *cor*.

In the absence of certain knowledge, we may have recourse to hypothesis, and attribute these seemingly random selections among many links of association to different degrees of irritability in the corresponding cerebral elements, and to various grades of stimulation exerted at the moment by the contents of the blood-vessels. We may easily suppose that, at any given moment, among many elements alike connected with some actually excited one, some are, from their state of nutrition or from their surrounding influences, more powerfully predisposed to excitation than others; and hence, it may be, the apparent arbitrariness of the associative forces in dreams.

One word, in completing this slight analysis of our more passive dreams, as to the influence of the peripheral and central stimulations on the course of dream-fancy. We may suppose that these initial impulsions are continually recurring during a dream, and so we may understand much of the incoherence of dream-succession. For example, I may be dreaming of a ball-room, with its dazzling brilliance and its interwoven movements. If at the same moment, consciousness is affected through a peripheral excitation by a sensation of a disagreeable sound, say the clatter of the window or the moaning of the wind, this may give rise to the oddest intermixture of images. I might, for example, dream on that somebody was beginning to shatter the furniture of the ball-room, or that it was suddenly invaded by a throng of wailing women, and so on.

Yet if the processes of association, together with the recurring interruption of these by peripheral or central excitations, account for one class of dream, they do not so easily explain the order of events in many of our more finished, one might almost say, more artistic dreams. Here the several parts of the dream appear somehow or other to fall together into a whole scene or series of events, which, though it may be very incongruous and absurdly impossible from a waking point of view, nevertheless makes a single object for the dreamer's internal vision. This plastic force, which selects and binds together our unconnected dream-images, has frequently been referred to as a mysterious spiritual faculty, under the name of "creative fancy." Thus Cudworth says, in his "Treatise concerning Eternal and Immutable Morality," "That dreams are many times begotten by the phantastical

power of the soul itself . . . is evident from the orderly connection and coherence of imagination which many times are continued in a long chain or series." One may find a good deal of mystical writing on the nature and activity of this faculty, especially in German literature. Let us see whether these higher operations in dream-construction can be analyzed into simpler mental actions.

In the first place, then, it is possible to give to association a more extended significance, so as to include operations which are frequently referred to the active reason. When, for example, the several impressions simultaneously made on my retina arrange themselves as elements of an external order, having certain space-relations of situation, distance, etc., the effect may be said to follow from the action of association. An impression received through any particular nerve-fibre represents, through numerous previous experiences, certain definite relations in space. Hence the perfect space-order which reigns in many of our dreams, and which serves to give such a degree of objective reality to our fancies, must be referred to association as much as any accidental sequence of ideas. The only difference in this case is that the connection is so close and the revival of the associated factor so instantaneous. Owing to the predominance of visual images in dreams (which is doubtless connected with the special activity of the organ of vision in waking life, and with its high degree of susceptibility to subjective stimulation), these inferences respecting locality play an important part in dreams. It has often been asked, why, when dreaming, we tend to project our own feelings and bodily condition into other objects. The answer to this is probably to be found in the presence of visual sensations and images together with their objective and local interpretations.

But again, association may present itself, not simply as a definite tendency in an impression or idea to restore some second idea, but also as an indefinite tendency to restore some one among a group of ideas. For example, if, when walking in a dark night, a few points in my retina are suddenly impressed by rays of light, I am prepared, I may even expect to see something above and below, to the right and to the left of this object, that is to say, to have my retina impressed in the adjacent part. Why is this? In part, perhaps, because there is some innate understanding, so to speak, among all con-

tiguous nerve-fibres, which shows itself now and again in the curious phenomena of irradiation and associated sensations. In part, too, because in all my individual experience, the stimulation of any retinal point has been connected with the stimulation of adjoining points, either simultaneously, by some other object, or successively by the same object as the eye moves over it. Hence we can understand that when any optic fibres are excited during sleep, and images having corresponding *loci* in space float before the imagination, there is a predisposition to see other objects which arrange themselves in adjacent parts of the visible space. The particular visual image which happens to recur is, of course, determined by the special conditions of the moment, by bodily sensations or spontaneous central excitations, or lastly, by definite associations with preceding images. What this disposition to associative action among adjoining nerve-fibres of the same organ effects, is to give a certain local habitation to the image which happens to be thus revived.

Just as there are such dispositions to united action among various parts of one organ of sense, so there may be among different organs, which are either connected originally in the infant organism, or have communications opened up by frequent co-excitation of the two. Such links there certainly are between the organs of taste and smell, and between the ear and the muscular system. A new odor often sets us asking how the object would taste, and a series of sounds commonly disposes us to movement of some kind or another. How far there may be finer threads of connection between other organs, such as the eye and the ear, which do not betray themselves amid the stronger forces of waking mental life, one cannot say. Whatever their number, it is plain that they will exert their influence, within the comparatively narrow limits of dream-life, by giving a general bent to the order of those images which happen to be called up by special circumstances. Thus if I were dreaming that I heard some inspiring music, and at the same time an image of some friend was anyhow excited, my dream-fancy might not improbably make this person perform some strange sequence of movements.

A narrower field for these general associative dispositions may be found in the tendency, on the reception of an impression of a given character, to look for a certain kind of second impression; though

the exact nature of this is unknown. Thus, for example, the form and color of a new flower suggest a scent, and the perception of a human form vaguely calls up an idea of vocal utterances. These general tendencies of association appear to me to be most potent influences in our dream-life. The many strange human forms which float before our dream-fancy are apt to talk, move, and behave like familiar men and women, however little they resemble their actual prototypes, and however little individual consistency of character is preserved by each of them. Special conditions determine what they shall say or do; the general associative disposition accounts for their saying or doing something.

We thus seem to find in the purely passive processes of association some ground for that degree of natural coherence and rational order which our more mature dreams commonly possess. These processes explain, too, that old mixture of rationality with improbability, of natural order and incongruity, which characterizes our dream-combinations.

Nevertheless, I quite agree with Herr Volkelt that association, even in the most extended meaning, cannot explain all in the shaping of our dream-pictures. The "phantastical power" which Cudworth talks about clearly includes something besides. It is a gratuitous supposition that, when dreaming, there is no activity of will, and consequently no direction of the intellectual processes. This supposition, which has been maintained by numerous writers, from Dugald Stewart downwards, seems to be based on the fact that we frequently find ourselves in dreams striving in vain to move the whole body or a limb. But this only shows, as M. Maury remarks in the work already referred to, that our volitions are frustrated through the inertia of our bodily organs, not that these volitions do not take place. In point of fact, the dreamer, not to speak of the somnambulist, is often conscious of voluntarily going through a series of actions. This exercise of volition is shown unmistakably in the well-known recorded instances of extraordinary intellectual achievements in dreams, as Condillac's composition of a part of his "*Cours d'Etudes*." No one would maintain that such a process was possible in the absence of intellectual action carefully directed by the will. And something of this same control shows itself in all our more fully developed dreams.

The active side of the mind manifests

itself unmistakably in our dream-life in the form of *attention*. Although sleep involves the withdrawal of attention from the external channels of knowledge, it does not hinder its being concentrated on the internal processes of imaginative representation. In truth all who can recall their dreams know that they are frequently aware of having exercised their attention on the images presented to them in sleep. I frequently have a feeling on waking that I have been striving to see a beautiful object which threatened to escape my perceptions, or to catch faint and receding sounds of preternatural sweetness, and in some cases dreamers retain a recollection of the feeling of strain connected with the exercise of attention during dreaming.

Now this exercise of attention may either be a purely reflex action or may approximate to a properly voluntary operation. It is reflex when excited by the mere impressiveness of the image which happens to reveal itself to consciousness. In this case its effect is to fix and hold the image, and so to give it greater intensity, distinctness, and persistence. In other instances, this exercise of attention may bear a closer resemblance to the voluntary processes, properly so-called. This is the case when it serves to select one from among a crowd of competing images, on account of some relation of fitness to preceding stages of the dream. This selection is carried on rapidly and with the minimum of consciousness in the case of every creative poet, and its presence in dream-construction helps to account for that measure of coherence which certainly marks our most striking dreams.

There are two principal motives to this selective action of attention. The first is the impulse to seek unity and consistency among the heterogeneous elements of dream-consciousness; the second the instinct for an emotional harmony. A word or two will be sufficient to explain the operation of each of these forces.

Whenever we are attentively watching a scene or incident in waking life, we are continually looking on and anticipating the order of events; and this concentration of attention under the stimulating force of a more or less definite expectation has an appreciable effect on the subsequent perceptions. If, for example, a lover is eagerly expecting his mistress at some sylvan trysting-place, he will be very apt to see a lady's robe or face in any object which happens to have but the faintest resemblance to these things, such as a patch of

tree stripped of its bark.* When our reasoning faculties are fully active, these momentary illusions are at once corrected by a new and more exact observation of the reality. But when sleeping the case is different. The image that happens to present itself to consciousness is not, like an external impression, something fixed and unchangeable so far as we are concerned. It is itself the product of internal imagination, and is therefore highly modifiable by any mental force brought to bear on it. This fact throws light on the influence of attention and expectation. The dreamer's mind is absorbed, we will suppose, in watching some shifting scene, as a procession or a battle. New images crowd in from the two sources of peripheral and central stimulation. The pre-existing group of images gives a certain bent to attention, disposing the mind to see in every new dream-object a connected element, an integral factor of the vision. Thus the degree of coherence which we commonly observe in our dreams, may be referred to the reciprocal modification of images by their respective associative forces, both definite and special and indefinite and general, under the controlling influence of attention, which again is stimulated by a semi-conscious impulse to secure unity. In this way whole scenes and chains of events are built up. When these aggregates reach a certain fulness and distinctness; they become dominant influences; so that any fresh intruding image is at once transformed and attached more or less closely to the previous group.

This process is clearly illustrated in a curious dream recorded by Professor Wundt. Before the house is a funeral procession: it is the burial of a friend, who has in reality been dead for some time past. The wife of the deceased bids him and a friend go to the other side of the street and join the procession. After she had gone away, his acquaintance remarks to him: "She only said that because the cholera rages over yonder, and she wants to keep this side of the street for herself." Then comes an attempt to flee from the region of the cholera. Returning to his house, he finds the procession gone, but the street strewn with rich nosegays, and there are crowds of men

who seem to be funeral attendants, and who, like himself, are hastening to join the procession. These are, oddly enough, dressed in red. When hurrying on, it occurs to him that he has forgotten to take a wreath for the coffin. Then he wakes up with beating of the heart.

The sources of this dream are, according to Wundt, as follows. First of all, he had, on the previous day, met the funeral procession of an acquaintance. Again, he had read of cholera breaking out in a certain town. Once more, he had spoken about the particular lady with this friend, who had narrated facts which proved the selfishness of the former. The hastening to flee from the infected neighborhood and to overtake the procession was prompted by the sensation of heart-beating. Finally, the crowd of red bier-followers, and the profusion of nosegays, owed their origin to subjective visual sensations — the "light-chaos" which often appears in the dark.

Let us now see for a moment how these various elements became fused into a connected chain of events. First of all, we may suppose the image of the procession occupies the dreamer's mind. From quite another source the image of the lady enters consciousness, bringing with it that of her deceased husband and of the friend who has recently been talking about her. These new elements adapt themselves to the scene, through the play of the reciprocal modifications already spoken of. Thus the idea of the lady's husband recalls the fact of his death, and the pre-existing scene easily suggests the idea that he is now the person buried. The next step is very interesting. The image of the lady is associated with the idea of selfish motives; this would tend to suggest a variety of actions, but the one which becomes a factor of the dream is that which is adapted to the other existing images, namely the procession on the further side of the street, and a vague representation of cholera (which last, like the image of the funeral, is due to an independent central excitation). That is to say, the request of the lady, and its interpretation, are a *resultant* of a number of reciprocal actions, under the sway of a lively internal attention. Once more, the feeling of oppression of the heart, and the subjective stimulation of the optic nerve might suggest numberless images besides those of anxious flight and of red-clad men and nosegays; they suggest these, and not others, in this case, through the force of the pre-existing mental images, which, acting through attention, select from among

* When the sensation is less sharply defined, the play of ideas and of attention may serve to modify it to an almost unlimited extent. Thus Goethe tells us that he was able to impose a type on his subjective visual sensations or phantasms, transforming them into flowers, etc., according to his fancy.

many tendencies of reproduction those which are congruous with themselves.

It may be added that this process of adaptation and fusion is sometimes pursued with a fuller degree of conscious purpose. I am often able upon waking to recall a feeling of being confused by a crowd of incongruous images, and of striving to see their proper relations. And this endeavor probably includes the selection and powerful modification of the images according to the mutual attractions which they derive from the order of our past waking experiences.

Let us now glance at the second force, which contributes so greatly to the unity and coherence of our dream-pictures, the impulse to emotional harmony. If any emotion, whether of a pleasurable or a painful character, gets a certain footing in consciousness, it begins to play the tyrant in relation to our ideas and even our perceptions, by predisposing attention towards those mental images which harmonize with the state of feeling. This is not, strictly speaking, a case of the voluntary exercise of attention, since we often feel the result to be painful, and strive to turn our thoughts to other objects. Yet it is carried on in much the same way as though there were a deliberate resolve to select images of a certain emotional character. It is a common observation that a man carried away by fear can only represent to himself as probable or actual that which is terrible and which consequently nourishes the dominant emotion. The same is true in a less striking degree of the pleasurable emotions, as love. In the most ardent moments of affection, we are incapacitated for seeing what is not beautiful and lovable in the object of the affection. In this way a dominant feeling gives an emotional unity to the images of the brain; and this is the unity which holds together the many otherwise disconnected ideas of a lyric poem. Now, a state of feeling is so frequently at the foundation of our dreams that one might plausibly argue that there are no dreams which are not profoundly colored in this way. For my own part, at least, I find in all my recollected dreams the unmistakable traces of such a controlling influence. In the dream of Professor Wundt, already narrated, one may detect a certain thread of emotional unity. The influence of anxiety and fear, traceable probably to the sensations of the heart, binds together the images of the funeral, the cholera, the crafty design of the lady, the flight, and the omission to bring a wreath. In this way a further selective

and adaptative force is brought into play, which crosses and complicates the action of the others.

It is to be remarked that this emotional thread of unity does not necessarily consist of only one definite variety of feeling, such as love or terror. Feelings have certain affinities among themselves, apart from the common characters of the pleasurable and painful, by reason of which they easily pass the one into the other. Thus, the so-called bodily "feelings" have their analogous counterparts in "mental emotions." A state of bodily irritation is, as Mr. Darwin has remarked, very like the feeling of mental perplexity. The pleasurable elation which arises from the relief of bodily pressure, or the obstruction of an organic process, is closely akin to an emotion of liberty, or the joyous sense of success after difficulty and doubtful endeavor. Hence, if a certain state of feeling is anyhow excited, it may become the central point for a whole circle of variegated images. And this is what very frequently happens in dreams. An emotion of grief, caused by the recent death of a friend, may call up images of other distressing events, such as failure in some ambitious project, loss of property, and so on. The most common source of these emotional states during sleep is the region of bodily sensations, more particularly those of the painful class. Through their analogies with mental emotions these organic sensations excite or attract groups of widely-unlike images, agreeing only in their fitness to sustain one common tone of feeling. Every reflective dreamer will be able to trace these connecting threads in dreams which would otherwise seem to lack all coherence.

There is only one other aspect of dream-fancy which need occupy us here, and of this it will suffice to say very little. I refer to the tendency of dream-consciousness to magnify and exaggerate the feelings and images which present themselves. One side of this exaggeration has already been dealt with in accounting for the objective reality ascribed to dream-ideas. We have now to consider, not why these ideas should be taken for realities, but why they should be so disproportionate to the sensations and other feelings which are their exciting causes, and to the experiences of waking life which serve as their source and prototype. This characteristic of dream-fancy has frequently been dwelt on, and has been fully illustrated by Herr Volkelt in the work already referred to. To give an example or two. In interpreting

bodily sensations, there is often the most grotesque exaggeration. A movement of a foot is taken for a fall of the whole body down some terrible abyss. In M. Maury's experiments, as I have already remarked, when the sleeper's lips were tickled the sensation transformed itself into an imagination of some excruciating torture. Again, the objects of our waking emotions seem to grow and expand in our dreams. The sick friend who causes us a solicitude becomes to our dream-fancy overwhelmed with the most terrible sufferings, or the classic city in which we lately lingered returns to us in sleep, with its warm tints and picturesque outlines, beautiful above all earthly reality. To our frequent dream-terror forms appear of so vast a size and dire a mien, that we try in vain, perhaps, to connect them with any waking perceptions. In many dreams, as Herr Volkelt observes, we may clearly observe the process of exaggeration going on. In dreams of terror, to which, like many other children, I was greatly liable, I frequently saw forms which gradually swelled out into unearthly proportions. Another form of this process is illustrated in De Quincey's dreams, in which space seemed to swell before his eyes, through a crowding in of multitudes of objects on his vision. This crowding of images is frequently referable to the subjective stimulation of the optic nerve, which produces the semblance of a number of points of light, called by the Germans the "light-dust." It is very common, too, in dreams, to have a succession of images, of which each new member is more imposing or more impressive than the preceding. Here is an example from Volkelt. He dreamt he gave up his hat and overcoat to an official at the cloak-room of a place of amusement, and noticed that the recipient instantly changed the hat for another. This process of substitution went on till he completely lost sight of his own articles. Thereupon somebody carried a heap of articles of attire out of the cloak-room. He inferred that there was an organized body of thieves at the back, and turned to a policeman. Immediately he became involved in a hand-to-hand conflict with the thieves, and finally was stabbed in the abdomen. Here there is a clear ascending gradation in respect of the terrifying character of the dream.

These various forms of the exaggerating tendency in dreams are to be accounted for by more than one consideration. First of all, since in sleep the area of distinct consciousness or of attention is

so greatly circumscribed, the few sensations which happen to penetrate it naturally become exaggerated. Just as the click of a window is magnified at night when we are seeking the quiet of sleep and our attention is not diverted by other impressions, so any bodily sensation or emotion which enters into the dreamer's consciousness and wholly engages his attention becomes larger, deeper, and intenser than it would be in a waking condition of the mind.

But again, our sensations and other feelings are estimated during our waking states by comparison with one another, and when this comparison is wanting the sensation assumes an undefined and large aspect. Thus sensations of pleasure received through parts of the bodily surface which are not habituated to such impressions invariably appear too large. So the cavity formed by the loss of a tooth seems too large to the tongue at first, because its discriminative sensibility in the estimation of distance is but feebly developed. Once more, when under the momentary excitement of a pleasurable or painful emotion, and incapable of judging the feeling by a recollection of previous like emotions, we invariably over-estimate its magnitude. The present sunset always seems more wonderful and more splendid than all its predecessors. Now in dreams sensations and emotions are in a pre-eminent degree isolated feelings, which are incapable of being measured by the play of those ideal or reproductive elements which render our waking impressions distinct and sharp, and hence they tend to appear too large through being undefined. As a consequence of this they assume a greatly transformed aspect, presenting themselves through images which are absurdly disproportionate to their real causes.

Finally, one of the principal exaggerating forces in dream-fancy is the action of a persistent emotional state. We have already seen how such a state serves to single out and to unite the images of the brain. Now this process necessarily involves accumulation and exaggeration. Each new image attracted by a dominant feeling reacts on this feeling, intensifying it, and this enables it to go on piling image on image. Since this process in dream-life is generally quite unchecked by any sense of probability or rational congruity, the result is a scene or an action which far transcends those of our real experience. It should be observed, too, that the high degree of fusibility which belongs

to our dream-images contributes to this effect of preternatural exaggeration, since through the blending of a number of images of a certain emotional color composite images arise which greatly transcend in impressiveness those of our waking experience.

These considerations help to explain what some writers call the "symbolic" nature of dream-images. This idea has, no doubt, been greatly exaggerated, as when a German writer, Scherner, contends that the various bodily sources of sensations in dreams reveal themselves to consciousness under the symbol of a house or series of buildings, so that a pain in the head calls up an image of hideous spiders on the *ceiling*, and sensations associated with the intestinal canal symbolize themselves through the image of a narrow alley, and so on. Such theories are too fanciful, and do not appear to correspond to most persons' experience. On the other hand, there is undoubtedly a tendency for certain feelings, more particularly bodily sensations, to present themselves uniformly under the guise of one kind of image. With myself, for example, a sensation of pressure in the heart or lungs very frequently translates itself into an imagination of hastening for a train. This fancy exactly corresponds to one of the most frequent and certainly most intense forms of mental agitation in my waking life. In a similar way, one suspects, all kinds of sensations during sleep are apt to clothe themselves in fancies which represent the most intense form of that particular mode of feeling. People who strongly dislike contention will often dream that they are involved in some noisy quarrel with their dearest friends. Thus a bodily sensation will tend to symbolize itself under some one form of fancy, varying with the individual's temperament and daily experience.

We are now, perhaps, in a position to explain, in part at least, how it is that the dreams which are excited by bodily sensations so seldom contain any inkling as to the real bodily source of those feelings. For one thing, they present themselves as greatly exaggerated in degree, and consequently in many cases have to be interpreted as feelings of another order. This accounts to some extent for the transformation of pleasurable and painful bodily sensations into the more intense mental emotions. But this is not all. Even in

our waking life, we have but a faint consciousness of the bodily seat of the various organic sensations. Distinct localization of sensation depends on sight and touch. Of these, sight probably does most to give distinctness and permanence to the idea of bodily locality. The internal parts of the body are wholly inaccessible to sight and touch, whilst even many parts of the bodily surface are rarely if ever seen or touched. Moreover, owing to the slight part played by ideas of touch in dreams as compared with those of sight, there is little scope for the representation of those parts, such as certain regions of the back, which are known to touch but not to sight. Hence the frequent remark that in dreams the mind is withdrawn from the body, which means first of all that most of its vague waking knowledge of its bodily organism now fails it, and, secondly, that its imaginative representations are mainly derived from impressions of the eye and of the ear; that is to say, of the senses whose activity is normally accompanied by the least degree of consciousness of the bodily organ concerned, but is concentrated in the perception of some object external to the organ.

In all these processes we see something like a suspension of those higher intellectual activities which serve to regulate our waking perceptions and actions. There is nothing like recognition, inference, or rational interpretation in most of our dreams. It seems almost as if during sleep we returned to the undeveloped mental condition of infancy, with the single difference that our emotions are more various and our images are furnished by a larger field of experience. It has been urged by more than one writer, with a good deal of plausibility, that dreams are representations of a primordial state of intelligence and mental development, as we see it now in children and some of the lower animals. The suspension of the higher intellectual functions and the absence, for the most part, of the higher emotions give support to this theory. Yet this is too wide a subject to be entered into here. My object is fulfilled if the foregoing examination of the force of dream-construction has been carried far enough, not, indeed, to account for all the complex aspects of dream-life, but to show that this life betrays underneath all its apparent lawless spontaneity clear traces of an order impressed on it by ascertainable formative influences.

POPULAR FEELING IN 1854 AND 1876. — The *Herald of Peace* says: "The British people at the time of the Crimean War, misled by those who professed to be their guides, were deaf and blind to every representation made that did not chime in with the passion of the hour. It was the time when Lord Palmerston declared that Turkey, within the last thirty years, had made greater progress in every possible way than was ever made by any other country during the same period; when Lord Shaftesbury used to expatiate in glowing terms on the religious liberty which existed in Turkey (!); when Lord Russell used to allege it as a good reason for going to war with the emperor Nicholas, that he had suppressed the Bible Society in Russia, which was utterly untrue; when John Bright was burnt in effigy at Manchester; when Richard Cobden was opposed and outvoted by his own Liberal constituents at Leeds; when Joseph Sturge was charged with hoarding quantities of grain to enhance its value, because the war had sent up the price of corn; when Mr. Henry Richard was placarded over the town of Cardiff as a Russian spy; when ecclesiastical and religious bodies could not meet without sounding aloud the tocsin of war; and all to prevent the emperor of Russia having the right to protect the members of the Greek Church in Turkey from the fanatical hatred of their Mahomedan rulers. Well, it is certainly meet that the English people should awaken, as they are now very effectually doing, to a sense of the fraud that was practised upon them when they were led to believe that in fighting for the Turks they were fighting the battle of freedom, justice, and civilization. It is no wonder if they are almost mad with the shame, the dishonor, the infamy, of being regarded by the whole civilized world as the special patrons and protectors of the Bashi-Bazouks, whose exploits in Bulgaria have filled the earth with horror and execration. The danger now is that they should rush into an opposite extreme, and be so inflamed with resentment that they will clamor for a war of vengeance on their former *protégés*. Nor is there any necessity to have recourse to war. If the western powers will only let their own foolish and wicked mutual jealousies sleep, and agree to speak with one voice to the Turks, there is no doubt they must listen and obey. The danger now arises mainly, we believe, from the suspicion of Russia, which is a mere monomania with some of our countrymen. It was this that led to the Crimean War, which gave a new lease of twenty years to the brutalities of the Turks, under English guarantees. It is the duty of the people of this country, if they would wipe the infamy of being the patrons of the Turks forever from the national escutcheon, to insist that this policy of suspicion be laid aside, and that our government should join loyally and cordially with other Christian

governments in undoing the mischief that was done by their jealousies and dissensions twenty years ago."

SINGULAR PROPERTY OF TOMATO LEAVES. — "I planted a peach orchard," writes M. Siroy, of the Society of Horticulture, Valparaiso, "and the trees grow well and strongly. They had but just commenced to bud when they were invaded by the curculio (*pulgon*), which insects were followed, as frequently happens, by ants. Having cut some tomatoes, the idea occurred to me that by placing some of the leaves around the trunks and branches of the peach-trees, I might preserve them from the rays of the sun, which were very powerful. My surprise was great upon the following day, to find the trees entirely free from their enemies, not one remaining, except here and there where a curled leaf prevented the tomato from exercising its influence. These leaves I carefully unrolled, placing upon them fresh ones from the tomato vine, with the result of banishing the last insect and enabling the trees to grow with luxuriance. Wishing to carry still further my experiment, I steeped in water some fresh leaves of the tomato, and sprinkled with this infusion other plants, roses, and oranges. In two days these were also free from the innumerable insects which covered them, and I felt sure that, had I used the same means with my melon patch, I should have met with the same result. I therefore deem it a duty I owe to the Society of Horticulture to make known this singular and useful property of the tomato leaves, which I discovered by the merest accident."

COLORS OF ANIMALS. — Despite the popular notion that the chameleon and other animals can change their color at will, Professor Garman says there is a want of scientific evidence in favor of the belief. Drawing up for consideration a schedule of animals in two groups of comparative brilliance and paleness, we find that light or darkness of habitat determines the color as a whole. The amount of light in their surroundings is in inverse relation to the brilliance of color. The dark colors are found in forests and on dark soils; the light colors on plains and snow. The bleaching process applies to the lower surface, to the ventral portions of animals by reflection. In the water the same is true, the rivers with muddy bottoms being peopled by dark forms; the brilliant colors are found in hot and sunny waters or transparent lakes. This was shown in a great variety of instances.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume XVI. }

No. 1696. — December 16, 1876.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CXXXI. }

CONTENTS.

| | | |
|--|---------------------------------------|-----|
| I. FERMENTATION, AND ITS BEARINGS ON THE PHENOMENA OF DISEASE. By Professor Tyndall, | <i>Fortnightly Review</i> , | 643 |
| II. WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH. By Sarah Tytler, author of "Lady Bell," etc. Part XXII., | <i>Good Words</i> , | 658 |
| III. THE ASTRONOMY OF THE FUTURE. A Speculation, | <i>Fraser's Magazine</i> , | 667 |
| IV. CINDERELLA, | <i>Argosy</i> , | 672 |
| V. THE LIFE OF THE PRINCE CONSORT, | <i>Quarterly Review</i> , | 680 |
| VI. THE NEW-FOUND ENEMIES OF MAN, | <i>Spectator</i> , | 697 |
| VII. THE SEA OF ANCIENT ICE, | <i>Academy</i> , | 700 |
| VIII. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN. By Edmond About, | <i>Athenæum</i> , | 702 |
| IX. ON THE SHELF, | <i>Liberal Review</i> , | 703 |

POETRY.

| | | | |
|-----------------------------|-----|-------------------------------|-----|
| THE NIGHT COMETH, | 642 | TWO SONGS. From the German of | |
| PSALM CXLVIII., | 642 | Heine, | 642 |

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

THE NIGHT COMETH.

COMETH the night wherein no man may labor,
Therefore we work while yet the day is light;
To thee, to me, to foeman, friend and neighbor
Cometh the night — the night.

Toil on — toil on, nor dally with the morning,
Sweet syren couching in a thousand snares,
Faithless she flies — scanty and brief her
warning —
Leaving thee unawares.

Then am'rous breath of noon will tempt to
pleasure,
And ease and rest, until the heat be past; —
Arise, and work! We have no time for
leisure
Whose sky is overcast.

Aye, overcast. Tho' morn be sweet and
pleasant,
And later noon shall offer fresh delight,
He surely sees, who looks beyond the present,
The shadow of the night.

Terrible night to those with task half ended,
Who revel careless thro' the rosy hours;
Leaving the corn, the goodly corn, untended,
To gather in the flow'rs:

Which close, or droop, or die when eve ad-
vances,
And lo, the sorry harvest withered lies;
And phantoms of lost hope, lost time, lost
chances
Out of the gloom arise.

Not so comes night to all. Sweet sleep will
strengthen
Toilers with burden of the day oppress;
To whom the evening shadows, while they
lengthen,
Bring peace, and hard-won rest.

Oh, welcome rest for weary hearts and aching,
And wounded feet all travel-stained and sore;
Welcome the rest, — thrice welcome the awak-
ing,
Never to need it more.

Work then, nor fear the struggle and the
labor;
For tho', maybe, the day yet seemeth bright,
To thee, to me, to foeman, friend and neighbor
Cometh the night — the night.

Argosy.

S. E. G.

PSALM CXLVIII.

This versification of the one hundred and forty-eighth
psalm was written for the *New York Evening Post*
for Thanksgiving.

PRAISE ye the Lord in heaven above
Ye angels who around him move,
Ye glorious band of satellites
Who people his eternal heights.

Ye first creations of his hand
Who sprang to life at his command,
A life that by his firm decree
Shall lengthen to eternity.

Ye sun and moon and stars of light,
The bright reflectors of his sight,
Ye waters from his throne that spring,
Praise ye the name of Zion's King!

Praise him, O earth, in hills and deeps!
Praise him who all thy creatures keeps,
Ye elements his praise declare,
Ye who his earthly cohorts are.

Mountains and hills and fruitful trees,
And cedars waving in the breeze,
Cattle and beasts and creeping things,
And birds that spread their snowy wings,

Princes who earthly sceptres sway,
All people who their rule obey,
And ye who give the world its law,
Of your Creator stand in awe.

Let all mankind, the young, the old,
Praise him for mercies still untold;
Let all his mighty sceptre own,
Whose name is excellent alone.

Above our faint conceptions far,
Higher than heaven's remotest star,
Bow down thine ear, Eternal King,
Accept the offering we bring!

TWO SONGS.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.]

I MURMUR not. When heart-break is my lot,
O love forever lost! I murmur not.
Though diamond-radiance clothes thy form in
light,
There falls no ray upon thy heart's black night.

That knew I long. I saw thee in a dream,
And saw the darkness through thy bosom
stream,
And saw the worm which feeds upon thy heart;
And saw, my love, how sorrowful thou art.

YES, thou art wretched, and I murmur not; —
My love, we shall be wretched, thou and I!
Till of each aching heart death breaks the
knot,

My love, we shall be wretched, thou and I.

Upon thy mouth, scorn its light traces leaves,
I see thine eyes flash out defiantly,
I see the pride with which thy bosom heaves, —
Yet, wretched art thou, love, wretched as I.

Unseen the smart about thy mouth's unrest,
Concealed the tears which dim thy lucent
eyne,
Secret the pain which wrings thy haughty
breast, —
Perennial anguish, love, is mine and thine.

Spectator.

From The Fortnightly Review.

FERMENTATION, AND ITS BEARINGS ON
THE PHENOMENA OF DISEASE.*

ONE of the most remarkable characteristics of the age in which we live, is its desire and tendency to connect itself organically with preceding ages—to ascertain how the state of things that now is came to be what it is. And the more earnestly and profoundly this problem is studied, the more clearly comes into view the vast and varied debt which the world of to-day owes to that fore-world, in which man by skill, valor, and well-directed strength first replenished and subdued the earth. Our pre-historic fathers may have been savages, but they were clever and observant ones. They founded agriculture by the discovery and development of seeds whose origin is now unknown. They tamed and harnessed their animal antagonists, and sent them down to us as ministers, instead of rivals in the fight for life. Later on, when the claims of luxury added themselves to those of necessity, we find the same spirit of invention at work. We have no historic account of the first brewer, but we glean from history that his art was practised, and its produce relished, more than two thousand years ago. Theophrastus, who was born nearly four hundred years before Christ, described beer as *the wine of barley*. It is extremely difficult to preserve beer in a hot country, still, Egypt was the land in which it was first brewed, the desire of man to quench his thirst with this exhilarating beverage overcoming all the obstacles which a hot climate threw in the way of its manufacture.

Our remote ancestors had also learned by experience that wine maketh glad the heart of man. Noah, we are informed, planted a vineyard, drank of the wine, and experienced the consequences. But, though wine and beer possess so old a history, a very few years ago no man knew the secret of their formation. Indeed, it might be said that until the present year no thorough and scientific account was ever given of the agencies which come into play in the manufacture of beer, of the

conditions necessary to its health, and of the maladies and vicissitudes to which it is subject. Hitherto the art and practice of the brewer have resembled those of the physician, both being founded on empirical observation. By this is meant the observation of facts apart from the principles which explain them, and which give the mind an intelligent mastery over them. The brewer learnt from long experience the conditions, not the reasons of success. But he had to contend, and he has still to contend, against unexplained perplexities. Over and over again his care has been rendered nugatory; his beer has fallen into acidity or rotteness, and disastrous losses have been sustained, of which he has been unable to assign the cause. It is the hidden enemies against which the physician and the brewer have hitherto contended, that recent researches are dragging into the light of day, thus preparing the way for their final extermination.

Let us glance for a moment at the outward and visible signs of fermentation. A few weeks ago I paid a visit to a private still in a Swiss chalet; and this is what I saw. In the peasant's bedroom was a cask with a very large bunghole carefully closed. The cask contained cherries which had lain in it for fourteen days. It was not entirely filled with the fruit, an air-space being left above the cherries when they were put in. I had the bung removed, and a small lamp dipped into this space. Its flame was instantly extinguished. The oxygen of the air had entirely disappeared, its place being taken by carbonic acid gas.* I tasted the cherries: they were very sour, though when put into the cask they were sweet. The cherries and the liquid associated with them were then placed in a copper boiler, to which a copper head was closely fitted. From the head proceeded a copper tube which passed straight through a vessel of cold water, and issued at the other side. Under the open end of the tube was placed a bottle to receive the spirit distilled. The

* A discourse delivered before the Glasgow Science Lectures Association, October 19th, 1876.

* The gas which is exhaled from the lungs after the oxygen of the air has done its duty in purifying the blood, the same also which effervesces from soda water and champagne.

flame of small wood-splinters being applied to the boiler, after a time vapor rose into the head, passed through the tube, was condensed by the cold of the water, and fell in a liquid fillet into the bottle. On being tasted, it proved to be that fiery and intoxicating spirit known in commerce as *Kirsch* or *Kirschwasser*.

The cherries, it should be remembered, were here left to themselves, no ferment of any kind being added to them. In this respect what has been said of the cherry applies also to the grape. At the vintage the fruit of the vine is placed in proper vessels and abandoned to its own action. It ferments, producing carbonic acid; its sweetness disappears, and at the end of a certain time the unintoxicating grape-juice is converted into intoxicating wine. Here, as in the case of the cherries, the fermentation is spontaneous — in what sense spontaneous will appear more clearly by-and-by.

It is needless for me to tell a Glasgow audience that the beer-brewer does not set to work in this way. In the first place the brewer deals not with the juice of fruits, but with the juice of barley. The barley having been steeped for a sufficient time in water, it is drained, and subjected to a temperature sufficient to cause the moist grain to germinate; after which it is completely dried upon a kiln. It then receives the name of malt. The malt is crisp to the teeth, and decidedly sweeter to the taste than the original barley. It is ground, mashed up in warm water, then boiled with hops until all the soluble portions have been extracted; the infusion thus produced being called the *wort*. This is drawn off, and cooled as rapidly as possible; then, instead of abandoning the infusion, as the wine-maker does, to its own action, the brewer mixes yeast with his wort, and places it in vessels each with only one aperture open to the air. Soon after the addition of the yeast, a brownish froth, which is really new yeast, issues from the aperture, and falls like a cataract into troughs prepared to receive it. This frothing and foaming of the wort is a proof that the fermentation is active.

Whence comes the yeast which issues so copiously from the fermenting-tub?

What is this yeast, and how did the brewer become in the first instance possessed of it? Examine its quantity before and after fermentation. The brewer introduces, say 10 cwts. of yeast; he collects forty, or it may be 50 cwts. The yeast has, therefore, augmented from four to five-fold during the fermentation. Shall we conclude that this additional yeast has been spontaneously generated by the wort? Are we not rather reminded of that seed which fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit, some thirtyfold, some sixtyfold, some an hundredfold? On examination this notion of organic growth turns out to be more than a mere surmise. In the year 1680, when the microscope was still in its infancy, Leeuwenhoek turned the instrument upon this substance, and found it composed of minute globules suspended in a liquid. Thus knowledge rested until 1835, when Cagniard de la Tour in France, and Schwann in Germany, independently, but animated by a common thought, turned microscopes of improved definition and heightened powers upon yeast, and found it budding and sprouting before their eyes. The augmentation of the yeast alluded to above was thus proved to arise from the growth of a minute plant, now called *Torula* (or *Saccharomyces*) *Cerevisiæ*. Spontaneous generation is therefore out of the question. The brewer deliberately sows the yeast-plant, which grows and multiplies in the wort as its proper soil. This discovery marks an epoch in the history of fermentation.

But where did the brewer find his yeast? The reply to this question is similar to that, which must be given if it were asked where the brewer found his barley. He has received the seeds of both of them from preceding generations. Could we connect without solution of continuity the present with the past, we should probably be able to trace back the yeast employed by my friend Sir Fowell Buxton to-day, to that employed by some Egyptian brewer two thousand years ago. But you may urge that there must have been a time when the first yeast-cell was generated. Granted — exactly as there was a time when the first barleycorn was generated. Let not the delusion lay hold of you, that

a living thing is easily generated, because it is small. Both the yeast-plant and the barley-plant lose themselves in the dim twilight of antiquity, and in this our day there is no more proof of the spontaneous generation of the one, than there is of the spontaneous generation of the other.

I stated a moment ago that the fermentation of grape-juice was spontaneous; but I was careful to add, "in what sense spontaneous will appear more clearly by-and-by." Now this is the sense meant. The wine-maker does not, like the brewer and distiller, deliberately introduce either yeast, or any equivalent of yeast, into his vats; he does not consciously sow in them any plant, or the germ of any plant; indeed he has been hitherto in ignorance whether plants or germs of any kind have had anything to do with his operations. Still, when the fermented grape-juice is examined, the living *Torula* concerned in alcoholic fermentation never fails to make its appearance. How is this? If no living germ has been introduced into the wine-vat, whence comes the life so invariably developed there?

You may be disposed to reply with Turpin and others, that in virtue of its own inherent powers, the grape-juice when brought into contact with the vivifying atmospheric oxygen, runs spontaneously and of its own accord into these low forms of life. I have not the slightest objection to this explanation provided proper evidence can be adduced in support of it. But the evidence adduced in its favor, as far as I am acquainted with it, snaps asunder under the least strain of scientific criticism. It is, as far as I can see, the evidence of men, who, however keen and clever as *observers*, are not rightly trained *experimenters*. These alone are aware of the precautions necessary in investigations of this delicate kind. In reference, then, to the life of the wine-vat, what is the decision of experiment when carried out by competent men? Let a quantity of the clear, filtered "must" of the grape be so boiled as to destroy such germs as it may have contracted from the air or otherwise. In contact with germless air the uncontaminated must never ferments. All the materials for spontaneous generation are

there, but so long as there is no seed sown there is no life developed, and no sign of that fermentation which is the concomitant of life. Nor need you resort to a boiled liquid. The grape is sealed by its own skin against contamination from without. By an ingenious device Pasteur has extracted from the interior of the grape its pure juice, and proved that in contact with pure air it never acquires the power to ferment itself, nor to produce fermentation in other liquids.* It is not, therefore, in the interior of the grape that the origin of the life observed in the vat is to be sought.

What, then, is its true origin? This is Pasteur's answer, which his well-proved accuracy renders worthy of all confidence. At the time of the vintage microscopic particles are observed adherent, both to the outer surface of the grape and of the twigs which support the grape. Brush these particles into a capsule of pure water. It is rendered turbid by the dust. Examined by a microscope some of these minute particles are seen to present the appearance of organized cells. Instead of receiving them in water, let them be brushed into the pure inert juice of the grape. Forty-eight hours after this is done, our familiar *Torula* is observed budding and sprouting, the growth of the plant being accompanied by all the other signs of active fermentation. What is the inference to be drawn from this experiment? Obviously that the particles adherent to the external surface of the grape include the germs of that life which, after they have been sown in the juice, appears in such profusion. Wine is sometimes objected to on the ground that fermentation is "artificial;" but we notice here the responsibility of nature. The ferment of the grape clings like a parasite to the surface of the grape, and the art of the wine-maker from time immemorial has consisted in bringing—and it may be added, ignorantly bringing—two things thus closely associated by nature into actual contact with each other. For thousands of years,

* The liquids of the healthy animal body are also sealed from external contamination. Pure blood, for example, drawn with due precautions from the veins, will never ferment or putrefy in contact with pure air.

what has been done consciously by the brewer, has been done unconsciously by the wine-grower. The one has sown his leaven just as much as the other.

Nor is it necessary to impregnate the beer-wort with yeast to provoke fermentation. Abandoned to the contact of our common air, it sooner or later ferments; but the chances are that the produce of that fermentation, instead of being agreeable, would be disgusting to the taste. By a rare accident we might get the true alcoholic fermentation, but the odds against obtaining it would be enormous. Pure air acting upon a lifeless liquid will never provoke fermentation; but our ordinary air is the vehicle of numberless germs, which act as ferments when they fall into appropriate infusions. Some of them produce acidity, some putrefaction. The germs of our yeast-plant are also in the air; but so sparingly distributed that an infusion like beer-wort, exposed to the air, is almost sure to be taken possession of by foreign organisms. In fact, the maladies of beer are wholly due to the admixture of these objectionable ferments, whose forms and modes of nutrition differ materially from those of the true leaven.

Working in an atmosphere charged with the germs of these organisms, you can understand how easy it is to fall into error in studying the action of any one of them. Indeed, it is only the most accomplished experimenter, who, moreover, avails himself of every means of checking his conclusions, that can walk without tripping through this land of pitfalls. Such a man is the French chemist Pasteur. He has taught us how to separate the commingled ferments of our air, and to study their pure individual action. Guided by him, let us fix our attention more particularly upon the growth and action of the true yeast-plant under different conditions. Let it be sown in a fermentable liquid, which is supplied with plenty of pure air. The plant will flourish in the aerated infusion, and produce large quantities of carbonic acid gas—a compound, as you know, of carbon and oxygen. The oxygen thus consumed by the plant is the free oxygen of the air, which we suppose to be abundantly supplied to the liquid. The action is so far similar to the respiration of animals, which inspire oxygen and expire carbonic acid. If we examine the liquid even when the vigor of the plant has reached its maximum, we hardly find in it a trace of alcohol. The yeast has grown and flourished, but it has almost ceased to act as a ferment. And could every individual yeast-cell seize,

without any impediment, free oxygen from the surrounding liquid, it is certain that it would cease to act as a ferment altogether.

What, then, are the conditions under which the yeast-plant must be placed so that it may display its characteristic quality? Reflection on the facts already referred to suggests a reply, and rigid experiment confirms the suggestion. Consider the Alpine cherries in their closed vessel. Consider the beer in its barrel, with a single small aperture open to the air, through which it is observed not to imbibe oxygen, but to pour forth carbonic acid. Whence come the volumes of oxygen necessary to the production of this latter gas? The small quantity of atmospheric air dissolved in the wort and overlying it would be totally incompetent to supply the necessary oxygen. In no other way can the yeast-plant obtain the gas necessary for its respiration than by wrenching it from surrounding substances, in which the oxygen exists, not free, but in a state of combination. It decomposes the sugar of the solution in which it grows, produces heat, breathes forth carbonic acid gas, and one of the liquid products of the decomposition is our familiar alcohol. The act of fermentation, then, is a result of the effort of the little plant to maintain its respiration by means of combined oxygen, when its supply of free oxygen is cut off. As defined by Pasteur, fermentation is *life without air*.

But here the knowledge of that thorough investigator comes to our aid to warn us against errors which have been committed over and over again. It is not all yeast-cells that can thus live without air and provoke fermentation. They must be young cells which have caught their vegetative vigor from contact with free oxygen. But once possessed of this vigor the yeast may be transplanted into a saccharine infusion absolutely purged of air, where it will continue to live at the expense of the oxygen, carbon, and other constituents of the infusion. Under these new conditions its life, *as a plant*, will be by no means so vigorous as when it had a supply of free oxygen, but its action *as a ferment* will be indefinitely greater.

Does the yeast-plant stand alone in its power of provoking alcoholic fermentation? It would be singular if amid the multitude of low vegetable forms no other could be found capable of acting in a similar way. And here again we have occasion to marvel at that sagacity of observation among the ancients to which we owe so vast a debt. Not only did they discover

the alcoholic ferment of yeast, but they had to exercise a wise selection in picking it out from others, and giving it special prominence. Place an old boot in a moist place, or expose common paste or a pot of jam to the air; it soon becomes coated with a blue-green mould, which is nothing else than the fructification of a little plant called *Penicillium glaucum*. Do not imagine that the mould has sprung spontaneously from boot, or paste, or jam; its germs, which are abundant in the air, have been sown, and have germinated, in as legal and legitimate a way as thistle-seeds wafted by the wind to a proper soil. Let the minute spores of *Penicillium* be sown in a fermentable liquid, which has been previously so boiled as to kill all other spores or seeds which it may contain; let pure air have free access to the mixture; the *Penicillium* will grow rapidly, striking long filaments into the liquid, and fructifying at its surface. Test the infusion at various stages of the plant's growth, you will never find in it a trace of alcohol. But forcibly submerge the little plant, push it down deep into the liquid, where the quantity of free oxygen that can reach it is insufficient for its needs, it immediately begins to act as a ferment, supplying itself with oxygen by the decomposition of the sugar, and producing alcohol as one of the results of the decomposition. Many other low microscopic plants act in a similar manner. In aerated liquids they flourish without any production of alcohol, but cut off from free oxygen they act as ferments, producing alcohol exactly as the real alcoholic leaven produces it, only less copiously. For the right apprehension of all these facts we are indebted to Pasteur.

In the cases hitherto considered, the fermentation is proved to be the invariable correlative of *life*, being produced by organisms foreign to the fermentable substance. But the substance itself may also have within it, to some extent, the motive power of fermentation. The yeast-plant, as we have learned, is an assemblage of living cells; but so at bottom, as shown by Schleiden and Schwann, are all living organisms. Cherries, apples, peaches, pears, plums, and grapes, for example, are composed of cells, each of which is a living unit. And here I have to direct your attention to a point of extreme interest. In 1821, the celebrated French chemist, Bérard, established the important fact that all ripening fruit, exposed to the free atmosphere, absorbed the oxygen of the atmosphere and liberated an approximately equal volume of car-

bonic acid. He also found that when ripe fruits were placed in a confined atmosphere, the oxygen of the atmosphere was first absorbed, and an equal volume of carbonic acid given out. But the process did not end here. After the oxygen had vanished, carbonic acid, in considerable quantities, continued to be exhaled by the fruits, which at the same time lost a portion of their sugar, becoming more acid to the taste, though the absolute quantity of acid was not augmented. This was an observation of capital importance, and Bérard had the sagacity to remark that the process might be regarded as a kind of fermentation.

Thus the living cells of fruits can absorb oxygen and breathe out carbonic acid, exactly like the living cells of the leaven of beer. Supposing the access of oxygen suddenly cut off, will the living fruit-cells as suddenly die, or will they continue to live as yeast lives, by extracting oxygen from the saccharine juices round them? This is a question of extreme theoretic significance. It was first answered affirmatively by the able and conclusive experiments of Lechartier and Bellamy, and the answer was subsequently confirmed and explained by the experiments and the reasoning of Pasteur. Bérard only showed the absorption of oxygen and the production of carbonic acid; Lechartier and Bellamy proved the production of alcohol, thus completing the evidence that it was a case of real fermentation, though the common alcoholic ferment was absent. So full was Pasteur of the idea that the cells of a fruit would continue to live at the expense of the sugar of the fruit, that once in his laboratory, while conversing on these subjects with M. Dumas, he exclaimed, "I will wager that if a grape be plunged into an atmosphere of carbonic acid, it will produce alcohol and carbonic acid by the continued life of its own cells — that they will act for a time like the cells of the true alcoholic leaven." He made the experiment, and found the result to be what he had foreseen. He then extended the inquiry. Placing under a bell-jar twenty-four plums, he filled the jar with carbonic acid gas; beside it he placed twenty-four similar plums uncovered. At the end of eight days he removed the plums from the jar, and compared them with the others. The difference was extraordinary. The uncovered fruits had become soft, watery and very sweet; the others were firm and hard, their fleshy portions being not at all watery. They had, moreover, lost a con-

siderable quantity of their sugar. They were afterwards bruised, and the juice was distilled. It yielded six and a half grammes of alcohol, or one per cent. of the total weight of the plums. Neither in these plums, nor in the grapes first experimented on by Pasteur, could any trace of the ordinary alcoholic leaven be found. As previously proved by Lechartier and Bellamy, the fermentation was the work of the living cells of the fruit itself, after air had been denied to them. When moreover the cells were destroyed by bruising, no fermentation ensued. The fermentation was the correlative of a vital act, and it ceased when life was extinguished.

Lüdersdorf was the first to show by this method that yeast acted, not, as Liebig had assumed, in virtue of its *organic*, but in virtue of its *organized* character. He destroyed the cells of yeast by rubbing them on a ground glass plate, and found that with the destruction of the organism, though its chemical constituents remained, the power to act as a ferment totally disappeared.

One word more in reference to Liebig may find a place here. To the philosophic chemist thoughtfully pondering these phenomena, familiar with the conception of molecular motion, and the changes produced by the interactions of purely chemical forces, nothing could be more natural than to see in the process of fermentation a simple illustration of molecular instability, the ferment propagating to surrounding molecular groups the overthrow of its own tottering combinations. Broadly considered, indeed, there is a certain amount of truth in this theory; but Liebig, who propounded it, missed the very kernel of the phenomena when he overlooked or contemned the part played in fermentation by microscopic life. He looked at the matter too little with the eye of the body, and too much with the spiritual eye. He practically neglected the microscope, and was unmoved by the knowledge which its revelations would have poured in upon his mind. His hypothesis, as I have said, was natural—nay, it was a striking illustration of Liebig's power to penetrate and unveil molecular actions; but it was an error, and as such has proved an *ignis fatuus* instead of a *pharos* to some of his followers.

I have said that our air is full of the germs of ferments differing from the alcoholic leaven, and sometimes seriously interfering with the latter. They are the

weeds of this microscopic garden which often overshadow and choke the flowers. Let us take an illustrative case. Expose boiled milk to the air. It will cool, and then turn sour, separating like blood into clot and serum. Place a drop of this sour milk under a powerful microscope and watch it closely. You see the minute butter-globules animated by that curious quivering motion called the Brownian motion.* But let not this attract your attention too much, for it is another motion that we have now to seek. Here and there you observe a greater disturbance than ordinary among the globules; keep your eye upon the place of tumult, and you will probably see emerging from it a long eel-like organism, tossing the globules aside and wriggling more or less rapidly across the field of the microscope. Familiar with one sample of this organism, which from its motions receives the name of vibrio, you soon detect numbers of them. It is these organisms, and other analogous though apparently motionless ones, which by decomposing the milk render it sour and putrid. They are the lactic and putrid ferments, as the yeast-plant is the alcoholic ferment of sugar. Keep them and their germs out of your milk and it will continue sweet. But milk may become putrid without becoming sour. Examine such putrid milk microscopically, and you find it swarming with shorter organisms, sometimes associated with the vibrios, sometimes alone, and often manifesting a wonderful alacrity of motion. Keep these organisms and their germs out of your milk and it will never putrefy. Expose a mutton-chop to the air and keep it moist; in summer weather it soon stinks. Place a drop of the juice of the fetid chop under a powerful microscope; it is seen swarming with organisms resembling those in the putrid milk. These organisms, which receive the common name of bacteria,† are the agents of all putrefaction. Keep them and their germs from your meat and it will remain forever sweet. Thus we begin to see that within the world of life to which we ourselves belong, there is another living world requiring the microscope for its discernment, but which, nevertheless, has the most important bearing on the welfare of the higher life-world.

And now let us reason together as regards the origin of these bacteria. A

* Which I am inclined to regard as an effect of surface tension.

† Doubtless organisms exhibiting grave specific differences are grouped together under this common name.

granular powder is placed in your hands, and you are asked to state what it is. You examine it, and have, or have not, reason to suspect that seeds of some kind are mixed up in it. But you prepare a bed in your garden, sow in it the powder, and soon after find a mixed crop of docks and thistles sprouting from your bed. Until this powder was sown neither docks nor thistles ever made their appearance in your garden. You repeat the experiment once, twice, ten times, fifty times. From fifty different beds after the sowing of the powder you obtain the same crop. What will be your response to the question proposed to you? "I am not in a condition," you would say, "to affirm that every grain of the powder is a dock-seed or a thistle-seed; but I am in a condition to affirm that both dock and thistle seeds form, at all events, part of the powder." Supposing a succession of such powders to be placed in your hands with grains becoming gradually smaller, until they dwindle to the size of impalpable dust particles; assuming that you treat them all in the same way, and that from every one of them in a few days you obtain a definite crop—it may be clover, it may be mustard, it may be mignonette, it may be a plant more minute than any of these, the smallness of the particles, or of the plants that spring from them, does not affect the validity of the conclusion. Without a shadow of misgiving you would conclude that the powder must have contained the seeds or germs of the life observed. There is not in the range of physical science an experiment more conclusive nor an inference safer than this one.

Supposing the powder to be light enough to float in the air and that you are enabled to see it there just as plainly as you saw the heavier powder in the palm of your hand. If the dust sown by the air instead of by the hand produce a definite living crop, with the same logical rigor you would conclude that the germs of this crop must be mixed with the dust. To take an illustration: the spores of the little plant *Penicillium glaucum*, to which I have already referred, are light enough to float in the air. A cut apple, a pear, a tomato, a slice of vegetable marrow, or, as already mentioned, an old moist boot, a dish of paste, or a pot of jam, constitutes a proper soil for the *Penicillium*. Now, if it could be proved that the dust of the air when sown in this soil produces this plant, while, wanting the dust, neither the air nor the soil, nor both together, can produce it, it would be obviously just as

certain in this case that the floating dust contains the germs of *Penicillium* as that the powders sown in your garden contained the germs of the plants which sprung from them.

But how is the floating dust to be rendered visible? In this way. Build a little chamber and provide it with a door, windows, and window-shutters. Let an aperture be made in one of the shutters through which a sunbeam can pass. Close the door and windows so that no light shall enter save through the hole in the shutter. The track of the sunbeam is at first perfectly plain and vivid in the air of the room. If all disturbance of the air of the chamber be avoided, the luminous track will become fainter and fainter, until at last it disappears absolutely, and no trace of the beam is to be seen. What rendered the beam visible at first? The floating dust of the air, which, thus illuminated and observed, is as palpable to sense as any dust or powder placed on the palm of the hand. In the still air the dust gradually sinks to the floor or sticks to the walls and ceiling, until finally, by this self-cleansing process, the air is entirely freed from mechanically suspended matter.

Thus far, I think, we have made our footing sure. Let us proceed. Chop up a beefsteak and allow it to remain for two or three hours just covered with warm water; you thus extract the juice of the beef in a concentrated form. By properly boiling the liquid and filtering it you can obtain from it a perfectly transparent beef-tea. Expose a number of vessels containing this tea to the moteless air of your chamber; and expose a number of similar vessels containing precisely the same liquid to the dust-laden air. In three days every one of the latter stinks, and examined with the microscope every one of them is found swarming with the bacteria of putrefaction. After three months, or three years, the beef-tea within the chamber is found in every case as sweet and clear, and as free from bacteria as it was at the moment when it was first put in. There is absolutely no difference between the air within and that without save that the one is dustless and the other dust-laden. Clinch the experiment thus: open the door of your chamber and allow the dust to enter it. In three days afterwards you have every vessel within the chamber swarming with bacteria, and in a state of active putrefaction. Here, also, the inference is quite as certain as in the case of the powder sown in your garden. Multiply your proofs by building fifty chambers

instead of one, and by employing every imaginable infusion of wild animals and tame; of flesh, fish, fowl, and viscera; of vegetables of the most various kinds. If in all these cases you find the dust infallibly producing its crop of bacteria, while neither the dustless air nor the nutritive infusion, nor both together, are ever able to produce this crop, your conclusion is simply irresistible that the dust of the air contains the germs of the crop which has appeared in your infusions. I repeat there is no inference of experimental science more certain than this one. In the presence of such facts, to use the words of a paper lately published in the "Philosophical Transactions," it would be simply monstrous to affirm that these swarming crops of bacteria are spontaneously generated.

Is there then no experimental proof of spontaneous generation? I answer without hesitation, *none!* But to doubt the experimental proof of a fact, and to deny its possibility, are two different things, though some writers confuse matters by making them synonymous. In fact, this doctrine of spontaneous generation, in one form or another, falls in with the theoretic beliefs of some of the foremost workers of this age; but it is exactly these men who have the penetration to see, and the honesty to expose, the weakness of the evidence adduced in its support.

And here observe how these discoveries tally with the common practices of life. Heat kills the bacteria, cold numbs them. When my housekeeper has pheasants in charge which she wishes to keep sweet, but which threaten to give way, she partially cooks the birds, kills the infant bacteria, and thus postpones the evil day. By boiling her milk she also extends its period of sweetness. Some weeks ago in the Alps I made a few experiments on the influence of cold upon ants. Though the sun was strong, patches of snow still maintained themselves on the mountain slopes. The ants were found in the warm grass and on the warm rocks adjacent. Transferred to the snow the rapidity of their paralysis was surprising. In a few seconds a vigorous ant, after a few languid struggles, would wholly lose its power of locomotion and lie practically dead upon the snow. Transferred to the warm rock it would revive, to be again smitten with death-like numbness when transferred to the snow. What is true of the ant is specially true of our bacteria. Their active life is suspended by cold, and with it their power of producing or continuing putre-

faction. This is the whole philosophy of the preservation of meat by cold. The fishmonger, for example, when he surrounds his very assailable wares by lumps of ice, stays the process of putrefaction by reducing to numbness and inaction the organisms which produce it, and in the absence of which his fish would remain sweet and sound. It is the astonishing activity into which these bacteria are pushed by warmth that renders a single summer's day sometimes so disastrous to the great butchers of London and Glasgow. The bodies of guides lost in the crevasses of Alpine glaciers have come to the surface forty years after their interment, without the flesh showing any sign of putrefaction. But the most astonishing case of this kind is that of the hairy elephant of Siberia which was found incased in ice. It had been buried for ages, but when laid bare its flesh was sweet, and for some time afforded copious nutriment to the wild beasts which fed upon it.

Beer is assailable by all the organisms here referred to, some of which produce acetic, some lactic, and some butyric acid, while yeast is open to attack from the bacteria of putrefaction. In relation to the particular beverage the brewer wishes to produce, these foreign ferments have been properly called *ferments of disease*. The cells of the true leaven are globules, usually somewhat elongated. The other organisms are more or less rod-like or eel-like in shape, some of them being beaded so as to resemble necklaces. Each of these organisms produces a fermentation and flavor peculiar to itself. Keep them out of your beer and it remains forever unaltered. Never without them will your beer contract disease. But their germs are in the air, in the vessels employed in the brewery; even in the yeast used to impregnate the wort. Consciously or unconsciously, the art of the brewer is directed against them. His aim is to paralyze if he cannot annihilate them.

For beer, moreover, the question of temperature is one of supreme importance; indeed the recognized influence of temperature is causing on the continent of Europe a complete revolution in the manufacture of beer. When I was a student in Berlin, in 1851, there were certain places specially devoted to the sale of Bavarian beer, which was then making its way into public favor. This beer is prepared by what is called the process of *low fermentation*; the name being given partly because the yeast of the beer, instead of rising to the top and issuing through the

bunghole, falls to the bottom of the cask; but partly, also, because it is produced at a low temperature. The other and older process, called *high fermentation*, is far more handy, expeditious, and cheap. In high fermentation eight days suffice for the production of the beer; in low fermentation, ten, fifteen, even twenty days are found necessary. Vast quantities of ice, moreover, are consumed in the process of low fermentation. In the single brewery of Dreher, of Vienna, a hundred million pounds of ice are consumed annually in cooling the wort and beer. Notwithstanding these obvious and weighty drawbacks, the low fermentation is rapidly displacing the high upon the Continent. Here are some statistics which show the number of breweries of both kinds existing in Bohemia in 1860, 1865, and 1870:—

| | 1860. | 1865. | 1870. |
|-------------------------|-------|-------|-------|
| High Fermentation . . . | 281 | 81 | 18 |
| Low Fermentation . . . | 135 | 459 | 831 |

Thus in ten years the number of high-fermentation breweries fell from two hundred and eighty-one to eighteen, while the number of low-fermentation breweries rose from one hundred and thirty-five to eight hundred and thirty-one. The sole reason for this vast change—a change which involves a greater expenditure of time, labor, and money—is the additional command which it gives the brewer over the fortuitous ferments of disease. These ferments, which, it is to be remembered, are living organisms, have their activity suspended by temperature below 10° C., and as long as they are reduced to torpor the beer remains untainted either by acidity or putrefaction. The beer of low fermentation is brewed in winter, and kept in cool cellars; the brewer being thus enabled to dispose of it at his leisure, instead of forcing its consumption to avoid the loss involved in its alteration if kept too long. Hops, it may be remarked, act to some extent as an antiseptic to beer. The essential oil of the hop is bactericidal: hence the strong impregnation with hop juice of all beer intended for exportation.

These low organisms, which one might be disposed to regard as the beginnings of life, were we not warned that the microscope, precious and perfect as it is, has no power to show us the real beginnings of life, are by no means purely useless or purely mischievous in the economy of nature. They are only noxious when out of their proper place. They exercise a useful and valuable function as the burners and consumers of dead matter, animal

and vegetable, reducing such matter, with a rapidity otherwise unattainable, to innocent carbonic acid and water. Furthermore, they are not all alike, and it is only restricted classes of them that are really dangerous to man. One difference in their habits is worthy of special reference here. Air, or rather the oxygen of the air, which is absolutely necessary to the support of the bacteria of putrefaction, is absolutely deadly to the vibrios which provoke the butyric acid fermentation. This is most simply illustrated by the following beautiful observation of Pasteur. You know the way of looking at these small organisms through the microscope. A drop of the liquid containing them is placed upon glass, and on the drop is placed a circle of exceedingly thin glass; for, to magnify them sufficiently, it is necessary that the microscope should come very close to the organisms. Round the edge of the circular plate of glass the liquid is in contact with the air, and incessantly absorbs it, including the oxygen. Here, if the drop be charged with bacteria, we have a zone of very lively ones. But through this living zone, greedy of oxygen and appropriating it, the vivifying gas cannot penetrate to the centre of the film. In the middle, therefore, the bacteria die, while their peripheral colleagues continue active. If a bubble of air chance to be enclosed in the film, round it the bacteria will pirouette and wobble until its oxygen has been absorbed, after which all their motions cease. Precisely the reverse of all this occurs with the vibrios of butyric acid. In their case it is the peripheral organisms that are first killed, the central ones remaining vigorous while ringed by a zone of dead. Pasteur, moreover, filled two vessels with a liquid containing these vibrios; through one vessel he led air, and killed its vibrios in half an hour; through the other he led carbonic acid, and after three hours found the vibrios fully active. It was while observing these differences of deportment fifteen years ago that the thought of life without air, and its bearing upon the theory of fermentation, flashed upon the mind of this admirable investigator.

And here I am tempted to inquire how it is that during the last five or six years so many of the cultivated English and American public, including members of the medical profession and contributors to some of our most intellectual journals, could be so turned aside as they have been from the pure wellspring of scientific truth to be found in the writings of

Pasteur? The reason I take to be, that while against unsound logic a healthy mind can always defend itself, against unsound experiment, without discipline it is defenceless. To judge of the soundness of scientific data, and to reason from data assumed to be sound, are two totally different things. The one deals with the raw material of fact, the other with the logical textures woven from that material. Now the logical loom may go accurately through all its motions, while the woven fibres may be all rotten. It is this inability, through lack of education in experiment, to judge of the soundness of experimental work, which lies at the root of the defection from Pasteur.

I will cite an example of this mistake of judgment. Between the large-type articles and the reviews of the *Saturday Review* essays on various subjects are interpolated. In the calm of holiday evenings, while reading these brief essays, I have been many a time impressed, not only with their sparkling cleverness, but with their deep-searching wisdom and their wealth of spiritual experience. In this central region of the review the question of spontaneous generation has been taken up and discussed. The writer is not a whit behind his colleagues in literary brilliancy and logical force. But having no touchstone in his own experience to enable him to distinguish a good experiment from a bad one, he has, on a point of the gravest practical import, committed the influence of the powerful journal in which he writes to the support of error. It is only, I would repeat, by practice among facts that the intellect is prepared to judge of facts, and no mere logical acuteness or literary skill can atone for the want of this necessary education.

We now approach an aspect of this question which concerns us still more closely, and which will be best illustrated by an actual fact. A few years ago I was bathing in an Alpine stream, and returning to my clothes from the cascade which had been my shower-bath, I slipped upon a block of granite, the sharp crystals of which stamped themselves into my naked shin. The wound was an awkward one, but being in vigorous health at the time, I hoped for a speedy recovery. Dipping a clean pocket handkerchief into the stream, I wrapped it round the wound, limped home, and remained for four or five days quietly in bed. There was no pain, and at the end of this time I thought myself quite fit to quit my room. The

wound, when uncovered, was found perfectly clean, uninflamed, and entirely free from matter. Placing over it a bit of goldbeater's-skin, I walked about all day. Towards evening itching and heat were felt; a large accumulation of matter followed, and I was forced to go to bed again. The water-bandage was restored, but it was powerless to check the action now set up; arnica was applied, but it made matters worse. The inflammation increased alarmingly, until finally I was ignobly carried on men's shoulders down the mountain and transported to Geneva, where, thanks to the kindness of friends, I was immediately placed in the best medical hands. On the morning after my arrival in Geneva, Dr. Gautier discovered an abscess in my instep, at a distance of five inches from the wound. The two were connected by a channel, or *sinus*, as it is technically called, through which he was able to empty the abscess, without the application of the lance.

By what agency was that channel formed — what was it that thus tore asunder the sound tissue of my instep, and kept me for six weeks a prisoner in bed? In the very room where the water-dressing had been removed from my wound and the goldbeater's-skin applied to it, I opened this year a number of tubes, containing perfectly clear and sweet infusions of fish, flesh, and vegetable. These hermetically sealed infusions had been exposed for weeks, both to the sun of the Alps and to the warmth of a kitchen, without showing the slightest turbidity, or sign of life. But two days after they were opened the greater number of them swarmed with the bacteria of putrefaction, the germs of which had been contracted from the dust-laden air of the room. And had the matter from my abscess been examined, my memory of its appearance leads me to infer that it would have been found equally swarming with these bacteria — that it was their germs which got into my incautiously opened wound, and that they were the subtle workers that burrowed down my shin, dug the abscess in my instep, and produced effects which might well have proved fatal to me.

We here come face to face with the labors of a man who has established for himself an imperishable reputation in relation to this subject, who combines the penetration of the true theorist with the skill and conscientiousness of the true experimenter, and whose practice is one continued demonstration of the theory that the putrefaction of wounds is to be

averted by the destruction of the germs of bacteria. Not only from his own reports of his cases, but from the reports of eminent men who have visited his hospital, and from the opinions expressed to me by Continental surgeons, do I gather that one of the greatest steps ever made in the art of surgery was the introduction of the antiseptic system of treatment, practised, first in Glasgow, and now in Edinburgh by Professor Lister.

The interest of this subject does not slacken as we proceed. We began with the cherry-cask and beer-vat; we end with the body of man. There are persons born with the power of interpreting natural facts, as there are others smitten with everlasting incompetence in regard to such interpretation. To the former class in an eminent degree belonged the celebrated philosopher Robert Boyle, whose words in relation to this subject have in them the forecast of prophecy. "And let me add," writes Boyle in his "Essay on the Pathological Part of Physik," "that he that thoroughly understands the nature of ferments and fermentations shall probably be much better able than he that ignores them, to give a fair account of divers phenomena of several diseases (as well fevers as others) which will perhaps be never properly understood without an insight into the doctrine of fermentations."

Two hundred years have passed since these pregnant words were written, and it is only in this our day that men are beginning to fully realize their truth. In the domain of surgery the justice of Boyle's surmise has been most strictly demonstrated. Demonstration is indeed the only word which fitly characterizes the evidence brought forward by Professor Lister. You will grasp in a moment his leading idea. Take the extracted juice of beef or mutton, so prepared as to be perfectly transparent, and entirely free from the living germs of bacteria. Into the clear liquid let fall the tiniest drop of an infusion charged with the bacteria of putrefaction. Twenty-four hours subsequently the clear extract will be found muddy throughout, the turbidity being due to swarms of bacteria generated by the drop with which the infusion was inoculated. At the same time the infusion will have passed from a state of sweetness to a state of putridity. Let a drop similar to that which has produced this effect fall into an open wound: the juices of the living body nourish the bacteria as the beef or mutton juice nourished them, and you have putrefaction produced within the system. The air, as

I have said, is laden with floating matter which, when it falls upon the wound, acts substantially like the drop. Professor Lister's aim is to destroy the life of that floating matter—to kill such germs as it may contain. Had he, for example, dressed my wound, instead of opening it incautiously in the midst of air laden with the germs of bacteria, and instead of applying to it goldbeater's-skin, which probably carried these germs upon its surface, he would have showered upon the wound, during the time of dressing, the spray of some liquid capable of killing the germs. The liquid usually employed for this purpose is dilute carbolic acid, which, in his skilled hands, has become a specific against putrefaction and all its deadly consequences.

We now pass the bounds of surgery proper, and enter the domain of epidemic disease, including those fevers so sagaciously referred to by Boyle. The most striking analogy between a *contagium* and a ferment is to be found in the power of indefinite self-multiplication possessed and exercised by both. You know the exquisitely truthful figures regarding leaven employed in the New Testament. A particle hid in three measures of meal leavens it all. A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump. In a similar manner a particle of *contagium* spreads through the human body and may be so multiplied as to strike down whole populations. Consider the effect produced upon the system by a microscopic quantity of the virus of small-pox. That virus is to all intents and purposes a seed. It is sown as yeast is sown, it grows and multiplies as yeast grows and multiplies, and it always reproduces itself. To Pasteur we are indebted for a series of masterly researches, wherein he exposes the looseness and general baselessness of prevalent notions regarding the transmutation of one ferment into another. He guards himself against saying it is impossible. The true investigator is sparing in the use of this word, though the use of it is unsparingly ascribed to him; but, as a matter of fact, Pasteur has never been able to effect the alleged transmutation, while he has been always able to point out the open doorways through which the affirmers of such transmutations had allowed error to march in upon them.*

* Those who wish for an illustration of the care necessary in these researches, and of the carelessness with which they have in some cases been conducted, will do well to consult the Rev. W. H. Dallinger's excellent, "Notes on Heterogenesis" in the October number of the *Popular Science Review*.

The great source of error here has been already alluded to in this discourse. The observers worked in an atmosphere charged with the germs of different organisms; the mere accident of first possession rendering now one organism, now another, triumphant. In different stages, moreover, of its fermentative or putrefactive changes, the same infusion may so alter as to be successively taken possession of by different organisms. Such cases have been adduced to show that the earlier organisms must have been transformed into the later ones, whereas they are simply cases in which different germs, because of changes in the infusion, render themselves valid at different times.

By teaching us how to cultivate each ferment in its purity, — in other words, by teaching us how to rear the individual organism apart from all others, — Pasteur has enabled us to avoid all these errors. And where this isolation of a particular organism has been duly effected it grows and multiplies indefinitely, but no change of it into another organism is ever observed. In Pasteur's researches the bacterium remained a bacterium, the vibrio a vibrio, the penicillium a penicillium, and the torula a torula. Sow any of these in a state of purity in an appropriate liquid; you get it, and it alone, in the subsequent crop. In like manner, sow small-pox in the human body, your crop is small-pox. Sow there scarlatina, and your crop is scarlatina. Sow typhoid virus, your crop is typhoid — cholera, your crop is cholera. The disease bears as constant a relation to its contagium as the microscopic organisms just enumerated do to their germs, or indeed as a thistle does to its seed. No wonder, then, with analogies so obvious and so striking, that the conviction is spreading and growing daily in strength that reproductive parasitic life is at the root of epidemic disease — that living ferments finding lodgment in the body, increase there and multiply, directly ruining the tissue on which they subsist, or destroying life indirectly by the generation of poisonous compounds within the body. This conclusion, which comes to us with a presumption almost amounting to demonstration, is clinched by the fact that virulently infective diseases have been discovered with which living organisms are as closely and as indissolubly associated as the growth of *Torula* is with the fermentation of beer.

And here, if you will permit me, I would utter a word of warning to well-meaning

people. We have now reached a phase of this question when it is of the very last importance that light should once for all be thrown upon the manner in which contagious and infectious diseases take root and spread. To this end the action of various ferments upon the organs and tissues of the living body must be studied; the habitat of each special organism concerned in the production of each specific disease must be determined, and the mode by which its germs are spread abroad as sources of further infection. It is only by such rigidly accurate inquiries that we can obtain final and complete mastery over these destroyers. Hence, while abhorring cruelty of all kinds, while shrinking sympathetically from all animal suffering — suffering which my own pursuits never call upon me to inflict, an unbiassed survey of the field of research now opening out before the physiologist causes me to conclude, that no greater calamity could befall the human race than the stoppage of experimental inquiry in this direction. A lady whose philanthropy has rendered her illustrious said to me some time ago, that science was becoming immoral; that the researches of the past, unlike those of the present, were carried on without cruelty. I replied to her that the science of Kepler and Newton, to which she referred, dealt with the laws and phenomena of inorganic nature; but that one great advance made by modern science was in the direction of biology, or the science of life; and that in this new direction scientific inquiry, though at the outset pursued at the cost of some temporary suffering, would in the end prove a thousand times more beneficent than it had ever hitherto been. I said this because I saw that the very researches which the lady deprecated were leading us to such a knowledge of epidemic diseases, as will enable us finally to sweep these scourges of the human race from the face of this fair earth.

This is a point of such special importance that I should like to bring it home to your intelligence by a single trustworthy illustration. In 1850, two distinguished French observers, MM. Davainne and Rayer, noticed in the blood of animals which had died of the virulent disease called *splenic fever*, small microscopic organisms resembling transparent rods, but neither of them at that time attached any significance to the observation. In 1861, Pasteur published a memoir on the fermentation of butyric acid, wherein he described the organism which provoked it; and after reading this memoir it oc-

curred to Davainne that splenic fever might be a case of fermentation set up within the animal body, by the organisms which had been observed by him and Rayer. This idea has been placed beyond all doubt by subsequent research.

Some years in advance of the labors undertaken by Davainne, observations of the highest importance had been made on splenic fever by Pollender and Brauell. Two years ago, Dr. Burdon Sanderson gave us a very clear account of what was known up to that time of this disorder. With regard to the permanence of the contagium, it had been proved to hang for years about localities where it had once prevailed; and this seemed to show that the rod-like organisms could not constitute the contagium, because their infective power was found to vanish in a few weeks. But other facts established an intimate connection between the organisms and the disease, so that a review of all the facts caused Dr. Sanderson to conclude that the contagium existed in two distinct forms: the one "fugitive" and visible as transparent rods; the other permanent but "latent," and not yet brought within the grasp of the microscope.

At the time that Dr. Sanderson was writing this report, a young German physician, named Koch, occupied with the duties of his profession in an obscure country district, was already at work, applying, during his spare time, various original and ingenious devices to the investigation of splenic fever. He studied the habits of the rod-like organisms, and found the aqueous humor of an ox's eye to be particularly suitable for their nutrition. With a drop of the aqueous humor he mixed the tiniest speck of a liquid containing the rods, placed the drop under his microscope, warmed it suitably, and observed the subsequent action. During the first two hours hardly any change was noticeable; but at the end of this time the rods began to lengthen, and the action was so rapid that at the end of three or four hours they attained from ten to twenty times their original length. At the end of a few additional hours they had formed filaments in many cases a hundred times the length of the original rods. The same filament, in fact, was frequently observed to stretch through several fields of the microscope. Sometimes they lay in straight lines parallel to each other, in other cases they were bent, twisted, and coiled into the most graceful figures; while sometimes they formed knots of such bewildering complexity that it was

impossible for the eye to trace the individual filaments through the confusion.

Had the observation ended here an interesting scientific fact would have been added to our previous store, but the addition would have been of little practical value. Koch, however, continued to watch the filaments, and after a time noticed little dots appearing within them. These dots became more and more distinct, until finally the whole length of the organism was studded with minute ovoid bodies, which lay within the outer integument like peas within their shell. By-and-by the integument fell to pieces, the place of the organism being taken by a long row of seeds or spores. These observations, which were confirmed in all respects by the celebrated naturalist, Cohn of Breslau, are of the highest importance. They clear up the existing perplexity regarding the latent and visible contagia of splenic fever; for in the most conclusive manner, Koch proved the spores, as distinguished from the rods, to constitute the contagium of the fever in its most deadly and persistent form.

How did he reach this important result? Mark the answer. There was but one way open to him to test the activity of the contagium, and that was the inoculation with it of living animals. He operated upon guinea-pigs and rabbits, but the vast majority of his experiments were made upon mice. Inoculating them with the fresh blood of an animal suffering from splenic fever, they invariably died of the same disease within twenty or thirty hours after inoculation. He then sought to determine how the contagium maintained its vitality. Drying the infectious blood containing the rod-like organisms, in which, however, the spores were not developed, he found the contagium to be that which Dr. Sanderson calls "fugitive." It maintained its power of infection for five weeks at the furthest. He then dried blood containing the fully developed spores, and exposed the substance to a variety of conditions. He permitted the dried blood to assume the form of dust; wetted this dust, allowed it to dry again, permitted it to remain for an indefinite time in the midst of putrefying matter, and subjected it to various other tests. After keeping the spore-charged blood which had been treated in this fashion for four years, he inoculated a number of mice with it, and found its action as fatal as that of blood fresh from the veins of an animal suffering from splenic fever. There was no single escape from death after

inoculation by this deadly contagion. Uncounted millions of these spores are developed in the body of every animal which has died of splenic fever, and every spore of these millions is competent to produce the disease. The name of this formidable parasite is *Bacillus anthracis*.*

Now the very first step towards the extirpation of these contagia is the knowledge of their nature; and the knowledge brought to us by Dr. Koch will render as certain the stamping out of splenic fever as the stoppage of the plague of *pébrine* by the researches of Pasteur. One small item of statistics will show what this implies. In the single district of Novgorod in Russia, between the years 1867 and 1870, over fifty-six thousand cases of death by splenic fever, among horses, cows, and sheep, were recorded. But its ravages did not confine themselves to the animal world, for during the time and in the district referred to, five hundred and twenty-eight human beings perished in the agonies of the same disease.

A description of the fever will help you to come to a right decision on the point which I wish to submit to your consideration. "An animal," says Dr. Burdon Sanderson, "which perhaps for the previous day has declined food and shown signs of general disturbance, begins to shudder and to have twitches of the muscles of the back, and soon after becomes weak and listless. In the mean time the respiration becomes frequent and often difficult, and the temperature rises to three or four degrees above the normal; but soon convulsions, affecting chiefly the muscles of the back and loins, usher in the final collapse, of which the progress is marked by complete loss of power of moving the trunk or extremities, diminution of temperature, mucous and sanguinolent alvine evacuations, and similar discharges from the mouth and nose." In a single district of Russia, as above remarked, fifty-six thousand horses, cows, and sheep, and five hundred and twenty-eight men and women, perished in this way during a period of two or three years. What the annual fatal-

ity is throughout Europe I have no means of knowing. Doubtless it must be very great. The question, then, which I wish to submit to your judgment is this. Is the knowledge which reveals to us the nature, and which assures the extirpation, of a disorder so virulent and so vile, worth the price paid for it? It is exceedingly important that assemblies like the present should see clearly the issues at stake in such questions as this, and that the properly informed common sense of the community should temper, if not restrain, the rashness of those who, meaning to be tender, would virtually enact the most hideous cruelty by the imposition of short-sighted restrictions upon physiological investigation. It is a modern instance of zeal for God, but not according to knowledge, the excesses of which zeal an instructed public opinion must correct.

And now let us cast a backward glance on the field we have traversed, and try to extract from our labors such further profit as they can yield. For more than two thousand years the attraction of light bodies by amber was the sum of human knowledge regarding electricity, and for more than two thousand years fermentation was effected without any knowledge of its cause. In science one discovery grows out of another, and cannot appear without its proper antecedent. Thus, before fermentation could be understood, the microscope had to be invented and brought to a considerable degree of perfection. Note the growth of knowledge. Leeuwenhoek, in 1680, found yeast to be a mass of floating globules, but he had no notion that the globules were alive. This was proved in 1835 by Cagniard de la Tour and Schwann. Then came the question as to the origin of such microscopic organisms, and in this connection the memoir of Pasteur, published in the "*Annales de Chimie*" for 1862, is epoch-making, proving, as it did to all competent minds, spontaneous generation to be thus far a chimera. On that investigation all Pasteur's subsequent labors were based. Ravages had over and over again occurred among French wines. There was no guarantee that they would not become acid or bitter, particularly when exported. The commerce in wines was thus restricted, and disastrous losses were often inflicted on the wine-grower. Every one of these diseases was traced to the life of an organism. Pasteur ascertained the temperature which killed these ferments of disease, proving it to be so low as to be perfectly harmless to the wine.

* To produce its characteristic effects the contagium of splenic fever must enter the blood. The virulently infective spleen of a diseased animal may be eaten with impunity by mice. On the other hand, the disease refuses to be communicated by inoculation to dogs, partridges, or sparrows. In their blood *Bacillus anthracis* ceases to act as a ferment. Pasteur announced more than six years ago the propagation of the vitriosis of the silkworm disease called *flacherie*, both by scission and by spores. He also made some remarkable experiments on the permanence of the contagium in the form of spores. See "*Etudes sur la Maladie des Vers à Soie*," pp. 168 and 256.

By the simple expedient of heating the wine to a temperature of fifty degrees centigrade, he rendered it inalterable, and thus saved his country the loss of millions. He then went on to vinegar—*vin aigre*, acid wine—which he proved to be produced by a fermentation set up by a little fungus called *Mycoderma aceti*. *Torula*, in fact, converts the grape-juice into alcohol, and *Mycoderma aceti* converts the alcohol into vinegar. Here also frequent failures occurred and severe losses were sustained. Through the operation of unknown causes the vinegar often became unfit for use, sometimes, indeed, falling into utter putridity. It had been long known that mere exposure to the air was sufficient to destroy it. Pasteur studied all these changes, traced them to their living causes, and showed that the permanent health of the vinegar was ensured by the destruction of this life. He passed from the diseases of vinegar to the study of a malady which a dozen years ago had all but ruined the silk-husbandry of France. This plague, which received the name of *pébrine*, was the product of a parasite, which first took possession of the intestinal canal of the silkworm, spread throughout its body, and filled the sack which ought to contain the viscid matter of the silk. Thus smitten, the worm would go automatically through the process of spinning when it had nothing to spin. Pasteur followed this parasitic destroyer from year to year, and, led by his singular power of combining facts with the logic of facts, discovered eventually the precise phase in the development of the insect when the disease which assailed it could with certainty be stamped out. Pasteur's devotion to this inquiry cost him dear. He restored to France her silk-husbandry, rescued thousands of her population from ruin, set the looms of Italy also to work, but emerged from his labors with one of his sides permanently paralyzed. His last investigation is embodied in a work entitled "Studies on Beer," in which he describes a method of rendering beer permanently unchangeable. That method is not so simple as those found effectual with wine and vinegar, but the principles which it involves are sure to receive extensive application at some future day. Taking into account all these labors of Pasteur, it is no exaggeration to state that the money value of his work would go far to cover the indemnity which France had to pay to Germany.

There are other reflections connected with this subject which, even were I to

pass them over without remark, would sooner or later occur to every thoughtful mind in this assembly. I have spoken of the floating dust of the air, of the means of rendering it visible, and of the perfect immunity from putrefaction which accompanies the contact of germless matter and moteless air. Consider the woes which these wafted particles, during historic and pre-historic ages, have inflicted on mankind; consider the loss of life in hospitals from putrefying wounds; consider the loss in places where there are plenty of wounds but no hospitals, and in the ages before hospitals were anywhere founded; consider the slaughter which has hitherto followed that of the battle-field, when those bacterial destroyers are let loose, often producing a mortality far greater than that of the battle itself; add to this the other conception that in times of epidemic disease the self-same floating matter has frequently, if not always, mingled with it the special germs which produce the epidemic, being thus enabled to sow pestilence and death over nations and continents—consider all this and you will come with me to the conclusion that all the havoc of war, ten times multiplied, would be evanescent if compared with the ravages due to atmospheric dust.

This preventible destruction is going on to-day, and it has been permitted to go on for ages, without a whisper of information regarding its cause being vouchsafed to the suffering, sentient world. We have been scourged by invisible thongs, attacked from impenetrable ambuscades, and it is only to-day that the light of science is being let in upon the murderous dominion of our foes. Men of Glasgow, facts like these excite in me the thought that the rule and governance of this universe are different from what we in our youth supposed them to be—that the inscrutable Power, at once terrible and beneficent, in whom we live and move and have our being and our end, is to be propitiated by means different from those usually resorted to. The first requisite towards such propitiation is *knowledge*; the second is *action*, shaped and illuminated by that knowledge. Of knowledge we already see the dawn, which will open out by-and-by to perfect day, while the action which is to follow has its unfailing source and stimulus in the moral and emotional nature of man—in his desire for personal well-being, in his sense of duty, in his compassionate sympathy with the sufferings of his fellow-men. "How often," says Dr. William Budd in his celebrated

work on typhoid fever, — “How often have I seen in past days, in the single narrow chamber of the day-laborer’s cottage, the father in the coffin, the mother in the sick-bed in muttering delirium, and nothing to relieve the desolation of the children but the devotion of some poor neighbor, who in too many cases paid the penalty of her kindness in becoming herself the victim of the same disorder.” From the vantage-ground already won I look forward with confident hope to the triumph of medical art over scenes of misery like that here described. The cause of the calamity being once clearly revealed, not only to the physician, but to the public, whose intelligent co-operation is absolutely essential to success, the final victory of humanity is only a question of time. We have already a foretaste of that victory in the triumphs of surgery as practised at your doors.

J. TYNDALL.

From Good Words.

WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH.

BY SARAH TYTLER,
AUTHOR OF “LADY BELL,” ETC.

CHAPTER LII.

REPUDIATION AFTER REJECTION.

MR. WOODCOCK had some business which imperatively demanded his presence at Shardleigh, but after it was settled his next destination was the north of Scotland. In the facilities for travelling which awaited his necessities and his convenience, within three days of his drive with Mrs. Douglas on the King’s Road, Brighton, he found himself in a scene well-nigh as far removed in features from the colossal watering-place on the coast of Sussex, as Timbuctoo is from Tyburnia.

In place of the low, bare downs, the white chalk, the limitless sea, he had the lofty mountains, the grey granite, and the narrow, rushing rivers of north-western Perthshire. For the tumult and hum of London on the shore, he had the silence of the everlasting hills, broken only by the echoing roar of the railway which has invaded even these solitudes, or the stray crack of a gun, and the crow of a moorcock.

Since he left the train, Mr. Woodcock having hired what he called a fly and the hotel-keeper a carriage at the Station Hotel, drove into yet deeper recesses of the Highlands, until the wilds — not in

their salient features merely, but in their lesser individual traits — were all around him. Here were waving birch, and mountain ash, with the berries turning from wax to coral, thick oak coppice, brakes of blue-green junipers, endless reaches of yellowing bracken, purple heather, and red ling, tall purple and white foxgloves among the rocks, downy white cotton-grass on the bogs, and the scent of the bog myrtle, and the reek of the peat hovering over all.

Mr. Woodcock had often been in the Highlands before, and had leased shootings of his own, which had brought him into closest contact for weeks with that landscape which, when not blurred by rain, or shrouded in mist, can boast in its poverty such giant forms and grand outlines, such colors of “purple, and orange, and grey” in heather, lichen, bracken, golden oats, and bald crag, as no other province in this great, prosperous, and fertile Great Britain can show.

Archie had taken a shooting-lodge in the shadow of Schihallion, and was keeping house there for the present with several old college men, to whom Douglas once of King’s shootings formed common ground.

Notwithstanding the host’s inherent sociality, Mr. Woodcock was told that Mr. Douglas had gone out alone. And it was coming back alone from the hill in his shooting-coat and knickerbockers, with his dog and his gun and a heavily laden game-bag, that Mr. Woodcock — taking advantage of a fine evening to stroll from the unfenced lawn up on the moor — met the man of whom he had come in quest. Archie’s dark face — burnt to a tint nearer that of mahogany than any it had taken at Manor Farm — first flushed purple, and then paled to a yellow brown, as he recognized his visitor, and without any of his mother’s gracious dissimulation, called out, “What brings you here, Woodcock? Is there anything wrong with —” he stopped a second without supplying a name, and then he changed the form of his question, “Have you come from my mother and Jane?”

“I saw them at Brighton the other day, but I have not come directly from them. I am from Shardleigh, and I have taken a run north, for the purpose of talking over a curious example of the law’s delay, or rather an incredible instance in which law and justice have fallen short — till now — in which you have an interest.”

“Is that all?” inquired Archie in a tone made up of intense relief and a faint echo of disappointment. “Thanks for your

attention to my interest, but your story will keep. I shall be late for dinner, and the fellows in the lodge there are always as hungry as hawks; neither, I dare say, will you have any objection to having your creature comforts seen to after your journey. You must stay a week, and we must give you the best sport as well as the best cheer going, in return for your tramp, or rather your ride. The grouse are suffering from some of their usual ailments, but they are no worse here than elsewhere, and the fellows say the cook is up to the mark."

It was spoken with a well-simulated reflection of the ready, unstinted hospitality which might have been expected from Archie Douglas, or Joel Wray, but there was a strong, half-smothered effort at spontaneity which a practised eye could detect in the whole reception.

"I have shot with you, Archie, and you know the length of my tether," said Mr. Woodcock, with alacrity and with a modest consciousness of his own merits as a sportsman; "but I am not going to brag of the steadiness of my eye and my hand, not to say the length of my wind, in a trudge over the moors with a parcel of lads who might be my grandsons. And unless the grouse are the reverse of shy, I could not undertake to make so heavy a bag as that," glancing aside at the trophy of Archie's skill. "Are the birds bold, or were you early out?"

"I don't know that the birds or the amount of time have much to do with it," said Archie, playing with the lock of his gun. "I really believe that, conceit apart, I deserve what credit is going. I am in capital 'fettle' for slaughter, as Laren says," he added with a laugh. "The other fellows get weary, or hungry, or have letters to write, or want to pay visits to the next shootings; but I go in for hard work, and I never seem to need an unyoking. I was out at five this morning, and I started again after luncheon—the very keeper lay sleeping with his bonnet over his face by the spring, when I stole a march upon him—but I am afraid I have lamed my best dog, poor brute, good Flora! she would limp after me, though she must have seen that I was unconscionable. Commend me to a dog for fondness. I must see to her foot and her supper myself, before I sit down to my own dinner, so come along, else the fellows will be fit to gnaw their own boots, or fall foul of each other."

Mr. Woodcock had no chance of speaking to Archie till three hours afterwards,

when cigars and bedroom candles were lit in company. Archie was determined and indefatigable in serving his friends and guests, as only a genuine host can serve them; just as he went in for hard work in sport, or cared for his dog's foot, or had been given to patronizing everybody in past days and in a different sphere. If there was a disproportionate price paid for the privilege of serving, only the servant himself in such silent, passive tokens as the harassed, careworn lines imprinting themselves on the pleasant prepossessing face and depriving it prematurely of its youthfulness, was there to own it.

The room used by the gentlemen as a smoking-room was, in the homely adaptability of the lodge, a little library where correspondents wrote letters; a stray book on a lounging-chair, even indicated that reading was occasionally done there when the weather was hopelessly wet, and when eyes did not close and heads nod with sheer fatigue, and the strength of the mountain air.

Mr. Woodcock took up one of these books of light reading, and found that it was Clough's poems, opening in the middle of the "Bothy," with Archie Douglas's name on the title-page.

"It is a parcel of lies, like much poetry and many books," said Archie, curtly, not appearing to relish Mr. Woodcock's inspection of his studies. "I took it up before these fellows came. Mrs. Maclaren, that is the wife of Laren Maclaren, the head keeper who had the sense to marry a cook—the same that 'does for us'—has a *rara avis* in her assistant, who cannot have touched the chair from that time to this. What would any of you fellows give for such a dame in college, or clerk in chambers? As for me, I think I shall renounce chambers and libraries as resorts for owls and bats. I have a fancy for setting out on long travels out of order, Woodcock. I have rather a notion of making acquaintance with the Bret Harte fraternity—the heathen Chinees and the rest of them, and of coaching them into greater honesty and less brutality, and being coached by them, in return, in muscular Christianity, away over in California. I should not object to seeing the man in Oregon, up amongst the bears and the snows, who went about clad in sacks, armed with a long bow and bowie knife, and kept a copy of 'Nicholas Nickleby' in his provision-chest."

"In the mean time I must have a few words with you, on my business, Archie, and as the day is given up to sport, we

must make the best of what is left of the night," said Mr. Woodcock, drawing Archie out on the lawn. There walking up and down with the rays of the young moon, too faint to light up telltale faces, though it revealed dimly vast ranges of mountains, called in their indefiniteness, and to distinguish them from the towering, distinct, and separate sentinels of the landscape such as Schihallion, Ben Lawers, or Ben-y-Gloe, glens, Glen Ordell, Glen Dowart, Glen Ard, Mr. Woodcock told Archie Douglas of Pleasance's acquisition of fortune.

Archie heard the tale silently. His first observation was, "Did she send you to me?" and except for the restraint, so extreme as to sound harsh in his voice, nothing could be drawn from it.

"I cannot say she did," said Mr. Woodcock, with a little hesitation, "she made a communication with reference to you — a natural communication from her point of view. It was that she would not want anything more from you."

"Yes, I see, I thought so," said Archie, with bitterness, "having refused to fulfil her obligations, the moment it is in her power, she adds repudiation to rejection. She will have nothing more to do with me — not so much as to accept the wretched dowager house at Stone Cross with the pittance attached to it."

"You forget," said Mr. Woodcock, preferring to take the remark literally, "that it has been in her power all the time, since you conceded her the right to dwell apart, to refuse to accept from you the provision which I induced her to take, for your credit and good name in the world. The fact is, that since she married without any settlement, and since her grandfather made only such provision for the marriage of the girls as turns out worthless, she has no separate control of her property. I must inform her she is as much dependent upon you as ever."

"That is all fudge, and you know it, and so does she. It is very well in the eye of the law," said Archie, in a tone of exasperation, "but you are aware sense and feeling have something to say to it also. The plain truth is, that I have married a woman with whom I have quarrelled, who has on that account declined to live with me, and who on her accession to an unlooked-for inheritance throws me back the allowance which she had from me. Of course I have nothing to say against it. I have nothing to do with her wealth — if wealth it be, though I will go so far as to say that I suppose I ought to be

glad, and to wish her joy of her good fortune which has freed her from any claim on me. I believe she will make an excellent use of it. Your super-human, super-wise, unrelenting woman, is apt to be as virtuous to the world at large as she is pitiless to the one offender — the worse luck to the weak, erring wretch, who would collapse before her tremendous superiority, if she had anything to do with him."

"Archie," said Mr. Woodcock, "there are some affairs which a man must manage for himself, and in which he must be the best judge of his own good; but you will hear this appeal from an old friend. You are a young man, you have a long life, I trust, before you, which may be made or marred by your present conduct. Is your quarrel with your wife — who was your own choice, and, as it seemed to me, one of the most attractive women I ever met — irremediable?"

"I believe so," said Archie, doggedly. "No, Mr. Woodcock, it won't do. Both she and I made a capital mistake, and utterly misunderstood each other. This will not mend it. Mend! it will but serve to consummate it. There was no occasion for your coming north to tell me that Mrs. Archie Douglas was gently born, on one side of the house like myself — I knew that from her own lips already — and had succeeded to tens of thousands, making her one of the heiresses of the day. That is news to me, but it is certainly no concern of mine, as I do not happen to be a better sort of blackleg, to make harvest of our division, and seize upon my wife's fortune, which does not belong to me. Having Shardleigh and rather more money than I can spend, I have not even the pretence of needing to spoil her goods as well as to make her miserable; but really I will do myself the credit to say, that I do not think I have the inclination. You can conceive what the forgiveness of such a woman thoroughly offended means — sad cold condemnation. She cannot help it, it is the essence of her unbending righteousness of character which has rendered the punishment heavier than the offence; but she is incapable of weighing that. I could not stoop and subject myself to it, not while I retained a man's strength and spirit. If I were old and broken, I grant you, I might creep home and beg her to pardon and speak a soft word to me — if that could be — the last thing; but I could not do it now. We will not speak any more of it, save that I could have waited for the tidings that I am saved a second dowager's allowance. But come, old friend," broke

off Archie, his passion melting into kindness, "don't let it interfere with your satisfaction on her account. She is your friend, you know, which I can freely own is to the honor of both. Don't let it prevent your having a jolly time, like the other fellows, up in Glen Ard. What would you like to do to-morrow? Shall it be deer, or grouse, or salmon trout? And have you any choice of the quarter any more than the victims? You shall have my best gun or rod, and Laren will lead a pony in case you get foot-sore; you are not case-hardened as we are."

All the comfort Mr. Woodcock could take under the circumstances was, that so much remained of the Archie of old, in this impracticable Archie caught in the toils, and refusing to stir hand or foot, to break the meshes towards his own deliverance.

CHAPTER LIII.

A FREE WOMAN. — AN EMBASSY FROM THE GABLE HOUSE.

PLEASANCE was free — so far as being constrained to be the chief pensioner on her husband's bounty, and to submit to the rules laid down for a dowager, were concerned. Her second inheritance, of an amount of property which would have overwhelmed her and been a distressing anomaly in the old days at the manor-house, had done her this good turn. And as gifts alter with standards, so Pleasance, after the first sharp recall of what might have been, was only sedately impressed by the prospect of the large income which would not only, as she imagined, entitle her to live where and how she liked, and to travel far and near, but which would bring with it its own duties and obligations.

Pleasance said she was, and was sure she was, thankful for independence, for her father's acknowledgment of his children in this proof of his fatherly concern for their welfare.

She tried to keep from thinking how much more joyous that earlier inheritance had been, which came clogged with no burdens. It brought only pleasures, and reached her when the future lay all before her, and no disaster beyond cure had robbed life of hope and heart to her — that small heirship over which she had sung as she portioned it into friendly offerings of a softer chair for Mrs. Balls, a new whip for Long Dick, a crutch for Lizzie Blennerhasset, and a collar for Pincher.

With regard to her personal inclinations, Pleasance told herself, with a little laugh, that she should like nothing so well as to have a farm of her own like the Manor Farm, whether at Heron Hill or elsewhere, engage servants, stock it with animals, and be her own steward. It would give her some pleasure to wander in her own fields, and superintend her own dairy and poultry-yard, to see to the feeding of her own oxen and sheep and hogs, as well as to pet her lambs and calves.

Then she shook her head at the idea, and renounced it, not only as too full of memories, but as belonging to the past with which she had done, and to a stage in her life on which she felt the curtain had fallen. She had a conviction that there was neither right reason nor true morality in insisting on retracing her steps, and taking up again the associations, and aspirations which had been dropped in the natural course of events. That would be at once like "greetin' ower scailt milk," and like putting new wine into old bottles. Better go on her journey of life treading fresh paths, and learning, if possible, wider and higher lessons.

Pleasance had written to Mr. Woodcock immediately after she had been summoned by Mr. Mott to have her grandfather's will disclosed to her, and she had then expressed the intention which he had conveyed to Archie Douglas, that if the will took effect, she would not accept a further allowance from Mr. Douglas of Shardleigh. The conclusion had seemed to Pleasance merely just and a matter of course. She had written it not only without a particle of malice, but without much thought or feeling on the subject.

It was not till the realization of her purpose drew near, that she recoiled from what might look like a swift, contemptuous, and triumphant casting-off of the countenance and support which she had received. She became sensible that she was about to quit all that she knew of home for a second time in her life. She was to go forth once more on the world, not only a much poorer woman, in reality, than the young working-girl who had entered so gaily on her portion of a few hundreds, but actually, in the middle of her independence, a more desolate and exposed woman than the alien wife who had consented to be dependent, and had been passed on and established under cold, tolerating, and protecting auspices in the dowager establishment of Willow House.

In the mean time all the good that Pleasance got out of her inheritance was, that

she felt suddenly freed from a fear which had lately visited her, lest the dowager income settled on her, which had seemed so large at first, should prove in the end, what with her vicarious house-keeping, her charities, and her prospects of travel — if she should be enabled to put them into execution — insufficient for her wants. This result appeared so intolerable in her case, that Pleasance was resolved it should never happen with her will, if denial of private tastes and staying at home for the rest of her life, could prevent it.

But there was no longer the fear of a collapse. So Pleasance, who had been growing penny-wise, and in danger of taking to scraping and hoarding, indulged herself in unlimited supplies of market flowers and native birds, in such bits of old brown carved wood and blue and white china, with maize and scarlet Mentone baskets, as she had learned to fancy, to relieve the hard, rather than cool prevailing grey, of the Willow House drawing-room.

That drawing-room remained no longer uninvaded. The dean's wife, followed by the wives of subordinates in the close and of members of the smaller gentry in the neighborhood, took advantage of Pleasance's recent appearance on Lady Lewis's birthday to set on foot inroads on Pleasance's retirement and to make overtures to her acquaintance, which she did not know how to repel. She continued shy and indifferent, for she could not see how she could do any good to these people, or they to her, so that they would never be really friends; but she had ceased to be actively hostile.

She received the explanations delicately made to her by her neighbors of their having heard that she was out of health, and desirous of living in strict seclusion, while she believed them so far as to think she had brought the influx upon herself by going to Lady Lewis's. She was still so unworldly that it hardly occurred to her, in the middle of her lingering prejudice, to attribute the tide of company to the discovery that she was descended from the Hattons of Redmead, and was the true heiress of Heron Hill and its mines.

Pleasance paid the penalty — so far as she understood it — quietly; she had not been accustomed to call social fatigues a bore, and she found her guests perfectly civil in her own house. She endured them stoically, though she was chary of returning their civilities.

If Pleasance had known it, her manners,

with their curious mixture of educated intelligence, formality, rusticity, native friendliness, and that tinge of shyness, which was held sensitive pride, were highly approved of at Stone Cross. They were voted original and charming, the very manners for a newly-found heiress.

Pleasance had one little surprise in connection with her visitors. A voluble lady let fall the singular piece of information that her old friend Mrs. Douglas, from whom she had heard lately, had evidently taken it for granted that she, Mrs. Fielding, must know Mrs. Douglas's daughter-in-law. Mrs. Fielding further inferred, from the letter, that Mrs. Douglas was coming herself to Stone Cross during the autumn, and hoped to meet Mrs. Fielding and Pleasance together.

"You must be mistaken," Pleasance had said coldly; "I shall be gone from Stone Cross before then;" but in her own mind afterwards she could not account for the mistake. A still greater shock in the form of an ovation was in store for Pleasance.

She had seen and heard nothing of her kindred at the Gable House lately. She believed that they had started without a day's delay for London to meet the son and brother, and to consult with the lawyers on the receipt of the startling, unwelcome intelligence which threatened to oust them from Heron Hill, with its mineral wealth, and instal in their place the long-neglected relative, who had turned up unpropitiously in the person of Archie Douglas's low-born wife, the very young woman whom Rica had been bent on treating as a tool and butt.

Sometimes it had crossed Pleasance's mind that the recent flocking of old friends and neighbors of the Wyndhams to greet their rival and successor in the coveted possession of Heron Hill, was not very complimentary to the allegiance of those good folks. She had certainly never expected to see the Wyndhams themselves at her door, or in her drab drawing-room. She had decided that her cousin Rica's first visit with Jane Douglas would be her last. Pleasance had been fully persuaded of the conclusion, even when she had answered Mr. Woodcock's request for her mind on the matter, by giving him entire power to make such concessions in remitting past obligations as could be permitted in the interest of both parties. "I am quite aware," Pleasance had wound up her letter to Mr. Woodcock, "that the involuntary suppression of my grandfather's will, of which

everybody concerned — not even excepting poor old Mr. Mott — was innocent, has been a great misfortune to the Wyndhams, as well as to me."

A few weeks afterwards, Pleasance coming down-stairs, and glancing out of the staircase window which commanded the cathedral and the street, saw the Wyndhams' phaeton drawn up at the gate of the Willow House, Rica already alighted and Mrs. Wyndham in her imposing proportions, preparing, with her manservant's assistance, to follow slowly her daughter's example.

Pleasance needed the little time that she had gained to recover herself.

It was all very well to have preached to herself tolerance and amnesty in time past, and to have recalled her own offences and bidden herself be charitable towards her fellow-offenders. It was equally simple to say that outward familiarity had deadened the pain, and almost taken away the consciousness, of looking upon the woman of her own blood who had yet been so pitiless to her youth and to Anne's, and whose pitilessness had been the cause of Anne's death and of all the confusion and suffering which had followed.

It was another thing for Pleasance, not only to be brought face to face with her aunt, but to have that aunt come to the niece whom she had relentlessly turned back to her proper place, as Pleasance instinctively felt Mrs. Wyndham must have come, an appealing suppliant. And if Pleasance grew giddy and sick with the reversal, what were Mrs. Wyndham's feelings? What were the feelings of Rica, who had been twice superseded, and who, when only partially acquainted with the facts, had sought in her philosophical fashion to amuse herself with her humble supplanter in Archie Douglas's favor?

Pleasance with her quick sympathy put herself in her aunt and cousin's goaded and galled places, bearing her own burden all the while, and could have sunk into the earth under the double consciousness. It was only when she began to recover that she became sensible with a faint gleam of humor flickering across her pain, that she was feeling for all three. However sorely and grievously disappointed, intensely chagrined, even considerably alarmed, Mrs. Wyndham and Rica might be, they were still cool and confident mistresses of the situation. It was Pleasance, who was hot and cold and quivering, distracted and penetrated with shame

for those who might be mortified, but who in their obliviousness and audacity carried their mortification cavalierly, and felt little or no shame for themselves.

"I suppose, I must be mistress of the ceremonies," said Rica, "as I have the advantage of a previous though slight acquaintance with the lady of the house. Mamma, this is Mrs. Archie Douglas, your long-lost niece as it proves, who has turned up so opportunely for herself, and so inopportunely for us; but is there not a proverb, it is not lost that a friend gets? Cousin Pleasance, we must renew our friendship in a fresh form. I am sure you will forgive me, if I do not take to it at first so aptly as to the old."

"Yes, my wild girl anticipated matters, it seems, by breaking down barriers and insisting on knowing you," said Mrs. Wyndham, making an effort, and looking with her cold, dark eyes into Pleasance's agitated face.

"Romantic people would say it was the mystic tie of blood that impelled me," said Rica, "but I am not romantic, and I should not think the mystic tie would extend to cousins, that would be making it too cheap."

"How long it is since I have lost sight of you!" said Mrs. Wyndham again, with a very slight shade of awkwardness, but rather in an accent of lofty reproach. "Why did you not seek to communicate with me again? I had nearer relations and many engagements, but you were not so engrossed. You, my brother Frederick's child, ought to have made some attempt to revive my recollection of you and to win my regard."

"You forget, Mrs. Wyndham," said Pleasance with returning spirit, "that in the only letter we, Anne and I, had from you, we were told that you had done with us, and forbade us to approach you in future."

"But I had received provocation," Mrs. Wyndham prepared to defend herself.

"You might have had," said Pleasance.

"You were two very rash, foolish, I must say rude girls; you were badly advised by your friends."

"We had no friends," said Pleasance with a sad, fleeting little smile. "I must take all the blame that is due."

"I do not wish to reflect upon your poor sister."

"We had better not speak of her," said Pleasance, drawing her breath faster and making a restless movement. In reality

Pleasance had a great fear of herself, lest she should be driven to retaliate on the enemy who was in her power.

"Indeed I do not desire to pain you, Mrs. Douglas," said Mrs. Wyndham, suddenly recalling the motive of her visit. "I believe that in family quarrels there are generally faults on both sides." Having made the liberal admission, she smiled with a kind of stony graciousness, settled the folds of her rich dress, and looked the beauty she had been before Pleasance was born. "For that reason the past is better let alone, don't you think so? I am glad that you have managed to do well for yourself, in spite of omissions which we may still be able to effect something to remedy."

"In short, now that mamma has found you, she is prepared to be proud of you. I do not say that it is your reward for captivating and fixing for a sufficient length of time a *parti* understood to be so fastidious and capricious—in spite of his deceptive good nature—as Archie Douglas. I am afraid that we should never have discovered and made the best of you, even for that great merit, had it not been for the last strange turn of affairs which we feel to our cost, and which has made cultivating you our best policy. I am honest, Mrs. Archie Douglas, or cousin Pleasance, let it be which you prefer, but I mean it to be a mutual benefit," said Rica with her bold bravado.

"My dear Rica!" protested her mother, but with unflinching indulgence, "Mrs. Douglas, my niece, had need to be acquainted with your naughtiness, which passes all bounds."

"Mamma," interposed Rica again, "I don't think that it is any compliment to your niece, as you have grown fond of calling her within the last ten minutes, though we had scarcely heard that you had a niece till five or six weeks ago, to suppose her such a goose as not to comprehend that we cannot help ourselves. We have been completely sold by the impropriety—according to our side of the question—of grandpapa's having let himself be played upon by Uncle Fred, to make what is for us so fatal an alteration in his will, and by the drivelling imbecility of that old wretch Mott, who ought to be hanged for his part in the transaction. But the abominable will is right and good, and we are forced to throw up the game, and make what terms we can with the winners. I hope you admire my frankness, Mrs. Douglas."

"I think I estimate it at what it is worth," said Pleasance.

"Rica, Rica, do not interrupt me perpetually, child, and increase my difficulties a hundredfold by making game of this disaster as of everything else; of course you are in jest, and Mrs. Archie Douglas sees it. But let me speak, let me do what I am come here for," began Mrs. Wyndham again, with a submissive patience and self-abnegation, where her own child was concerned, that went near to touching Pleasance. "I do not attempt to conceal," continued Mrs. Wyndham, with a return to her dictatorial pomposity, "that this discovery of a later will of my father's, devising away Heron Hill, now that it is become far more valuable than Redmead, is a very serious matter to us. And as my father never could have contemplated benefiting you and your sister whom he had not seen or heard of until a few days or weeks before he made this will, at the expense of his other grandchildren whom he knew and loved, it strikes me that circumstance should be taken into account in the decision. But the lawyers will not hear of it."

"It is the chance of war," said Rica.

"Neither could my father's father have contemplated our reverses," said Pleasance.

"I grant there may be some truth in what you say," admitted Mrs. Wyndham; "but only think of it, make it your own case," she urged with increasing warmth. "My children have been brought up in luxury, with warrantably high expectations. My son, whom you have never met" ("That pleasure is in store for you, and you two are safe to agree," said Rica with the utmost gravity), "my only son," Mrs. Wyndham resumed the lead in the conversation without suffering herself to be put out, "has never done anything that his mother could find fault with," she added proudly, "though I might have wished that he had gone into Parliament, where I have no doubt he would have made a figure, or married and settled down quietly at Sefton Hall, his father's place, or at Redmead, mine" ("What a pity you are married, cousin Pleasance!" said Rica in another audible aside). "But such has not been his inclination, and as he has had the expensive tastes and pursuits of his age and class, both properties have become a good deal burdened. There was no occasion for him to save, with the Heron Hill rents always increasing and coming in to supply all deficiencies. I need not say that it was with my entire consent he borrowed money on Redmead."

Rica looked what she would fain have said, but still had the grace left to refrain from saying—that her brother was the most selfish, unscrupulous man upon the turf, who ever ran through family possessions, and impoverished and encumbered his widow mother, whose estate was not nominally his, in her lifetime.

“My elder daughter Nelly,” Mrs. Wyndham spoke on, standing in the breach, and waxing long-winded for the honor and profit of her family, “has married into the ancient and noble Roman house of Barbarelli, compared with which the houses of our English nobility are only of yesterday. It was a connection that would have been a source of satisfaction to any Talbot or Howard among us, since our insular prejudices are not proof against the superior culture of the higher classes. My son-in-law, Count Pietro, is a noble fellow in himself; while Nelly’s palace in Rome has such gems of art, such pictures, cabinets, and tapestry, and the grounds of her country-house have such cypresses and citron-trees, as put our poor sign-painters’ daubs, upholsterers’ hangings, and ribbon-bordered gardenings to shame. But only a few of the old Italian nobles retain much beyond their palaces, and lands which are not profitable in a commercial sense, and the Barbarelli are not among the few.”

“That is to say,” explained Rica, “that my thrice-noble brother-in-law, count of the Roman empire, as far back as it will go, and as fiercely proud as a paladin, is as poor as a church-mouse. Poor Nelly in her palace is constantly begging mamma to send her cheques—to furnish her and the little counts and countessinas with necessities—not to say to defray Count Pietro’s display on the Corso, and his losses at cards.”

“Rica’s playful exaggeration is a version of the truth,” allowed Mrs. Wyndham with a sigh. “Nelly, in spite of her promotion, is forced to seek help from her family, until the death of Count Pietro’s father.”

“Until doomsday,” asserted Rica coolly. “the penurious old count standing in the gap, does more than prevent the settlement of present claims, he stops the incurring of fresh debts, which will go on apace when he sleeps with his fathers. Count Pietro is so used to insolvency, that it is like native air to him; even his pride does not prevent his flourishing upon debt, like a child, who neither knows how to spend nor how to spare the first money it

has had in its life, while Nelly has grown desperate.”

“Rica and I don’t require much,” proceeded Mrs. Wyndham, with a sort of haughty humility; “even if we should never be able to afford another season in town, we can keep house here, or at Redmead, when Tom does not want it, quietly enough. Only it goes to my heart to look forward to my child’s being deprived of the advantages to which she is entitled, and of all proper opportunities of settling in life.”

“Don’t mind me, mamma,” observed Rica carelessly. “I was getting sick of seasons in town, when the proper man was never spoony upon me, and I had begged off from the last. I should not mind trying the village-maid dodge, seeing how it prospers.”

“You do not understand—a dear, thoughtless, unworldly girl cannot measure such losses,” said Mrs. Wyndham, in melancholy comment on Rica’s impertinence.

“Will you excuse me for asking you a direct question?” said Pleasance to Mrs. Wyndham. “As far as I have been able to follow, you have described the advantages, with their attendant disadvantages, that your children have enjoyed; but why tell it all to me? Indeed, I seek to be just and gentle where our claims clash; but I had rather that you would say plainly what you expect from me, and I shall comply if I can.”

“Thanks, I could not for a moment imagine that you would be utterly unreasonable. I did give you credit for a little tact. It was impossible for me to suppose you could be guilty of refusing to meet and consult with me as a friend on our mutual position,” acknowledged Mrs. Wyndham with the most comfortable self-satisfaction, instead of the most uncomfortable gratitude.

“I told you that the benefit was to be mutual,” said Rica nodding.

Pleasance did not see the mutual nature of the benefit, but she possessed her soul in patience and was silent.

“My dear—you will allow me to call you so?” said Mrs. Wyndham with increased condescension.

“Call me what you please,” said Pleasance; “but surely we are, to say the least, stranger kinswomen to each other.”

“That fault will soon be amended,” announced Mrs. Wyndham, with what sounded like a ponderous copy of Rica’s airiness. “I am afraid that I must approach a delicate subject in explaining

myself farther to you. I do not pretend yet to my niece's confidence, but I must allude to an incompatibility of temper between her and your husband, which has resulted in a separate maintenance. I must refer to the fact that the Douglas family have not taken you up, or given you the least countenance beyond the permission to reside here, which is only one way of getting rid of you."

"Mrs. Wyndham," said Pleasance with burning cheeks, "if you mean to insult me after all, which I can hardly conceive under present circumstances, I decline to be insulted by the truth which you have spoken. But what have my personal affairs to do with this discussion?"

"A great deal, if you were not too brusque to suffer me to finish what I had to say," retorted Mrs. Wyndham; "you must get rid of this brusqueness, if you would have me make anything of you. Mrs. Archibald Douglas, you must be aware that you will be, even with the inheritance which you propose to take—I do not say unwarrantably, I allow naturally, when it is in your power—from my children, a young woman in a very difficult position. You will need not only all your newly-acquired fortune, but all the friends you can win to support you, in order that you may get a proper introduction into society and standing in the world."

"And mamma and I will undertake for a trifling consideration—plain speaking is best, is it not?—for some compensation to Tom and the rest of us, and for mamma and me, the use of your town-house, or opera-box, or of your carriage-horses when we don't have our own—bagatelles of that kind, simply to tame you, coach you, and introduce you into the great world under our all-powerful auspices."

What do you say to it? I assure you I am quite in earnest," declared Rica coolly.

In her excitement, indignation, affront, and sense of ludicrousness combined, Pleasance did not cry that it was too much; when she found that her forgiveness was to merge into her being suborned and bribed, she startled her newly-found relations by laughing tremulously. "I beg your pardon," she said, abashed at her own untimely mirth; "but you are quite mistaken in my aims and expectations, and I am utterly incapable of profiting by your kind intentions. I was not even aware that I required an introduction or standing in the world, which I entered very nearly twenty-two years ago, and in which I have made my own way till very

late. Shall I say that I am not to be bought, and neither am I to be laughed out of any favor that I can confer? For anything more, you are freely welcome to the best terms that your lawyers can make—I have written to that effect—or to any other worldly benefit that I can render you, for I agree with Mrs. Wyndham that the case is a hard one for you in the end, as for me and mine in the beginning. But you must consent to take any favor as a gift—as your right if you will—but not as your purchase. It is not only that I refuse to barter such small power as has fallen into my hands, and that I profess to be incorruptible, but that literally you can offer me nothing. I will not enter into your world, I do not own your standard."

"Ah," said Rica quickly, "your disinherited prince who has come into his own again, or your beggar millionaire is apt to be *tête exaltée* at first; but wait a bit, till the gates, not of heaven, but of the pleasantest places of the earth, don't fly open to his 'Open sesame,' as he in his conceit has fancied, but grate on their hinges for want of a little of the oil of old-established proprietorship, *convenance* and *savoir faire*, he is fain to come down a flight, and accept the obliging aid which he spurned before. I don't despair of being your Mentorina and right-hand woman yet, cousin Pleasance."

Mrs. Wyndham had been staring blankly. "I am ready to excuse a great deal that is odd and unpleasant, I am ready to encounter and conquer it, if possible, for the sake of my children, and of my niece to whom I had hoped that my experience and influence might have been of use," she said almost speaking to herself in her amazement and incredulity. "Of course no knowledge of the world, no good-breeding even, was to be expected. Still, you do not mean that you reject the good offices of the only relations you have in the world, Mrs. Douglas; relatives who, I may say it without partiality, would be a priceless boon to any *débutante* or *nouveau riche*, and who have shown you a worthy example in ignoring the painful rivalry involved in your claim?"

"I do not mean to fail in magnanimity," said Pleasance, inclined to laugh again.

"Impossible! you cannot understand," persisted Mrs. Wyndham, "Frederica and I had talked the matter over, and we had agreed that you should spend the next winter in Rome; Nelly's palace has suites of spacious rooms at the command of visitors." ("Especially if they be heiresses.

The Roman palaces have no end of accommodation for heiresses. I should not wonder if they would lodge you in the Vatican itself," commented Rica.) Her mother went on without attending to the comment, "Nelly and the count will dispense to you a princely hospitality. You will see the best Roman society at and from their house. You will acquire a good foreign style, which is generally admired, and which will conceal the deficiency in early training that is much to be regretted now, as events have happened; but who could have foreseen them?" asked Mrs. Wyndham with a tragic emphasis.

"A good foreign style, like charity, covers a multitude of sins," put in Rica. "Indeed, Mrs. Douglas, you will be a great fool not to take our embassy in good part, and make the most of it. It has just struck me that the position is like that of Cinderella, who, I have no doubt, married her two usurping sisters to gentlemen about court, that they might be conveniently at hand to supply her with little hints for her behavior as a princess. Do think of Cinderella, and not of 'The Mysteries of Udolpho,' or 'The Romance of the Forest' (I know you read novels); believe me the Italian bravo with his stiletto is quite out of fashion. We have not the slightest intention of making away with you, in recommending you to spend a little time with Nelly at Rome."

"I do not think you have," replied Pleasance; "but I must refuse what I cannot avail myself of."

"Never mind, mamma," said Rica, "beggars should not be choosers. A truce is established. Mrs. Archie Douglas is to deal with us poor usurpers leniently. Ah! I forgot that the Christian charity was to be all on our side; but so it will come about eventually, and until then we shall bide our time;" and Rica drew away her mother before she had done more than express a tithe of her astonishment at Pleasance's continued refractory attitude after all these years and changes. Not all Mrs. Wyndham's devotion to her children's interests could, for the moment, stifle her displeasure at the reception given to her fine stroke of diplomacy.

When her visitors were gone, Pleasance's ill-timed laughter passed into a few quiet, but bitter, tears of pain, wrath, and ruth over her nearest relations in the world, as Mrs. Wyndham had said, who were worse than strangers to her, and over what seemed the mockery of forgiving offenders who would not be forgiven, who saw no occasion for forgiveness, and whose

unblushing overture was made with the open purpose of retrieving a portion of their losses

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE ASTRONOMY OF THE FUTURE.

A SPECULATION.

WE venture to express an opinion that popular knowledge on the subject of astronomy is still in a very old-fashioned, conventional, Newtonian condition. Men are still too apt to allow themselves to be guided by the literal evidence of their senses and the superficial appearances of things, a misleading condition and influence against which it is the purpose of true philosophy to guard our minds. Modern ideas in chemistry and electricity are, moreover, necessary; for one form of science cannot afford to dispense with the aid and illumination of another.

In manuals of astronomy our youth are taught that the sun is a dark globe inclosed in a photosphere or luminous envelope, partly composed of divers metals in a state of intense incandescence and of gases blazing away furiously. We are told that observers can really see the surface of this "luminary" in a terrible condition of turbulent combustion, that the vapor of molten metals can be detected in its rays, and that its light and heat have been calculated to a mechanical nicety, almost as far as figures can be conceived by the ordinary human mind. It has also been made a subject of estimate how long the sun can exist at its present rate of combustion and self-consumption, as this "central fire" of the solar system is said to give out in each second of time heat equivalent to that produced by the burning of eleven thousand six hundred millions of millions of tons of coal! We are also told that the incandescent metals in the sun, revealed by the spectroscope, differ from what is apparent in the light of the stars. We do not doubt the existence of the phenomena so clearly shown by scientific men, but we are tempted to dissent from the conclusions deduced; and we think the time has arrived when the notions which have been so systematically repeated to us should be thoroughly re-examined, and, we are inclined to say, discarded.

In this essay we merely propose to draw the outlines of what appears to us to be an improved system; and though other writers, unknown to us, may have anti-

pated most of our views, our doctrines will be none the worse if they are proved not to be novel.

The version of astronomical phenomena which has hitherto been given to us may possibly turn out to be a huge menagerie of scientific bugbears, calculated to astonish and fascinate the imaginations and wonderment of simple-minded, credulous students. Let us beware of scientific superstition; it is as fruitful a source of error as that which claims a bastard relationship to religion.

In its revelations of the organization of the sun, science plumes itself upon its capacity of triumphantly disclosing and demonstrating the secrets, methods, and laws which underlie the grand aspects and mysteries of nature. Is this boast justifiable? What do we really know of the sun? and are our scientific guides and explorers thoroughly correct in all the information they deal out to us? In opposition to the generally received theory, would our readers "be surprised to hear" that the sun is not necessarily luminous; and that beyond the range of our atmosphere he is possibly cold and dark, and would there be invisible? At a first glance this statement is, perhaps, startling.

But if we suppose the sun and stars to be gigantic fountains of magnetic influence, centres of polarized force—attraction and repulsion—acting upon our globe and its atmosphere, and likewise upon all the other planets, the phenomena of the universe would then become susceptible of the grandest and simplest interpretation.

To explain the effects of the sun there is not the least reason to infer that it is itself luminous or even warm. It may be one of the sources of heat without being itself hot, as heat is doubtless the product of combined influences. This opinion may be elucidated by an example. Take a galvanic battery, which is a dark, cold machine; introduce a little acidified water into its cells and set it in action; by a proper arrangement of wires you may at a long distance from your battery produce a heat intense enough to fuse the hardest metals, and a light too vivid to be endured by the human eye. Now, if, while this result is being accomplished, we could see with enhanced powers of vision the action of the dilute acid on the metal plates of the galvanic battery, we should discover on their surface a process of rapid oxidation going on analogous on a small scale to the commotion apparent on the face of the sun, which phenomenon might easily

be mistaken for violent combustion, and which in fact, judging by the impression made on the senses, could not readily be conceived to be anything else.

Thus we learn that potent action generated in a dark, cold body may produce great light and heat at a distance from the seat of activity; and what is thus wrought artificially in a small way by a galvanic battery may surely be done naturally, in a tremendous fashion, by the grand forces of the sun.

When we gaze on Mont Blanc at sunset, if our judgment were left to the untrained evidence of our senses, we might easily be led to believe that summit of the mountain to be a luminous and incandescent pinnacle, passing through all the hues of the solar spectrum, and finally disappearing in a ghostly white; but knowledge and experience tell us a different tale and correct our inferences. We ascend the mountain, and we find a cold cone of snow!

The appearance of Mont Blanc presented under this aspect is, however, so far distinct from that exhibited by the sun, that the sunset brightness of Mont Blanc is a vision of momentarily-born illusion, whereas the light of the sun is the result of intense action and conversion of substance on its surface, and necessarily an originating force.

In estimating the power, quantity, and durability of the light and heat of the sun, we must first know where the light and heat begin their evolution. If they are a production bred in our atmosphere by the magnetic action of the sun, and the sun is only one of their causes, we must draw very different conclusions respecting the attributes of light and heat than if we credited the sun with the sole responsibility of their origin.

The intense magnetic action of the sun may present on its surface and in its rays all the appearance of incandescence, when it is rendered visible here by means of our atmosphere and examined by instruments constructed for the detection of solar and astral phenomena.

About the beginning of this century the celebrated French philosopher Biot produced light by passing a current of electricity through air or a gas. Is it not a reasonable inference that the sun does not waste light and heat—diminishing as the square of the distance—through a space of ninety millions of miles between us and itself, when by the means of ethereal and atmospheric conditions the requisite quantity of light and heat might so easily be distributed at the precise spots where it is

needed? With the conditions that surround us on this earth, we cannot artificially produce light and heat without the destruction of some material substance; but we are not driven to assume that the same conditions prevail naturally in the sun; and even if a process of self-consumption were continually going on in that body, we are equally justified in drawing the inference that it possesses some infinite means and capacity of self-repair. We think, therefore, that we can naturally account for all the phenomena of heat and light and the appearance of incandescence and flame on the surface of the sun, without resorting to the tremendous theory that the sun is actually in a state of combustion as understood in our terrestrial experience.

Upon this theory that the sun has the power of distributing sufficient light and heat to the various planets according to the nature of their atmospheric conditions, the doctrine which has been taught about Mercury being as hot as a furnace, and Saturn as cold as an iceberg, may in future be received with a smile of incredulity.

It is one thing to observe phenomena accurately, and quite another thing to reason about them correctly. In spite of all our boasted astronomical discoveries, our certain knowledge of the celestial machinery is really limited to ascertaining the motion of our globe in relation to the motions of other heavenly bodies. After some thousands of years of observation we have learnt only the rate at which we are moving through space. Our science of the universe is merely a science of motion — “that and nothing more!”

And here we may appropriately inquire whether we really know anything about the cause of the motion of the heavenly orbs. The old-fashioned theory of the centripetal and centrifugal forces does not appear to answer this question satisfactorily; and we therefore venture to propose as a substitute what we may term the “polarity of the universe,” as a more sufficient and efficient explanation of the movements of the solar system. By “polarity” we mean the power of electricity manifested in attraction and repulsion, viz., the attraction which exists between positive and negative poles, and the repulsion which is exhibited when two positive or two negative poles are presented to each other. If we can successfully apply this theory of polarity to the phenomena of the motions of the solar system, we shall in future be required to teach that the rotation of the planets on

their axes is caused by currents of electricity and magnetism; and that the revolutions of the planets round the sun are produced and maintained by these bodies constantly presenting in a slanting direction their opposite or similar poles, and thus gradually and alternately attracting and repelling each other, and keeping up continued movement, necessarily varied in distance and rapidity.

According to this theory, there is no fear of two heavenly bodies coming into collision in space, unless their opposite poles happened to meet, and even then they would probably cling together without doing much damage, until some rival influence separated them and sent each on its natural course; but the active motion of two such bodies would, most probably, always prevent that steadiness of approach necessary to insure cohesion.

In propounding this system, are we not flying in the face of the greatest philosopher that ever lived — Sir Isaac Newton? Let us examine this question briefly but attentively. It is no reflection upon Sir Isaac Newton, one of the most renowned men of all time, that he did not invent a hundred and fifty years ago a theory for which all the elements did not then exist. If he lived now, he would doubtless choose by the light of modern science a different vocabulary. “Gravitation” is merely a word expressive of an idea used to interpret a certain class of phenomena, some of which can now be better explained by the aid of more developed ideas, and a more true and refined nomenclature.

The method adopted by Sir Isaac Newton in demonstrating the theory of universal gravitation was very grand and simple; and it was soon received admirably by the whole world. The explanation may be found in any text-book on the subject, but we may as well reproduce it in an elementary manner. It had been previously proved that on our earth the so-called force of gravity acts inversely as the square of the distance; and it was inferred that if this force extended throughout the solar system, the phenomena it caused and presented in the movements of the moon ought to correspond with what was known of its action on the earth. The lunar observations made and supplied by Flamsteed enabled Newton to put this theory to the test with a triumphant result. By a series of masterly calculations, he demonstrated that the versed sine of an arc of the moon’s orbit agreed exactly with the distance which the moon would travel if she were left

entirely to the action of gravitation only: that is to say, that the power of gravity at the distance of the moon would be about 3,600 times less than at the surface of the earth. The distance of the moon from the earth's centre is about 60 times the earth's radius, and as the square of this distance is 60 times 60, or 3,600, a body near the earth ought to fall in one minute 3,600 times farther than the length of the versed sine of an arc described by the moon in its orbit in the same time. Nothing could be more beautiful and conclusive than this proof of the correspondence of fact with theory; but it does not in any way interfere with the introduction of polarity as an explanation of the cause of the revolutions of the heavenly bodies; because we know that all the great forces of nature — light, heat, gravitation, electricity, magnetism — are regulated by the same law, viz., that their power acts inversely as the square of the distance, subject of course to the variability of conditions, for conditions modify the action of laws. In our proposed system we can therefore accept Newton's demonstration of universal gravitation, and treat it as the discovery of one mode of polarity. As the action of gravity is the same as that of polarity in one direction, we may still conveniently use the word "gravitation" to express this aspect of polarized force; but as gravity causes motion in only one direction — the centripetal — it is, of course, insufficient to explain the revolutions of the planets without resorting to the theoretical addition of another force, which was named the centrifugal, the existence of which could only be accounted for by supposing that it was derived from the original impulse or *primum mobile* given to these heavenly bodies at their creation, and since sustained by the hand of the Creator.

The substitution of the terms "electrical attraction" and "repulsion" for "centripetal" and "centrifugal forces," may therefore be recommended as conveying a clearer theory of the revolution of the planets for the following reasons. It is evident that this centrifugal force must soon expire unless it is fed from some central exhaustless power, and the supporters of this idea do not supply us with a sufficient cause for the continued sustenance of the centrifugal force, unless it be traceable to the direct power of the Almighty. The introduction of the Creator into this stage of the *modus operandi* of nature is, however, unphilosophical; as we have no right in a scientific expla-

nation to balance one force against another, and call one of them the fiat of the Creator, as we are bound to believe that in the beginning all forces were created by Him. In fact, this style of theorizing must be temporary, and is simply a mode of concealing our ignorance. But if we resort to electricity with its attraction and repulsion — in a word, polarity — as offering an explanation of the motions of the universe, we fancy that we present a theory which is at once comprehensive and scientific. The correctness of this interpretation is supported, as far as can reasonably be looked for, by mechanical contrivances. The process here advocated has been actually shown in a working model. An electrical orrery has been constructed which, by the discharge of electricity from points, represents the movement of the earth round the sun, and that of the moon round the earth, with the most surprising completeness.

The movements of the moon have, however, not yet been reduced to mathematical order; they exhibit aberrations which the astronomer royal has been engaged some years in studying, and his "theory of the moon" is yet far from complete. If, however, the moon is acting under the influence of polarity, these irregularities are what we ought to expect, and their satisfactory solution can scarcely be triumphantly sought in the manœuvring of old problems and the marshalling of old laws.

We must, of course, continue to believe and maintain that the various attractions to which we give the names of "gravity," "cohesion," "capillary," are all-important on this earth, and keep everything here in its right place; and that centrifugal force as the product of rotatory machinery has its proper sphere in our mundane science; but we should hesitate before we extended to the universe forces which are not proved to be adequate for the work and purpose ascribed to them. And, in fact, there is no real analogue among our earthly forces to the centrifugality attributed of the planets in their orbits.

On this point we wish to render our argumentative position quite clear to the intelligence of the ordinary reader, to whom we specially address ourselves; and we shall therefore endeavor to work out this problem very distinctly.

The most superficial scholar knows what is the received explanation of the movement of the planets round the sun, viz., that when the planet is first hurled on its course its tendency is to go in a straight line; but this tendency is arrested by the

attraction of gravitation, and the two forces acting in rectangular opposition to each other cause the orb which they control to move in a curve. It was, however, discovered that in practice this curve did not form a perfect circle, but an ellipse, and that the motion of the planet was accelerated in some parts of its orbit when it was nearest the sun, and retarded when it was farthest from the sun. The cause of this discrepancy was attributed to the antagonistic action of the centripetal and centrifugal forces; as the attraction of gravitation, or centripetal force, gradually overcomes the centrifugal, the planet is drawn nearer the sun and its speed in its orbit accelerated. This acceleration of speed develops an increase of the centrifugal force, or tendency to fly off at a tangent, so that the two forces thus balance themselves, and the integrity of the orbital movement is preserved. This view of the matter is a plausible assumption and is acceptable in the absence of any materials for the construction of a better explanation. We must, however, call attention to the weak spot in this theory. The acceleration of speed is caused by the attraction of gravitation, which is therefore for the time being the dominant power. This increase of velocity is supposed to develop, as a counterpoise, a force so potent in opposition to that which caused it, that this developed force is, in its turn, capable of overcoming that which is primarily the stronger; so that the superior power is supposed to give birth to a force which can govern its parent; and thus cause and effect alternately become the stronger and control each other! The product is supposed to be able to meet the producer on equal terms. What a scene of scientific confusion is here presented to our view! When once gravity begins to overcome a rival force, its career of conquest cannot be arrested except by the arrival and intervention of a third independent power, and the introduction of this third power is not properly and scientifically accounted for under the old system which we are combating. The accelerated speed already alluded to is not such a ruler as we can recognize as an independent potentate. It is, in fact, the creature and subject of the superior force, gravity, and it must become the ally of its monarch; it cannot rebel and join the opposition which has once allowed it to elude the centrifugal grasp.

The advocates of this contradictory system of causation endeavor to reconcile it to our common sense and tempt us into

adopting it by resorting to an illustration which, as a comparison, is altogether fallacious. They depict a man whirling round a stone in a sling, and tell us that we have here something like a representation of a planet moving in its orbit round the sun. The stone is held in its place by the string — analogous to the attraction of gravitation — and the faster the man whirls round the sling, the more potently is the centrifugal force developed; and when the stone is released, the more violently does it fly off in a straight line. In this object of comparison we must notice that there are three powers present, very unlike in their attributes, viz., the hand of the man governed by his mind, the sling, and the motion of the sling: the sole originating motive power which pervades and sustains the whole operation is the will-energy of the man; when that is withdrawn, the action ceases. If we could suppose the hand of the Creator at the centre of the solar system, intelligently, actively, and personally employed in regulating and upholding the movements of the planets round the sun, the comparison with the man-and-sling figure would be fair and complete; but we are bound to raise the fatal objection to this supposition by pointing out that it is not permitted to science to enter into the presence of the Creator himself, so as to trace his conduct and examine his actions. The proper office of science is to discover and expound the eternal laws and temporal methods of working with which the Almighty has endowed nature, and by which her operations are governed. The moment we address ourselves direct to the Creator, we cease to be scientific, and we become theological.

The theory of polarity as an explanation of the movements of the universe will, we believe, get rid of a great deal of the subtle confusion that has hitherto prevailed; and, we venture to think, will offer for general acceptance something more lucid and philosophical than the old mechanical doctrine of the centripetal and centrifugal forces — a doctrine which appears to us an inadequate explanation of the grand processes to which it is applied. Centrifugal force is the result of a repellent, and not an attractive, power. The existence of this repellent power is not properly accounted for in the Newtonian system; but by the theory of polarity we acknowledge two forces of equal rank, quality, and might, which are all-sufficient for the work they are appointed to do, and their generator, electricity, governs them both with requisite supremacy.

If there be any force in what we have put forward, we must considerably modify if not banish the old-fashioned doctrines from our astronomical science, if we would in future associate finer and truer ideas with the subtle powers of the universe, and express in more comprehensive language the sublime order and methods of her working. We cannot, however, by the utmost exercise of human skill, hope to penetrate very far into the mysteries of nature. Like the Mohammedan deity, she is covered with seventy thousand veils; after an age of labor, we may succeed in lifting one of these veils, but another appears behind.

NEWTON CROSLAND.

From The Argosy.

CINDERELLA.

How very many adventurous spirits went out to Australia during the prevalence of the gold-fever some twenty, or more, years ago, and went out to die, will never be disclosed.

Amidst others who went out, was one Philip Gay. A sanguine, hopeful young man, who thought that while it might take the best part of a life-time to make a fortune at civil engineering, he should pick up one in a year or two at the gold diggings. How full of hope he was when he sailed with some four or five other young men who made up his party, some of his acquaintances remember yet. He left his wife at home with her young baby; his wife who was just as full of hopeful visions as he was.

Of that party, Philip Gay was the first to die. His wife, stricken with the news, led a sort of half dead, half alive existence for a year or two, and then followed him to the unknown land that is at once so much nearer than that one of the gold mines, and so much farther off. The baby girl alone was left, the little Lucinda.

The child was not utterly destitute. A few hundred pounds remained to her, and one relative. This was Mrs. Munro; whose late husband, for she was a young widow also, had been Mrs. Gay's brother.

Mrs. Munro was not left particularly well off herself: at any rate, her income was not large, and she had to be careful. Of course, being a provident and calculating lady, Mrs. Munro could not be expected to burden herself with the little orphan, Lucinda, and take her home to her

own two daughters: she said so herself and her friends agreed with her. So the little child was sent to a plain school to be brought up in a plain manner; to defray the cost of which the few hundred pounds had to be trenched upon.

"The money must be made go as far as it will," said Mrs. Munro, "and then we shall see."

Lucinda was seventeen when the last pound came to an end, and she was sent home to Mrs. Munro.

"And what on earth's to be done with her I can't tell," observed Mrs. Munro to her daughters, Elizabeth and Laura. "We must keep her here for a little while, just to see what she's made of and what she's fit for, and then get her a situation of some kind."

"You can make her useful while she stays here," observed Elizabeth, who was three-and-twenty years of age, and very practical.

A particularly welcome suggestion indeed to Mrs. Munro. She was no better off than some of her neighbors in the matter of domestics. She professed to keep two, a cook and a housemaid: but whether she was a bad manager and mistress, or whether she had the ill-luck to get a succession of bad servants, certain it was that the domestic department was generally in a state of ferment. The said servants were changed continually; sometimes there would be two; sometimes only one, sometimes none: and the result was much dissatisfaction and discomfort. The two young ladies, fashionably educated, bristling to the fingers' ends with accomplishments, could not be expected to look after brooms and brushes, plates and dishes: and Mrs. Munro was often at her wits' ends, and could not imagine what the world was coming to.

Lucinda Gay arrived at Milthorp Lodge — as their pretty country home was named. It stood very close to the little town of Milthorp; ten minutes' walk from it. A gentle, timid, graceful girl of seventeen; with a fair, delicate, placid face, bright hair, and a steadfast look in her large grey eyes.

"Dear, dear! the very eyes of your poor father, my dear!" sighed Mrs. Munro, who in the main was not by any means bad-hearted; and would not have been short-tempered but for her domestic trials. "You get more and more like him, child. Kiss your cousin, girls."

Elizabeth and Laura did as they were told, and kissed Lucinda. They were both good-looking, showy young women.

Well, not to make a short story long, Lucinda Gay's abode at Milthorp Lodge grew into a permanency. Little by little also, the *work* grew upon her. From having at first been required to help only in light duties, she found herself at last to all intents and purposes a servant: kept from morning till night at hard work. This was the effect of necessity, more than of actual wish or intention on Mrs. Munro's part. The servants got worse and worse, each succeeding one that came in turned out to be more incapable than her predecessor; and who was there but Lucinda to fall back upon? By the time the girl had been there a few months, she seemed to have settled down to this hopeless life of slaving in the kitchen and waiting upon others. Elizabeth and Laura playfully called her Cinderella: when in a very good humor with her, Cindy.

Once, and once only, the girl remonstrated with Mrs. Munro. "I don't like the life, aunt," she said: "I never expected to have to do such things. Don't you think you could let me go out somewhere?"

"What to do?" asked Mrs. Munro. "As servant?"

"Oh, no" — blushing painfully — "not as servant."

"But you could not be a governess. You have no accomplishments."

"I fancy sometimes that I could make money by my drawings, aunt. No one in the school could draw as I did."

"Draw! school!" repeated Mrs. Munro. "You did not learn drawing at school. You did not learn any superfluous thing of that kind that had to be paid for."

"Yes, I did. It happened in this way, aunt. I used to copy the girls' drawings out of school; it was all my pastime; and one day the master saw some that I had done, and he asked to speak to me. Then he told Mrs. Cheshunt I had so decided a talent for the art he would like to give me lessons for nothing, that I might do him credit. After that, I always went in with the rest. Do you know what he said when I left, aunt?"

"What did he say?"

"That I might rise to have a name in the world of art if I practised diligently."

"And how in the world would you live while you practised it, Cindy?" demanded Mrs. Munro.

Cindy looked distressed.

"My dear, don't you be ungrateful. Remember your poor father. He took up flighty notions and schemes — and he paid

for it with his life. For goodness' sake, don't you turn flighty, Cindy, and follow his example."

The tears gathered in Lucinda's eyes; and she said no more. Like all people who have a good and tender heart, ingratitude appeared to her to be one of the very worst of sins.

So from that day she settled down to her lot, resigned outwardly if not inwardly. All the spare moments she could snatch from her duties were spent in her own room, drawing in private. Elizabeth and Laura went out to *fêtes* and dances and entertainments. Poor Lucinda was never asked to go with them; she had no toilette for it: and if at times a longing for a little change came over her spirit, a sense of neglect that somehow did not seem right, she shut herself in with her paper and pencils and forgot the slight.

And thus things went on for about a twelvemonth from the time of the girl's first arrival at Milthorp. Day by day she seemed to be separated more and more from her cousins; between her condition and theirs a greater and greater barrier grew. Lucinda would sometimes ask herself whether things were to go on thus forever.

II.

It had been a long, hot, July day. The sun had gone down in a blaze of glory; a soft purple haze lay low in the valleys. All the doors and windows of Milthorp Lodge were thrown open to catch the grateful cool of the evening. In the large, old-fashioned porch sat Elizabeth with a book: Laura lay back on the sofa indoors, fanning herself languidly.

Cindy, in the kitchen, had just finished washing up and putting away the tea-things. Just now they enjoyed the services of a particularly incapable helpmate, who impeded work, rather than did it; and all the labor fell on Cindy. For many months now Mrs. Munro had not attempted to keep more than one servant: her niece filled the place of the second.

Cindy took off her large apron, went out of doors, and ventured to seat herself on a garden bench under the wall behind the porch. She possessed this one peculiarity — though they did call her Cinderella: that she was always nice and neat. Her dresses were of the cheapest materials — cottons, thin stuffs: but somehow she kept them fresh and well. Not a spot was on her naturally delicate hands this evening as she sat down; not a hair out of place on her pretty head.

The small iron gate, hidden by the trees and shrubbery, was heard to open and footsteps to approach: and the postman came into view with his bundle of letters.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Mrs. Munro, seeing him from the window. "What can the man be coming here so late for? Postman," she added, walking forth to the porch, "what brings you here at this time of night?"

"An accident to a goods train, which blocked up the line, ma'am," replied the man, as he detached a letter from his bundle and handed it to her. "It has delayed the delivery several hours."

She sat down at the entrance of the porch, nearest the light, put on her spectacles, and opened her letter. It appeared to be rather a short one, and Mrs. Munro read it twice over.

"I'm sure I don't know what to say about it!" she exclaimed, in self-soliloquy. "I should like it well enough: but—I hardly know."

Elizabeth Munro, apathetical as usual, went on reading, showing no curiosity. Laura came out, twirling her fan.

"Who is your letter from, mamma?"

"Why, from Emma Allardeen. She says her brother wants a spell of country air, after his recent illness, and she was so happy here during her week's visit to us two years ago, that she ventures to hope we will receive him. And here's a little twisted note inside from himself, asking if I will be bothered with him for a month or two."

"I should let him come," observed Laura—who had a faint recollection of an exceedingly good-looking and attractive man in young Allardeen, and was ever open to the prospect of a flirtation.

"But think of the trouble!" cried Elizabeth, too strong-minded to have latent views of lovers. "It would be quite a restraint to have to entertain a sick man for two months!"

"I don't suppose he is ill now, Lizzie," observed her mother. "What I think of, girls, is the extra work it would entail. And of all wretched, incapable creatures, that Susan who is with us now is the worst!"

"Stuff!" said Laura, slightly. "There's Cinderella."

"What do you think, Cindy, dear?" cried Mrs. Munro, in a soft, coaxing tone. "Would you mind a little more trouble for a short while? What is the matter, Lucinda?"

The young girl had her speaking face

turned to them, all eagerness and excitement.

"Is it William Allardeen the painter, aunt, that you are speaking of?"

"To be sure it is, child."

"Oh, but he is a great man; a true artist. I went to see one or two of his paintings once; they were in a collection of pictures that was being exhibited. The school all went. Aunt Munro, I would not mind what work I did for him; I'd never think of the trouble."

"That's all right, Cindy: I thought you'd be reasonable. Girls, I shall write my answer to-night, and tell him to come."

And in the course of a few days he did come, this William Allardeen. A handsome, manly-looking fellow, in spite of his recent illness, of some thirty years. Well-born and well-bred, he had some blue blood in his veins. And he had something better—a good, honest heart.

He was not an amateur—he painted for money. Perhaps it would be better to say he painted for love—love of the art—and sold his pictures afterwards. Being entirely independent as to fortune, he could afford time to do good work, and to do it well. Full of all beautiful enthusiasms, with an eye that was quick to see, an ear to hear, and a heart to feel whatever was best worth seeing and hearing and feeling, was it any wonder that he was sweet-tempered and charming, and that he brought into the house a glow brighter than that of the summer sunshine?

Was it strange that, ere he had been at Milthorp Lodge a week, there should be fluttering in the dove-cote?

Laura Munro was beautiful, and she knew it, and meant to make the most of it. Beautiful with mere physical beauty—the beauty of roundness and coloring, of pink and white skin, blue eyes and golden hair. She was not going to marry a small Milthorp landowner, to superintend his dairy, attend to her own babies, vegetate within the prosy doors of her dull home from the first of January to the thirty-first of December, and have a new silk gown once a year—not she. She was waiting for the prince to come and array her in satins and laces and jewels. But she was not so foolish as to say this, even in whispers; and to all appearance she was sweet simplicity itself, guileless and unsophisticated as a child. For she thought the prince had come in the guise of William Allardeen.

As for Cindy, we have seen what her ambition was—to become an artist. Not

that the ambition had taken any very tangible form as yet. Fortune had given this girl, who had never seen more than two or three really fine pictures in her life, whose knowledge of the miracles of art was confined to a few engravings and photographs, an instinctive love of form and color, and a burning eagerness to reproduce them. The creative instinct was strong within her. She drew at first, as the birds sing, from pure love, with no thought of what might come of it. Up stairs in her own room there was one bureau drawer filled with pieces. Card-board, drawing-paper, and what not, were covered with pencillings, outlines—hints of the glowing life of the girl's heart and brain. There were crude attempts at color, too; here a flower, there a spray of grasses; now a child's face, and then a bird with folded wings. There were glimpses of sunset skies; and there was one stretch of blue sea, with a lone ship fading in the distance.

The coming of Mr. Allardeen to the house was a great event for this inexperienced girl. How good-looking he was! how noble! and what a pleasant expression sat on his face! As yet Lucinda had not spoken to him. On account of Susan's incapacity, she had to cook a great part of the dinner herself, send in the breakfast and the lunch—and, of course, as Mrs. Munro said to her, she could not be dressed to sit down with them. "My little niece, who is here to help the servants," Mrs. Munro carelessly said to her guest one day, when Cindy was seen in the garden picking gooseberries for dessert. "You knew, when you were a boy, that poor, mistaken Philip Gay, who threw up his business to go out after gold, and died. That's his daughter. She has not a farthing in the world, and I give her a home."

"Philip Gay!" repeated Mr. Allardeen. "What a nice fellow he was! I remember him well, and his kindness to me. One day I had been wicked and played truant from school, and he saved me from punishment."

That was all that was said. The young ladies were too fond of taking up Mr. Allardeen's attention themselves to allow him time to waste it on Cindy.

One day Laura came running to him with a pretty affectation of simplicity.

"Oh, Mr. Allardeen," she said, clasping her hands, "if you would only teach me how to draw! I have wanted to learn all my life. That which the stupid people teach us here is not to be called drawing.

You should see my ridiculous efforts. Maybe," she went on, naively, dropping her eyelids till the long lashes swept her cheeks, "maybe I could appreciate your work better if I should try my hand at it as *you* could teach me, and learn some of its difficulties."

Mr. Allardeen laughed outright. The very simplicity of the request amused him. Genuine to the backbone himself, he never could suspect artfulness in others.

"Very well, Miss Laura. It is a bargain. In return, you shall be my guide to all that is beautiful and picturesque in this wild region."

"Oh, thank you," she cried. "I have been longing to show you some lovely scenery ever since you came, but feared you would think me intrusive if I offered. There is a beautiful spot a mile off, called the Sunset Beacon: if you like, Mr. Allardeen, we will go there this evening."

Poor Cindy! For the first time in her life she felt envy: she envied Elizabeth and Laura. This new hero of theirs was no less a hero to her. As for loving him, she would as soon have thought of loving a star, or the sun itself, so far did he seem removed from her. But this man was the embodiment of all her dreams. He did with easy, careless grace—the ease and grace of a god, it seemed to her—the very things that she longed to do. He conceived and executed those magnificent pictures that the world talked of and gazed at. He lived in the ideal life that she longed for and dreamt of. It was hard to be making tarts for dinner, while Laura, in the prettiest of morning dresses, wandered over the hills, or sought out fairy nooks with her new drawing-master.

One day Lucinda was bending over the stewpan on the fire, stirring a custard slowly round, and trying to recall the blithe content of her school-days, when Mr. Allardeen paused outside the open window, and glanced in. He stood in the shadow of the climbing honeysuckle, that made the window like a lovely picture in a green frame. Lucinda's cheeks were flushed, her hair lay back from her forehead, in her soft grey eyes there sat a troubled light, and she seemed thoroughly uncomfortable.

"It is very warm to-day, Miss Cinderella."

Cinderella! Even he, then, recognized her low position, and could give her no better name than this mocking one. The flush on her cheeks deepened to crimson; her eyelids were lowered to hide the tears in her eyes.

"Yes, it is," she humbly assented.

"What a shame!" he thought; as his quick eye took note of everything, and the young girl's tired face. "Do you like doing all this, Miss Cinderella?"

"I have to do it," she quietly said. "There's no one else."

"Where's Susan? I should think she might be over that hot fire, instead of you."

"Susan's in the back garden, picking the peas for dinner. My aunt tried to teach her to cook, but Susan could not learn. I caught it up directly," she said.

"And therefore you have to do it. I wish you could come into the garden and sit in those shady glades instead. That would be better, would it not, Miss Cinderella?"

"Oh, yes. But" — his tone was so unmistakably kind, so sympathizing, that she took courage to finish the sentence she had begun — "why do you call me Cinderella?"

Mr. Allardeen paused in surprise. "Is not Cinderella your name?"

She lifted the stewpan off the fire, for the custard was completed, and turned her tearful eyes on him, shaking her head.

"Your aunt and cousins call you Cinderella and — and Cindy. I never supposed it was not your name."

"As I am here amidst the cooking and the saucepans they call me so. My name is Lucinda."

"What an *awful* shame!" thought Mr. Allardeen again. "And what beautiful eyes! — just like poor Gay's. I remember his."

"Well, you must pardon me for the error I fell into, Miss Lucinda. I am very sorry."

"It would not have mattered. Only I — I thought you did it to mock me."

"Mock you! No, I should certainly not do that. I hope I should not mock any one, least of all you. Do you know that I was well acquainted with your father?"

"Oh, were you!" she answered, her eyes smiling brightly through her wet eyelashes. "If he had but lived!"

"Ah! — if he had but lived! You would not be — doing what you are doing. Do you never come out in the garden for relief — say at the cool of the evening?"

"I used to: but just now there's a great deal to do. Sometimes after dusk I can snatch a few minutes there."

"Because I was thinking that if you did come I might have told you many little things about your father. He was my good friend when I was a boy."

"How I should like it! Yes, perhaps some evening I may be able to come out and listen to you."

"I hope you will. He was my friend; and I should like, if I may, to be yours. He, the man, was kind to me, the lad; I, a man now, would serve his child."

Mr. Allardeen lifted his hat, and walked away. He began to think he might be hindering her. What a terrible shame it was that so gentle, delicate a girl should have to spend her days at this rough, unfit work! he thought. "If poor Philip Gay, who was essentially a gentleman, and had loved to smooth the path of all around him, could but rise from his grave and witness it! And for them to call her Cinderella!"

From that day Mr. Allardeen sought opportunities to speak to the girl: many a time did he halt, as now, outside the open kitchen window, which looked to the side of the house and the more retired part of the garden. Once or twice he had found her outside at dusk, and they had paced the shrubbery together for five minutes, talking of her late father. The appellation, Cinderella, had grown into a jest between them: and she had not the least objection now to hear it from his lips: liked it, in fact.

One morning at breakfast an expedition was proposed to Darley Wood, a welcome place of sweet shade at a mile or two's distance. The Miss Palmers (neighbors' daughters) and their brothers would go with them; and Mr. Allardeen would take his sketch-book. Sandwiches and biscuits would supply the place of lunch, and they could stay out all day if they chose. Presently Mr. Allardeen took the broad path that led past the kitchen, and halted at the open window.

"Cinderella," said he, in a low, pleasant, laughing tone as he lingered over the word, and leaned his head in to see her cutting bread-and-butter for the sandwiches, in her fresh and pretty cotton dress, with the blue bow at her neck. "We are not going to the prince's ball, but we are going to spend the day in Darley Wood. Those cool, green, silent shades will be delightful in such heat as this. Can you not go with us?"

Ah, if she could! she longed for it unutterably. Mr. Allardeen did not see the hot tears that sprung to her eyes, for she turned round to conceal them.

"Thank you: I wish I could," she answered quietly.

"It will be more agreeable there than in

your kitchen. Shall I ask Mrs. Munro to let you come?"

"No, thank you; it would be of no use. I could not go to-day."

"Well, I should have thought this would be an excellent opportunity, with all of us away; there will be no meals to prepare."

Lucinda shook her head. "Indeed it is not convenient to-day," she said with a smile. "Some other time, perhaps."

Why should she tell him that there was the day's regular work to do, and that Susan was so useless? That there were also raspberries to be picked over and preserved and a cake and tarts to make, and the late dinner to be prepared? What could he understand about it? The worst of it was these things had never seemed so burdensome to her before, never so distasteful. The cool, fresh green of the woods and valleys, and to watch him sketching — oh, what a contrast!

Wishing her good morning, Mr. Allardeen turned away. As soon as he was out of sight she sat down and burst into a passionate flood of tears. Cinderella! Yes; she was only Cinderella, and never would be anything else. She had not a cross stepmother; she had no cruel sisters. But her aunt kept her to this lowering work; and her cousins danced and dressed, and could spend their hot days in the green dells in idleness, Mr. Allardeen their companion. Alas! she had no fairy godmother to come to her rescue as the other Cinderella had.

Drying her eyes, she went on with her work. Setting to with a will Lucinda got it done quickly, so as to obtain an hour in the afternoon for herself. Once amid her little paintings and sketches, she was happy. She would have been quite happy if she might but have shared in the benefit of Mr. Allardeen's instruction, as Laura daily did. But of course it was not to be thought of. He knew nothing about her being able to draw: and she would have had no time to take his instructions, had he been willing to give them.

As to these lessons of Laura's, all the house felt some curiosity in regard to them. Elizabeth openly declared that at school Laura had displayed no more talent for drawing than she herself did for music: and, as everybody knew, Elizabeth did not know one note from another: and Lucinda did think it queer that a talent should be developed suddenly and spontaneously. At school Laura could not draw a map, or the simplest figure in geometry: at music she was clever.

Laura took her lessons from Mr. Allardeen in quite an unusual manner. She would not, and did not, draw before him; she was too shy; but she watched him draw sketches himself and listened as he showed her how she should touch this, fill in that. Every third or fourth morning Laura would come into his sitting-room with her carefully locked portfolio, unlock it, and take out a sketch for his inspection that she had just completed. Over and over again Mr. Allardeen expressed himself astonished at the undoubted talent displayed: and would praise it highly, while Laura listened with shy, downcast eyes, and the softest blush on her white-rose cheeks.

"I cannot understand it, Laura," he more than once observed. "Talent — nay, I may say genius, for it is nothing less — such as you display, ought to have found its vent earlier. When I was a little lad I used to do crude things with my pencil; could not help doing them; and I should have expected you to do the same. True genius cannot be kept in."

"I was not well — taught — and I grew discouraged," murmured Laura. "But for you, I might never have found it out."

He shook his head, unconvinced. As he said, he could not understand it.

"It is a singular thing, this new talent of Laura's for drawing!" observed Elizabeth one afternoon that she had bade Lucinda come to her room and give her hear a brush. "She never had a talent for anything, except making the most of her beauty and dressing herself to advantage. Take care, Cindy, you are hurting me."

"Have you seen her sketches?" asked Cindy. "I wish she would show them to me! she knows how I delight in seeing good drawings."

"Not I. She won't show them to anybody. It's all put on, her modesty: just to look well in William Allardeen's eyes. But he does praise her work, and no mistake: he says it is wonderful, admirable. There, that will do, Cindy: you've brushed long enough. And now get my peach muslin, and try and pull out the bows a bit."

The weeks went on. A grand picnic was organized for a distance; some twenty people to share in it. Preparations were made in the shape of good dishes, Mrs. Munro's share of them being chiefly performed by Lucinda: the day arrived, and they started an hour after breakfast. Mr. Allardeen had ventured to say something

about poor Miss Gay's making one of the party; but Mrs. Munro assured him that she could not be spared.

As desired by her aunt, Lucinda took the opportunity to put Mr. Allardeen's sitting-room to rights, and give it a thorough dusting, when, to her excessive surprise, Mr. Allardeen entered.

"Why!" she exclaimed, in her astonishment. "Is it *you*? What have you come back for?" He laughed.

"To catch you in the midst of your sins, Miss Cinderella. What were you doing in my room?"

"Putting it straight," she answered. "My aunt told me to do it."

"Then you will have the goodness not to do it any more: and to put that duster out of your hand. I cannot allow young ladies to go down on their knees for me."

She blushed a good deal. Her heart was beating violently. Taking the duster with her, she was turning to leave the room, when her eye was caught by a small exquisite water-color drawing, which Mr. Allardeen inadvertently disclosed to view in moving some papers on a side table.

"Oh, how beautiful!" was her involuntary exclamation. "May I just look at it?"

He put it into her hands, and watched the delighted expression of her countenance as she examined it in silence.

"You are fond of drawings!" he said.

Fond! That was not the word for it. By the few remarks she made, he soon found she understood art fairly well, and that it was her chief enjoyment in life. He said no more, however, then, and Lucinda left the room.

The cause of his return was very simple: calling at the post-office (to which his letters were sometimes addressed) as he went with the picnic party through the town, he found an important letter waiting for him, which required an immediate answer. To the dismay of some of the party, for Mr. Allardeen was a general favorite, he turned back home to write it.

"But you won't be long, Mr. Allardeen?" cried Laura. "We had better wait here for you?"

"Certainly not. Your carriages can go on. I will charter a horse and come after you."

"Be sure and make him go fast," called out Laura, innocently silly, as usual.

Mr. Allardeen wrote his answer, and took it to the post-office. Again Lucinda supposed he had left for the day. She was snatching a few minutes' rest under

the shady trees in the pleasant morning air, when he came striding up the path.

"Are you — not going to join them?" questioned Lucinda timidly.

"I think not. The man at the inn has no horse that I particularly care to mount."

The answer brought her some sudden perplexity: if Mr. Allardeen stayed at home, he would want lunch and dinner. What was to be done? Nothing had been ordered. She and Susan had both thought they were free from such cares for the day.

"Would you like to come in and look at my portfolio of drawings, Miss Lucinda?"

"Oh, if I might!" she exclaimed, her eyes sparkling and her cheeks flushed.

They went in through the glass doors. He opened his portfolio and carelessly exposed its treasures. Lucinda stood entranced: for how long, she hardly knew. She had an artist's eye: the very few remarks she made told him that.

"Here's one of rather more pretension," he said, throwing open the door of a small closet; in which, on a shelf, stood a covered drawing, leaning against the wall. "Did you look at it when you were here this morning?"

"Indeed, no. I should not open the doors of your private places."

"This is no Bluebeard's closet. Look there."

Putting up the tissue paper which covered it, the drawing, a water-color, stood out to view.

It was a quaint old kitchen; dim, shadowy, lighted only by the embers on the hearth. Leaning against the stone jamb of the great fire-place, with a weary look upon her young face, and her hands clasped despondingly, stood an unmistakable Cinderella.

It was not very light, and Lucinda took in nothing at first but a general idea of the power and pathos of the picture, holding her breath for very delight, while Mr. Allardeen watched her eagerly. Her eye wandered over the canvas, grasping detail after detail; then to the name at the top, "Cinderella," then to the girl's drooping figure. After gazing silently, she uttered a faint exclamation, while the red blood fled from her cheeks, and she burst into tears. Cinderella's face was her own face: *she* was the Cinderella.

"Have I vexed you?" he asked. "I did not mean to. If I have you must forgive me."

"No, no, I am not vexed," she answered, subduing her tears. "Just when I saw her standing there, I felt a great pity, and

thought, 'Oh, she has to be in the kitchen as I have.' And the next moment I saw it was myself, and — and — it is nothing, Mr. Allardeen, but life does seem hard at times."

"You would rather pass your days in an artist's studio than in custard-making, Miss Lucinda."

"Please don't talk of it. Oh!" she exclaimed, starting, as the little clock on the mantel-piece struck one. "I did not think it was half so late."

"And what if it is? Where are you going? You have not seen all the drawings."

"But there's lunch to be thought of, and dinner —"

"Dinner be dispensed with," he interrupted laughing. "Lunch also. Confess, now — you were not going to prepare dinner for yourself."

"No, there's cold meat for me and Susan. But now you have come home —"

"Now I have come I shall eat cold meat too. And if you don't like that, Miss Lucinda, I'll touch nothing but bread-and-butter."

"But my aunt will be so angry with me!"

"Leave her anger to me."

That was a red-letter day for Lucinda. She would never in all her life forget it. After revelling amidst the sketches, Mr. Allardeen made her sit out under the trees, now reading snatches of poetry to her, now talking to her unrestrainedly in his pleasant voice. By the time evening came, Lucinda seemed to have known him for years.

But she had not had the courage to tell him that she drew herself. She longed to tell him; and two or three times the words had risen to the tip of her tongue; only to be suppressed.

On the afternoon of the day following this, Mr. Allardeen sat in the large arbor, reading letters that the day mail had brought him. Leaning back comfortably in the rustic summer-house, a cigar in his mouth, he folded up his letters, and then took up the newly arrived *Art Journal*. Hearing footsteps approach, he looked up and saw Laura advancing, portfolio in hand.

"I don't expect you want to see me one bit," she said, throwing back her head childishly and her pretty hair. "Especially just when you have your letters. But I came nevertheless. I do so want you to tell me what is the trouble with this sketch. I can't get it to suit me. Oh,

Mr. Allardeen," and she laid her fingers upon the tip of his coat-sleeve, appealingly, "what shall I do when you go away, and I have no one to help me? You have added so much to my life!"

He made no reply — ungallant fellow that he was — as he threw away his cigar, took the little sketch, or design, from her hand, and glanced at it carelessly. But in a moment he lost his listless air, pushed back the hair from his forehead, laid the bit of drawing paper on the table before him, and bent over it.

"This design is remarkable, very remarkable for the work of a beginner, Laura," he said, at length. "You are a perpetual surprise to me. You have such a way of getting at the heart of things. What do you mean by this sketch? Put your thought into words."

He was surprised — puzzled, for he thought the drawing wonderful. No man could be blind to Laura's beauty; William Allardeen had enjoyed it, as he enjoyed a lovely picture. But he had soon discovered, or thought he had, that with all her little gushes of sentiment, her artless candor, she had no more soul than the Venus de' Medici. A woman without a soul could not make these sketches, as he believed. Those she brought to him, day after day, betrayed a power of thought, a depth of feeling and insight, quite beyond his comprehension. The execution was often faulty — but the power was there undeniably. And this was the best of them all.

"You meant something by this," he went on, as she did not speak. "You were not simply making a picture. I think I read your idea. But tell me what it was?"

A step sounded on the gravel-walk: Lucinda going by to pick some parsley. Laura hastily gathered up her papers; she never would let any one see them, save Mr. Allardeen: but by some means this one sketch fell, and the wind wafted it to Lucinda's feet.

"Don't touch it, don't touch it," shrieked Laura. But Lucinda, meaning no harm, was too quick for her, and had picked it up.

"Why, this is mine!" cried Lucinda in astonishment, her eye kindling with a sudden light. "Where did you find it, Laura? You must have got it from my room. And what right have you to show my things to Mr. Allardeen?"

"It is not yours, it is mine," retorted Laura, who had turned as white as a sheet: while Mr. Allardeen, singularly in-

terested, stood at the door and looked on. "*Mine*. I drew it myself. How dare you assert ridiculous falsehoods?"

Lucinda colored painfully. She had drawn part of that sketch yesterday at sunset, and filled it in at dawn this morning. But she would not betray Laura.

"Let it pass, then," she said, and would have turned away to get the parsley.

But Mr. Allardeen stopped her, laying his hand upon the portfolio.

"This can hardly be a mistake," he said, gently. "It is better to have an understanding on the spot. Do you say this drawing is yours, Miss Gay: that you did it?"

Lucinda looked at Laura imploringly, but the latter stood sullen and silent as a statue.

"I ask whether you did it, Miss Gay. Did you do this?—and this?" taking others from the portfolio. "Speak out."

Lucinda took the sketch from his hand. Down in one corner, following the outline of a plantain leaf, she pointed to certain minute characters. Looking attentively, he read the name "*Cinderella*." Turning, he looked at Laura.

"Some mistake," she faltered, hands and lips alike trembling; "I must have taken up Cindy's instead of my own." Yes, she had taken Cindy's sketches out of her room and exhibited them as her own.

What passed in the next few minutes Lucinda could hardly ever recall. It was like a bewildering dream. Laura had disappeared, leaving the portfolio: on every sketch within it was the private mark, "*Cinderella*." In her own sweet humility she would not have dared to show them to Mr. Allardeen. But now he had seen them, had praised them, had spoken the kindest, dearest words of hope and encouragement. He had recognized in her, partly untaught, untrained as she was, something akin to his own genius. Was it any wonder that at last she laid her head on the table and cried, partly with joy, partly at the discomfort touching Laura. William Allardeen laid his hand gently on her head.

"Don't cry, *Cinderella*. You have surely found your fairy godmother."

Whether she had found her fairy godmother or not, she had found *him*.

"Which will you do, my dear one," he whispered. "Stay in the kitchen here?—or come with me to live at an artist's studio?"

"I—I daresay it was a mistake," she

pleaded, trembling and blushing. "Please don't tell of Laura."

"Never mind Laura; we can do without her. I want you, Lucinda. Ah, my dear one, the first hour I saw you, with your father's wonderful eyes, my heart went out to you. Will you come to me to my studio, and be my dear wife?—my very own little *Cinderella*?"

Cinderella burst into tears, and hid her face in his arms. By-and-by, Susan came clattering down to see what had become of the parsley.

"Well, and I declare I'm glad of it!" honestly spoke Mrs. Munro, when matters were disclosed to her. "Though I believe Laura did look upon him as sure to be hers, I'm glad of it. It's a first-rate match for Cindy. And I'm afraid, what with the kitchen and other things, life here was rather hard for her at times."

From The Quarterly Review.

THE LIFE OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.*

THE second portion of the "*Narrative of the Life of the Prince Consort*" fulfils the rich promise of the first, and confirms the singular felicity which secured the choice of a biographer so well qualified to do justice to a theme, of all others the most difficult to treat with equal freedom and discretion.

Rare, indeed, are the qualifications indispensable to the writer of such a life as this; of a prince who but yesterday was a living presence in our midst; whose words and actions were a part of contemporary English and European history; who was the beloved consort, the intimate confidential counsellor of a reigning queen. Not only should the biographer bring to his work a wide and various culture, a trained comprehension of public affairs, a keen historic sense, a constant tact, discrimination, and discernment, a perfectly disinterested and dispassionate habit of mind; he should know how to arrange and set in order his narrative with a due regard to proportion, and, above all, he should abound in sincerity and simplicity, and let the life he is portraying tell as much as possible its own tale without superfluous comment.

These conditions of success in a most arduous and anxious task are, it seems to

* *Life of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort*. By Theodore Martin, C.B. Vol. II. London, 1876.

us, fully satisfied by Mr. Theodore Martin, who, in this second volume, combines, to a larger extent than in the preceding chapters, the historian with the biographer, equally unobtrusive and unembarrassed in either capacity; whether in recounting the events of a year of Continental revolutions and reactions, or in the exposition of questions and measures of domestic policy, always perspicuous, accurate, and succinct. In the occasional glimpses which the "Life" affords of the home and family life of the prince, it would not have been difficult for a biographer less sure of his own good taste and feeling to have marred the charm of such passages by misplaced emphasis. Mr. Martin's discretion is never at fault, and he has used the materials unreservedly confided to him by the queen in a manner that leaves nothing to be desired by the most curious reader or regretted by the most fastidious.

In the concluding pages of the first volume the Revolution of February, with the sudden overthrow of the dynasty and government of Louis Philippe, and the crowd of hurrying consequences of that catastrophe, found the prince consort less astonished, perhaps, than the victims or even the victors of those disastrous days. All these movements were watched by him with the closest and most vigilant attention, and, more especially as regarded Germany, with the most anxious interest. In the first volume of the "Life" we have seen by his memorandum on German affairs how clearly he had calculated the means and methods by which alone violent changes might be prevented, the national institutions re-invigorated and reformed, and the common cause of liberty and unity be advanced, without spoliation or disturbance, if the king of Prussia had courage and constancy enough to lead the way. Unhappily, that element in the calculation was wanting; the king was a fervid and irresolute sentimentalist, alternately caressing a maddened populace, and repudiating the aspirations of an enthusiastic people. Prince Albert and his excellent old friend and teacher, Baron Stockmar, both desired to see the fatherland in the enjoyment of a substantial national unity, and of public liberties; but the veteran statesman twitted his pupil with having too much faith in the dynastic evolution of constitutional reform, and with looking at German affairs from a British point of view. Both, however, discerned in Austrian jealousy the most dangerous enemy to German aspirations, and in Prussia the natural and rightful champion of the German cause.

With regard to Italy, we have seen by the prince's memorandum on Lord Minto's strange and questionable mission in 1847, how firm a friend he was to the cause of Italian independence, how clearly he discerned the dangers and difficulties besetting it, and how decidedly he urged that England should insist upon the right of every State to manage its own affairs without the interference of any foreign power. In all the prince's counsels we discover the constant principles of justice and moderation, the conviction that national liberties must be organically developed, not artificially imported or imposed; the abhorrence of all despotisms, whether of monarchs or of mobs. Such, indeed, were the principles he had been taught by Baron Stockmar, whose somewhat grim humor and doctoral stiffness of style are the only characteristics of an almost instinctive aptitude for statesmanship, which remind us that he was not an Englishman born. In his political ideas and sympathies the baron was, in all but a certain superiority of culture, and a tendency to clothe his principles in abstractions, as thoroughly English as the most loyal and devoted subject of the British Crown.

There were not wanting in those days in the metropolis and in the great provincial centres needy and unscrupulous agitators, harebrained enthusiasts, miserable plagiarists of the Parisian revolutionary heroes, who did their little worst to provoke disturbance and disorder in the streets. But this contemptible rabble was speedily put down by the police, and the noxious demagogues, who called themselves "the People," were rendered innocuous by ridicule.

Our little riots here [writes the queen to King Leopold] are mere nothings, and the feeling here is good." The same letter wishes the king joy "of the continued satisfactory behavior of my friends the good Belgians; but," adds her Majesty, "what an extraordinary state of things everywhere! *Je ne sais plus où je suis*, and I could almost fancy we have gone back into the last century. But I also feel that one must not be nervous or alarmed at these moments, but be of good cheer, and muster up courage to meet all the difficulties.

The easy suppression of riots in Glasgow, Edinburgh, Newcastle, Manchester, and other places, gave the government strength and confidence in dealing with the memorable Chartist insurrection of the 10th of April. That day of dupes has never been better described than by Mr. Martin. While revolutionary sympathizers over the water were convinced

that before night Great Britain would be a republic, poor Feargus O'Connor's processionists, reduced from half a million to eight thousand, were "finding their way back to their homes" (from Kennington Common), "in broken order, as best they might," and their monster petition, reduced from 5,700,000 to 1,975,496 signatures of which a large portion were fictitious, was being conveyed to the House of Commons "by back streets in three common cabs." Some 170,000 special constables had been put to inconvenience by the loss of a day's business or pleasure, but the British constitution was saved without firing a shot, and not a soldier or a piece of artillery was visible in the streets. Nevertheless, the danger was a real one; and though, as Mr. Martin acutely remarks, "when the day had passed, people were half-disposed to smile at their own fears, the relief with which the tidings were received throughout the kingdom showed how great was the alarm which had been generally felt."

The queen, yielding to the representations of her ministers that it was better the court should be out of London on the 10th, had retired with Prince Albert to Osborne two days before, and just three weeks after the birth of the princess Louise. On the 11th she was able to write to King Leopold:—

"Thank God! The Chartist meeting and procession have turned out a complete failure. The loyalty of the people at large has been very striking, and their indignation at their peace being interfered with by such wanton and worthless men, immense."

The same day a letter from the prince bore the welcome news to Baron Stockmar. "We," he writes, "had our revolution yesterday, and it ended in smoke. London turned out some hundreds of special constables; the troops were kept out of sight, to prevent the possibility of a collision, and the law has remained triumphant. I hope this will read with advantage on the Continent. Ireland still looks dangerous."

"What a glorious day was yesterday for England!" were the prince's words, in a letter of the same date to his secretary, Colonel (afterwards Sir Charles) Phipps. "How mightily will this tell all over the world!"

The state of Ireland was far less reassuring. Crime and sedition were stimulated by misery and famine, of which ecclesiastical and democratic incendiaries did not fail to take advantage. But here the firmness of authorities was sufficient with the aid of the exceptional powers granted by an act of Parliament, and the usual discords of Irish factions, to silence and disperse the leading fomenters of dis-

affection, and to terminate Mr. Smith O'Brien's brilliant attempt at a rebellion in the celebrated cabbage-garden. In both countries the triumph of law and order was complete, but at the cost of not a little suffering and distress among those classes of the population whose precarious fortunes are the first to feel the bad effects of public uneasiness and turbulence. The prince's letters to his old friend at Coburg are full of grave reflections on the anarchy abroad and the depression of commerce and industry at home; but his faith in the security of English institutions was never for an instant shaken. At Osborne he finds relief from public cares in his favorite occupations of farming and gardening; and, in Mr. Martin's words, "grave and earnest as the general current of the prince's thoughts at this time was, the admirable gift of humor which never failed him, no less than the wise cheerfulness (to use Wordsworth's happy phrase) of a mind that had disciplined itself to take a broad and patient view of the vicissitudes of life, stood him in excellent stead, and helped him to sustain the spirits of her Majesty, and of others about him, upon whom they acted as a salutary tonic." We hear of him in the leisure moments snatched from incessant and multifarious occupations of a sterner sort, adapting the music of a chorale of his own composition to the words of the hymn now well known as the Gotha tune, for the christening of the princess Louise. But in the hearts of royal personages public anxieties and private sorrows are often intermingled, and amidst the court ceremonies and gaieties of an unusually brilliant London season, the pressure of saddening thoughts was often painful.

The prince's sympathy with the laboring classes, and his solicitude for the improvement of their condition, were manifested at this period in a speech delivered from the chair of a public meeting held by the society of which he was the president. Some members of the government were apprehensive of an unseemly demonstration by the rabid demagogues who were daily inveighing against monarchy. Lord John Russell appears to have sent the prince some inflammatory trash to read, and in acknowledging its receipt the prince wrote:—

The book which you sent me certainly shows great disposition on the part of some mischievous folks to attack the royal family; but this rather furnishes me with one reason more for attending the meeting, and showing to those who are thus to be misguided, that the

royal family are not merely living upon the earnings of the people (as these publications try to represent) without caring for the poor laborers, but that they are anxious about their welfare, and ready to co-operate in any scheme for the amelioration of their condition. We may possess these feelings, and yet the mass of the people may be ignorant of it, because they have never heard it expressed to them, or seen any tangible proof of it.

In this generous spirit he presided over the meeting, and delivered an address of which it may be said, without flattery, as of so many other subsequent utterances from the same lips, that it anticipated and summed up in a few brief, energetic, penetrating sentences all that has since been said or done in the same wise direction and for the same good cause.

We must be content to recommend as a model of clear and concise narration Mr. Martin's chapters on the revolutions in Germany at this period, which occupied, as may be supposed, no inconsiderable place in the prince's thoughts and in his correspondence with Baron Stockmar. We have already referred to a certain divergence in the views of the pupil and the preceptor, not as to the objects to be sought for, but as to the means and methods of their attainment. Substantially the prince and the baron were in accord, whether as regarded the National Parliament at Frankfort, or the struggle for supremacy between Prussia and Austria, and the obstacles presented by the latter power to the unity and independence of Germany. Time has disposed of these questions, if not in the manner, with the results which the far-sighted Stockmar would probably have predicted, and certainly desired.

In the midst of all these convulsions, the confirmed stability of the Belgian kingdom was a source of comfort to the queen and the prince. "Belgium," the queen wrote to King Leopold, "is a bright star in the midst of dark clouds. It makes us all very happy:—"

It is easy to conceive how welcome to the queen and prince was the assurance that one kingdom had remained unshaken amid the general upheaval, and that the kingdom of one who was endeared to them by so many ties. What they had endured since the outburst of the revolutionary tempest in Paris will be best shown by a few words from a letter of her Majesty on the 6th of March to Baron Stockmar: "I am quite well—indeed particularly so, though God knows we have had since the 25th enough for a whole life,—anxiety, sorrow, excitement, in short, I feel as if we had jumped over thirty years' experience at once.

The whole face of Europe is changed, and I feel as if I lived in a dream."

Besides the anxieties, specially due to their position, which were occasioned to the queen and prince by the course of public events abroad, they had to suffer much from natural sympathy with their relatives, to whom these events had brought misery and disaster. As one by one the members of the French royal family arrived to claim their sheltering kindness, the terrible contrast to the circumstances under which an affectionate intimacy with them had grown up could not fail to excite deep emotion. "You know," writes the queen, in the letter to Baron Stockmar just cited, "my love for the family; you know how I longed to get on better terms with them . . . and you said, 'Time will alone, but will certainly bring it about.' Little did I dream that this would be the way we should meet again, and see each other all in the most friendly way. That the Duchess de Montpensier, about whom we have been quarrelling for the last year and a half, should be here as a fugitive, and dressed in the clothes I sent her, and should come to thank *me* for *my kindness*, is a reverse of fortune which no novelist would devise, and upon which one could moralize forever."

The habit of unreasonable suspicion, so often attributed to French republicans, is not, we are ashamed to own, peculiar to our neighbors. The following passage is but one of many similar references in the course of this volume to the base insinuations whispered in society, and more or less coarsely suggested at public meetings, and even in respectable journals representing more than one party in the State, and credited with some sort of inspiration from politicians of the rank of statesmen, with which our royal house was assailed. That robustness of which Englishmen are so proud is apt to bear an unpleasant resemblance to brutality, and there is a certain acridity in British humor which occasionally seeks a relief from dulness in the excitement of slander for slander's sake, and not, as in France, for the sake of a bitter epigram. Prince Albert endured all this idle and ignorant malice with perfect equanimity, and when a joke against himself was obviously without malice, he enjoyed it.

There were some who were disposed to infer from the personal kindness shown by the queen and prince to the Orleans family, that the establishment of a republic in France was regarded at our court with active hostility. Speaking on the 28th of February, Lord John Russell had anticipated such mistaken surmises by stating, that while it was not the intention of the government to interfere in any way whatever with any settlement France might think proper to make with respect to

her own government, he did not believe "England would refuse to perform any of those sacred duties of hospitality which she has performed at all times to the vanquished whoever they were, whether of extreme royalist opinions, of moderate opinions, or of extreme liberal opinions. Those duties of hospitality," he added, amid the cheers of the House, "have made this country the asylum for the unfortunate, and I for one will never consent that we should neglect them." But even the jealous suspicions of the French provisional government, which took the shape, a few days afterwards, of an official complaint on account of the kindness shown in England to the ex-royal family, might have been quieted, could they have known in what terms the queen had written to King Leopold on the 1st of March, three days before Louis Philippe reached the English coast.

About the king and queen we still know nothing. . . . We do everything we can for the poor family, who are indeed sorely to be pitied. But you will naturally understand that we cannot make *cause commune* with them, and cannot take a hostile position to the new state of things in France. We leave them alone; but if a government which has the approbation of the country be formed, we shall feel it necessary to recognize it in order to pin them down to maintain peace and the existing treaties, which is of the greatest importance. It will not be pleasant to do this, but the public good and the peace of Europe go before one's personal feelings.

The attention of readers of this volume will doubtless be arrested by the chapters concerning Lord Palmerston's removal from office after the *coup d'état*; the International Exhibition of 1851, of which the conception, the design, and the execution were worked out by the prince in the face of difficulties which would have paralyzed a weaker will; the preliminaries of the Crimean war, the question of the commandership-in-chief of the army and the development of the national defences, and the position of the prince himself as the nearest counsellor of the crown. Besides these salient topics, there are the deliberate opinions of the prince on such still burning questions as Church government and discipline; on the position of the bishops in the House of Lords; on the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, recorded from time to time in those memoranda, in which it was the prince's habit to sum up in a few terse, closely-reasoned sentences, for the consideration of the responsible ministers of the crown, his own careful conclusions on all the most important questions of the hour, and on those cases of policy which were ripening for decision in the councils of the State. We are

persuaded that every reader will be struck, as we have been, by the maturity of wisdom and the calm vigor of expression which distinguish every one of these remarkable documents, and give them quite a monumental value now that their author has passed away. Some faint idea of the public work accomplished by the prince may be gathered from the fact related, on the authority of Lord Palmerston, in a letter (10th June, 1849) from Lord John Russell to the prince, that during the year 1848 no less than twenty-eight thousand despatches were received or sent out at the Foreign Office. "These twenty-eight thousand despatches in the year," the prince says, in his reply, "Lord Palmerston must recollect come to you and to the queen, as well as to himself." Those who entertain the notion that the head of the state has no duties to fulfil, or business to transact more laborious than signing a name, or presiding over court festivities and state ceremonies, will be shocked by this discovery.

With regard to the affair of Lord Palmerston's removal from the Foreign Office, in the chapter which deals with this subject, Mr. Martin has justified the fulness and particularity with which he has treated a painful episode. Among the felicities of Lord Palmerston's career, no one who desires to cultivate as they deserve the memory and renown of that statesman's services would be disposed to reckon the busy band of flatterers and partisans, who served as camp-followers among his troops of friends while he lived, or the more disinterested, but not more discreet or more excusable, panegyrists who have thought to minister to his glory by indiscreet and inexact representations of facts which will not bear the light of an impartial scrutiny. Like many greater men, he had faults and failings, which were often only exaggerations and perversions of his better qualities; but to paint them in heroic colors, as if waywardness were independence of character, and arrogant self-will an impatient and intrepid patriotism, is but a sorry tribute of respect to a well-earned fame.

Although the enforced resignation of the minister of foreign affairs actually occurred after the *coup d'état* of December 1851, and was among the minor consequences of that event, it dates, at least in its antecedents, from the debates in Parliament in March, 1848, on the foreign minister's despatch to the minister at Madrid, urging the queen of Spain to take warning by the expulsion of the Orleans dynasty from France, and to strengthen

her executive government by widening its bases, and calling the men on whom the Liberal party had confidence to her councils. The effect of this despatch was as striking as Lord Palmerston could have expected, but hardly so satisfactory as he might have desired. The British minister received his passports, with a peremptory order to quit the kingdom within forty-eight hours. The House of Commons was not likely in such a case to accept the humiliation by acknowledging that it was deserved; but the foreign secretary's despatch was condemned by all save a few personal partisans, and by none more emphatically than by Sir Robert Peel, whose last words in Parliament two years after were a solemn and eloquent protest against Lord Palmerston's treatment of the case of the notorious Don Pacifico, when he sent a whole British fleet to back the extortionate demands of that enterprising Jew of Gibraltar, and narrowly escaped a rupture with France and Russia, by bringing into contempt the friendly mediation of the former of those co-protectors of the Hellenic kingdom, and ignoring the latter altogether. On both these occasions Lord Palmerston escaped the censure of the House of Commons by the aid of a party majority, and was condemned by the honest and independent opinion of the country.

In the letters to his brother, which have been published by his biographer, Lord Palmerston describes the attack upon his policy in the Pacifico affair by the most eminent statesmen of both parties in Parliament, as "a shot fired by a foreign conspiracy, aided and abetted by a domestic intrigue." Such, too, was the language of his advocates in the press; and, after a lapse of a quarter of a century, his biographer accepts and adopts the extravagant absurdity as an historical revelation. Mr. Martin's authoritative statement of the whole case is supported by the testimony of documents of unimpeachable authenticity, showing, amongst other things, that in April, 1850, Lord John Russell had communicated to the queen his determination "no longer to remain in office with Lord Palmerston as foreign secretary;" and had only been prevented from carrying this resolution into effect by the duty of standing by a colleague, and maintaining the constitutional principle of the responsibility of the whole cabinet, when the policy of a single minister was impugned in Parliament.

The despatch of the 16th December, 1851, was only the last of many similar indiscretions. In his letter, announcing the

painful conclusion "that the conduct of foreign affairs can no longer be left in your hands with advantage to the country," Lord John Russell, while expressing his concurrence in the foreign policy of which Lord Palmerston had been the adviser, and his admiration of the energy and ability with which it had been carried into effect, complained of the "misunderstandings perpetually renewed, and violations of prudence and decorum too frequently repeated," which had "marred the effect of that policy." Lord Palmerston's apology for the conversation with Count Walewski respecting the *coup d'état*, and for sending the despatch to Lord Normanby which had never been seen nor sanctioned by the queen, was that the conversation was unofficial, and the despatch a mere answer to a question which regarded himself personally. Nothing then remained but to submit the whole correspondence to the queen, and to ask her Majesty to appoint a successor to Lord Palmerston in the Foreign Office. After a careful and attentive perusal of the correspondence, the queen signified her acceptance of Lord Palmerston's resignation. The following letter from the prince to Lord John Russell disposes of the ridiculous insinuations to which we have referred:—

Windsor Castle, 20th December, 1851.

MY DEAR LORD JOHN.—You will readily imagine, that the news of the sudden termination of your difference with Lord Palmerston has taken us much by surprise, as we were wont to see such differences terminate in his carrying his points, and leaving the defence of them to his colleagues, and the discredit to the queen.

It was quite clear to the queen, that we were entering upon most dangerous times, in which military despotism and red republicanism will for some time be the only powers on the Continent, to both of which the constitutional monarchy of England will be equally hateful. That the calm influence of our institutions, however, should succeed in assuaging the contest abroad must be the anxious wish of every Englishman, and of every friend of liberty and progressive civilization. This influence has been rendered null by Lord Palmerston's personal manner of conducting the foreign affairs, and by the universal hatred which he has excited on the Continent. That you could hope to control him has long been doubted by us, and its impossibility is clearly proved by the last proceedings. I can therefore only congratulate you, that the opportunity of the rupture should have been one in which all the right is on your side.

The distinction which Lord Palmerston tries to establish between his personal and his official acts is perfectly untenable. However

much you may attempt such a distinction in theory, in practice it becomes impossible. Moreover, if the expression of an opinion is in harmony with the line of policy of a government, it may be given officially; if differing, it must mislead, as it derives its importance only as coming from the minister, and not from the private individual.

The Cabinet condemned Lord Palmerston without a dissentient voice, and the course taken by the prime minister was distinctly approved by both Lord Lansdowne and the Duke of Wellington. A noteworthy incident in this disagreeable affair is the letter from Baron Brunnow, the Russian ambassador, to Lord John Russell, offering him his public assurance that the change in the Foreign Office had nothing to do with any representations of foreign diplomatists. This officious communication was, of course, courteously acknowledged by the prime minister; but her Majesty, who, as Mr. Martin remarks, was under no such obligation of official courtesy, "gave expression in the following terms to the feeling which the assumption on which the baron's letter was based might have been expected to arouse:—"

Baron Brunnow's letter is in fact very presuming, as it insinuates the possibility of changes of government in this country taking place at the instigation of foreign ministers, and the queen is glad that Lord John gave him a dignified answer.

When Parliament met on the 3rd of February, 1852, Lord John Russell stated at length the reasons which had "made it impossible for him to act any longer with his noble friend in that situation in which he had shown such distinguished ability," and took occasion to read the queen's memorandum of the 12th of August, 1850. The effect was overwhelming, and the long vindication which Lord Palmerston had prepared was, as he himself afterwards avowed to one of his supporters, "all upset." His biographer describes the reading of the queen's memorandum as an unfair surprise. It was so little a surprise, that Lord John Russell had given notice to Lord Palmerston of his intention to read it; but, "somehow," said Lord Palmerston afterwards, on accounting for his failure, "I did not believe it." Although his impetuous friends in society and in the public journals broadly hinted at the time that the prince consort had been the chief instrument of his fall, "in after years no man spoke more warmly of the prince, or was readier to acknowledge his services to the country." In proof of this Mr. Martin prints a letter addressed to himself

by Colonel Kemeys Tynte, formerly member for Bridgewater, and an intimate personal friend of Lord Palmerston's:—

Shortly after the return of her Majesty and his Royal Highness from their visit to the emperor and empress of the French [in August, 1855], I called one morning upon Lord Palmerston at Cambridge House. I congratulated him upon the, in every respect, very successful visit of her Majesty and the prince to France, remarking, "what an extraordinary man the emperor was." "Yes," replied Lord Palmerston, "he is, but we have a far greater and more extraordinary man nearer home." Lord Palmerston paused, and I said, "The prince consort?" "Certainly," he replied. "The prince would not consider it right to have obtained a throne as the emperor has done; but in regard to the possession of the soundest judgment, the highest intellect, and the most exalted qualities of mind, he is far superior to the emperor. Till my present position"—he was then premier—"gave me so many opportunities of seeing his Royal Highness, I had no idea of his possessing such eminent qualities as he has, and how fortunate it has been for the country that the queen married such a prince." These are as nearly as possible Lord Palmerston's words, which made a deep impression upon me.

After reading this we cannot but agree with Mr. Martin that "it is hard to believe that Lord Palmerston would have wished the letter to his brother of the 22nd January, 1852, attributing his removal from the Foreign Office to the hostile intrigues of the Orleans family, and to the poisoning of the minds of the queen and prince against him by the emissaries of certain Continental powers, to appear as embodying his final convictions."

We have noted this affair the more attentively, because it has been so persistently misrepresented, and is now finally made clear beyond dispute. But we gladly turn to other and pleasanter passages of the prince's manifold experience of public life in England. Nothing escaped his indefatigable activity, and one never ceases to be astonished at the vast amount and variety of work he was able to press into his days.

He held it [says his biographer] to be one of the duties of the sovereign, whose other self he was, that she should be, if possible, the best-informed person in her dominions as to the progress of political events and the current of political opinion at home and abroad. That our Constitution demands a passive indifference on the part of the sovereign to the march of political events, was in his view a gross misconception. "Nowhere," he states in a private memorandum, written in 1852, "would such indifference be more condemned and

justly despised than in England." "Why," he continues, "are princes alone to be denied the credit of having political opinions, based upon an anxiety for the national interests, their country's honor, and the welfare of mankind? Are they not more independently placed than any other politician in the State? Are their interests not most intimately bound up with those of their country? Is the sovereign not the natural guardian of the honor of the country? Is he not necessarily a politician?" Ministers change, and when they go out of office lose the means of access to the best information which they had formerly at command. The sovereign remains, and to him this information is always open. The most patriotic minister has to think of his party. His judgment, therefore, is often considerably warped by party considerations. Not so the constitutional sovereign, who is exposed to no such disturbing agency. As the permanent head of the nation, he has only to consider what is best for its welfare and its honor; and his accumulated knowledge and experience, and his calm and practised judgment, are always available in council to the ministry for the time without distinction of party.

The extent and accuracy of the prince's information on every subject of political importance impressed all with whom he came in contact. Ministers of state found him as familiar as themselves with the facts immediately connected with the working of their own departments. Ambassadors returning from their legations were struck to find how completely he had at command every significant detail of what had happened within the sphere of their special observation. Diplomats proceeding for the first time to some foreign court learned, in an interview with the prince, not merely the exact state of affairs which they would find awaiting them, but very frequently had the characters of the sovereigns and statesmen with whom they would have to deal sketched for them with a clearness and precision which they afterwards found of the utmost practical service.

This mastery of details could only be gained by great and systematic labor, in itself quite sufficient to absorb the energies of a busy man. But to the claims of politics had to be added those, which science and art, and questions of social improvement, were constantly forcing upon the prince's attention. An extensive correspondence also took up much time, and thus a comparatively small portion of every day was left for that domestic and social intercourse for which the prince was, by his quick observation and natural brightness of spirits, peculiarly fitted, and in which he delighted to throw off for the time the weight of graver cares. He was habitually an early riser. Even in winter he would be up by seven, and dispose of a great deal of work before breakfast by the light of the green German lamp, the original of which he had brought over with him, and which has since become so familiar

an object in our English homes. The queen shared his early habits; but before her Majesty joined him in the sitting-room, where their writing-tables stood always side by side, much had, as a rule, been prepared for her consideration,—much done to lighten the pressure of those labors, both of head and hand, which are inseparable from the discharge of the sovereign's duties.

We catch a pleasant glimpse of the prince "stealing" a quiet moment in the early morning, before the world was astir, to write a message of affection to the old home. In the midst of all his labors and anxieties, the playful humor and affectionate disposition peep out in his private letters. With Baron Stockmar, his correspondence touches graver matters; and what strikes us as the charm of his relations with that wise old mentor, who was always astride on a maxim, or mounted on a principle, is the tone of loving, deferential trust, and almost filial reverence, which inspires the continual appeals for counsel and direction.

Among the sharpest public and personal sorrows of the prince in those years was the death of Sir Robert Peel, with whom he had been closely associated on the commission of the International Exhibition, and whose character, as a member and as a statesman in or out of office, he had learned to hold in the highest admiration. This strong regard was fully reciprocated; and it was at the prince's own request, after Sir Robert had left office, and abandoned all expectation of returning to power, that the cordial relations which official intercourse had created were continued and confirmed. It is evident that Sir Robert was a man and a statesman after his prince's own heart; the dignity and moderation of his foreign policy, the enlightened liberality of his administration at home, the magnanimity of that self-sacrifice with which he had finally renounced all but the ambition of serving his country for no other reward than the testimony of his own conscience—these were qualities and acts which the prince's nature could appreciate. The loss of such a counsellor was felt by the queen and the prince to be irreparable, and it was mourned for as the loss of an inestimable friend. It is easy to understand the affinity between two noble natures, and it may be that the prince's sympathy with the fallen leader of a great party was deepened by his own experience of obloquy and misrepresentation silently endured.

Perhaps the culminating satisfaction of the prince's most cherished ideas and as-

pirations was the success of the long-meditated project of the International Exhibition. The realization of that marvellous enterprise was a triumph of those qualities in which the prince excelled—patience, perseverance, largeness and generosity of purpose, fulness and variety of general knowledge combined with an extraordinary grasp of details, a lofty ideal tempered and restrained by practical good sense. It was a scheme beset by all manner of difficulties from its novelty, its boldness, and its strangeness to English eyes. The prince could well afford to laugh at the vulgar prejudices which found vent in eccentric and facetious public speeches and in the columns of influential newspapers. But to overcome the objections of “society” to the temporary appropriation of a portion of Hyde Park, to secure a guarantee fund for an expenditure that scarcely admitted of calculation, and was to be covered by problematical receipts, to decide upon the structure, and to obtain the support of foreign nations and governments, and of the commercial and industrial community at home, to a project as it seemed, not immediately or directly profitable to exhibitors, at a time when the employers of industry had scarcely recovered from the shocks of a revolutionary and a financial crisis, surely all this was enough to daunt the strongest purpose. It may well be imagined how, when the prince stood under the radiant arch of glass before the queen, on that bright May day, to present the report of the royal commissioners, in the presence of the immense multitude of all nations and tongues, and of the collected treasures of the old world and the new, he may have been conscious of but one misgiving in the midst of that magnificent assemblage.

For, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

The queen describes that opening day as the proudest and happiest of her life, and loses no opportunity of indulging her enthusiasm for that prodigious peaceful victory achieved by the prince consort. To the prince himself, overwhelmed as he was by the cares and labors which it entailed upon him, the exhibition was a source of the purest intellectual and moral pleasure from first to last; and upon the closing, as upon the opening, day his happiness at the fulfilment of what was once a dream was expressed in words of gratitude and thanksgiving to the Providence

which had permitted and protected such a festival of concord and good-will. The idea of such an enterprise might have been borrowed from Germany or France; but the prince had secured for England the glory of initiating a new epoch in the history of modern civilization. Nor were the fruits of the enterprise all gathered when the palace, which had risen “like an exhalation,” disappeared more rapidly than it rose. At home and abroad it has borne ample fruit, if it has disappointed the visionary promises of universal pacification which its founder, if too generous to discourage, was too wise to entertain. The disposal of the surplus fund in the hands of the commissioners was the subject of a memorandum by the prince (it is given in the appendix to this volume), suggesting a scheme which has been as yet only partially accomplished by the South Kensington Museum, with its dependencies, so long the subject of ridicule and suspicion, and now acknowledged as one of the most remarkable institutions of our time, and a lasting honor to the country. No doubt the prince’s scheme will be fulfilled sooner or later; meanwhile the story of the Exhibition of 1851, as it is told by Mr. Martin, will add, if that be possible, another to the prince’s titles to national affection and esteem. Never was his devotion to the national interests more signally manifested, or a public responsibility accepted and discharged with a severer or more sensitive conscientiousness, or a more exact and scrupulous fidelity.

It would take a volume, rather than an article, to dwell, as we should like to dwell, on the lessons and examples which are taught by every page of this biography. We are continually impressed with the fact that the prince had anticipated and sketched out five-and-twenty years ago what are at the present date the last conclusions of statesmanship, whether upon questions of foreign or of domestic policy. Take, for instance, his scheme for the enlargement of the course of studies at the university of Cambridge. It required consummate tact and discretion on the part of the chancellor of that university to conciliate the favor and conquer the objections of a body constitutionally jealous of innovations, and proud of standing from generation to generation upon the ancient ways. Cambridge was won over to reform, and her sister university has not lagged too far behind. Or take the question of Church government and discipline, of the position and duty of the bishops in the legislature, of the Irish university,

and the problem of national education in a Catholic country; of sanitary reform and the utilization of sewage; of provident and friendly societies; of the improvement of the homes of the poor; of the creation of an army reserve. Upon all these questions the prince was not only in advance of his own time, but of many a later day.

His memorandum on the Church crisis was written during the excitement of the "papal aggression." That excitement, by-the-bye, was certainly not shared by the queen and the prince consort, if we may judge by the following extract from a private letter:—

I would never [her Majesty writes] have consented to say anything which breathed a spirit of intolerance. Sincerely Protestant as I always have been and always shall be, and indignant as I am at those who call themselves Protestants, while they are in fact quite the contrary, I much regret the unchristian and intolerant spirit exhibited by many people at the public meetings. I cannot bear to hear the violent abuse of the Catholic religion, which is so painful and so cruel towards the many good and innocent Roman Catholics. However, we must hope and trust this excitement will soon cease, and that the wholesome effect of it upon our own Church will be lasting.

The prince's "memorandum" deserves careful attention, but we can only find room for the concluding paragraphs:—

Let us apply these considerations to the present crisis. We have intense excitement and animosity of parties, and the most heterogeneous elements, views, and interests, joining in the outcry against the pope, and particularly against the Puseyites. There will be no want of proposals in the next session of Parliament for special measures of detail; assembling of the Convocation; alteration of the rubric; change of the Thirty-nine Articles; removal of the bishops from the House of Lords; increase of the bishops; alteration of tithes; separation of Church and State, etc., etc. And it is very likely that the fire of indignation against the Romanizers will spend itself, and the end be general discontent and a weakening of the Church.

If this is not to be the inevitable consequence of the present movement, those who mean to lead it ought to be content with the assertion of some intelligible and sound principle, and should endeavor to find some proper formula for expressing it.

The *principle* will easily be found if the *common cause* of discontent, which has occasioned the *excitement*, has been ascertained.

If strictly analysed, this cause appears to be *the introduction of Romish doctrines and practices by the clergy of England, contrary to the will and feelings of the Protestant congregations,*

under the assumption that the clergy alone had any authority in Church matters.

If this be the fundamental evil, against this ought the remedial principle to be directed—and this principle might thus be expressed:—

That the laity have an equal share of authority in the Church with the clergy.

That no alteration in the form of divine service shall therefore be made by the clergy without the formal consent of the laity.

Nor any interpretation given of articles of faith without their concurrence.

When in 1850 the Duke of Wellington proposed to facilitate by certain departmental changes the future assumption by the prince consort of the command of the army, the prince explained his motives for declining it. The duke was convinced by reasons which had not occurred to him, looking at the question from another point of view, and Lord John Russell and Sir Robert Peel equally concurred in the prince's objections. It is not very pleasing to remember that club politicians were imputing to the prince something like an intrigue to obtain the post, at the time when he was writing to the duke the letter published by Mr. Martin, which reflects such honor upon his judgment.

A few lines quoted by Mr. Martin from a reply of the prince's to Baron Stockmar, written shortly after the death of the Duke of Wellington, suffice to mark the uprightness of the man who was content, says Mr. Martin, "to sacrifice all personal ambition, and to have his best efforts ignored, or even misunderstood, so that only they strengthened the monarchy and raised the prestige of England."

Windsor Castle, 15th October, 1852.

... Your appeal to me to replace the duke for the country and the world shall stimulate me to fresh zeal in the fulfilment of my duties. The position of being merely the wife's husband is, in the eyes of the public, naturally an unfavorable one, inasmuch as it presupposes *inferiority*, and makes it necessary to demonstrate, which can only be done by deeds, that no such inferiority exists. Now *silent* influence is precisely that which operates the greatest and widest good, and therefore much time must elapse before the value of that influence is recognized by those who can take cognizance of it, while by the mass of mankind it can scarcely be understood at all. I must content myself with the fact that constitutional monarchy marches unassailably on its beneficent course, and that the country prospers and makes progress.

The constitutional position of the prince consort was more elaborately discussed in January 1854, in consequence of the incessant and virulent attacks of a certain sec-

tion of the press. So outrageous and persistent was the malignity of the assailants, that the present biographer has been compelled to devote an entire chapter to the subject. The Eastern question, which in those days had arisen from a dispute between the protectors of the Latin and the Greek Church about the keys of the holy Places at Jerusalem, had gathered fast and far, and was now overspreading the horizon like a fiery cloud. A Russian army had crossed the Pruth, the Porte had answered the challenge by a declaration of war; Prince Menschikoff's threatening mission to Constantinople had come and gone, and the last negotiations of the British cabinet to avert the impending storm had been torn to shreds by the destruction of the Turkish squadron in the bay of Sinope. At home the war-fever was at its highest; the lassitude of a long peace, the busy hum of preparation in the dockyards and arsenals, the spectacle of a naval review at Spithead and of a camp at Chobham, had thoroughly aroused the pugnacity of a nation which, in spite of all its shopkeeping instincts and aptitudes, dearly loves a fight. Russia had insisted, in the form of an ultimatum, on a convention with the Porte, virtually creating in her own behalf an exclusive protectorate over the Christians of the Eastern Church, and annihilating by a stroke of the pen their allegiance to the sultan. The policy of our government at this conjuncture is lucidly described by Mr. Martin; and the letters of the prince consort to Baron Stockmar have a strange effect upon the reader who remembers how freely he was charged by ingenious gossip with Russian sympathies.

On the 27th of September, 1853, the prince had written:—

Balmoral, 27th September, 1853.

But how now to avoid an European war? For only with the most *dishonorable* cowardice on the part of the powers could the demands be conceded by them which are now set up. Austria, indeed, is capable of this moral degradation, and an imperial visit, with orders, etc., can do much; but we, I trust, will never sink so low. I cannot disguise from you, that the course of the whole affair has done Aberdeen infinite injury with the public, and the outcry against him and Clarendon will soon become loud, *unjustly* so; but the mass of mankind judges only after the event. . . . He is quite right, and is to be honored and applauded, for maintaining, as he does, that we must deal with our enemies as *honorable* men, and deal honorably towards them; but that is no reason why we should think *they are so in*

fact; this is what he does, and maintains it is right to do.

The worst symptom of all is the danger to which Turkish fanaticism has already given rise in Constantinople. Our fleet is under orders to run in there, should the lives of the Christian population or of the sultan himself be in danger; and four ships have accordingly sailed for the Bosphorus. The greater the tumult, the better are the Russians pleased.

The violent manifesto of the emperor Nicholas to his subjects appeared a few days later, and at the same time "the emperor addressed an autograph letter to our queen."

This letter was at once submitted by the queen to Lord Clarendon for his and Lord Aberdeen's perusal, and opinion as to the answer to be returned. When this had been obtained, her Majesty replied on the 14th of November. The following passage, which alone it is necessary to translate from the original French, answered the appeal in very explicit terms:—

"Being heartily anxious, Sire, to discover what could have produced this painful misunderstanding, my attention has been naturally drawn to Article 7 of the Treaty of Kainardji; and I am bound to state to your Majesty that, having consulted the persons here best qualified to form a judgment upon the meaning to be attached to this Article, and after having read and re-read it myself, with the most sincere desire to be impartial, I have arrived at the conviction, that this Article was not susceptible of the extended meaning which it has been sought to attach to it. All your Majesty's friends, like myself, feel assured that you would not have abused the power which would on such a construction have been accorded to you: but a demand of this kind could hardly be conceded by a sovereign who valued his own independence.

"Moreover, I will not conceal from your Majesty the painful impression produced upon me by the occupation of the Principalities. For the last four months this has caused a general commotion in Europe, and is calculated to lead to ulterior events, which I should deplore in common with your Majesty. But as I know that your Majesty's intentions towards the Porte are friendly and disinterested, I have every confidence that you will find means to give expression and effect to them, so as to avert those grave dangers, which, I assure you, all my efforts will be directed to prevent. The impartial attention, with which I have followed the causes, that up to this time have led to the failure of all attempts at conciliation, leaves me with the firm conviction, that there exists no real obstacle which cannot be removed, or promptly surmounted with your Majesty's assistance."

Her Majesty's letter was of course submitted to Lords Aberdeen and Clarendon before being despatched, and was by them

"thought excellent." It was known in St. Petersburg that a letter had been written to the queen of England. Nor was it long before our ambassador there heard how much the emperor had been mortified by the tenor of the reply. He regretted "that he had not followed Nesselrode's advice and kept clear of politics in his letter, for the queen had in fact gone heart and soul with her ministry." Count Nesselrode was very anxious to learn from our ambassador, if he knew the contents of the queen's reply. To him, as well as to his other informant, Sir Hamilton Seymour could only answer that he did not. "These correspondences," he added, "between sovereigns are not regular according to our constitutional notions; but all I can say is, that if her Majesty were called upon to write upon the Eastern affairs, she would not require her ministers' assistance. The queen understands all these questions as well as they do."

The day after this reply was sent off (15th November), the prince wrote to Baron Stockmar from Windsor Castle:—

The Eastern complication becomes every day more dangerous, and the chances grow less and less of escape from a European war. Still all our energies will be directed to this object. . . . We had made some way, when the new manifesto of the emperor, full of insolence and falsehood, threw us back where we were; it was the same before Olmütz, with Nesselrode's *note explicative*. In short, every document from the Russian chancery has proved to be Russia's worst enemy.

The emperor has written to Victoria with an exposition of his case, has again talked of his word of honor, and on this ground besought her, "*de juger entre lui et le gouvernement anglais*." Victoria has sat in judgment, but her judgment must be against her imperial brother, and I hope in a way to make him feel that some amends to honor are still due.

By way of interlude to these troubles in the East, a ministerial crisis—occasioned, not by the Eastern question, but by a proposal of Lord Aberdeen's to vacate the premiership in favor of Lord John Russell, and by the expressed determination of Lord Palmerston never again to serve under the colleague who had dismissed him from the Foreign Office—had almost shattered the coalition cabinet. It was not the burning question of Russian ambition, but the wrath of Achilles, and his opposition to the project of a reform bill which Lord Russell would fain have brought forward in the paternal capacity of prime minister, that provoked this outbreak of hostilities in Downing Street on the 16th of December. Lord Palmerston had suddenly resigned, and some public instructors discovered in the almost simultaneous occurrence of the minister's resignation

and the disaster at Sinope, the shadow of a sinister influence behind the throne. Ten days later, however, Lord Palmerston was back again in office, and the prince humorously depicts the angry bewilderment of a credulous public at these ministerial manœuvres:—

The defeat at Sinope has made the people quite furious; treachery is the cry, and, guided by a friendly hand, the whole press has for the last week made "a dead-set at the prince" (as the English slang phrase goes). My unconstitutional position, correspondence with foreign courts, dislike to Palmerston, relationship to the Orleans family, interference with the army, etc., are depicted as the causes of the decline of the State, the Constitution, and the nation, and indeed the stupidest trash is babbled to the public, so stupid that (as they say in Coburg) you would not give it to the pigs to litter in.

Now Palmerston is again in his seat, and all is quiet. The best of the joke is, because he went out the Opposition journals extolled him to the skies, in order to damage the ministry, and now the ministerial journals have to do so, in order to justify the reconciliation (?) . . . I fear the whole affair will damage the ministry seriously. Palmerston gulps down, it is true, all his objections to the Reform Bill, (which is to be altered in none of its essentials), but he will lead the world to believe that it is to *him* concessions have been made.

Meanwhile, we are getting nearer and nearer war, and I entertain little hope of its being averted. The emperor of Russia is manifestly quite mad. We shall now be compelled to take possession of the Black Sea, so as to prevent further disasters like that of Sinope, and he may very well regard this as a war measure, and himself declare war; or it may be brought on any day by the fleets coming into collision. God be merciful to the world, if it come to this! . . .

The prince bore up under this tempest of abuse with the calmness of a conscience at ease, if not with an unwounded heart. Such imputations, says his biographer, although he might despise them, were especially painful to him after all he had done to win the confidence of this country.

To Baron Stockmar the prince wrote:—

Physically we are all well, except a catarrh on my part. Morally, in this new year, as in the old, we have a world of torment.

The attacks upon me continue with uninterrupted violence, only with this difference, that the Radical press has given them up, and the Protectionist papers now vie with each other in the unscrupulous falsehoods and vehemence with which they persevere in them. There is no kind of treason to the country of which I have not been guilty. All this must be borne tranquilly until the meeting of Parliament on the 31st, when Aberdeen and

John Russell are prepared to undertake my defence.

Again, on the 11th of January, he writes :—

I will write you only one word about the unceasing attacks upon me in the press here, which have really reached an incredible height. I do this in no spirit of petty complaint over what I am quite able to bear calmly and in reliance on my good conscience, but only to keep you *au courant*.

Parliament meets on the 31st, and till then not the least notice will be taken of all that has been said ; but it will then come in all probability to an *éclaircissement*, should those who stab in the dark not be afraid of an open conflict. My health is tolerable ; I am somewhat teased with rheumatic pains in the shoulder and with catarrh.

To Lord Aberdeen the queen wrote :—

In attacking the prince [she wrote, 4th January, 1854, to Lord Aberdeen], who is one and the same with the queen herself, the throne is assailed ; and she must say, she little expected that any portion of her subjects would thus requite the unceasing labors of the prince.

Baron Stockmar, in a letter which Mr. Martin correctly describes as an “essay,” examines curiously this morbid condition of the public mind, and brings all the wisdom of his long experience to bear upon the investigation of the causes of such attacks upon the prince. This “essay” is nothing less than a complete manual of political philosophy and constitutional doctrine. The functions of the sovereign, the relations between the crown and the responsible ministers, and of the three estates, are expounded by him with unerring acuteness of insight. With regard to the special case to which his attention had been called, he states his opinion with characteristic distinctness and sincerity. The baron concludes :—

Now as to the accusations which have been raised in the press against the prince, they amount *after separating calumny from truth*, to no more than this — “that the prince has acted and now acts as the queen’s private secretary.” The ministers have therefore to point out, that all that is true in the accusation is, that the prince acts as the queen’s private secretary, and that all else is simply calumnious. Then the right of the queen to appoint as her private secretary whomsoever she chooses will have to be explained and vindicated ; and finally it has to be shown that the queen could select no better private secretary, or one who by his position offers more moral guarantees, than her husband, the father of the heir to the throne, and the regent appointed by law in the event of a minority.

If, however, over and above the moral guarantees, constitutional guarantees be demanded from *this* private secretary, then these two are secured by the fact, that the prince has taken the oaths as a privy councillor. For if this circumstance suffice, in the judgment of the most competent jurists, to give Lord John Russell the character of responsible adviser of the crown, and to justify the leadership of the Lower House, then it must also extend to qualify the prince for the post of private secretary.

Finally, if the ministers have a mind also to expose the wickedness and folly of the charges, they can easily do so, by pointing to the fact *that nature existed before the constitution*. They will on this head ask people to consider, whether a princess, who makes light of the duties of wife and mother can be a good queen ; and whether, therefore, it is just and equitable to expect of the queen, that she should depose her husband from the position he is entitled to as such, and place him in one *which must be fatal to the intimate confidentiality of the married state*.

Perhaps it may be added, that from none would such a demand have less been looked for than from the English. For if the confidentiality of husband and wife is carried so far among them — as I had occasion to learn when the last ministry was formed, and told Lord Aberdeen at the time — that the deliberations of the husband with the wife on important affairs of state modify the expressed opinions of the *husband*, surely it is not by these same Englishmen that the wife will be reproached for invoking the advice and assistance of her husband in the conduct of her affairs.

“In this remarkable letter,” Mr. Martin truly observes, “the deepest student of our political history will find much to learn and profit by,” and yet the writer was one of those foreign advisers of whose counsels Englishmen had been warned to beware. The prince’s reply is equally vigorous and keen in its dissection of the popular prejudices and misunderstandings. After dealing with the higher sections of society, the prince proceeds as follows :—

Now, however, I come to that important substratum of the people on which these calumnies were certain to have a great effect. A very considerable section of the nation had never given itself the trouble to consider what really is the position of a queen regnant. When I first came over here I was met by this want of knowledge and unwillingness to give a thought to the position of this luckless personage. Peel cut down my income, Wellington refused me my rank, the royal family cried out against the foreign interloper, the Whigs in office were only inclined to concede to me just as much space as I could stand upon. The Constitution is silent as to the consort of the queen ; even Blackstone ignores him, and

yet there he was, and not to be done without. As I have kept quiet and caused no scandal, and all went well, no one has troubled himself about me and my doings; and any one who wished to pay me a compliment at a public dinner or meeting, extolled my "wise abstinence from interfering in political matters." Now when the present journalistic controversies have brought to light the fact that I have for years taken an active interest in all political matters, the public, instead of feeling surprise at my reserve, and the tact with which I have avoided thrusting myself forward, fancied itself betrayed, because it felt it had been self-deceived. It has also rushed all at once into a belief in secret correspondence with foreign courts, intrigues, etc.; for all this is much more palpable than that thirty millions of men in the course of fourteen years should not have discovered that an important personage had during all that time taken a part in their government. If *that* could be concealed, then all kinds of secret conspiracy are possible, and the Coburg conspiracy is proved to demonstration.

Beyond this stage of knowledge, which was certain sooner or later to be reached, we shall, however, soon have passed; and even now there is a swarm of letters, articles, and pamphlets, to prove that the husband of the queen, as such, and as privy councillor, not only may, but in the general interest must be, an active and responsible adviser of the crown; and I hope the debate in Parliament will confirm this view, and settle it at once and forever.

The recognition of this fact will be of importance, and is alone worth all the hubbub and abuse. I think I may venture to assume that the nation is ashamed of its past thoughtlessness, and has already arrived at a just understanding of my position; but it needed some hard hitting to open their eyes.

When Parliament met on the last day of January, the *éclaircissement* which the prince had patiently waited for was decisive and complete. Lord John Russell and Lord Aberdeen for the Government, Lord Derby and Mr. Walpole for the Opposition, disposed of the calumnies by a simple statement of the facts, and bore earnest testimony to the character and conduct of the prince. "If Mr. Disraeli was silent on this occasion, doubtless it was because he felt that to say more than had been said by Lord John Russell and Mr. Walpole would have been superfluous, for, in a letter written to a friend a few days before, he had said, 'The opportunity which office has afforded me of becoming acquainted with the prince filled me with a sentiment towards him which I may describe, without exaggeration, as one of affection.'"

The queen and the prince lost no time in announcing to their faithful old friend in Germany "the triumphant result of the debates in both houses." "The position," writes the queen, "of my beloved lord and master, has been defined for *once and all*, and his merits have been acknowledged on all sides most duly. . . . We are both well, and I am sure will now recover the necessary strength and equanimity to meet the great difficulties and trials which are before us." "The impression," writes the prince, "has been excellent; and my political status and activity, which up to this time had been silently assumed, have now been asserted in Parliament, and vindicated without a dissentient voice." Indeed, the cruelty and cowardice of insults which could not be, in the prince's exceptional position, resented, and of calumnies which could only be met with the silence of disdain, might have struck any fair and generous mind. But the depth of their ignorant unreasonableness and injustice can only be measured by the documentary evidence which has now been brought to light. "Evil is wrought by want of thought as well as want of heart." The gentle humorist, who embalmed that reflection in his poignant and pathetic verse, was moved by the immense indifference of a populous city, in which, as in a boundless sea, so many wrecks of wasted and abandoned lives go down unregarded, without a hope of rescue. The words have a closer application. How many reputations of public men, eminent in station, and charged with the most momentous responsibilities, have been recklessly pursued with obloquy and vituperation by ready writers and fluent speakers, who had not taken the trouble to sift the quality of the evidence upon which these facile suggestions and these ingenious suspicions were based! And this is how what is called public opinion is manufactured in haste and corrected at leisure; it may be when the victim of the hasty judgment has passed beyond the reach of tardy reparation.

It is impossible to read the following memorandum without being struck by the singular opportuneness of its publication. After the lapse of twenty-three years nothing more or better remains to be said or written — whether by orators charged with the destinies of humanity, or by statesmen entrusted with the interests of the British empire — on this most perplexing of all the questions that vex the peace of the civilized world: —

Memorandum for the Consideration of the Cabinet.

Windsor Castle, 21st October, 1853.

The questions involved in the Oriental dispute, and the motives which have guided and ought to guide the conduct of the European powers, and of England in particular, are so complicated and interwoven, that it is very desirable to separate and define them before we can judge of what will be the right future line of action on our part. When Prince Menschikoff had obtained the concessions which, in our opinion, Russia was entitled to demand, and made new demands not borne out by any treaty, we declared these demands unjust and untenable, and Turkey in the right in refusing compliance with them.

When Russia invaded the Principalities, for the avowed purpose of holding a pledge in hand by which to coerce Turkey into compliance, we declared this an infraction of international law, and an act of unjustifiable aggression upon Turkey, and justifying the latter in going to war. We advised her, however, at the same time to remain at peace. We took upon ourselves the task of obtaining from Russia by our negotiations a diplomatic settlement of the dispute, not involving the concessions which we have said Turkey ought not to make, and securing the evacuation of the Principalities.

These negotiations have hitherto been unattended with success. We have in the mean time sent orders to our fleet to protect and defend the Turkish territory from any Russian attack.

Throughout the transaction, then, we have taken distinctly the part of Turkey as against Russia. The motives which have guided us have been mainly three:—

1. We considered Turkey in the right and Russia in the wrong, and could not see without indignation the unprovoked attempt of a strong power to oppress a weak one.

2. We felt the paramount importance of not allowing Russia to obtain in an underhand way, or by a legal form, a hold over Turkey, which she would not have ventured to seek by open conquest.

3. We were most anxious for the preservation of the peace of Europe, which could not fail to be endangered by open hostilities between Turkey and Russia.

These motives must be pronounced just and laudable, and ought still to guide our conduct. By the order to our fleet, however, to protect the Turkish territory, and by the declaration of war now issued by the Turks, the third and perhaps most important object of our policy has been decidedly placed in jeopardy. In acting as auxiliaries to the Turks we ought to be quite sure that *they* have no object in view *foreign* to our duty and interests; that they do not drive at war whilst we aim at peace; that they do not, instead of merely resisting the attempt of Russia to obtain a protectorate over the Greek population incompatible with their own independence, seek

to obtain themselves the power of imposing a more oppressive rule of two millions of fanatic Mussulmans over twelve millions of Christians; that they do not try to turn the tables upon the weaker power, now that, backed by England and France, they have themselves become the stronger.

There can be little doubt, and it is very natural, that the fanatical party at Constantinople should have such views; but to engage our fleet as an auxiliary force for such purposes would be fighting against our own interests, policy, and feelings.

From this it would result that, if our forces are to be employed for any purpose, however defensive, as an auxiliary to Turkey, we *must insist* upon keeping not only the conduct of the negotiation, but also the power of peace and war, in our own hands, and that, Turkey refusing this, we can no longer take part *for her*.

It will be said that England and Europe have a strong interest, setting all Turkish considerations aside, that Constantinople and the Turkish territory should not fall into the hands of Russia, and that they should in the last extremity even go to war to prevent such an overthrow of the balance of power. This must be admitted, and such a war may be right and wise. But this would be a war not for the maintenance of the *integrity of the Ottoman Empire*, but merely for the interests of the European powers of civilization. It ought to be carried on unshackled by obligations to the Porte, and will probably lead, in the peace which must be the object of that war, to the obtaining of arrangements more consonant with the well-understood interests of Europe, of Christianity, liberty, and civilization, than the reimposition of the ignorant, barbarian, and despotic yoke of the Mussulman over the most fertile and favored portion of Europe.

During the period with which the present volume is concerned Baron Stockmar was seldom in England; his visits were far between and of short duration. The increasing infirmities of age, ill-health, and the perturbations of German politics detained him at home. As a representative in the Diet, he had a part to play which evidently taxed to the utmost his philosophic patience and equanimity; the organized anarchy of the National Assembly at Frankfort, and all the folly and violence of the revolutionary leaders depressed and disquieted, if they could not bring him to despair of the ultimate issue of the struggle out of that morass of impotence and imbecility to the firm ground of a free, compact, and united fatherland. He did not live to see the hour or the man, for the great chancellor to come was then comparatively unknown; but his letters show that he despaired of a peaceful emancipation from Austrian

pretensions, or a peaceful reconstruction of the federal polity; and that he had as little faith in dynastic as in popular wisdom. But it is his letters to his beloved pupil about England, which for the better part of his life had been his second country, that supply some of the most instructive pages in this volume. There is a letter of his on the education of the royal children, and especially of the heir to the throne, in which even the sturdy Philistinism of the honest British Radical will not easily discover a reactionary or a servile spirit, such as a German court and the intimacy of princes might be expected to inspire.

The reciprocal affection of the prince and his old master, is alike honorable to both and delightful to the reader of this story of a noble life, or rather of two noble and beautiful lives made one by that perfect wedded love, which every joy and every sorrow seems to consecrate afresh, and death itself can only make immortal.

The political chapters of this volume, or perhaps we should say the chapters which relate to political and public affairs, are so rich in varied interest and instruction, that we have not unreluctantly passed over many charming fugitive sketches of that happier life of the prince—the life of peace and quietness, which at rare intervals he was able to snatch from public duties and the cares of State. How insistent and incessant were these demands upon his precious hours, how rare and scattered the moments of leisure and retreat, how unrelaxing the strain upon his energies and spirits, Mr. Martin has shown in a summary of a single fortnight's occupations.

The present volume covers rather less than six years; but of no life can it be more truly said than of this that it cannot be counted by the clock. One year of such indefatigable beneficence is worth half a century of self-seeking ambition or self-indulgent ease. Nor, when we speak of years, can we escape the mournful recollection that it was six years out of a span of twenty, and that only seven remain. Chequered as the common human lot were these six years, as recounted by the biographer. We have glimpses of great happiness, but it is for the most part of that happiness which is only to be found in "the city of the soul." The queen and the prince had more than their share of those partings and bereavements which are the most certain and constant admonitions of our mortal destinies. The deaths of Queen Adelaide, of Louise, the

queen of the Belgians, of Count Mensdorff, were more than transient afflictions. They made the life of the mourners lonelier than before. Lord Melbourne had passed away in his seventieth year, Mr. Anson in the prime of manhood. Other losses there were in the royal circle, less poignant, but affecting as the associations of early days which have suddenly passed into memories. There was the double and doubly irreparable loss of the tried and trusted adviser in affairs of State, the cherished personal friend, in the untimely departure of Sir Robert Peel. These repeated sorrows are brought home to us as they are recorded by the queen in those fragments of letters with which Mr. Martin's narrative is interspersed; letters, one can see, written with a trembling hand and often blurred with natural tears.

With the happy art that knows how to distribute the lights and shadows of a picture, Mr. Martin agreeably diversifies his chapters of political history with an admirably fresh and vivid narrative of those royal visits to Liverpool, to Manchester, to York, to Grimsby, to the southern coasts, and above all to Ireland, which, after the memorable experiences of famine and insurrection, brought out in strong relief the amiable and affectionate instincts of an impressionable and suffering people. We confess that Mr. Martin's account of the enthusiasm of the population of Cork, Dublin, and Belfast, makes us regret that the kindness of a nation so disposed to be loyal has not in later years enjoyed more frequent opportunities of indulgence. Not that we would grudge her Majesty's affection for her Highland home, of which we discover the germs and the growth in the first of the visits to Abergeldie, before Balmoral had become the property of the queen. It is evident from Mr. Martin's description of the queen's first sojourn at Holyrood that the romance of Scottish history had touched her heart long before Balmoral became endeared to her, not so much by its comparative privacy and its keen, invigorating air, as by the hallowing remembrance of a voice that is hushed, a face that has vanished, and a footstep that will never more return. Like Balmoral Castle, Osborne House, too, with its terraces and gardens, was a creation of the prince consort's; and his biographer describes the sense of freedom and enjoyment with which the prince, released for a few days from the trammels of State, would resume the avocations and pursuits of a country gentleman; laying out his new domain, pruning and planting, super-

intending his model farms, surveying with a master's eye his cattle, his crops, his gardens, his fields. Perhaps one of the causes of the imperfect sympathy of a certain class of English society with the prince's tastes and aims was due to the fact that, although an active and even ardent sportsman at his own times and seasons, a bold rider, and a good shot enough, he had never the ambition to qualify himself for the post of a "whip" or a game-keeper, and could never bring himself to believe that sport was the one thing worth living for, out of town. To cultivate the arts, to be a student of the sciences, to seek a recreation from politics in social economy, in practical philanthropy, in schemes of university-reform and national education, in providing comfortable homes for the poor and re-constituting their friendly societies on a sounder basis of self-help, besides being an occasional foxhunter and deer-stalker — all this many-sided activity may have seemed a little "un-English" to worthy gentlemen who never read a book, and who spent half their lives in going out to kill something; as the prince's ideas of an international tournament of industry appeared a little un-English to the parochial mind. Happily the prince was spared to see the blossoming if not the fruit of his labors, and to feel assured that he had bequeathed to succeeding generations a record of good works more enduring than bronze or marble. Her Majesty has enriched this volume with many trivial fond records of a wife's affection; and among these unrestrained outpourings of tenderness and gratitude to Heaven for having granted her so pure and priceless a gift as her husband's sustaining love, there are two that it is difficult to read without a dimness of the eyes: —

Albert [the queen writes to King Leopold in February, 1852,] grows daily fonder and fonder of politics and business, and is wonderfully fit for both — showing such perspicuity and such courage — and I grow daily to dislike them both more and more. We women are not made for governing: and if we are good women, we must dislike these masculine occupations. But these are times which force one to take interest in them, *mal gré bon gré*, and, of course therefore, I feel this interest now intensely.

The other is a passage in a private memorandum of the queen's written in 1844, in which her Majesty laments that the pressure of public duty made it impossible to keep the religious training of the princess royal wholly within her own hands.

It is already a hard case for me that my occupations prevent me being with her when she says her prayers. . . . I am *quite* clear that she should be taught to have great reverence for God and for religion, but that she should have the feeling of devotion and love which our Heavenly Father encourages His earthly children to have for Him, and not one of fear and trembling; and that the thoughts of death and an after life should not be represented in an alarming and forbidding view, and that she should be made to know *as yet* no difference of creeds, and not think that she can only pray on her knees, or that those who do not kneel are less fervent and devout in their prayers.

And now we must regretfully close a volume which is not only a permanent contribution to English biographical literature but to English history. No one will read it once only. To have written it is not only to have written a good book, but to have done a good action. It is the picture of a character of stainless eminence, and the story of a career of uninterrupted service to England and to the welfare of mankind.

Throughout the space of the years we have traversed under Mr. Martin's sympathetic guidance, in the footsteps of the prince, there is not a single day in which we have not found him, as Goethe said of Karl August, "busied with something to be devised and effected for the good of the country; something calculated to better the condition of each individual in it." In his deep and constant devotion to duty he brought his natural instincts and disposition, his temperament and his tastes, under the strictest discipline, and into the most absolute subjection. His health and strength were consumed by the unresting ardor of his passion for the public good, and by the concentration of all the powers of his intellect and all the emotions of his heart upon the fulfilment of his responsibilities. What, under other circumstances, and in other conditions, might have been desultoriness in youth, or dreaminess or dilettanteism in manhood, became stability of will and steadfastness of purpose, as consort, as father, as "the first of subjects." Who can read aloud the last sentence in this volume? It suspends the utterance and shakes the heart. It is from a letter written by the queen, in February 1854, on the anniversary of her marriage, to Baron Stockmar: —

This blessed day is full of joyful and tender emotions. Fourteen happy and blessed years have passed, and I confidently trust many more will, and find us in old age as we are now, happily and devotedly united. Trials

we must have, but what are they, if we are together?

Si quâ fata aspera rumpas. We who know what is to come, seem to trace in these loving words the lengthening shadows of the too early autumn. Have we not been haunted through these pages by the foreboding consciousness that such a life could never suffer the lingering degeneration of old age? Let us be consoled by the reflection that if the magnanimity that held its peace amidst the murmur of evil tongues was not undepressed by grief at being misjudged; if that bright, eager soul was too early wearing out its vesture of decay, it was a soul exalted above calumny and calamity, and borne by its own sustaining strength into a calmer and clearer air than that which vulgar natures breathe.

How often in later days has our country learned to regret the loss of that large and luminous mind; that sedate and temperate judgment; that wide-reaching solicitude, and that perfect self-control, for which the *civium ardor prava jubentium* had neither terrors nor temptations; that fine and firm intelligence, unflinchingly guided by right reason, never destitute of heart, unceasingly consulting the true and vital interests of England without dissociating them from the better future of the world!

From The Spectator.

THE NEW-FOUND ENEMIES OF MAN.

CIVILIZED man, having conquered the most visible of his enemies,—savages and wild beasts of the more visible and tangible kind,—has nevertheless not by any means attained a state of even comparative security. It is true that the newest of his enemies are minute, sometimes even of the more or less microscopic kind, but Sir Wilfrid Lawson was not far wrong when he said that an invasion from the Colorado beetle was much more to be feared than an invasion from Germany or France. With regard to the human invader, we have at least the "streak of silver sea" and a powerful navy to rely on; but with regard to the Colorado beetle, it seems that it would take its passage just as cheerfully on our own ironclads as on any other craft by which it could cross the Atlantic, and would probably have an excellent chance of landing successfully on our shores from the very navy which defends them against a less formidable foe. The Canadian minister of agriculture has

just assured Lord Carnarvon that this destructive creature not only flies, but navigates smooth water, and travels—of course without charge—by railway carriages, and on all sorts of ships. Not only so, but the creature seems to have a wonderful power either of subsiding into a kind of inert life when it cannot get food suitable for it, or of getting enough food to sustain life in all sorts of situations where we should suppose that it could get none, and then returning to full activity and vigor whenever it finds itself in the neighborhood of suitable nourishment. Indeed, the Canadian minister of agriculture declares that the notion of preventing the introduction of the Colorado potato-beetle into any part of the earth with which human beings keep up active communication is perfectly chimerical. All that can be done to keep him under is to destroy the eggs and larvæ as effectually as possible as soon as their existence is detected, and before the beetle itself is hatched. By a sufficient expenditure of money and time, says the Canadian minister of agriculture, this may be fairly done. The eggs deposited on the under side of the leaves of the potato-vine should be destroyed as soon as discovered. The buds and leaves should be watched for grubs, which may be destroyed by the use of "Paris green," and the beetle itself should be crushed whenever seen. These remedies are, he says, fairly effectual in keeping the plague under, though of course they will add materially to the cost of potato-culture, and enhance the price of an article which it takes such elaborate care to protect. Nor is the Colorado beetle the only minute foe whose invasion we have to fear. Six of the Southern States of America are concerting measures against grass-hoppers, which infest them with a milder form of the same evil caused by the great locust invasions from which the coasts of the Mediterranean have so often suffered. Then, again, the husbandmen of the vine, in vine-growing countries, have to provide against the phylloxera plague, and the cultivators of silkworms have to provide against the pibrine plague. Worse still, there are small organisms of various kinds which are but too apt to supplant the proper ferments in all processes of fermentation, and which, if they get into the malt, spoil the beer, and if into the grape-juice, spoil the wine, and against these practically invisible enemies all sorts of expensive precautions have to be used. Lastly, and most important of all, there are certain spores which grow and multiply rapidly

when fed on animal blood, and which produce the various diseases known as blood-poisoning of various kinds. There is the seed whose growth causes cholera, and another whose growth causes scarlet fever, and another whose presence means typhoid, and another which results in splenic fever, and another which generates small-pox, and probably many more besides, which grow at the expense of animal life or health, — of some of which Professor Tyndall has given a graphic account in the paper on fermentation in the November *Fortnightly*. Unquestionably, either the minute organic world is beginning to avail itself of the great advantages which its all but invisibility gives it in competing with men, or if it is only doing now what it has always done, but what is only just beginning to be understood; a greater importance is now attached to its proceedings, partly because the danger is understood, and partly, — perhaps even more, — because the weaker constitution of modern man is now so much protected against these dangers that the race suffers more, though the individuals suffer less. Of course it is obvious that, when fewer effective causes are at work to thin out the stock, those which injure it, without diminishing its fertility, tend to render it more sensitive to all external influences for the future, and therefore make the very disease against the power of which the new remedies or alleviations have been found, more menacing in some respects to the health of the race, though less so to the individuals who suffer from it, than it was at a time when it was more generally fatal. It may well be that the very knowledge which science has gained of the new dangers to which man is subject, has rendered these diseases of *greater* physical consequence by diminishing their fatality. The more delicate, better-guarded, longer-lived, but more sensitive constitutions which science has taught us how to protect to an average age beyond that to which even the healthy lived in former times, are necessarily more overshadowed by the physical ills of which we know so much more than our ancestors ever were, — not only because of our new knowledge, but because the tenderer inherited constitution, which has been piloted through so many dangers, is more keenly alive to such dangers than were the more hardy constitutions which had survived in spite of running the gauntlet of much more fatal ills. Modern man, whose food and drink are beset by Colorado beetles and phylloxera, whose clothing is threatened by pibrine, and whose

life itself is haunted by all sorts of minute spores which so feed on his blood as to generate fever, cholera, and a great variety of plagues, is obviously in one respect not the better, but the worse for the knowledge which teaches him how to evade the worst consequences of these plagues. He has less to fear from them individually, but they have more part in him than they had when they produced more deadly results. They have inoculated him, and though they count fewer victims slain, they transmit into a remoter future the weakness and suffering which they cause. The race of men whom the common germ-poisons no longer kill off retains more of the stamp of their paralyzing effects than the race of men which succumbed at once to the first onset of the unknown foe.

This is why we cannot altogether share the enthusiasm, and can by no means adopt the sentiment, of that somewhat declamatory peroration to Professor Tyndall's Glasgow audience which ends the lecture published in the last *Fortnightly*. "This preventible destruction," says Professor Tyndall, referring to the havoc caused by germs of disease floating about the air, "is going on to-day, and it has been permitted to go on for ages, without a whisper of information regarding its cause being vouchsafed to the suffering, sentient world. We have been scourged by invisible thongs, attacked from impenetrable ambuscades, and it is only to-day that the light of science is being let in upon the murderous dominions of our foes. Men of Glasgow, facts like these excite in me the thought that the rule and governance of this universe are different from what we in our youth supposed them to be, — that the inscrutable Power, at once terrible and beneficent, in whom we live and move and have our being and our end, is to be propitiated by means different from those usually resorted to. The first requisite towards such propitiation is *knowledge*; the second is *action*, shaped and illuminated by that knowledge. Of knowledge we already see the dawn, which will open out by-and-by to perfect day; while the action which is to follow, has its unfailing source and stimulus in the moral and emotional nature of man, — in his desire for present well-being, in his sense of duty, in his compassionate sympathy with the sufferings of his fellow-men." And the drift of all this rather excited eloquence was not merely what is here implied; the true clue is given by a previous passage, in which it is intimated that man ought to seek this all-potent knowledge at the ex-

pense of violence done to almost any kindly sympathy, though not "sympathy with fellow-men." Professor Tyndall had described how the origin and rationale, though *not* the cure, of certain painful diseases had been discovered, partly by the use of the microscope, partly by inoculating certain living creatures with the most terrible of those diseases at various stages; and this triumphant outburst over the results which Professor Tyndall anticipates in his scientific vision,—they are not yet attained,—is meant in great degree to persuade his audience that science must be allowed to be a law unto itself,—excepting, we suppose, it should invade the life of man himself with its experimentation, nor do we see that Professor Tyndall suggests ground for even this limitation,—in endeavoring to ascertain the sources of human suffering, and the remedies or alleviations which may be applied. Leave it alone, he says,—don't reproach it with cruelty because it causes a certain amount of limited suffering,—and "its dawn will open out by-and-by to perfect day." Now, our answer to that is twofold,—first, that it is quite certain that it will not open out to perfect day, but at best to a less dim twilight; and next, that the access of twilight so gained, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, instead of leading to action which extinguishes the evil, will only lead to action which will attenuate it to the individual at the expense of the race. That, of course, is no reason at all why this knowledge should not be diligently sought, and sought with all the fervor of Professor Tyndall himself, unless it is sought at the cost of principles and sympathies which are as precious as human life itself, and far more precious than a slight extension of the average term of life to individuals. But the dimness of our knowledge,—the uncertainty whether even our clearest knowledge of ills will suggest any adequate remedy for them,—the absolute certainty that the knowledge which saves and protects the weak does tend to lower the standard of complete health in the future of our race, even while it increases our available resources against individual ailments, should, we think, help to make us acquiesce gladly in every restriction which the healthy moral nature of man imposes on the sources of discovery, and to warn us that far more evil than good may come of the assumption that to the genuine search after knowledge, no means, however revolting to our nature, is forbidden. If we might be permitted to alter

Professor Tyndall's address to the "men of Glasgow" so as to make it suit the impression which his lecture and the discussion to which he refers have made upon ourselves, we should couch it in terms something like these: "Preventible destruction is going on to-day, and it has been permitted to go on for ages, without a whisper of information regarding its cause being vouchsafed to the suffering, sentient world. We have been scourged by invisible thongs, attacked from imperceptible ambuscades, and it is only to-day that the light of science is being let in upon the dominions of our seeming foes. Even now that it is let in, its result is by no means unadulterated good. Destruction prevented, means, too often, weakness transmitted. The invisible thongs which scourged one generation not unfrequently saved the next from the scourges of thongs more frightful still. While the total result for good in human life has been to extend by a few years the average age of man in civilized countries, and to extinguish a good many of the worst spasms of human anguish, that result probably includes quite as much effect in transmitting hereditary feebleness or taints to future generations, as in saving men altogether from the assaults of disease. Let science grow as it will, human life will continue to be hemmed in by all sorts of visible and invisible ills with the totality of which we must never cease to struggle, but with which our struggle is never likely to be, on the whole, much more successful than it now is. What we gain in one way, we shall probably lose in another; as some of our unknown foes are discovered and defeated, the very means which discover and defeat them will make other foes more formidable; and after all, our chief resource will lie in the future, as it does in the present, in the undaunted courage of our fight, the unquailing fortitude of our endurance, and in our firm faith in God here, and a higher life with Him beyond. Considerations like these excite in us the thought that the rule and governance of this universe is not very different from what in our youth we supposed it to be,—that the Power, at once terrible and beneficent, in whom we live and move and have our being and our end, is not to be propitiated by any mere advance of knowledge. The first requisite towards such propitiation is right action in the light we have,—the second, to increase that light wherever we can do so by means which do not lower us in God's eyes and our own. The desire to know, like almost all other desires,

if unbridled, may lead men into actions which would make knowledge sin. It is well, therefore, to realize that even some of the most beneficent results of knowledge have yielded consequences of a double kind, have weakened the winnowing power of physical disease on the human stock, by virtue of the very principle by which they alleviated its assaults. This should teach us that if at any time we have to choose between extending knowledge at the expense of what is noblest in us, and leaving a window closed which we might otherwise open into the secrets of nature, we may be quite safe in preferring the latter course, if only because to violate our moral ideal is a certain and irreparable evil, while the extension of knowledge is at best in comparison but an uncertain good."

From The Academy.

THE SEA OF ANCIENT ICE.

ONE of the very interesting subjects of investigation connected with the discoveries of the Arctic Expedition is that relating to the ancient ice met with north of Robeson Channel, which is similar to that described in Admiral Sherard Osborn's "Discovery of a North-West Passage." We used to call this ancient formation "M'Clure's ice," for want of a better name, but a special name is much needed to obviate confusion, and to distinguish this ice from ordinary old pack. The name palaeocrystic was adopted by the officers at the time; but for present purposes I will use the expression "the sea of ancient ice." By ancient I mean the ice many years old of the area about to be defined, as distinguished from the old pack-ice met with in any other sea.

It now appears that this sea of ancient ice is of much greater extent than was supposed by Admiral Sherard Osborn. We know that it extends from near the coast of North America to the northwest extremity of Prince Patrick Island, a distance of 420 miles. There is then an unknown gap of about 420 miles from Prince Patrick Island to Aldrich's furthest, which is probably occupied by islands and coast-line. Thirdly, there is the coast-line discovered by Captain Nares, extending over about 300 miles from Aldrich's to Beaumont's furthest. We thus have a line extending from the American coast to Beaumont's furthest, in a north-east and south-west direction, for a distance of

1,140 miles, upon which this ancient ice rests.

The sea of ancient ice was first seen by Captain M'Clure when, on August 19, 1850, the "Investigator" ran into apparently open water off the mouth of the Mackenzie River in a north-eastern direction. But it was soon discovered that they were running into a trap in the main pack, consisting of ice of stupendous thickness, the surface rugged with the frosts and thaws of centuries, and totally unlike any ice ever met with in Baffin's Bay and adjacent seas. They ran up the blind lead in this dangerous ice for ninety miles; but, fortunately, the ship was put about in time, and escaped before the ice closed. There were no two opinions in the ship as to what would have been her fate if the floes had closed upon her.

In August, 1851, the "Investigator" passed along the west coast of Banks Island, and Captain M'Clure again had opportunities of examining the sea of ancient ice. The pack was of the same fearful description as that encountered in the offing of the Mackenzie River, at least eighty feet thick. The surface of the floes resembled rolling hills, some of them 100 feet from base to summit; and the edge of this wonderful oceanic ice rose in places from the water as high as the "Investigator's" lower yards.

Captain Collinson, in the "Enterprise," also passed along the southern flank of the sea of ancient ice, and his description agrees with that of his second in command. In the spring of 1854, when wintering at Camden Bay on the coast of North America, Captain Collinson made an attempt to travel over it with a sledge. He came upon it at a distance of about seven miles from the ship, but he found it to be of such a character as to render all travelling impracticable. His sledge was broken, one of the men fractured his thigh, and he was obliged to return after a few days. McClintock and Meham found the same ancient ice along the west coast of Prince Patrick Island. Meham terms this ice "tremendous;" and no one who has travelled elsewhere in the Arctic regions has ever met with similar oceanic ice. Along the coast discovered by Captain Nares the same ice was met with, not as a narrow belt along the shore, but becoming worse and more formidable to seaward, and composing the whole surface of this palaeocrystic sea.

The officers of the "Alert" had longer and better opportunities of carefully examining this most important phenomenon in

physical geography than had ever been afforded to previous explorers, and their observations on this point form not the least valuable part of the results of the expedition. The ice was from eighty to one hundred and fifty feet in thickness, judging from the height of the portion above water; and the surface was rugged in the extreme. Apart from the masses of hummocks thrown up during disruptions, the surfaces of some of these ancient floes were broken into hills and dales, the hills varying from ten to fifty feet in height. This, of course, must be the result of ages of drift, and of alternate frost and thaw. The floes far out to sea were infinitely heavier than those nearer the coast. The formation of this palaeocrystic sea is analogous to the well-known course of formation of glaciers. Year by year layer after layer is added to the upper surface, the lower layers becoming harder, owing to the superincumbent weight, until they are converted into snow-ice. The method of this formation was studied by means of the huge masses, well-termed floe-bergs, which were cast upon the beach. Some of these were split by the frost, offering complete sections, which were carefully drawn. In some instances they showed lines of darker color, at distances of many feet from the existing surface, indicating sections of the pools of water and intermediate rises which, during some far-distant summer, had been on the surface.

Such a sea as this is never navigable, but there was the clearest evidence of frequent, if not annual, disruptions. The vast masses of hummocks, thirty to fifty feet high, and sometimes a quarter of a mile wide, which occur at frequent intervals and divide the ancient floes, are evidence of very violent encounters between the floes; and mud found on the ice some miles from the shore is also a proof of movement. The ice traversed by Captain Markham consisted of ancient floes of small extent and very uneven surface, separated by lofty ranges of rugged hummocks, and there were occasionally narrow streams of this year's ice, that is about five feet four inches thick, connecting the floes. The drift-wood which was found on Prince Patrick and Banks Island, and also on the scene of Captain Nares's discoveries, is likewise a proof that the palaeocrystic sea is subjected to movements the exact nature of which is uncertain; for this drift-wood must have come from the banks of Siberian rivers.

At the same time the periodical disruption is clearly only partial, and the move-

ment of a particular floe is but slight during one season. For there is no sufficient outlet, apparently, for the ice of this sea. The age of the ice is a sufficient proof of this. Sherard Osborn describes the sea of ancient ice as "a vast floating glacier-like mass, surging to and fro in an enclosed area of the Arctic region." It is bounded on the south by the shores of North America; on the east by Banks and Prince Patrick Islands, Grant Land, and the north coast of Greenland; and on the west by Kellett Land and other unknown obstacles north of the Siberian coast; so that it has an area of about one thousand two hundred miles both from south to north, and from east to west. Its movement is slight, and the "Enterprise" and "Investigator" observed that it never moved off from the shore more than a mile or two, and then surged back again. The known outlets to the sea of ancient ice are very narrow. Fragments, forming great ice-streams, pour through Banks Strait into Melville Sound, but they never get west of Griffith Island, and are never seen in Barrow Strait. They appear to fill up McClintock Channel, which can never be navigable. Here Osborn saw them in May, 1851, and he describes the floe as of great antiquity, and as like a heavy cross sea suddenly frozen solid, the height of the solid waves being twenty-five feet. Allen Young reached Osborn's point of observation, and formed the same conclusion. He actually attempted, like Collinson, to travel across this palaeocrystic floe, but found it quite impracticable owing to the rugged nature of the ice.

Thus two explorers had attempted to tackle the ancient ice before the memorable journey of Captain Markham — namely, Sir Richard Collinson and Captain Allen Young, and they can well appreciate Captain Markham's difficulties, and the severity of the struggle he entered upon.

There is another outlet for the sea of ancient ice by Robeson Channel, but it is very narrow, and the ancient and heavy floes do not get much further south than Lincoln's Bay in 82° N. Lat., or thereabouts, according to the season. The "Polaris" did not encounter them; but the "Alert" was at one time actually beset in ancient floes off Cape Lincoln, before rounding Cape Union, and was in great danger. Their size and position in the strait would vary according to the season. Fragments of the ancient ice, no doubt, stream down the south coast of Greenland and round Cape Farewell; and it would be a matter of great interest to explore the

east coast from Cape Bismarck to Beaumont's furthest, in order to ascertain the limit of the sea of ancient ice in that direction, and the causes which obstruct a freer flow of the ice which now, from want of an adequate outlet, continues to grow in thickness and ruggedness.

It was over this sea that Markham and Parr attempted to force their way; and by dint of perseverance they and their gallant followers, in spite of such difficulties as no other advancing sledge-party (except those of Collinson and Allen Young) ever before encountered, achieved a position which will make their journey memorable forever. Considering the character of the ice, the distance they made good was, as Captain Nares truly says, marvellous. They advanced the Union Jack and their own standards to a point north of which no human being has ever put his foot.

CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM.

From The Athenæum.

ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN.

THE singular personage, whom the world knows under the name of Erckmann-Chatrian, is composed of two men, robust, sound in body, and vigorous in mind. They are, neither of them, Alsacians, although they have together created an Alsatian literature.

Emile Erckmann was born four and fifty years ago, in the little Lorraine town of Phalsbourg. To have an exact idea of what Phalsbourg was ten years back, picture to yourself a statue of Marshal Comte de Lobau, round the statue a *place* planted with old trees, round the *place* a row of very modest houses, round the houses a cluster of barracks and casemated magazines, round the barracks a rampart, round the rampart ditches, and round the ditches a plain, high, bare, and dry. An old legend asserts that every house in Phalsbourg has produced, on an average, a sixth of a general, a colonel, two majors, ten captains, and lieutenants in proportion. In short it is a veritable cradle of soldiers, the look of which was dear to my old *chauvinisme*, and which I never saw without pleasure; I lived a long time near it. The little warlike town which the Germans dismantled in 1872 is five English miles from Schlittenbach, that dear house where four of the six children that I have the happiness to possess were born. Everything at Phalsbourg is military, and I once was acquainted with a lawyer, a simple *no-*

taire, who knew the *Annuaire* by heart, and could name all the colonels of all the regiments in France, and tell their depots, and where the regiments were stationed. Such was the singular atmosphere, one may almost call it absolutely unique, in which Emile Erckmann was born. His father, a small bookseller, who combined the selling of a few groceries with his book-selling, was neither rich nor poor. He sent his son to the college, and made him study law.

Chatrian, like Erckmann, is a native of Lorraine, but like him, and like me, alas! he is a native of the annexed portion. His native village is called Soldatenthal, the valley of the soldier, because it was founded, if the legend is to be trusted, by a Swedish soldier settled in France after the Thirty Years' War. The collaborator of Erckmann is a *gentilhomme*, by the same title as MM. Granier de Casagnac, father and son. He is descended from a family of glass-blowers, and himself blew glass in his youth. But that trade not being to his liking, he preferred to re-enter, as *maître d'études*, the little college of Phalsbourg, where he had been educated, and there formed his friendship with Erckmann.

Their beginnings in literature were far from successful. In 1848 they started at Strasbourg a republican journal called the *Patriote du Rhin*; and they brought out at the Strasbourg Theatre a grand drama, "*L'Alsace en 1814*," but at the second performance the piece was prohibited by the censorship, and the journal died for want of subscribers. They came to Paris and knocked, without success, at the doors of the publishers. Their first novel, "*Les Brigands des Vosges*," appeared in the *Journal des Faits* of the Abbé Migne, but it was not paid for; and the two friends might have died of starvation had not the one had some little means of his own, and the other a humble occupation. Chatrian earned one thousand five hundred francs in the office of the Chemin de Fer de l'Est. As far as I can remember, the first book of theirs that I read was a fantastic tale translated from Erckmann by Chatrian. Some periodicals more or less read, *L'Artiste*, *La Revue de Paris*, *Le Constitutionnel*, opened their columns to them, not without difficulty, and for five or six years they found it much more difficult to get a single novel published than to write two.

Now they are almost rich. The journals compete for the privilege of printing their stories, and Hetzel, an excellent

and honest publisher, sells them by the hundred thousand. However, Chatrian has never left the railway, and has risen to a very honorable post. He is *caissier des titres*, and his salary must be some ten or twelve thousand francs a year. He is married, and has three children. He has a pretty house at Raincy, in the *banlieue*, and he possesses great influence in his neighborhood. It was to him that the brave Colonel Langlois owed his success at the elections of last February.

Erckmann, who is not married, is an exile, without near relations. He had a grand-niece at Strasbourg, who has married a German. Broken down by this sorrow, he wandered for a long time on the borders of our dear native land, the door of which is shut to him as to so many others. Before the war he had settled in the pretty valley of the Zinsel, to live after the fashion of the *Ami Fritz*. He is the best liver in the world; he adores the good wine of Alsace, sauerkraut, ham, the crayfish of the Zorn, the beer of Strasbourg, and he gladly loses himself in the clouds that rise from his pipe. What he loves, perhaps, still better, is shooting in the woods, long expeditions in the mountains, and discussions without end with a small group of friends. A most worthy man, in truth, this Erckmann, and a dröhl fellow, too. He had decayed teeth, which gave him pain from time to time. So he had them all taken out at one sitting, and now with a set of gums, as fresh and rosy as an infant of six months old, he munches the most solid of food and the softest of crusts. With his cheeks a little hollow, his fat chin, his long moustaches, and his bourgeois country dress, he looks like a colonel on half pay. After having long wandered like a tormented spirit near the lost paradise of Alsace-Lorraine, he has settled in the neighborhood of Saint Dié, in the Vosges, with worthy friends who are connections of his. I went to see him there two years ago, and mechanically, in spite of ourselves, across the mountain paths we penetrated into Alsace.

I learned on this occasion the secret of his joint work with the good Chatrian. The two friends see one another very rarely, whether at Paris or in the Vosges. When they do meet, they elaborate together the scheme of a work. Then Erckmann writes it, Chatrian corrects it, and sometimes puts it into the fire. I can quote as an example, a certain story conceived in an anti-clerical spirit, and intended for the *XIXme Siècle*. Erckmann

is at this moment writing it for the third time. We have few writers so conscientious, and I do not suppose that you have many. We have none more sincere, more upright, more humane, more zealous in defending the true against the untrue, right against might. We have no better patriots, if patriotism consists in denouncing the follies of ambition, decrying false glory, not seeking a quarrel with any one, but wishing that a people unjustly invaded should defend itself to the last. Such is the meaning and morality of all these national tales which the authors of our ruin denounce to the public with signal hypocrisy.

EDMOND ABOUT.

From The Liberal Review.
ON THE SHELF.

MEN often pray that they may live to what they call a good old age. Yet it is to be feared that a great portion of humanity never appears to so little advantage as it does in the evening of life. Nor is this to be wondered at. People's dispositions depend largely upon the state of their constitutions. If a man is strong and robust, there is small credit due to him for being cheery and sweet-tempered. On the other hand, if a man is troubled with many aches and pains there is little blame owing to him if he is discontented and querulous. Now, there can be no doubt that a large number of old people are discontented and querulous, and it is equally clear that their failings have their origin in the frailties of their flesh and blood rather than any serious defect in their mental composition. At the same time it must also be said that in addition to their physical weaknesses and the contemplation of their failing powers old people have much to aggravate them. In the first place, the young are apt to display no consideration for their feelings. Many young men assume that old men have had their day and that it is time for them to make way for those who are pressing on their heels. If the old men can be thrust aside, well and good; if they decline to be removed from their places before death takes them, the chances are that they are regarded as nuisances, and their transmutation is spoken of as a thing to be desired. Indeed, it often happens that they are shown that it is difficult to tolerate their presence, and that the same would not be tolerated if it were not for

the fact that blood is thicker than water. At many a fireside does the old grandfather sit, a sort of chilling influence on the gay striplings who have life before them, and can barely be patient with the poor old man who has left life behind him. Who cares to talk with him? Who sympathizes with his hopes and aspirations? Hopes and aspirations, forsooth! What business has he with such things? At any rate, it is supposed that he ought not to have any which pertain immediately to this world, though, after all, this world, wicked though it is, is the world in which the loves and joys of most of us are wrapped up. Whatever property he possesses it is felt that he is in duty bound to give to some one else, and very few of those who have constituted themselves his *protégés* feel any compunction in attempting to wheedle whatever they can from him. He has the sense to perceive all this. He has the discrimination to detect that he is laughed at, sneered at, regarded as a being of the past, put upon one side as if he were nothing, petted as if he were a child or a person of weak intellect, and in other ways, possibly unintentionally, mortified and insulted. Can it be wondered at that he often makes peevish attempts to resent the treatment which he receives; that he is induced to take misanthropical views of life and his condition? Verily a man must have a wonderful mental and physical constitution if he can remain cheerful, hearty, frank, and good-natured during the period in which he awaits the writing of *finis* to the chapter of his life. Some manage to do this, of course; but they are brave souls, who are largely favored by exceptional circumstances.

It must be remembered that age naturally expects to receive a certain amount of deference from youth. We are sorry to have to say that it does not always even command respect. A young man is inclined to be particularly resentful when he sees a would-be rival in the shape of an old man, and he is apt to indicate his resentment in unpleasant ways. He seems unable to see that he ought gracefully to allow his elders to take the initiative except when his own abilities are of an undeniably superior order. Indeed, he does not hesitate to regard that weight which is occasionally permitted to attach to age as a personal affront to himself, as a grievance which he is bound to fight against

with all the bitterness of his nature. It may be that age is disposed to monopolize certain privileges and to presume upon its rights, but every excuse can be made for this by reasonable minds. It would be strange if an old man did not display irritation when he sees youngsters whose heads he has patted when they have been children, whom he has, perhaps, nursed upon his knee, acting flippantly and arrogantly towards him. It would be still more singular if he failed to feel dismayed when he perceives one, whom he has considered barely worth his notice, suddenly rushing to the front and making the running at a tremendous pace. He could, perhaps, bear with equanimity being beaten by a person who has been buffeted about by time like he himself has, but the case is almost intolerable when he suffers defeat and has the bread taken out of his mouth by an individual who is just entering upon the serious business of life. Old men are displaced daily by youthful rivals. At any time you may hear their murmurs and perceive their unhappy condition. They have not the philosophy to accept their discomfiture as one which has been decreed by fate, and they have not the strength to grasp the prizes which lie before them and are secured by bolder hands than theirs. So they fall back, in their trouble, upon the stale device of abusing youth, of expressing contempt for youth's works, and railing against society for its patronage and toleration of youngsters. As they are being put upon the shelf they derive such solace as they can from pouring into compassionate ears the story of their wrongs; a proceeding which often excites as much contempt as pity.

Youth may learn one lesson from all this. It should see that it must make its position before it gets old if it wishes to retain respect. It should perceive that age to be happy needs an established status, and that if it has not laurels to repose upon it will meet with scanty consideration. The despised senility of dotage is simply the apotheosis of a life of failure. It will ever be so; and, however much lovers of the traditional past may bewail the fact, age will not command respect on account of its white hairs and tottering limbs. Indeed, we fear that white hairs and tottering limbs, when they are all that an old man has to rely upon, will mostly excite contempt and give rise to an opinion that he is cumbering the earth too long.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume XVI. }

No. 1697.—December 23, 1876.

{ From Beginning,
{ Vol. CXXXI.

CONTENTS.

| | | |
|--|--|-----|
| I. LORD ALTHORPE AND THE REFORM ACT OF 1832, | <i>Fortnightly Review,</i> | 707 |
| II. THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE. By George Macdonald, author of "Malcolm," etc. Part V., | <i>Advance Sheets,</i> | 723 |
| III. BUNSEN AND HIS WIFE, | <i>Contemporary Review,</i> | 731 |
| IV. THOUGHTS ON CRITICISM, BY A CRITIC, | <i>Cornhill Magazine,</i> | 743 |
| V. PAGES FROM THE STORY OF MY CHILDHOOD, | <i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i> | 751 |
| VI. AN ENGLISH HOMESTEAD, | <i>Fraser's Magazine,</i> | 762 |
| . POETRY. | | |
| KING HENRY'S HUNT, | | 706 |
| MISCELLANY, | | 768 |

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, *remitted directly to the Publishers*, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage*.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

From Fraser's Magazine.

KING HENRY'S HUNT.

A BALLAD.

KING HENRY stood in Waltham Wood,
One morn in merry May-time ;
Years fifteen hundred thirty-six,
From Christ had roll'd away time.

King Henry stood in Waltham Wood,
All young green, sunny-shady.
He would not mount his pawing horse,
Though men and dogs were ready.

"What ails his Highness? Up and down
In moody sort he paceth ;
He is not wont to be so slack,
Whatever game he chaseth."

He paced and stopp'd ; he paced and turn'd ;
At times he inly mutter'd ;
He pull'd his girdle, twitch'd his beard ;
But not one word he utter'd.

The hounds in couples nosed about,
Or on the sward lay idle ;
The huntsmen stole a fearful glance,
While fingering girth or bridle.

Among themselves, but not too loud,
The young lords laugh'd and chatter'd,
Or broke a branch of hawthorn-bloom,
As though it nothing matter'd.

King Henry sat on a fell'd oak,
With gloomier eyes and stranger ;
His brows were knit, his lip he bit ;
To look that way was danger.

Mused he on pope and emperor ?
Denied them and defied them ?
Or traitors in his very realm
Complotting ? — woe betide them !

Suddenly on the south-west wind,
Distinct though distant, sounded
A cannon shot, — and to his feet
The king of England bounded.

"My horse !" he shouts, — "Uncouple now !"
And all were quickly mounted.
A hind was found ; man, horse, and hound
Like furious demons hunted.

Fast fled the deer by grove and glade,
The chase did faster follow ;
And every wild-wood alley rang
With hunter's horn and hollo.

Away together stream'd the hounds ;
Forward press'd every rider.
You're free to slay a hind in May,
If there's no calf beside her.

King Harry rode a mighty horse,
His Grace being broad and heavy,
And like a stormy wind he crash'd
Through copse and thicket leavy.

He rode so hard, and roar'd so loud,
All men his course avoided ;
The fiery steed, long held on fret,
With many a snort enjoy'd it.

The hind was kill'd, and down they sat
To flagon and to pasty.
"Ha, by Saint George, a noble prince !
Tho' hot, by times, and hasty."

Lord Norfolk knew, and other few,
Wherefore that chase began on
The signal of a gun far off,
One growl of distant cannon, —

And why so jovial grew his Grace,
That erst was sad and sullen :
With that boom from the tower, had fall'n
The head of fair Anne Bullen.

Her neck, which Henry used to kiss,
The bloody axe did sever ;
Their little child, Elizabeth,
She'll see no more forever.

Gaily the king for Greenwich rides ;
Each moment makes his glee more ;
He thinks — "To-morrow I'm betrothed,
At last, to young Jane Seymour !"

The sunshine falls, the wild-bird calls,
Across the slopes of Epping ;
From grove to glade, through light and shade,
The troops of deer are stepping.

W. A.

From The Fortnightly Review.
LORD ALTHORPE AND THE REFORM
ACT OF 1832.

"ALTHORPE carried the bill," such is the tradition of our fathers, "the bill," of course, being *the* bill to them — the great Reform Act of 1832, which was like a little revolution in that generation, — which really changed so much, and which seemed to change so much more. To have been mainly concerned in passing so great a measure seems to many of the survivors of that generation, who remember the struggles of their youth and recall the enthusiasm of that time, almost the *acme* of fame. And in sober history such men will always be respectfully and gravely mentioned, but all romance has died away. *The* bill is to us hardly more than other bills; it is one of a great many acts of Parliament which in this day, partly for good and partly for evil, have altered the ever-varying constitution of England. The special charm, the charm which to the last you may see that Macaulay always felt about it, is all gone. The very history of it is forgotten. Which of the younger generation can say what was General Gascoigne's amendment, or who were the "waverers," or even how many Reform "Bills" in those years there were? The events for which one generation cares most are often those of which the next knows least. They are too old to be matters of personal recollection, and they are too new to be subjects of study: they have passed out of memory, and they have not got into the books. Of the well-informed young people about us, there are very many who scarcely know who Lord Althorpe was.

And in another respect this biography has been unfortunate. It has been kept too long. The Reform Act of 1867 has shed a painful light on the Reform Act of 1832, and has exhibited in real life what philosophers said were its characteristic defects. While these lingered in the books they were matters of dull teaching, and no one cared for them; but now Mr. Disraeli has embodied them, and they are living among us. The traditional sing-song of mere eulogy is broken by a sharp question. Those who study that time

say, "Althorpe, you tell us, passed the Bill. It was his frankness and his high character and the rest of his great qualities which did it. But was it good that he should have passed it? Would it not have been better if he had not possessed these fine qualities? Was not some higher solution possible? Knowing this bill by its fruits, largely good, but also largely evil, might we not have had a better bill? At any rate, if it could not be so, show *why* it could not be so. Prove that the grave defects in the Act of 1832 were necessary defects. Explain how it was that Althorpe had no choice, and then we will admire him as you wish us." But to this biographer — a man of that time, then in the House of Commons on the Whig side, and almost, as it were, on the skirts of the bill — such questions would have seemed impossible. To him the Act of 1832 is still wonderful and perfect — the great measure which *we* carried in *my* youth; and as for explaining defects in it, he would have as soon thought of explaining defects in a revelation.

But if ever Lord Althorpe's life is well written, it will, I think, go far to explain not only why the Reform Bill was carried, but why that bill is what it was. He embodies all the characteristic virtues which enable Englishmen to effect well and easily great changes in politics: their essential fairness, their "large round-about common sense," their courage, and their disposition rather to give up something than to take the uttermost farthing. But on the other hand also he has all the characteristic English defects: their want of intellectual and guiding principle, their even completer want of the culture which would give that principle, their absorption in the present difficulty, and their hand-to-mouth readiness to take what solves it without thinking of other consequences. And I am afraid the moral of those times is that these English qualities as a whole — merits and defects together — are better suited to an early age of politics than to a later. As long as materials are deficient, these qualities are most successful in hitting off simple expedients, in adapting old things to new uses, and in extending ancient customs; they are fit for

instantaneous little creations, and admirable at bit-by-bit growth. But when, by the incessant application of centuries, these qualities have created an accumulated mass of complex institutions, they are apt to fail, unless aided by others very different. The instantaneous origination of obvious expedients is of no use when the field is already covered with the heterogeneous growth of complex past expedients; bit-by-bit development is out of place unless you are sure which bit should and which bit should not be developed; the extension of customs may easily mislead when there are so many customs; no immense and involved subject can be set right except by faculties which can grasp what is immense and scrutinize what is involved. But mere common sense is here matched with more than it can comprehend, like a schoolboy in the differential calculus;—and absorption in the present difficulty is an evil, not a good, for what is wanted is that you should be able to see many things at once, and take in their bearings, not fasten yourself on one thing. The characteristic danger of great nations, like the Romans or the English, which have a long history of continuous creation, is that they may at last fail from not comprehending the great institutions which they have created.

No doubt it would be a great exaggeration to say that this calamity happened in its fulness in the year 1832, and it would be most unfair to Lord Althorpe to cite him as a complete example of the characteristics which may cause it; but there was something in him of those qualities, and some trace in 1832 of that calamity—enough in both cases to be a warning. Only a complete history of the time can prove this; but perhaps in a few pages I may a little explain and illustrate it.

Let us first get, both as more instructive and as less tedious than analysis, a picture of the man as he stood in the principal event of his life. A good drawer has thus painted him. Lord Jeffrey, the great Edinburgh Reviewer, who was an able lawyer and practical man of business in his day, though his criticism on party has not stood the test of time, was lord advocate in the Reform ministry of 1830, and he is

never tired of describing Lord Althorpe: "There is something," he writes, "to me quite delightful in his calm, clumsy, courageous, immutable probity, and it seems to have a charm for everybody." "I went to Althorpe," he writes, "again, and had a characteristic scene with that most honest, frank, true, and stout-hearted of God's creatures. He had not come down-stairs, and I was led up to his dressing-room, with his arms (very rough and hairy) bare above the elbows, and his beard half shaved and half staring through the lather, with a desperate razor in one hand, and a great soap-brush in the other. He gave me the loose finger of his brush-hand, and with the usual twinkle of his bright eye and radiant smile, he said, 'You need not be anxious about your Scotch bills to-night, for we are no longer his Majesty's ministers.'" And soon after he writes again, at an after stage of the ministerial crisis, "When they came to summon Lord Althorpe to a council on the duke's giving in, he was found in a shed with a groom busy oiling the locks of his fowling-pieces, and lamenting the decay into which they had fallen during his ministry." And on another occasion he adds what may serve as an intellectual accompaniment to these descriptions, "Althorpe, with his usual frankness, gave us a pretended confession of his political faith, and a sort of creed of his political morality, and showed that though it was a very shocking doctrine to promulgate, he must say that he had never sacrificed his own inclinations to a sense of duty without repenting it, and always found himself more substantially unhappy for having employed himself for the public good." And some one else at the time said, "The Government cannot be going out, for Althorpe looks so very dismal." He was made (as we learn from this volume) a principal minister, contrary to his expectation and in opposition to his wish. He was always wanting to resign; he was always uncomfortable, if not wretched, and the instant he could he abandoned politics, and would never touch them again, though he lived for many years. And this, though in appearance he was most successful, and was almost idolized by his followers and friends.

At first this seems an exception to one of nature's most usual rules. Almost always, if she gives a great faculty she gives also an enjoyment in the use of it. But here nature had given a remarkable power of ruling and influencing men — one of the most remarkable (good observers seem to say) given to any Englishman of that generation; and yet the possessor did not like, but on the contrary, much disliked to use it. The explanation, however, is, that not only had nature bestowed on Lord Althorpe this happy and great gift of directing and guiding men, but, as if by some subtle compensation, had added what was, under the circumstances, a great pain to it. She had given him a most sluggish intellect — only moving with effort, and almost suffering, — generally moving clumsily, and usually following, not suggesting. If you put a man with a mind like this — especially a sensitive, conscientious man such as Lord Althorpe was — to guide men quickly through complex problems of legislation and involved matters of science, no wonder that he will be restive and wish to give up. No doubt the multitude wish to follow him; but where is he to tell the multitude to go? His mind suggests nothing, and there is a pain and puzzle in his brain.

Fortune and education had combined in Lord Althorpe's case to develop his defects. His father and mother were both persons of great cultivation, but they were also busy people of the world, and so they left their son to pick up his education as he could. A Swiss footman, who did not know English very well, taught him to read, and "was his sole instructor and most intimate associate till he went to Harrow." His father, too, being a great fox-hunter, he clearly cared more, and was more occupied with hounds and animals, as a young boy, than with anything else; and he lived mainly with servants and people also so occupied, from which, as might be expected, he contracted a shyness and awkwardness which stayed with him through life. When he went to Harrow the previous deficiencies of his education were, of course, against him, and he seems to have shown no particular disposition to repair them. As far as can now

be learned he was an ordinary strong-headed and strong-willed English boy, equal to necessary lessons, but not caring for them, and only distinguished from the rest by a certain suppressed sensibility and tenderness, which he also retained in after years, and which softened a manliness that would otherwise have been rugged, and which saved him from being unrefined.

At Cambridge his mother, as it appears, suddenly, and for the first time, took an interest in his studies, and told him she should expect him to be high at his first college examination. And this seems to have awakened him to industry. The examination was on mathematics, which suited him much better than the Harrow classics, and he really came out high in it. The second year it was the same, though he had good competitors. But there his studies ended. His being a nobleman at that time excluded him from the university examinations, and he was far too apathetic to work at mathematics, except for something of the sort, and his tutor seems to have discouraged his doing so. Then, as since, the bane of Cambridge has been a certain incomplete and rather mean way of treating great studies, which teaches implicitly, if not plainly, that it was as absurd to learn the differential calculus in and for itself as it would be to keep a ledger for its own sake. On such a mind as Lord Althorpe's, which required as much as possible to be awakened and kept awake to the interest of high studies, no external surroundings could have been more fatal. He threw up his reading and took to hounds, betting, and Newmarket, and to all which was then, even if not since, thought to be most natural, if not most proper, in a young nobleman.

As far as classical studies are concerned he probably lost nothing. He was through life very opaque to literary interests, and in his letters and speeches always used language in the clumsiest way. But he had — perhaps from his childish field-sports — a keen taste for animals and natural history, which nowadays would have been developed into a serious pursuit. And as it was he had an odd craving for figures, which might have been made

something of in mathematics. "He kept," we are told, "an account of every shot he fired in the course of a year, whether he missed or killed, and made up the book periodically." He would not pass the accounts of the Agricultural Society without hunting for a missing threepence; and when chancellor of the exchequer he used, it is said, "to do all his calculations, however complicated, alone in his closet," which his biographer thinks very admirable, and contrasts with the habit of Mr. Pitt, "who used to take a treasury clerk into his confidence," but which was really very absurd. It is not by such mechanical work that great budgets are framed, and a great minister ought to know what *not* to do himself, and how to use, for everything possible, the minds of others. Still there is much straightforward strength in this, if also some comic dulness.

If Lord Althorpe's relatives did not give him a very good education, they did not make up for it by teaching him light accomplishments. They sent him the "grand tour," as it was then called; but he was shy and awkward, seems to have had no previous preparation for foreign society, would not go into it, and returned boasting that he could not speak French. His mother—a woman of great fashion and high culture—must have sighed very much over so uncourtly and so "English" an eldest son.

Then, in the easy way of those times—it was 1804—he was brought into Parliament for Okehampton, a nomination borough, some "Mr. Strange," a barrister, retiring in his favor, and his interest being strong, he was made a lord of the treasury. But the same apathy to intellectual interests which showed itself at college clung to him here also. He showed energy, but it was not the energy of a man of business. He passed, we are told, "the greatest part of his time in the country, and when he attended at the treasury, which was very rarely, and only on particular occasions to make up a board, he returned home immediately afterwards. Indeed, he used to have horses posted on the road from London to Althorpe, and often rode down at night, as soon as the House had risen, in order that he might hunt with the Pytchley the next morning." "On these occasions," says another account, "he had no sleep, and often the hacks which he rode would fall down on the road." And years afterwards the old clerks of the office used to tell of the rarity and brevity of his visits to the department, and of the difficulty of getting him to stay; all which shows force and

character, but still not the sort of character which would fit a man to be chancellor of the exchequer. But though he had much of the want of culture, Lord Althorpe had none of the unfeelingness which also the modern world is getting somehow to attach to the character of the systematic sportsman. On the contrary, he was one of the many instances which prove that this character may be combined with an extreme sensibility to the sufferings of animals and man. He belonged to the class of men in whom such feelings are far keener than usual, and his inner character approached to the "Arnold type," "for to hear of cruelty or injustice pained him" almost "like a blow."

He, it seems, kept a hunting journal, which tells how his hounds found a fox at Parson's Hill, and "ran over old Naseby field to Althorpe in fifty minutes, and then, after a slight check, over the finest part of Leicestershire;" and all that sort of thing. But probably it does not tell one very natural consequence which happened to him from such a life. Being a somewhat uncouth person, addicted to dogs and horses—a "man's man," as Thackeray used to call it—he did not probably go much into ladies' society, and was not very aggressive when he was there. But men who do not make advances to women are apt to become victims to women who make advances to them, and so it was with Lord Althorpe. He married a Miss Acklom, a "Diana Vernon" sort of person, "rather stout, and without pretension to regular beauty;" but nevertheless, it is said, "with something prepossessing about her—clever, well-read, with a quick insight into the character of others, and with much self-dependence." And this self-dependence and thought she showed to her great advantage in the principal affair of her life. Lord Althorpe's biographer is sure, but does not say how, that the first declaration of love was made by the lady; he was, it seems, too shy to think of such a thing. As a rule, marriages in which a young nobleman is actively captured by an aggressive lady are not domestically happy, though they may be socially useful, but in this case the happiness seems to have been exceptionally great; and when she died, after a few years, he suffered a very unusual grief. "He went," we are told, "at once to Winton, the place where he had lived with her, and passed several months in complete retirement, finding his chief occupation in reading the Bible," in which he found, at first, many grave difficulties, such as the mention of the constel-

lation "Orion" by the prophet Amos, and the high place (an equality with Job and David) given by Ezekiel to the prophet Daniel when still a young man, "and before he had proved himself to be a man of so great a calibre as he certainly did afterwards." On these questions, he adds, "I have consulted a Mr. Shepherd, the clergyman here, but his answers are not satisfactory." Happily, however, such a man is not at the mercy of clergymen's answers, nor upon petty details of ancient prophets. The same sensibility which made him keenly alive to justice and injustice in things of this world went further, and told him of a moral government in things not of this world. No man of or near the Arnold species was ever a sceptic as to, far less an unbeliever in, ultimate religion. New philosophies are not wanted or appreciated by such men, nor are book arguments of any real use, though these men often plod over them as if they were; for in truth an inner teaching supersedes everything, and for good or evil closes the controversy; no discussion is of any effect or force; the court of appeal, fixed by nature in such minds, is peremptory in belief, and will not hear of any doubt. And so it was in this case. Through life Lord Althorpe continued to be a man strong, though perhaps a little crude, in religious belief; and thus gained at the back of his mind a solid seriousness which went well with all the rest of it. And his grief for his wife was almost equally durable. He gave up not only society, which perhaps was no great trial, but also hunting—not because he believed it to be wrong, but because he did not think it seemly or suitable that a man after such a loss should be so very happy as he knew that hunting would make him.

Soon after his marriage he had begun to take an interest in politics, especially on their moral side, and of course the increased seriousness of his character greatly augmented it. Without this change, though he might have thought he might have been occasionally useful in outlying political questions, probably he would have had no grave political career, and his life never would have been written. But the sort of interest which he took in politics requires some explanation, for though his time is not very long ago, the change of feeling since then is vast.

"If any person," said Sir Samuel Romilly, the best of judges, for he lived through the times and was mixed up, heart and soul, in the matters he speaks of, "if any person be desirous of having an adequate idea of the mischievous effects which

have been produced in this country by the French Revolution and all its attendant horrors, he should attempt some reforms on humane and liberal principles. He will then find not only what a stupid spirit of innovation, but what a savage spirit, it has infused into the minds of his countrymen." And very naturally, for nothing is so cruel as fear. A whole generation in England, and indeed in Europe, was so frightened by the Reign of Terror that they thought it could only be prevented by another Reign of Terror. The Holy Alliances, as they were then called, meant this and worked for this. Though we had not in name such an alliance in England, we had a state of opinion which did the work of one without one. Nine-tenths of the English people were above all things determined to put down "French principles," and unhappily "French principles" included what we should all now consider obvious improvements and rational reforms. They would not allow the most cruel penal code which any nation ever had to be mitigated; they did not wish justice to be questioned; they would not let the mass of the people be educated, or at least only so that it came to nothing; they would not alter anything which came down from their ancestors, for in their terror they did not know but there might be some charmed value even in the most insignificant thing; and after what they had seen happen in France, they feared that if they changed a single iota all else would collapse.

Upon this generation, too, came the war passion. They waged, and in the main—though with many errors—waged with power and spirit, the war with Napoleon; and they connected this with their horror of liberal principles in a way which is now very strange to us, but which was very powerful then. We know now that Napoleon was the head of a conservative reaction, a bitter and unfeeling reaction, just like that of the contemporary English; but the contemporary English did not know this. To the masses of them he was *Robespierre à cheval*, as some one called him—a sort of Jacobin waging war, in some occult way, for liberty and revolution, though he called himself emperor. Of course the educated few gradually got more or less to know that Napoleon hated Jacobins and revolution, and liberty too, as much as it is possible to hate them; but the ordinary multitude, up to the end of the struggle, never dreamed of it. Thus in an odd way the war passion of the time strengthened its conservative feeling; and in a

much more usual way it did so too, for it absorbed men's minds in the story of battles and the glory of victories, and left no unoccupied thought for gradual improvement and dull reform at home. A war time, also, is naturally a harsh time; for the tale of conflicts which sometimes raises men above pain, also tends to make men indifferent to it; the familiarity of the idea ennobles but also hardens.

This savageness of spirit was the more important because, from deep and powerful economical agencies, there was an incessant distress running through society, sometimes less and sometimes more, but always, as we should now reckon, very great. The greatest cause of this was that we were carrying on, or trying to carry on, a system of free trade under a restrictive tariff: we would not take foreign products, and yet we wished to sell foreigners ours. And our home market was incessantly disordered. First the war and then the corn-laws confined us chiefly to our own soil for our food, but that soil was of course liable to fail in particular years, and then the price of food rose rapidly, which threw all other markets into confusion — for people must live first, and can only spend the surplus, after paying the cost of living, upon everything else. The fluctuations in the demand for our manufactures at home were ruinously great, though we were doing all we could to keep them out of foreign markets, and the combined effect was terrible. And the next great cause was that we were daily extending an unprecedented system of credit without providing a basis for it, and without knowing how to manage it. There was no clear notion that credit, being a promise to pay cash, must be supported by proportionate reserves of cash held in store; and that as bullion is the international cash, all international credit must be sustained by a store of bullion. In consequence all changes for the worse in trade, whether brought on by law or nature, caused a destruction of confidence, and diffused an uneasy moral feeling which made them far worse than they would have been otherwise. The immense fluctuations in our commerce, caused by protection, were aggravated by immense fluctuations in our credit, and the combined result was unspeakably disastrous.

During the French war these causes were not so much felt. Trade was better, because we were creating a foreign market for ourselves. Just as lately, by lending to a miscellaneous mass of foreign

countries, we enabled those countries to buy of us, so in the great war, by large subsidies and huge foreign expenditure, we created a "purchasing power" which was ultimately settled in our manufactures. We had nothing else to settle it with; if we did not send them direct, we must use them to buy the bullion, or whatever else it might be which we did send indirectly. This "war demand," of which so much is said in the economical literature of those years, of course ceased at the peace; and as we declined to take foreign products in exchange for ours, no substitute for it could be found, and trade languished in consequence. Agriculture, too, was worse after the peace, for the natural protection given by the war was far more effective than the artificial protection given by the corn-laws. The war kept out corn almost equally whatever was the price, but the corn-laws were based on the "sliding scale," which let in the corn when it became dear. Our farmers, therefore, were encouraged to grow more corn than was enough for the country in good years, which they could not sell; and they did not get a full price in bad years, for the foreign corn came in more and more as the price rose and rose. Though the protection availed to hurt the manufacturer, it was not effectual in helping the farmer. And the constant adversity of other interests, by a reflex action, also hurt him. Committees on agricultural distress, and motions as to the relief of trading distress, alternate in the Parliamentary debates of those years. Our credit system, too, was in greater momentary danger after the peace than before; for during the war it was aided by a currency of inconvertible paper, which absolved us from the necessity of paying our promises in solid cash, though at very heavy cost in other ways, both at the instant and afterwards.

These fluctuations in trade and agriculture of course told on the condition of the working classes. They were constantly suffering, and then the "savage spirit" of which Sir Samuel has spoken showed itself at its worst. Suffering, as usual, caused complaint, and this complaint was called sedition. The Habeas Corpus Act was suspended, harsh laws were passed, and a harsher administration incited to put it down. It could not be put down. It incessantly smouldered and incessantly broke out, and for years England was filled with the fear of violence, first by the breakers of the law and then by the enforcers of it.

Resistance to such a policy as this was most congenial to a nature half unhinged

by misfortune, and always in itself most sensitive and opposed to injustice. Even before his wife's death, Lord Althorpe had begun to exert himself against it; and afterwards he threw the whole vigor not only of his mind but of his body into it. So far from running away perpetually to hunt as in old times, he was so constant in his attendance in Parliament that tradition says hardly any one, except the clerks at the table, was more constantly to be seen there. He opposed all the acts by which the Tory government of the day tried to put down dissatisfaction instead of curing it, and his manly energy soon made him a sort of power in Parliament. He was always there, always saying what was clear, strong, and manly; and therefore the loosely-knit Opposition of that day was often guided by him; and the ministers, though strong in numerical majority, feared him, for he said things that the best of that majority understood in a rugged English way, which changed feelings, even if it did not alter votes. He was a man whom every one in the House respected, and who therefore spoke to prepossessed hearers. No doubt, too, the peculiar tinge which grief had given to his character added to his influence. He took no share in the pleasures of other men. Though a nobleman of the highest place, still young, as we should now reckon (he was only thirty-six when Lady Althorpe died), he stood aloof from society which courted him, and lived for public business only; and therefore he had great weight in it, for the English very much value obviously conscientious service, and the sobered foxhunter was a somewhat interesting character.

He had not indeed any clear ideas of the cause of the difficulties of the time, or of the remedies for them. He did no doubt attend much to economical questions; and his taste for figures, shown before in calculating the ratio of his good shots to his bad, made statistical tables even pleasing to him. His strong sense, though without culture and without originality, struggled dimly and sluggishly with the necessary problems. But considering that he lived in the days of Huskisson and Ricardo, his commercial ideas are crude and heavy. He got as far as the notion that the substitution of direct taxes for the bad tariff of those days would be "a good measure," but when he came to apply the principle he failed from inability to work it out. Nor did years of discussion effectually teach him. In his great budget of

1832 — the first which the Whigs had made for many years, and at which therefore every one looked with unusual expectation — he proposed to take off a duty on tobacco, and to replace it by a tax on the transfer of real and funded property, together with a tax on the import of raw cotton; and it was the necessity of having to withdraw the largest part of this plan, that more than anything else first gave the Whigs that character for financial incapacity which clung to them so long. A crude good sense goes no way in such problems, and it is useless to apply it to them. The other economical problem of the time, how to lay a satisfactory basis for our credit, Lord Althorpe was still less able to solve, and excusably so; for the experience which has since taught us so much did not exist, and the best theories then known were very imperfect. The whole subject was then encumbered with what was called the "currency question," and on this Lord Althorpe's views were fairly sensible, but no more.

I have said what may seem too much of the distresses of the country fifty or sixty years ago, not only because the mode in which he dealt with them is the best possible illustration of Lord Althorpe's character, but also because some knowledge of them is necessary to an understanding of "Parliamentary reform," as it was in his time, on account of which alone any one now cares for him. The "bill," if I may say so, for these miseries of the country was sent in to the old system of Parliamentary representation; and very naturally. The defenders of that system of necessity conceded that it was anomalous, complex, and such as it would have been impossible to set up *de novo*. But they argued that it was practically successful, worked well, and promoted the happiness of the people better than any other probably would. And to this the inevitable rejoinder at the time was: "The system does not work well; the country is not happy; if your system is as you say to be judged by its fruits, that system is a bad system, for its fruits are bad, and the consequences everywhere to be seen in the misery around us." Upon many English minds which would have cared nothing for an apparent work of theoretical completeness, this "practical" way of arguing, as it was called, pressed with irresistible strength. The unpopularity was greater because a new generation was growing up with "other thoughts" and "other minds" than that which had preceded it. Between

1828 and 1830, a new race came to influence public affairs, who did not remember the horrors of the French Revolution, and who had been teased to death by hearing their parents talk about them. The harsh and cruel spirit which those horrors had awakened in their contemporaries became itself by the natural law of reaction an object of disgust and almost of horror to the next generation. When it was said that the old structure of Parliament worked well, this new race looked not only at the evident evils amid which they lived, but at the oppressive laws and administration by which their fathers had tried to cure those evils; and they "debited" both to the account of the old Parliament. It was made responsible for the mistaken treatment as well as for the deep-rooted disease, and so the gravest clouds hung over it.

The Duke of Wellington too (the most unsuccessful of premiers as well as the most successful of generals), broke the Tory party—the natural party to support this system—into fragments. With a wise renunciation both of his old principles and of his fixed prejudices he had granted "Catholic emancipation," and so offended the older and stricter part of his followers. They accused him of treachery, and hated him with a hatred of which in this quiet age, when political passion is feeble, we can hardly form an idea. And he then quarrelled, also, with the best of the moderate right—Mr. Huskisson and the Canningites. He had disliked Mr. Canning personally when alive, he hated still more the liberal principles which he had begun to introduce into our foreign policy, and he was an eager, despotic man who disliked difference of opinion; so just when he had broken with the most irrational section of his party, he broke with its most rational members too and left himself very weak. No one so much, though without meaning it, aided the cause of Parliamentary change, for he divided and enfeebled the supporters of the old system; he took away the question of Catholic emancipation which before filled the public mind; and he intensified the unpopularity of all he touched by the idea of a "military premier," for which, we should not care now, but which was odious and terrible then when men still feared oppression from the government.

Upon minds thus predisposed the French Revolution of 1830 broke with magical power. To the young generation it seemed like the fulfilment of their dreams.

The meagre, stale, forbidding ways
Of custom, law, and statute took at once
The attraction of a country in Romance,
And lively thought that they might be
Called upon to exercise their skill,
Not in Utopia, subterranean fields,
Or some secluded island, heaven knows where,
But in the very world, which is the world
Of all of us.

And even to soberer persons this new revolution seemed to prove that change, even great change, was not so mischievous as had been said—that the good of 1789 might be gained without the evil, and that it was absurd not to try reform when the unreformed world contained so much which was miserable and so much which was difficult to bear. Even a strong Tory ministry might have been overthrown, so great was the force of this sudden sentiment; the feeble ministry of the Duke of Wellington fell at once before it; and the Whigs were called to power.

Their first act was to frame a plan of Parliamentary reform, and that which they constructed was many times larger than anything which any one expected from them. All those who remember those times say that when they heard what was proposed they could hardly believe their ears. And when it was explained to the House of Commons, the confusion, the perplexity, and the consternation were very great. Reform naturally was much less popular in the assembly to be reformed than it was elsewhere. The general opinion was that if Sir R. Peel had risen at once and denounced the bill as destructive and revolutionary he might have prevented its being brought in. Another common opinion in the House was that the "Whigs would go out next morning." But the bill had been framed by one who, with whatever other shortcomings and defects, has ever had a shrewd eye for the probable course of public opinion. "I told Lord Grey," says Lord Russell, "that none but a large measure would be a safe measure." And accordingly, as soon as its provisions came to be comprehended by the country, there was perhaps the greatest burst of enthusiasm which England has ever seen (certainly the greatest enthusiasm for a law, though that for a favorite person may sometimes have risen as high or higher). A later satirist has spoken of it as the "great bill for giving everybody everything," and everybody almost seems to have been as much in favor of it as if they were to gain everything by it. Agricultural counties were as eager as manufacturing towns; men who had always been

Tories before were as warm as Liberals. The country would have "the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill."

But this enthusiasm did not of itself secure the passing of the bill; there were many obstacles in the way, which it took months to overcome, and which often made many despair. First the bill was not one of which the political world itself strongly approved; on the contrary, if left to itself, that world would probably have altogether rejected it. It was imposed by the uninitiated on the initiated, by the many on the few; and inevitably those who were compelled to take it did not like it. Then the vast proposals of the ministry deeply affected many private interests. In 1858 I heard an able politician say, "The best way for a Government to turn itself out is to bring in a reform bill; the number of persons whom every such bill must offend is very great, and they are sure to combine together, not on reform, but on something else, and so turn out the Government." And if there was serious danger to a ministry which ventured to propose such petty reforms as were thought of in 1858, we can imagine the magnitude of the danger which the ministry of 1832 incurred from the great measure they then brought in. One member, indeed, rose and said, "I am the proprietor of Ludgershall, I am the member for Ludgershall, I am the constituency of Ludgershall, and in all three capacities I assent to the disfranchisement of Ludgershall." But the number of persons who were so disinterested was rare. The Bill of 1832 affected the franchise of every constituency, and, therefore, the seat of every member; it abolished the seats of many, and destroyed the right of nomination to seats also possessed by many; and nothing could be more repugnant to the inclinations of most. A House of Commons with such a bill before it was inevitably captious, unruly, and difficult to guide. And even if there had been or could have been a House of Commons which at heart liked the bill, there would still have been the difficulty, that many other people then most influential did not much like it. A great many members of the cabinet which proposed it, though they believed it to be necessary, did not think it to be desirable. The country would have some such measure, and therefore they proposed this. "Lord Palmerston and Mr. Grant," says Lord Russell, "had followed Mr. Canning in his opposition to Parliamentary reform. Lord Lansdowne and Lord Holland had never

been very eager on the subject." Lord Brougham did not approve of the disfranchisement of nearly so many boroughs, and others of the cabinet were much of the same mind. Their opinion was always dubious, their action often reluctant, and, according to Mr. Greville, some of the most influential of them being very sensitive to the public opinion of select political society were soon "heartily ashamed of the whole thing."

The House of Lords, too, was adverse, not only as an assembly of men mostly rich and past middle age is ever adverse to great political change, or as a privileged assembly is always hostile to any movement which may destroy it, but for a reason peculiar to itself. The English House of Lords, as we all know, is not a rigid body of fixed number like the upper chambers of book constitutions, but an elastic body of unfixed number. The crown can add to its members when it pleases and as it pleases. And in various ways which I need not enumerate now, this elasticity of structure has been of much use, but in one way it does much harm. The crown for this purpose means the ministry; the ministry is appointed by a party, and is the agent of that party, and therefore it makes peers from its own friends all but exclusively. Under a Tory government more than nine-tenths of the new peers will be Tory; under a Whig government more than nine-tenths will be Whig; and if for a long course of years either party has been continuously, or nearly so, in power, the House of Lords will be filled with new members belonging to it. And this is a serious inconvenience, because the longer any party has been thus in power, the more likely it is to have to go out and lose power, and the new ministry which comes in, and the new mode of thought which that ministry embodies, finds itself face to face with a House of Peers embodying an antagonist mode of thought, and formed by its enemies. In 1831 this was so, for the Tories had been in office almost without a break since 1784, had created peers profusely, who were all Tories, and added the Irish elective peers who, from the mode of election, were all Tories too. In consequence the reform movement of 1831 and 1832 found itself obstinately opposed to a hostile House of Lords, whose antagonism aided the reluctance diffused through the House of Commons, and fostered the faint-heartedness common in the cabinet. The king, too, who had begun by being much in favor of reform, gradually grew fright-

ened. His correspondence with Lord Grey gives a vivid picture of a well-meaning, but irresolute man, who is much in the power of the last speaker, who at last can be securely relied on by no one, and who gives incessant (and as it seems unnecessary) trouble to those about him. The rising republicanism of the day will find in these letters much to serve it; for however convinced one may be, on general grounds, that English royalty was necessary to English freedom at that time, it is impossible not to be impatient at seeing how, month after month in a great crisis, when there was so much else to cause anxiety and create confusion, one stupid old man should have been able to add so much to both.

And all through the struggle the two effects of the new French Revolution were contending with one another. Just as it aroused in young and sanguine minds (and the majority of the country was just then disposed to be sanguine) the warmest hopes, in minds oppositely predisposed it aroused every kind of fear. Old and timid people thought we should soon have in England "Robespierre and the guillotine." Indeed, in a way that it is rather amusing now to consider, the French horrors of 1793 are turned into a kind of intellectual shuttlecock by two disputants. One says, "See what comes of rash changes, how many crimes they engender, and how many lives they lose!" "No," replies the other, "see what comes of not making changes till too late, for it was delay of change, and resistance to change, which caused those crimes and horrors." Nor were these unreal words of mere rhetoric. They told much on many minds, for what France had done and would do then naturally filled an immense space in men's attention, as for so many years not long since Europe had been divided into France and anti-France.

With all these obstacles in its way the ministry of 1831 had the greatest difficulty in carrying the Reform Bill. I have not space to narrate, even in the briefest way, the troubled history of their doing so. Parliamentary debates are generally dull in the narration, but so great was the excitement, and so many were the relieving circumstances, that an accomplished historian will be able to make posterity take some sort of exceptional interest in these. The credit of the victory, such as it is, must be divided between many persons; Lord Grey managed the king, and stood first in the eye of the country; Lord Russell contributed the first sketch of the

bill, containing all its essential features, both good and bad, and he introduced the first bill into the House of Commons; the late Lord Derby then first showed his powers as a great debater. But the best observers say that Lord Althorpe carried the bill: he was leader of the House at the time, and the main strain of ruling one of the most troubled of Parliaments was on him. His biographer, Sir James le Marchant, who was present at the debates, says:—

Lord Althorpe's capacity as a leader had been severely tested throughout this tremendous struggle, and it extorted the praise even of his political opponents. I recollect Sir Henry Hardinge saying, "It was Althorpe carried the bill. His fine temper did it. And in answer to a most able and argumentative speech of Crocker, he rose and merely said, 'that he had made some calculations which he considered as entirely conclusive in refutation of the right honorable gentleman's arguments which he had mislaid, but if the House would be guided by his advice they would reject the amendment'—which they accordingly did. There is no standing against such influence as this. The Whigs ascribed Lord Althorpe's influence not to his temper alone, but to the confidence felt by the House in his integrity and sound judgment, an opinion so universal that Lord Grey was induced by it to press upon him a peerage that he might take charge of the bill in the committee of the Lords; and the design was abandoned not from any hesitation or unwillingness on the part of Lord Althorpe, but from the difficulty of finding a successor to him in the Commons." So bad a speaker, with so slow a mind, has never received so great a compliment in a scene where quickness and oratory seem at first sight to be the most absolutely requisite of qualities.

But it is no doubt a great mistake to imagine that these qualities are the true essentials to success of this kind. A very shrewd living judge says, after careful reflection, that they are even hurtful. "A man," says Mr. Massey in his history, "who speaks seldom, and who speaks ill, is the best leader of the House of Commons." And no doubt the slow-speeched English gentlemen rather sympathize with slow speech in others. Besides, a quick and brilliant leader is apt to be always speaking, whereas a leader should interfere only when necessary, and be therefore felt as a higher force when he does so. His mind ought to be like a reserve fund; not invested in showy securities, but sure to be come at when wanted, and always of stable value. And this Lord Althorpe's mind was; there was not an epigram in the whole of it; everything was solid and

ordinary. Men seem to have trusted him much as they trust a faithful animal, entirely believing that he would not deceive if he could, and that he could not if he would.

And what, then, was this great "bill" — which it was so great an achievement to pass? Unfortunately this is not an easy question to answer shortly. The "bill" destroyed many old things and altered many old things, and we cannot understand its effects except in so far as we know what these old things were.

"A variety of rights of suffrage," said Sir James Mackintosh, "is the principle of the English representation." How that variety began is not at all to the present purpose; it grew as all English things grow — by day-by-day alterations from small beginnings; and the final product was very different from the first beginning, as well as from any design which ever at any one time entered any one's mind. There always was a great contrast between the mode of representation in boroughs and in counties, because there was a great contrast in social structure between them. The "knight of the shire" was differently chosen from the "burgess of the town," because the "shire" was a different sort of place from the town, and the same people could not have chosen for the two — the same people not existing in the two. The borough representations of England, too, "struggled up" — there is hardly any other word to describe it — in a most irregular manner. The number of towns which sent representatives is scarcely ever the same in any two of our oldest Parliaments. The sheriff had a certain discretion, for the writ only told him to convene "*de quolibet burgo duos burgenses*," and did not name any towns in particular. Most towns then disliked the duty and evaded it if possible, which seems to have augmented the sheriff's power, for he could permit or prevent the evasion as much as he chose. And at a very early period great differences grew up between the ways of election in the towns which were always represented. There seems to have been a kind of "natural selection;" the most powerful class in each borough chose if it could at each election, and if any class long continued the most powerful, it then acquired customary rights of election which came to be unalterable. Nor was there any good deciding authority to regulate this confusion. The judge of elections was the "House of Commons" itself, and it often decided not according to law or evidence, but as polit-

cal or personal influence dictated. And rights of election thus capriciously recognized became binding on the borough forever. As might be expected the total result was excessively miscellaneous. The following are the franchises of the boroughs in two counties as legislators of 1832 found them: —

SOMERSETSHIRE.

| | |
|----------------|---|
| BRISTOL . . | Freeholders of 40s., and free burgesses. |
| BATH . . | Mayor, aldermen, and common councilmen only. |
| WELLS . . | Mayor, masters, burgesses, and freemen of the seven trading companies of the said city. |
| TAUNTON . . | Potwallers, not receiving alms or charity. |
| BRIDGEWATER . | Mayor, aldermen, and twenty-four capital burgesses of the borough paying scot and lot. |
| ILCHESTER . . | Alleged to be the inhabitants of the said town paying scot and lot which the town called potwallers. |
| MINEHEAD . . | The parishioners of Dunster and Minehead, being housekeepers in the borough of Minehead, and not receiving alms. |
| MILBORN PORT . | The capital bailiffs and their deputies, the number of bailiffs being nine, and their deputies being two; in the commonalty, stewards, their number being two; and the inhabitants thereof paying scot and lot. |

LANCASHIRE.

| | |
|---------------|--|
| LANCASTER . . | Freemen only. |
| WIGAN . . | Free burgesses. |
| CLITHEROE . . | Freeholders, resident and non-resident. |
| LIVERPOOL . . | Mayor, bailiffs, and freemen not receiving alms. |
| PRESTON . . | All the inhabitants. |

Nothing could be more certain than that a system which was constructed in this manner must sooner or later need great alteration. Institutions which have grown from the beginning by adaptation may last as long as any if they continue to possess the power of adaptation. The force which created them still exists to preserve them. But in this case the power of adaptation was gone. A system of representation made without design was fixed as eternal upon a changing nation; and somehow or other it was sure to become unsuitable. Nothing could be more false in essence than the old anti-reform

arguments as far as they affected the "wisdom of our ancestors;" for the characteristic method of our ancestors had been departed from. Our ancestors changed what they wanted bit by bit, just when and just as they wanted. But their descendants were forbidden to do so; they were asked to be content not only with old clothes but with much-patched old clothes, which they were denied the power to patch again. And this sooner or later they were sure to refuse.

In 1832 a grave necessity existed for changing it. The rude principle of natural selection by which it had been made, insured that at least approximately the classes most influential in the nation would have a proportionate power in the legislation; no great class was likely to be denied anything approaching to its just weight. But now that a system framed in one age was to be made to continue unchanged through after ages there was no such security. On the contrary, the longer the system went on without change the more sure it was to need change. Some new class was sure in course of time to grow up for which the fixed system provided no adequate representatives; and the longer that system continued fixed, the surer was this to happen, and the stronger was it likely that this class would be. In 1832, such a class had arisen of the first magnitude. The trading wealth of the country had created a new world which had no voice in Parliament comparable to that which it had in the country. Not only were some of the greatest towns, like Birmingham and Manchester, left without any members at all, but in most other towns the best of the middle class felt that they had no adequate power; they were either extinguished by a franchise too exclusive, or swamped by one too diffused; either way, they were powerless.

There was equal reason to believe that by the same inevitable course of events some class would come to have more power in Parliament than it should. The influence which gave the various classes their authority at the time in which the machinery of our representation was framed, would be sure in time to ebb away, wholly or in part, from some of them. And in matter of fact they did so. The richer nobility and the richer commoners had come to have much more power than they ought. The process of letting the most influential people in a borough choose its members, amounted in time to letting the great nobleman or great com-

moner to whom the property of the town belonged, choose them. And many counties had fallen into the direction of the same hands also, so that it was calculated, if not with truth, at any rate with an approach to it, that one hundred and seventy-seven lords and gentlemen chose as many as three hundred and fifty-five English members of Parliament. The Parliamentary power of these few rich peers and squires was much too great when compared with their share in the life of the nation, just as that of the trading class was too weak; the excess of the one made the deficiency of the other additionally difficult to bear; and the contrast was more than ever galling in the years from 1830 to 1832, because just then the new French Revolution had revived the feud between the privileged classes and the non-privileged. The excessive Parliamentary power of these few persons had before been a yoke daily becoming heavier and heavier, and now it could be endured no longer.

The Reform "Bill" amended all this. It abolished a multitude of nomination boroughs, gave members to large towns and cities, and changed the franchise, so that in all boroughs at any rate, the middle classes obtained predominant power. And no one can deny that the good so done was immense; indeed, no one does now deny it, for the generation of Tories that did so has passed away. No doubt the Reform Act did not produce of itself at once the new heaven and new earth which its more ardent supporters expected of it. It did nothing to remove the worst evils from which the country suffered, for those evils were not political but economical; and the classes whom it enfranchised were not more economically instructed than those whom they superseded. The doctrine of protection then reigned all through the nation, and while it did so no real cure for those evils was possible. But this act, coming as it did when a new political generation was prepared to make use of it, got rid entirely of the "cruel spirit" by which our distresses had been repressed before, and which was as great an evil as those distresses themselves, introduced many improvements, municipal reform, tithe reform, and such like, in which the business-like habit of mind due to the greater power of the working classes, mainly helped and diffused a sweeter and better spirit through society.

But these benefits were purchased at a price of the first magnitude, though, from the nature of it, its payment was long de-

ferred. The reformers of 1832 dealt with the evils of their time, as they would have said, in an English way, and without much thinking of anything else. And exactly in that English way, as they had under their hands a most curious political machine which had grown without design, and which produced many very valuable, though not very visible effects, they, without thought, injured and destroyed some of the best of it.

First, the old system of representation, as we have seen, was based on a variety of franchises. But, in order to augment the influence of the middle class, the reformers of 1832 destroyed that variety; they introduced into every borough the £10 household franchise, and with a slight exception which we need not take account of, made that franchise the only one in all boroughs. They raised the standard in the boroughs in which it was lower than £10, and lowered it in those where it was higher; and in this way they changed the cardinal principle of the system which they found for the established uniformity as a rule instead of variety.

And this worked well enough at first, for there was not for some years after 1832 much wish for any more change in our constituencies. But in our own time we have seen the harm of it. If you establish any uniform franchise in a country, then it at once becomes a question, What sort of franchise is it to be? Those under it will say that they are most unjustly excluded; they will deny that there is any real difference between themselves and those above; they will show without difficulty that some whom the chosen line leaves out are even better than those which it takes in. And they will raise the cry so familiar in our ears — the cry of class legislation. They will say, Who are these ten-pound householders, these arbitrarily chosen middle-class men, that they should be sole electors? Why should they be alone enfranchised and all others practically disfranchised, either by being swamped by their more numerous votes or by not having votes at all? The case is the stronger because one of the most ancient functions of Parliament, and especially the Commons House of Parliament, is the reformation of grievances. This suited very well with the old system of variety; in that miscellaneous collection of constituencies every class was sure to have some members who represented it. There were then working-class constituencies sending members to speak for them, — “men,” says Mackintosh, “of popular

talents, principles, and feelings; quick in suspecting oppression, bold in resisting it, not thinking favorably of the powerful; listening almost with credulity to the complaints of the humble and the feeble, and impelled by ambition when they are not prompted by generosity to be defenders of the defenceless.” And in cases of popular excitement, especially of erroneous excitement, this plan insured that it should have adequate expression, and so soon made it calm. But the legislation of 1832 destroyed these working-men’s constituencies; “they put the country,” as it was said afterwards, “under ten-pounders only.” And in consequence there are in our boroughs now nothing but working-class constituencies; there are no longer any ten-pound householders at all. There is throughout our boroughs a uniform sort of franchise, and that the worst sort — a franchise which gives the predominance to the most ignorant and the least competent, if they choose to use it. The middle classes have as little power as they had before 1832, and the only difference is, that before 1832 they were ruled by those richer than themselves, and now they are ruled by those poorer.

No doubt there is still an inequality in the franchise between counties and boroughs — the sole remnant of the variety of our ancient system. But that inequality is much more difficult to defend now when it stands alone, than it was in old times when it was one of many. And the “ugly rush” of the lower orders which has effaced the “hard and fast” line established in 1832 threatens to destroy this remnant of variety. In a few years probably there will be but one sort of franchise throughout all England, and the characteristic work of 1832 will be completely undone; the middle classes, whose intelligence Macaulay praised, and to whom he helped to give so much power, will have had all that power taken away from them.

No doubt, too, there is still a real inequality of influence, though there is a legal equality of franchise. The difference of size of boroughs gives more power to those in the small boroughs than to those in the large. And this is very valuable, for elections for large boroughs are costly, and entail much labor that is most disagreeable. But here, again, the vicious precedent of establishing uniformity set in 1832 is becoming excessively dangerous. Being so much used to it people expect to see it everywhere. There is much risk that before long there may be only one sort of vote and only one size of constit-

uency all over England, and then the reign of monotony will be complete.

And, secondly, the reformers of 1832 committed an almost worse error in destroying one kind of select constituency without creating an intellectual equivalent. We are not used nowadays to think of nomination boroughs as select constituencies, but such, in truth, they were, and such they proved themselves to be at, perhaps, the most critical period of English history. Lord Russell, no favorable judge, tells us "that it enabled Sir Robert Walpole to consolidate the throne of the house of Hanover amid external and internal dangers." No democratic suffrage would then have been relied on for that purpose, for the mass of Englishmen were then more or less attached to their hereditary king, and they might easily have been induced to restore him. They had not, indeed, a fanatical passion of loyalty towards him, nor any sentiment which would make them brave many dangers on his behalf; but there was much sluggish and sullen prejudice which might have been easily aroused to see that he had his rights, and there were many relics of ancient loyal zeal which might have combined with that prejudice and ennobled it. Nor did the people of that day much care for what we should now call Parliamentary government. The educated opinion of that day was strongly in favor of the house of Hanover; but the numerical majority of the nation was not equally so; perhaps it would have preferred the house of Stuart. But the higher nobility and the richer gentry possessed a great power over the opinions of Parliament because many boroughs were subject to their control, and by exerting that power they, in conjunction with the trading classes, who were then much too weak to have moved by themselves, fixed the house of Hanover on the throne, and so settled the freedom of England. These boroughs at that time, for this purpose as select constituencies, were of inestimable value, because they enabled the most competent opinion in England to rule without dispute, when, under any system of diffused suffrage, that opinion would either have been out-voted or almost so.

And to the last these boroughs retained much of this peculiar merit. They were an organ for what may be called specialized political thought, for trained intelligence busy with public affairs. Not only did they bring into Parliament men of genius and ability, but they kept together a higher political world capable of appreciating that

genius and ability when young, and of learning from it when old. The Whig party, such as it was in those days especially, rested on this Parliamentary power. In them was a combination of more or less intelligent noblemen of liberal ideas and aims, who chose such men as Burke, and Brougham, and Hume, and at last Macaulay, to develop those ideas and to help to attain those aims. If they had not possessed this peculiar power, they would have had no such intellectual influence; they would have simply been gentlemen of what we now think good ideas, with no special means of advancing them. And they would not have been so closely combined together as they were; they would have been scattered persons of political intelligence. But having this power they combined together, lived together, thought together, and the society thus formed was enriched and educated by the men of genius whom it selected as instruments, and in whom in fact it found teachers. And there was something like it on the government side, though the long possession of power, and perhaps the nature of Toryism, somewhat modified its characteristics.

The effect is to be read in the Parliamentary debates of those times. Probably they are absolutely better than our own. They are intrinsically a better discussion of the subjects of their day than ours are of our subjects. But however this may be, they are beyond a question relatively better. General knowledge of politics has greatly improved in the last fifty years, and the best political thought of the present day is much superior to any which there was then. So that, even if our present Parliamentary debates retained the level of their former excellence, they would still not bear the same relation to the best thought of the present that the old ones bear to the best thought of the past. And if the debates have really fallen off much (as I am sure they have), this conclusion will be stronger and more certain.

Nor is this to be wondered at. If you lessen the cause you will lessen the effect too. Not only are not the men whom these select constituencies brought into Parliament now to be found there, but the society which formed those constituencies, and which chose those men, no longer exists. The old parties were combinations partly aristocratic, partly intellectual, cemented by the common possession and the common use of political power. But now that the power is gone the combinations are dissolved. The place which once

knew them knows them no more. Any one who looks for them in our present London and our present politics will scarcely find much that is like them.

This society sought for those whom it thought would be useful to it in all quarters. There was a regular connection between the "unions," — the great debating societies of Oxford and Cambridge — and Parliament. Young men who seemed promising had even a chance of being competed for by both parties. We all know the line which the wit of Brooke's made upon Mr. Canning —

The turning of coats so common is grown,
That no one would think to attack it;
But no case until now was so flagrantly known
Of a schoolboy's turning his jacket.

This meant that it having been said and believed that Mr. Canning, who had just left Oxford, was to be brought into Parliament by the Whig opposition, he went over to Mr. Pitt, and was brought in by the Tory ministry. The Oxford Liberals of our generations are quite exempt from similar temptations. So far from their support in Parliament being craved by both sides, they cannot enter into Parliament at all. When many of these tried to do so in the autumn of 1867, their egregious failure was one of the most striking events of that remarkable time.

There was a connection too then between the two parts of the public service now most completely divided — the permanent and the Parliamentary civil services. Now, as we all know, the chief clerks in the treasury and permanent heads of departments never think of going into Parliament; they regard the Parliamentary statesmen who are set to rule over them much as the Bengalees regard the English — as persons who are less intelligent and less instructed than themselves, but who nevertheless are to be obeyed. They never think of changing places any more than a Hindoo thinks of becoming an Englishman. But in old times, men like Lord Liverpool, Sir George Rose, and Mr. Huskisson were found eminent in the public offices, and in consequence of that eminence were brought into Parliament. The party in office were then, as now, anxious to obtain competent help in passing measures of finance and detail, and they then obtained it thus, whereas now their successors do not obtain it at all.

There was then, too, a sort of romantic element in the lives of clever young men which is wholly wanting now. Some one said that Macaulay's was like a life in a

fairy-tale — he opens a letter which looks like any other letter, and finds that it contains a seat in Parliament. Gibbon says that just as he was destroying an army of barbarians, Sir Gilbert Elliot called and offered him a seat for Liskeard. Great historians will never probably again be similarly interrupted. The effect of all this was to raise the intellectual tone of Parliament. At present the political conversation of members of Parliament — a few of the greatest expected — is less able and less striking than that of other persons of fair capacity. There is a certain kind of ideas which you hardly ever hear from any other educated person, but which they have to talk to their constituents, and which, if you will let them, they will talk to you too. Some of the middle-aged men of business, the "soap-boilers," as the London world disrespectfully calls them, whom local influence raises to Parliament, really do not seem to know any better; they repeat the words of the hustings as if they were parts of their creed. And as for the more intellectual members who know better, no one of good manners likes to press them too closely in argument on politics any more than he likes to press a clergyman too strictly on religion. In both cases the *status* in the world depends on the belief in certain opinions, and therefore it is thought rather ill-bred, except for some great reason, to try to injure that belief. Intellectual deference used to be paid to members of Parliament, but now, at least in London, where the species is known, the remains of that deference are rare.

The other side of the same phenomenon is the increased power of the provinces, and especially of the constituencies. Any gust of popular excitement runs through them instantly, grows greater and greater as it goes, till it gains such huge influence that for a moment the central educated world is powerless. No doubt, if only time can be gained, the excitement passes away; something new succeeds, and the ordinary authority of trained and practised intelligence revives. But if an election were now to happen at an instant of popular fury, that fury would have little or nothing to withstand it. And, even in ordinary times, the power of the constituencies is too great. They are fast reducing the members, especially the weaker sort of them, to delegates. There is already, in many places, a committee which often telegraphs to London hoping that their member will vote this way or that, and the member is unwilling not to do so,

because at the next election, if offended, the committee may, perchance, turn the scale against him. And this dependence weakens the intellectual influence of Parliament, and of that higher kind of mind of which Parliament ought to be the organ.

We must remember that if now we feel these evils we must expect ere long to feel them much more. The Reform Act of 1867 followed in the main the precedent of 1832; and year by year we shall feel its consequences more and more. The two precedents which have been set will of necessity, in the English world, which is so much guided by precedent, determine the character of future reform acts. And if they do the supremacy of the central group of trained and educated men which our old system of Parliamentary choice created, will be completely destroyed, for it is already half gone.

I know it is thought that we can revive this intellectual influence. Many thoughtful reformers believe that by means of Mr. Hare's system of voting, by the cumulative suffrage, the limited suffrage, or by some others like them, we may be able to replace that which the legislation of 1832 began to destroy, and that which those who follow them are destroying. And I do not wish to say a word against this hope. On the contrary, I think that it is one of the most important duties of English politicians to frame these plans into the best form of which they are capable, and to try to obtain the assent of the country to them. But the difficulty is immense. The reformers of 1832 destroyed intellectual constituencies in great numbers without creating any new ones, and without saying, indeed without thinking, that it was desirable to create any. They thus by conspicuous action, which is the most influential of political instruction, taught mankind that an increase in the power of numbers was the change most to be desired in England. And of course the mass of mankind are only too ready to think so. They are always prone to believe their own knowledge to be "for all practical purposes" sufficient, and to wish to be emancipated from the authority of the higher culture. What we have now to do, therefore, is to induce this self-satisfied, stupid, inert mass of men to admit its own insufficiency, which is very hard; to understand fine schemes for supplying that insufficiency, which is harder; and to exert itself to get those ideas adopted, which is hardest of all. Such is the duty

which the reformers of 1832 have cast upon us.

And this is what of necessity must happen if you set men like Lord Althorpe to guide legislative changes in complex institutions. Being without culture, they do not know how these institutions grew; being without insight, they only see one half their effect; being without foresight, they do not know what will happen if they are enlarged; being without originality, they cannot devise anything new to supply if necessary the place of what is old. Common sense no doubt they have, but common sense without instruction can no more wisely revise old institutions than it can write the "Nautical Almanac." Probably they will do some present palpable good, but they will do so at a heavy cost; years after they have passed away, the bad effects of that which they did, and of the precedents which they set, will be hard to bear and difficult to change. Such men are admirably suited to early and simple times. English history is full of them, and England has been made mainly by them, but they fail in later times when the work of the past is accumulated, and no question is any longer simple. The simplicity of their one-idea'd minds, which is suited to the common arithmetic and vulgar fractions of early societies, is not suited, indeed rather unfits them for the involved analysis and complex "problem-papers" of later ages.

There is little that in a sketch like this need be said of Lord Althorpe's life after the passing of the Reform Act. The other acts of Lord Grey's ministry have nothing so memorable or so characteristic of Lord Althorpe that anything need be said about them. Nor does any one in the least care now as to the once celebrated mistake of Mr. Littleton in dealing with O'Connell, or Lord Althorpe's connection with it. Parliamentary history is only interesting when it is important constitutional history, or when it illustrates something in the character of some interesting man. But the end of Lord Althorpe's public life was very curious. In the November of 1834 his brother, Lord Spencer, died, and as he was then leader of the House of Commons a successor for him had to be found. But William IV., whose Liberal partialities had long since died away, began by objecting to every one proposed, and ended by turning out the ministry — another event in his reign which our coming republicans will no doubt make the most of. But I have nothing to do with the king and the con-

stitutional question now. My business is with Lord Althorpe. He acted very characteristically, — he said that a retirement from office was to him the “cessation of acute pain,” and never afterwards would touch it again, though he lived for many years. Nor was this an idle affectation, far less indolence. “You must be aware,” he said once before, in a letter to Lord Brougham, “that my being in office is nothing less than a source of misery to me. I am perfectly certain that no man ever disliked it to such a degree as I do; and, indeed, the first thing that usually comes into my head when I wake is how to get rid of it.” He retired into the country and occupied himself with the rural pursuits which he loved best, attended at quarter sessions, and was active as a farmer. “Few persons,” said an old shepherd, “could compete with my lord in a knowledge of sheep.” He delighted to watch a whole flock pass, and seemed to know them as if he had lived with them. “Of all my former pursuits,” he wrote, just after Lady Althorpe’s death, and in the midst of his grief, “the only one in which I now take any interest is breeding stock; it is the only one in which I can build castles in the air.” And as soon as he could, among such castles in the air he lived and died. No doubt, too, much better for himself than many of his friends, who long wanted to lure him back to politics. He was wise with the solid wisdom of agricultural England; popular and useful; sagacious in usual things; a model in common duties; well able to advise men in the daily difficulties which are the staple of human life. But beyond this he could not go. Having no call to decide on more intellectual questions, he was distressed and pained when he had to do so. He was a man so picturesquely out of place in a great scene that if a great describer gets hold of him he may be long remembered; and it was the misfortune of his life that the simplicity of his purposes and the reliability of his character raised him at a great conjuncture to a high place for which nature had not meant him, and for which he felt that she had not.

WALTER BAGEHOT.

THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, AUTHCR OF
“MALCOLM,” ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

A DIFFERENCE.

NOTWITHSTANDING his keenness of judgment and sobriety in action, Malcolm had yet a certain love for effect — a delight, that is, in the show of concentrated results — which, as I believe I have elsewhere remarked, belongs especially to the Celtic nature, and is one form in which the poetic element vaguely embodies itself. Hence arose the temptation to try on Blue Peter the effect of a literally theatrical surprise. He knew well the prejudices of the greater portion of the Scots people against every possible form of artistic, most of all dramatic, representation. He knew, therefore, also, that Peter would never be persuaded to go with him to the theatre: to invite him would be like asking him to call upon Beelzebub; but as this feeling was cherished in utter ignorance of its object, he judged he would be doing him no wrong if he made experiment how the thing itself would affect the heart and judgment of the unsophisticated fisherman.

Finding that “The Tempest” was still the play represented, he contrived, as they walked together, so to direct their course that they should be near Drury Lane toward the hour of commencement. He did not want to take him in much before the time: he would not give him scope for thought, doubt, suspicion, discovery.

When they came in front of the theatre, people were crowding in and carriages setting down their occupants. Blue Peter gave a glance at the building. “This’ll be ane o’ the Lon’on kirks, I’m thinkin’?” he said. “It’s a muckle place; an’ there maun be a heap o’ guid fowk in Lon’on, for as ill’s it’s ca’d, to see sae mony, an’ i’ their cairritches, comin’ to the kirk — on a Setterday nicht tu! It maun be some kin’ o’ a prayer-meetin’, I’m thinkin’.”

Malcolm said nothing, but led the way to the pit-entrance.

“That’s no an ill w’y o’ getherin’ the baubees,” said Peter, seeing how the incomers paid their money. “I hae h’ard o’ the plate bein’ robbit in a muckle toon afore noo.”

When at length they were seated, and he had time to glance reverently around him, he was a little staggered at sight of the decorations, and the thought crossed

his mind of the pictures and statues he had heard of in Catholic churches; but he remembered Westminster Abbey, its windows and monuments, and returned to his belief that he was, if in an Episcopal, yet in a Protestant church. But he could not help the thought that the galleries were a little too gaudily painted, while the high pews in them astonished him. Peter's nature, however, was one of those calm, slow ones, which, when occupied by an idea or a belief, are by no means ready to doubt its correctness, and are even ingenious in reducing all apparent contradictions to theoretic harmony with it; whence it came that to him all this was only part of the church furniture according to the taste and magnificence of London. He sat quite tranquil, therefore, until the curtain rose, revealing the ship's company in all the confusion of the wild-est of sea-storms.

Malcolm watched him narrowly. But Peter was first so taken by surprise, and then so carried away with the interest of what he saw, that thinking had ceased in him utterly, and imagination lay passive as a mirror to the representation. Nor did the sudden change from the first to the second scene rouse him, for before his thinking machinery could be set in motion the delight of the new show had again caught him in its meshes. For to him, as it had been to Malcolm, it was the shore at Portlossie, while the cave that opened behind was the Baillie's Barn, where his friends the fishers might at that moment, if it were a fine night, be holding one of their prayer-meetings.

The mood lasted all through the talk of Prospero and Miranda, but when Ariel entered there came a snap, and the spell was broken. With a look in which doubt wrestled with horror, Blue Peter turned to Malcolm, and whispered with bated breath, "I'm jaloosin — it canna be! — it's no a playhoose, this?" Malcolm merely nodded, but from the nod Peter understood that *he* had had no discovery to make as to the character of the place they were in. "Eh!" he groaned, overcome with dismay. Then rising suddenly, "Guid-nicht to ye, my lord," he said with indignation, and rudely forced his way from the crowded house.

Malcolm followed in his wake, but said nothing till they were in the street. Then, forgetting utterly his resolves concerning English in the distress of having given his friend ground to complain of his conduct toward him, he laid his hand on Blue Peter's arm and stopped him in the mid-

dle of the narrow street. "I but thought, Peter," he said, "to get ye to see wi' yer ain een an' hear wi' yer ain ears afore ye passed jeedgment; but ye're jist like the lave."

"An' what for sudna I be jist like the lave?" returned Peter fiercely.

"'Cause it's no fair to set doon a' thing for wrang 'at ye hae been i' the w'y o' hearin' abus't by them 'at kens as little aboot them as yersel'. I cam here mysel', ohn kent whaur I was gaein', the ither nicht, for the first time i' my life; but I wasna fleyt like you, 'cause I kent frae the buik a' 'at was comin'. I hae h'ard in a kirk in ae ten meenutes jist a sicht o' what maun hae been saer displeasin' to the he'rt o' the Maister o' 's a'; but that nicht I saw nae ill an' h'ard nae ill, but was well peyed back up' them 'at did it an' said it afore the business was ower; an' that's mair nor ye'll see i' the streets o' Portlossie ilka day. The playhoose is whaur ye gang to see what comes o' things 'at ye canna follow oot in ordinar' life."

Whether Malcolm after a year's theatre-going would have said precisely the same is hardly doubtful. He spoke of the ideal theatre to which Shakespeare is true, and in regard to that he spoke rightly.

"Ye decoy't me intill the hoose o' inequity!" was Peter's indignant reply; "an' it's no what ye ever gae me cause to expec' o' ye, sae 'at I nicht hae ta'en tent o' ye."

"I thought nae ill o' 't," returned Malcolm.

"Weel, *I div*," retorted Peter.

"Then perhaps you are wrong," said Malcolm, "for charity thinketh no evil. You wouldn't stay to see the thing out."

"There ye are at yer English again; an' misgugglin' Scriptur' wi' 't; an' a' this upo' Setterday nicht — maist the Sawbath day! Weel, I hae aye h'ard 'at Lon'on was an awfu' place, but I little thought the verra air o' 't wad sae sune turn an honest laad like Ma'colm MacPhail intill a scoffer. But maybe it's the markis o' 'im, an' no the muckle toon 'at 's made the differ. Ony gait, I'm thinkin' it'll be aboot time for me to be gauin' hame."

Malcolm was vexed with himself, and both disappointed and troubled at the change which had come over his friend and threatened to destroy the lifelong relation between them: his feelings therefore held him silent.

Peter concluded that *the marquis* was displeased, and it clenched his resolve to go. "What w'y am I to win hame, my

lord?" he said, when they had walked some distance without one word spoken.

"By the Aberdeen smack," returned Malcolm: "she sails on Tuesday. I will see you on board. You must take young Davy with you, for I wouldn't have him here after you are gone. There will be nothing for him to do."

"Ye're unco ready to pairt wt' 's, noo 'at ye hae nae mair use for 's," said Peter.

"No sae ready as ye seem to pairt wi' yer charity," said Malcolm, now angry too.

"Ye see, Annie 'ill be thinkin' lang," said Peter, softening a little.

No more angry words passed between them, but neither did any thoroughly cordial ones, and they parted at the stairs in mutual, though, with such men, it could not be more than superficial, estrangement.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LORD LIFTORE.

THE chief cause of Malcolm's anxiety had been, and perhaps still was, Lord Liftore. In his ignorance of Mr. Lenorme there might lie equal cause with him, but he knew such evil of the other that his whole nature revolted against the thought of his marrying his sister. At Lossie he had made himself agreeable to her, and now, if not actually living in the same house, he was there at all hours of the day.

It took nothing from his anxiety to see that his lordship was greatly improved. Not only had the lanky youth passed into a well-formed man, but in countenance, whether as regarded expression, complexion, or feature, he was not merely a handsomer, but looked in every way a healthier and better, man. Whether it was from some reviving sense of duty, or that, in his attachment to Florimel, he had begun to cherish a desire of being worthy of her, I cannot tell, but he looked altogether more of a man than the time that had elapsed would have given ground to expect, even had he then seemed on the mend, and indeed promised to become a really fine-looking fellow. His features were far more regular if less *informed* than those of the painter, and his carriage prouder if less graceful and energetic. His admiration of, and consequent attachment to, Florimel had been growing ever since his visit to Lossie House the preceding summer, and if he had said nothing quite definite, it was only because his aunt represented the impolicy of declaring himself

just yet: she was too young. She judged thus, attributing her evident indifference to an incapacity as yet for falling in love. Hence, beyond paying her all sorts of attentions and what compliments he was capable of constructing, Lord Liftore had not gone far toward making himself understood—at least, not until just before Malcolm's arrival, when his behavior had certainly grown warmer and more confidential.

All the time she had been under his aunt's care he had had abundant opportunity for recommending himself, and he had made use of the privilege. For one thing, credibly assured that he looked well in the saddle, he had constantly encouraged Florimel's love of riding and desire to become a thorough horsewoman, and they had ridden a good deal together in the neighborhood of Edinburgh. This practice they continued as much as possible after they came to London early in the spring, but the weather of late had not been favorable and Florimel had been very little out with him.

For a long time Lady Bellair had had her mind set on a match between the daughter of her old friend the Marquis of Lossie and her nephew, and it was with this in view that, when invited to Lossie House, she had begged leave to bring Lord Meikleham with her. The young man was from the first sufficiently taken with the beautiful girl to satisfy his aunt, and would even then have shown greater fervor in his attention had he not met Lizzy Findlay at the wedding of Joseph Mair's sister, and found her more than pleasing. I will not say that from the first he purposed wrong to her—he was too inexperienced in the ways of evil for that—but even when he saw plainly enough to what their mutual attraction was tending, he gave himself no trouble to resist it, and through the whole unhappy affair had not had one smallest struggle with himself for the girl's sake. To himself he was all in all as yet, and such was his opinion of his own precious being that, had he thought about it, he would have considered the honor of *his* attentions far more than sufficient to make up to any girl in such a position for whatever mishap his acquaintance might bring upon her. What was the grief and mortification of parents to put in the balance against his condescension? What the shame and humiliation of the girl herself compared to the honor of having been shone upon for a period, however brief, by his enamored countenance? Must not even the sorrow attend-

ant upon her loss be rendered more than endurable, be radiantly consoled, by the memory that she had held such a demigod in her arms? When he left her at last with many promises, not one of which he ever had the intention of fulfilling, he did purpose sending her a present. But at that time he was poor — dependent, indeed, for his pocket-money upon his aunt — and up to this hour he had never since his departure from Lossie House taken the least notice of her either by gift or letter. He had taken care also that it should not be in her power to write to him; and now he did not even know that he was a father. Once or twice the possibility of such being the case occurred to him, and he thought with himself that if he were, and it should come to be talked of, it might, in respect of his present hopes, be awkward and disagreeable; for, although such a predicament was nowise unusual, in this instance the circumstances were. More than one of his bachelor friends had a small family even, but then it was in the regular way of an open and understood secret: the fox had his nest in some pleasant nook, adroitly masked, where lay his vixen and her brood: one day he would abandon them forever, and with such gathered store of experience set up for a respectable family man. A few tears, a neat legal arrangement, and all would be as it had never been, only that the blood of the Montmorencies or Cliffords would meander unclaimed in this or that obscure channel, beautifying the race and rousing England to noble deeds. But in his case it would be unpleasant — a little — that every one of his future tenantry should know the relation in which he stood to a woman of the fisher-people. He did not fear any resentment: not that he would have cared a straw for it on such trifling grounds, but people in their low condition never thought anything of such slips on the part of their women, especially where a great man was concerned. What he did fear was that the immediate relations of the woman — that was how he spoke of Lizzy to himself — might presume upon the honor he had done them. Lizzy, however, was a good girl, and had promised to keep the matter secret until she heard from him, whatever might be the consequences; and surely there was fascination enough in the holding of a secret with such as he to enable her to keep her promise. She must be perfectly aware, however appearances might be against him, that he was not one to fail in appreciation of her conduct, however easy and natural all that he required

of her might be. He would requite her royally when he was lord of Lossie. Meantime, although it was even now in his power to make her rich amends, he would prudently leave things as they were, and not run the risk that must lie in opening communications.

And so the young earl held his head high, looked as innocent as may be desirable for a gentleman, had many a fair clean hand laid in his, and many a maiden waist yielded to his arm, while "the woman" flitted about half an alien amongst her own, with his child wound in her old shawl of Lossie tartan — wandering not seldom in the gloaming when her little one slept, along the top of the dune, with the wind blowing keen upon her from the regions of eternal ice, sometimes the snow settling softly on her hair, sometimes the hailstones nestling in its meshes; the skies growing blacker about her, and the sea stormier, while hope retreated so far into the heavenly regions that hope and Heaven both were lost to her view. Thus, alas! the things in which he was superior to her, most of all that he was a gentleman, while she was but a peasant girl — the things whose witchery drew her to his will — he made the means of casting her down from the place of her excellency into the mire of shame and loss. The only love worthy of the name ever and always uplifts.

Of the people belonging to the upper town of Portlossie — which raised itself high above the sea-town in other respects besides the topical — there were none who did not make poor Lizzy feel they were aware of her disgrace, and but one man who made her feel it by being kinder than before. That man, strange to say, was the factor. With all his faults, he had some chivalry, and he showed it to the fisher-girl. Nor did he alter his manner to her because of the rudeness with which her mother had taken Malcolm's part.

It was a sore proof to Mr. Crathie that his discharged servant was in favor with the marchioness when the order came from Mr. Soutar to send up Kelpie. She had written to himself when she wanted her own horse: now she sent for this brute through her lawyer: it was plain that Malcolm had been speaking against him, and he was the more embittered therefore against his friends.

Since his departure he had been twice on the point of poisoning the mare. It was with difficulty he found two men to take her to Aberdeen. There they had an arduous job to get her on board and secure her. But it had been done, and

all the Monday night Malcolm was waiting her arrival at the wharf — alone, for after what had passed between them he would not ask Peter to go with him, and besides he was no use with horses. At length, in the gray of a gurdy dawn, the smack came alongside. They had had a rough passage, and the mare was considerably subdued by sickness, so that there was less difficulty in getting her ashore, and she paced for a little while in tolerable quietness. But with every step on dry land the evil spirit in her awoke, and soon Malcolm had to dismount and lead her. The morning was little advanced, and few vehicles were about, otherwise he could hardly have got her home uninjured, notwithstanding the sugar with which he had filled a pocket. Before he reached the mews he was very near wishing he had never seen her. But when he led her into the stable he was a little encouraged, as well as surprised, to find that she had not forgotten Florimel's horse. They had always been a little friendly, and now they greeted with an affectionate neigh; after which, with the help of all she could devour, the demoness was quieter.

CHAPTER XIX.

KELPIE IN LONDON.

BEFORE noon Lord Liftore came round to the mews: his riding-horses were there. Malcolm was not at the moment in the stable.

"What animal is that?" he asked of his own groom, catching sight of Kelpie in her loose box.

"One just come up from Scotland for Lady Lossie, my lord," answered the man.

"She looks a clipper. Lead her out, and let me see her."

"She's not sound in the temper, my lord, the groom that brought her says. He told me on no account to go near her till she got used to the sight of me."

"Oh, you are afraid, are you?" said his lordship, whose breeding had not taught him courtesy to his inferiors.

At the word the man walked into her box. As he did so he looked well out for her hoofs, but his circumspection was in vain: in a moment she had wheeled, jammed him against the wall, and taken his shoulder in her teeth. He gave a yell of pain. His lordship caught up a stable-broom and attacked the mare with it over the door, but it flew from his hand to the other end of the stable, and the partition

began to go after it. But she still kept her hold of the man. Happily, however, Malcolm was not far off, and hearing the noise rushed in. He was just in time to save the groom's life. Clearing the stall partition and seizing the mare by the nose with a mighty grasp, he inserted a forefinger behind her tusk — for she was one of the few mares tusked like a horse — and soon compelled her to open her mouth. The groom staggered and would have fallen, so cruelly had she mauled him, but Malcolm's voice roused him: "For God's sake gang oot, as lang's there's twa limbs o' ye stickin' thegither."

The poor fellow just managed to open the door, and fell senseless on the stones. Lord Liftore called for help, and they carried him into the saddle-room, while one ran for the nearest surgeon.

Meantime, Malcolm was putting a muzzle on Kelpie, which he believed she understood as a punishment; and while he was thus occupied his lordship came from the saddle-room and approached the box. "Who are you?" he said. "I think I have seen you before."

"I was servant to the late Marquis of Lossie, my lord, and now I am groom to her ladyship."

"What a fury you've brought up with you! She'll never do for London."

"I told the man not to go near her, my lord."

"What's the use of her if no one can go near her?"

"I can, my lord."

"By Jove! she's a splendid creature to look at, but I don't know what you can do with her here, my man. She's fit to go double with Satan himself."

"She'll do for me to ride after my lady well enough. If only I had room to exercise her a bit!"

"Take her into the park early in the morning and gallop her round. Only mind she don't break your neck. What can have made Lady Lossie send for such a devil as that?"

Malcolm held his peace.

"I'll try her myself some morning," said his lordship, who thought himself a better horseman than he was.

"I wouldn't advise you, my lord."

"Who the devil asked your advice?"

"Ten to one she'll kill you, my lord."

"That's my lookout," said Liftore, and went into the house.

As soon as he had done with Kelpie, Malcolm dressed himself in his new livery and went to tell his mistress of her arrival. She sent him orders to bring the mare

round in half an hour. He went back to her, took off her muzzle, fed her, and while she ate her corn put on the spurs he had prepared expressly for her use — a spike without a rowel, rather blunt, but sharp indeed when sharply used — like those of the Gauchos of the Pampas. Then he saddled her and rode her round. Having had her fit of temper, she was, to all appearance, going to be fairly good for the rest of the day, and looked splendid. She was a large mare, nearly thoroughbred, with more bone than usual for her breeding, which she carried triumphantly — an animal most men would have been pleased to possess and proud to ride. Florimel came to the door to see her, accompanied by Liftore, and was so delighted with the very sight of her that she sent at once to the stables for her own horse, that she might ride out attended by Malcolm. His lordship also ordered his horse.

They went straight to Rotten Row for a little gallop, and Kelpie was behaving very well for her.

"What *did* you have two such savages, horse and groom both, up from Scotland for, Florimel?" asked his lordship, as they cantered gently along the Row, Kelpie coming sideways after them, as if she would fain alter the pairing of her legs.

Florimel turned and cast an admiring glance on the two. "Do you know I am rather proud of them," she asked.

"He's a clumsy fellow, the groom; and for the mare, she's downright wicked," said Liftore.

"At least neither is a hypocrite," returned Florimel, with Malcolm's account of his quarrel with the factor in her mind. "The mare is just as wicked as she looks, and the man as good. Believe me, my lord, that man you call a savage never told a lie in his life!" As she spoke she looked him hard in the face, with her father in her eyes.

Liftore could not return the look with equal steadiness. It seemed for the moment to be inquiring too curiously. "I know what you mean," he said. "You don't believe my professions." As he spoke he edged his horse close up to hers. "But," he went on, "if I know that I speak the truth when I swear that I love every breath of wind that has but touched your dress as it passed, that I would die gladly for one loving touch of your hand, why should you not let me ease my heart by saying so? Florimel, my life has been a different thing from the moment I saw you first. It has grown precious to me since I saw that it might be — Confound

the fellow! what's he about now with his horse-devil?"

For at that moment his lordship's horse, a high-bred but timid animal, sprang away from the side of Florimel's, and there stood Kelpie on her hind legs, pawing the air between him and his lady, and Florimel, whose old confidence in Malcolm was now more than revived, was laughing merrily at the discomfiture of his attempt at love-making. Her behavior and his own frustration put him in such a rage that, wheeling quickly round, he struck Kelpie, just as she dropped on all fours, a great cut with his whip across the haunches. She plunged and kicked violently, came within an inch of breaking his horse's leg, and flew across the rail into the park. Nothing could have suited Malcolm better. He did not punish her as he would have done had she been to blame, for he was always just to lower as well as higher animals, but he took her a great round at racing speed, while his mistress and her companion looked on, and every one in the Row stopped and stared. Finally, he hopped her over the rail again, and brought her up dripping and foaming to his mistress. Florimel's eyes were flashing, and Liftore looked still angry.

"Dinna du that again, my lord," said Malcolm. "Ye're no my maister; an' gien ye war, ye wad hae no richt to brak my neck."

"No fear of that. That's not how your neck will be broken, my man," said his lordship with an attempted laugh; for, though he was all the angrier that he was ashamed of what he had done, he dared not further wrong the servant before his mistress.

A policeman came up and laid his hand on Kelpie's bridle.

"Take care what you're about," said Malcolm: "the mare's not safe. There's my mistress, the Marchioness of Lossie."

The man saw an ugly look in Kelpie's eye, withdrew his hand and turned to Florimel.

"My groom is not to blame," said she. "Lord Liftore struck his mare, and she became ungovernable."

The man gave a look at Liftore, seemed to take his likeness, touched his hat, and withdrew.

"You'd better ride the jade home," said Liftore.

Malcolm only looked at his mistress. She moved on and he followed.

He was not so innocent in the affair as he had seemed. The expression of Liftore's face as he drew nearer to Florimel

was to him so hateful that he interfered in a very literal fashion: Kelpie had been doing no more than he made her until the earl struck her.

"Let us ride to Richmond to-morrow," said Florimel, "and have a good gallop in the park. Did you ever see a finer sight than that animal on the grass?"

"The fellow's too heavy for her," said Liftore: "I should very much like to try her myself."

Florimel pulled up and turned to Malcolm. "MacPhail," she said, "have that mare of yours ready whenever Lord Liftore chooses to ride her."

"I beg your pardon, my lady," returned Malcolm, "but would your ladyship make a condition with my lord that he shall not mount her anywhere on the stones?"

"By Jove!" said Liftore scornfully, "you fancy yourself the only man that can ride."

"It's nothing to me, my lord, if you break your neck, but I am bound to tell you I do *not* think your lordship will sit my mare. Stoad can't, and I can only because I know her as well as my own palm."

The young earl made no answer, and they rode on, Malcolm nearer than his lordship liked.

"I can't think, Florimel," he said, "why you should want that fellow about you again. He is not only very awkward, but insolent as well."

"I should call it straightforward," returned Florimel.

"My dear Lady Lossie! See how close he is riding to us now."

"He is anxious, I dare say, as to your lordship's behavior. He is like some dogs that are a little too careful of their mistresses — touchy as to how they are addressed: not a bad fault in dog, or groom either. He saved my life once, and he was a great favorite with my father: I won't hear anything against him."

"But for your own sake — just consider: what will people say if you show any preference for a man like that?" said Liftore, who had already become jealous of the man who in his heart he feared could ride better than himself.

"My lord!" exclaimed Florimel, with a mingling of surprise and indignation in her voice, and, suddenly quickening her pace, dropped him behind.

Malcolm was after her so instantly that it brought him abreast of Liftore. "Keep your own place," said his lordship with stern rebuke.

"I keep my place to my mistress," returned Malcolm.

Liftore looked at him as if he would strike him. But he thought better of it apparently, and rode after Florimel.

CHAPTER XX.

BLUE PETER.

By the time he had put up Kelpie, Malcolm found that his only chance of seeing Blue Peter before he left London lay in going direct to the wharf. On his road he reflected on what had just passed, and was not altogether pleased with himself. He had nearly lost his temper with Liftore; and if he should act in any way unbefitting the position he had assumed, from the duties of which he was in no degree exonerated by the fact that he had assumed it for a purpose, it would not only be a failure in himself, but an impediment perhaps insurmountable in the path of his service. To attract attention was almost to ensure frustration. When he reached the wharf, he found they had nearly got her freight on board the smack. Blue Peter stood on the forecastle. He went to him and explained how it was that he had been unable to join him sooner.

"I didna ken ye," said Blue Peter, "in sic play-actor kin' o' claes."

"Nobody in London would look at me twice now. But you remember how we were stared at when first we came," said Malcolm.

"Ow, ay!" returned Peter with almost a groan. "There's a sair cheenge past upo' you, but I'm gauin' hame to the auld w'y o' things. The herrin' 'ill be aye to the fore, I'm thinkin'; an' gien we getna a harbor we'll get a h'aven."

Judging it better to take no notice of this pretty strong expression of distrust and disappointment, Malcolm led him aside, and putting a few sovereigns in his hand, said, "Here, Peter, that will take you home."

"It's ower muckle — a heap ower muckle. I'll tak naething frae ye but what'll pay my w'y."

"But what is such a trifle between friends?"

"There *was* a time, Ma'colm, whan what was mine was yours, an' what was yours was mine, but that time's gane."

"I'm sorry to hear that, Peter; but still I owe you as much as that for bare wages."

"There was no word o' wauges whan ye said, 'Peter, come to Lon'on wi' me.' Davie there — he maun hae his wauges."

"Weel," said Malcolm, thinking it better to give way, "I'm no abune bein' obleeged to ye, Peter. I maun bide my time, I see, for ye winna lippen till me. Eh, man! your faith's sune at the wa'."

"Faith! what faith?" returned Peter, almost fiercely. "We're tauld to put no faith in man; an' gien I bena come to that yet freely, I'm nearer till't nor ever I was afore."

"Weel, Peter, a' 'at I can say is, I ken my ain hert, an' ye dinna ken't."

"Daur ye tell me!" cried Peter. "Disna the Scriptur' itsel' say the hert o' man is deceitfu' an' despratly wickit; who can know it?"

"Peter," said Malcolm — and he spoke very gently, for he understood that love and not hate was at the root of his friend's anger and injustice — "gien ye winna lippen to me, there's naething for't but I maun lippen to you. Gang hame to yer wife an' gi'e her my compliments, an' tell her a' 'at's past atween you an' me, as near, word for word, as ye can tell the same; an' say till her I pray her to judge atween you an' me, an' to mak the best o' me to ye 'at she can, for I wad ill thole to loss yer freenship, Peter."

The same moment came the command for all but passengers to go ashore. The men grasped each other's hand, looked each other in the eyes with something of mutual reproach, and parted — Blue Peter down the river to Scaurnose and Annie, Malcolm to the yacht lying still in the Upper Pool.

He saw it taken properly in charge, and arranged for having it towed up the river and anchored in the Chelsea Reach.

When Blue Peter found himself once more safe out at sea, with twelve hundred yards of canvas spread above him in one mighty wing betwixt boom and gaff, and the wind blowing half a gale, the weather inside him began to change a little. He began to see that he had not been behaving altogether as a friend ought. It was not that he saw reason for being better satisfied with Malcolm or his conduct, but reason for being worse satisfied with himself; and the consequence was that he grew still angrier with Malcolm, and the wrong he had done him seemed more and more an unpardonable one.

When he was at length seated on the top of the coach running betwixt Aberdeen and Fochabers, which would set him down as near Scaurnose as coach could go, he began to be doubtful how Annie, formally retained on Malcolm's side by the message he had to give her, would

judge in the question between them; for what did she know of theatres and such places? And the doubt strengthened as he neared home. The consequence was that he felt in no haste to execute Malcolm's commission; and hence the delights of greeting over, Annie was the first to open her bag of troubles: Mr. Crathie had given them notice to quit at midsummer.

"Jist what I micht hae expeckit!" cried Blue Peter, starting up. "Woe be to the man 'at puts his trust in princes! I luikit till *him* to save the fisher-fowk, an' no to the Lord, an' the tooer o' Siloam's fa'en upo' my heid: what does he, the first thing, but turn his ain auld freens oot o' the sma' beild they had, that his father nor his gran'father, 'at was naither o' them God-fearin' men, wad never hae put their han' till! Eh, woman! but my hert's sair 'ithin me. To think o' Ma'colm MacPhail turnin' his back upo' them 'at's been freens wi' 'im sin' ever he was a wee loonie, rinnin' aboot in coaties!"

"Hoot, man! what's gotten intill yer heid?" returned his wife. "It's no Ma'colm: it's the illy-wully factor. Bide ye till he comes till 's ain, an' Maister Crathie 'ill hae to lauch o' the wrang side o' 's mou'."

But thereupon Peter began his tale of how he had fared in London, and in the excitement of keenly anticipated evil, and with his recollection of events wrapped in the mist of a displeasure which had deepened during his journey, he so clothed the facts of Malcolm's conduct in the garments of his own feelings that the mind of Annie Mair also became speedily possessed with the fancy that their friend's good-fortune had upset his moral equilibrium, and that he had not only behaved to her husband with pride and arrogance, breaking all the ancient bonds of friendship between them, but had tried to seduce him from the ways of righteousness by inveigling him into a play-house, where marvels of wickedness were going on at the very time. She wept a few bitter tears of disappointment, dried them hastily, lifted her head high, and proceeded to set her affairs in order as if death were at the door.

For indeed it was to them as a death to leave Scaurnose. True, Annie came from inland, and was not of the fisher race, but this part of the coast she had known from childhood, and in this cottage all her married years had been spent, while banishment of the sort involved banishment from every place they knew, for all the

neighborhood was equally under the power of the factor. And, poor as their accommodation here was, they had plenty of open air and land-room; whereas if they should be compelled to go to any of the larger ports, it would be to circumstances greatly inferior and a neighborhood in all probability very undesirable for their children.

From The Contemporary Review.
BUNSEN AND HIS WIFE.

THE death of the Baronne de Bunsen, aged eighty-five, which has lately taken place at Carlsruhe, should revive the interest in her memoir of her husband, which will long be remembered as one of the very best books of its kind.

Hers was the appreciative, not the original mind, and she almost carried out the ideal in "The Princess,"

She set herself to man,
As perfect music unto noble words.

She was one with her husband in thought and feeling, tastes and actions; she enabled him to carry out his objects by her sympathy and by her active co-operation; she took upon herself the vexing petty cares of life, and left him free to follow out his political and literary career. Yet she was no "housewife," but shared all the best part of his mind upon all occasions. How much individual intellectual power, good sense, and insight into character she possessed, may be seen in the two large, thick volumes, wherein, with a tender reverence for her husband, in whose life her own was so completely merged, she made his character known to a circle far wider than even that in which he moved during his lifetime.

The book is peculiarly interesting to us as the story of one who, though a stranger in the land, and preserving his own individuality quite unbroken, yet identified himself with the best of English life in a manner which no other foreigner has ever done before or since.

Our pride of race, the supercilious habit of looking down on all other nations, as our inferiors in religion and politics, our shyness, exclusiveness, and insularity — our want of facility in other languages — combine to make a barrier into real English society which hardly any outsider from other lands finds it possible to pass. And although this must be the case more or less in every country, so that of the thou-

sands who traverse Europe to and fro, the number of men and women in each generation might almost be counted on one's fingers who have become really intimate with the French, German, or Italian upper class, yet in England the difficulty created by the want of a common language makes the bar far greater than elsewhere. As Lord Houghton once said in a paper upon education, scarcely any English *man* speaks even French sufficiently well to enjoy talking it, and other tongues are still stranger to his lips. It was the accident of Baron Bunsen having married an Englishwoman, and using her speech as fluently as his own, which first opened the door for him into that jealously-kept sanctuary of English social life, which his sympathy with the nation improved to the utmost. It is this which makes the book so valuable — to see ourselves as others see us; not through the eyes of what we might call "an insolent Frenchman" or "a dogmatic German," whom we could comfortably put aside with the feeling that "he does not understand us," but by one who touched all things as if he loved us, with a gentle, sympathetic reverence for all that was good, and a very kind tenderness even for our faults, which make his strictures tell home.

Bunsen's was a curious life of failure in the objects upon which he had set his heart. The gods shaped his ends to entirely contrary courses to those which he had rough-hewn for himself. He abhorred diplomacy, and his life was to be spent in little else. He preferred the learned leisure of a literary and artistic career, and he was condemned to the rush of London society as part of the duties of his position. He had a tender affection for his own country, yet during his lifetime he was almost singularly without influence in Germany, except through the personal friendship of the king, while he caused Prussia to be respected among nations in a manner which none of her internal arrangements before Sadowa and Sedan could have effected. He was not a great diplomatist, yet no ambassador ever took such a position before in England. He was anything but a great writer, yet he had more influence on his generation than many who were both, by sheer force of straightforward honesty in thought and action, true love of God and man, and sympathy with what was highest in thought and feeling wherever he went. It is to the honor of the world that he should have been so successful, for he had none of the adjuncts which generally raise men

to fortune — nothing but excellence, talent, and enormous industry.

He belonged, and prided himself on the fact, "to the kernel of the German nation, the cultivated and cultivating class of society;" and the record of the self-denial exercised by him and his parents in their poverty, and the sacrifices required to obtain the education which was like bread and meat to him, are exceedingly touching. At length, however, he obtained work at the Göttingen University, which enabled him to live independently while he pursued his own studies without interruption.

The "statement of his plan of intellectual work," laid before Niebuhr when he was only twenty-four, takes one's breath away by its extent and the enormous labor which it contemplated as possible. He "determines to combine three forms of contemplation, in order to interpret the problems of human knowledge, *i.e.*, philology, to arrange and treat individual historical facts; history, to discover their connection from their earliest development; and philosophy, to establish the principles by which philology and history investigate facts and laws of development, and mediate between fact and ideal conception," whatever this last may mean.

He wishes to "acquire the whole treasure of language in order to complete his favorite linguistic theories," to show the historical connection of German and Scandinavian heathenism with the East ("a study especially interesting as showing the history of nations"), and desires "to bring the language and spirit of the solemn East into communion with the European mind."

To accomplish this gigantic plan he went to Paris to study Persian, intending to follow it up with Sanskrit; while in order to acquire the more modern languages of India, he proposed to spend three years at Calcutta. The material part of his scheme he hoped to carry out by joining an "Oriental journey of linguistic research," which he trusted, under the auspices of Niebuhr, would be sent out by the Prussian government. Meantime he earned money to support himself by teaching; undertook to accompany a young American on his travels, and even went as far as Florence with a young Englishman; but both plans dropped through, and at length he set forth on his own resources to meet Niebuhr, the ambassador at Rome, and his old friend Brandis, secretary of legation, through whom he hoped to obtain some opening for work. His enjoyment of the new life is delightful even to

read of. The art, the antiquities, the climate, the exquisite beauty, the leisure for study (for teaching evidently bored him infinitely), the congenial society, all filled him with rapture. "There is but one Rome and one Niebuhr," he says. He plunges into a whole polyglot of reading: Plato, Firdusi, the Koran, Dante, Isaiah, the Eddas, all in their own tongues. A different influence, however, was at hand, more charming than Firdusi, more interesting even than the Eddas. He falls in with an English family with three daughters; and very soon declares how he had "always thought that his old love, his plan of study and travel, would have prevented the devoting of his whole heart and being to another and human bride." Woman, however, was stronger than learning and carried the day.

The courtship was short, but they had ample means of becoming really acquainted with each other's characters and tastes, in the easy, pleasant intercourse of Rome, and during their visits to all the great objects of interest, where the learned young German was an invaluable companion. The natural objections against a marriage where the bridegroom was absolutely peniless were great, but Niebuhr promised his assistance, and declared that Bunsen was certain to succeed in life; and the young couple were married in June, 1817.

Then comes a paradisiacal interlude at an "exquisite villa at Frascati," "the terrace of which looks down over vineyards, fields of maize, olives, fig-trees, and a long avenue of cypresses and pines." From the balcony of his room they "can see the Mediterranean in the distance, the beautiful Sabine mountains to the right, forming a semicircle round that end of the plain, and Rome in the centre. Springing fountains rise out of marble basins in the garden, most refreshing in this hot weather (July), pots of myrtles and flowers, blue skies," "all fair sights and sounds" are about them. Here he added to his other interests a study of the Bible with his wife, but felt a little uneasy in the midst of his happiness at the thought of what his friends would say to his giving up India; still after all, he reflects, "it was only a means to an end," and he "hopes without misgiving to accomplish what is necessary" in other ways. In October they returned to Rome, and established themselves in a suite of great, bare, half-furnished rooms in the Palazzo Caffarelli, on the Tarpeian rock; where once Charles V. was said to have been lodged. "The prospect has not its equal for beauty and

interest, extending all over the city of Rome; the Forum on one side, the Capitol behind; but it is little known, as the Romans are too lazy to climb the hill on which it stands."

Here they passed the next twenty-two years—a delightful life, combining more elements of a rational and useful career with the satisfaction of both their tastes, for art and beauty and knowledge, than often falls to the lot of men. In this prosaic world, however, food and clothing must somehow be supplied, and in spite of his extreme reluctance, he was gradually drawn by this necessity into the diplomatic career. During the illness of Brandis he undertook the post of secretary of legation, "but I would on no account remain in the diplomatic career," he still says. "I detest that course of life too much, and only look on it as a means of becoming independent. The commonplace life of public business is so pitiful compared to a course of philosophical and literary labors." He "wishes to be a professor," he writes again and again. It was another curious instance of how his own plans for life were overthrown. Step by step he became entangled in diplomatic business, the charm of the society of the chief, Niebuhr, seeming to have had a great share in determining his final resolution, as he constantly alludes in his letters to the kindness of the great man, and his delightful intercourse with him. He continued to read and write on every conceivable subject, and soon undertook to prepare a joint description of Rome with Niebuhr, "he for the ancient, I for the modern part, especially an essay on ancient Christian churches," as the history of the basilicas was peculiarly interesting to him; while he found time for trifles, such as the "Athenian law of inheritance."

The wealth of antiquarian interest in Rome, ever new, ever suggestive, was to him a never-failing delight. "I have hardly known a day ever since we have lived here when something has not been discovered, or some curious question cleared up," he once said. The labor, however, of preparing his share of the Roman work was great, from his extreme conscientiousness and desire for accuracy, while the time had to be taken from his short intervals of rest from diplomatic work.

There follows a visit to Niebuhr at Tivoli, where he and his wife remained for some time, "the happiest in his life." He rejoices that "Fanny should really become

intimate with the simplicity of greatness and inexhaustible animation of their host, his interest in all that is good, true, learned, and wise; the richness and charm of his conversation, which commanded every subject, and the high-minded absence of everything trivial." "His great personal kindness to Fanny and me" is continually alluded to.

Then follows a whole encyclopædia of subjects which they discussed together. They had been talking of the Athenian orators.

I begin to understand the justness of Niebuhr's democratic tendency with respect to Athens, which formerly seemed to me to do wrong to Plato and others. When one becomes better acquainted with the insolence and cruelty of the aristocracy of Athens, there seems to have been no alternative between a democracy such as Demosthenes desired and the acceptance of Alcibiades as *tyrannos*.

Niebuhr has given me authentic data showing how little Malthus' facts concerning the proportionate increase of population and production really prove. Neither Germany, Sweden, Denmark, Italy, nor France are nearly so populous now as in the Middle Ages, some parts of Germany not even so much so as before the Thirty Years' War. This is caused by the prevalence of epidemical disorders even more than by wars. Another series of facts regards the rates of increase of population to extent of country and the moral state of society at the time.

He winds up with finding out that the deeper he goes into history and politics the more he feels that he must go to England to inquire, investigate, and observe.

He begins to put aside the study of language for a time: "all separation between knowledge and action is unsound and enfeebling; one must learn what exists, what may be done, how best by system and principle this can be carried out; and then, each according to his ability, to strive to accomplish it;" and this may truly be said to have been his aim through life—to strive by every means in his power to find out what was true, and then earnestly attempt to put it in practice. "Later," he says, "comes a life and time for contemplation, and the inquiry into the past returns with new force."

His life gave him one great advantage: by dwelling so much in foreign lands, and with men of such various nationalities, he was freed from that "belief in conventionalities," that "pedantry in raising things external to the rank of duties," that "almost religious strictness in the observation of forms," which men, and still more often women, who live in a set,

so often fall into, and which sometimes vexed his soul, particularly among the English.

"We live," he writes to his sister, "almost entirely out of what is called the world. Sunday and Monday evenings we read the Bible with the Prussian chaplain, on Thursday Niebuhr receives, Monday we meet for singing of old church music."

His interest in music continued to be strong throughout his life; at first he only cared for it when accompanied by words. Art, indeed, at this time was interesting to him only as expressing thoughts and feelings, the technical part was of little worth to him, and his shortsightedness prevented much of the pleasure afforded by pictures and architecture. But later on he has found out that "music possesses the high privilege of showing how much there is, intensely affecting the human soul, that thought cannot grasp nor language utter." A palimpsest MS. on music, which had been found at Pompeii, sets him on studying the whole subject in ancient and modern times with a special view to the reformation of hymns in Germany "as the first step to a revival of Christian worship." He was much assisted in these studies by the papal choir, whom, as a very rare favor, he persuaded to come and sing at his house, chiefly selections from Palestrina for four voices.

The *canto fermo* or plain chant was imposed by a special law of the Council of Trent on the private chapel of the pope as the only style suitable to the solemnity of the papal presence. This was the basis of the music of Palestrina and Allegri, and was founded on the scanty fragments of the musical system of the ancient Greeks, which have been handed down to us.

He was delighted with a litany to the Virgin, sung on the eve of her festivals by the Roman peasants in the Piazza Madonna, and dating from the tenth century, the only one remaining of a class of popular devotional musical exercises which had been broken up by the French occupation at the time of the Revolution.

He then undertook the examination of above two thousand hymns, and selected one hundred and fifty "as a step towards a common form of Christian worship," "a plan which Luther had pointed out, but did not execute." In his comparison of different liturgies, he says, —

The English is constructed from a grand point of view, adapted with much wisdom to the wants of the people at the period it was put together, and represents Christian worship

far more thoroughly than anything I have seen in Germany, Holland, or Denmark.

He wished to "make the historical treatment of the conception of the Lord's Supper the principal work of his life in future years:" "the spiritual priesthood of all Christians, the true idea of self-sacrifice, the continuous spiritual giving of thanks which became afterwards the sacrifice of the mass." One of the great pleasures of this period (1821) to Bunsen and his wife "consisted in the study of the creations of Thorwaldsen's genius;" they found him one day in the act of finishing the statue of Mercury, and he told how a sitting figure in perfect repose, but on the point of action, had occurred to him as admirable, and that he had just hit upon a subject to furnish it with meaning, "Mercury having lulled Argus to sleep, and grasping his sword, about to strike him, watching lest the hundred eyes should open again." He had lately finished his colossal statue of Christ for Copenhagen, and said he feared he must have reached his best and be about to decline, for "I have never before been satisfied with any of my works; I *am* satisfied with this, so I must be on the road to decay."

A fatal Roman fever broke in on the happy family life: they lost their eldest little girl at Albano, and there is a touching account of Niebuhr's extreme tenderness for them in their grief; both father and mother caught the disorder, and Bunsen suffered long and acutely.

In the winter of 1822 the king of Prussia and his two sons arrived in Rome, and Bunsen was deputed by Niebuhr to "explain Rome" to them. This was his first acquaintance with the prince, who returned alone in the following year, and whose friendship with Bunsen continued unbroken to the end of his life.

Through the great rooms of the Palazzo Caffarelli now passed all who were worth knowing of every nationality, and the catalogue itself is almost a history of the time. Dr. Arnold, Stein ("whom he felt to be his king"), Lord Sandon, Lord Dudley Stuart, Pusey, the Chevalier Neukomm, nominally *maître de chapelle* to Talleyrand, who hated music but liked his company; the Duc de Luynes, with his knowledge of antiquities; Thirlwall, and later, Gladstone — men who had no time at home to enjoy themselves, but were only too happy to study Rome in company with one so willing and able to communicate knowledge pleasantly as Bunsen.

"Lord Colchester has arrived in a most disconsolate state of mind, declaring that

the English constitution will not last sixty years longer;" "indeed the times we live in," says Bunsen himself, in a letter of 1821, "are most unsatisfactory; men's minds are unfixed, lost in self-interest, sentimentality, and self-contemplation." Niebuhr, as he grew older, had lost his love of republics, unless at the distance of two thousand years. He had become more conservative and French in his ideas, while Bunsen was gradually drawing nearer to England, which he now hoped to visit. Instead of this, when at length Niebuhr threw up his post as minister in 1823, Bunsen, much against his own wishes, agreed to remain till a new minister arrived, "but only till then. What can I expect here but splendid poverty? receiving thousands only to expend the money on outward appearances and honor." "I have ambition, but it must be satisfied in the honor of my own choice. A man should so love his profession as to accept with indifference all events proceeding from it."

The burning of the magnificent church of San Paolo fuori le Mura, with its mosaics of the ninth century, which Bunsen had greatly delighted in — "its beams of cedar of Lebanon above a thousand years old, and the columns of violet marble taken from the mausoleum of Hadrian" — "was an event even in the eventful year 1823." The old pope, Pius VII., was dying at the time, and a strange account is given of the funeral, "according to long-fixed custom," showing the sort of sentiment which had been inspired by the pontiffs beforetime among their people: —

His remains lay in state, first at the Quirinal, and then at St. Peter's, where they were taken by night, not with chanting and a great attendance of clergy, but with troops, pieces of artillery and ammunition-waggons, and no light but straggling torches in the narrow streets, where the moonlight could not penetrate — these precautions dating from the times when they were necessary to defend the corpse of the pope from being attacked by the populace. At the funeral of Paul IV., a Caraffa, a band of the people, having failed in their attempt to attack the remains, knocked off the head of one of his statues, and after parading it about the streets, threw it into the Tiber.

Then follows the election of the new pope, the cardinals walking in procession to the conclave in the palace of the Quirinal, preceded by the attendants who were to be shut in with them, and the singers performing the "*Veni, Creator Spiritus*." The votes of the cardinals were collected by ballot twice a day, and burned at once,

till the requisite majority was obtained. The small thread of smoke was carefully watched by a crowd of idlers, to know whether the end was come. The pasquinades, the rumors "containing an acrid venom which caused it to be supposed they were concocted chiefly by the lower clergy," are mentioned, with many curious details which we may see repeated any day — the nominees of the three Catholic powers being at last all quietly put aside by the Italian majority of cardinals, and an Italian bishop, Leo XII., selected.

The new pope was carried with the accustomed state to St. Peter's, "and actually seated on the high altar, to be adored," the literal expression used. The Russian minister was much scandalized, and said, "*Je suis schismatique, et je n'ai pas le droit de juger des affaires Catholiques, mais ce qui me paraît étrange c'est que le pape ait posé le séant là où l'on place le Seigneur*."

Not long after this period Bunsen was made Prussian minister, a post which he accepted with many qualms, and the fatigue of which was much increased by having for some time no one to help him but his wife in the clerical work of the legation. He much felt, too, the want of the rest of Sunday, "an institution which does not exist at Rome."

His position seems to have been complicated by the jealousy of him and his influence over the king felt at Berlin; his trusty Fanny complaining of the "misapprehension of that truly German heart in his own country." He admits however, himself, after one of his visits to Germany, that "the conception of one's own country becomes more and more ideal in absence, and finally untrue to fact." He was shortly after summoned to Berlin, where his visit was, nevertheless, a success. The king was very gracious, showed much interest in the antiquarian discoveries made at Rome, and discussed at great length, and after Bunsen's own heart, "the best kind of public worship and the right ideal of a Christian state." He remained away six months, and the honor done to him in his own land rejoiced his wife's inmost heart, when he returned to his post evidently much refreshed. His affection for Rome was deep — "It would indeed be hard for me to leave the metropolis of the world; and all other towns are villages and *parvenues* compared with this queen of the earth." There are a page or two at this point which evidently intimate a great deal of inconvenience, and even suffering to Madame de Bunsen herself, very gently

hinted at. Bunsen brought his sister from Germany to live with them. She was thoroughly uncongenial in every way, and the seven and a half weary years that she spent with the family were indeed "one long mistake."

Again comes the record of the hosts of interesting people from all countries who appeared in his *salons*: "Lord and Lady Hastings, returning from their regal position in India; Champollion and his hieroglyphics; Madame Recamier, with the old charm lingering about her; Count Montmorenci, one of the most constant of her adorers; Cardinal Cappacini, then a minister of the pope's," a pleasant, lively old man, who was fond of telling how he had been sent to England at the time of the peace, and had positively given the pope's health at a public dinner, which was received very well, such was the general good-humor. "Everything," he said, "was charming in England, except those black birds that fly about the high trees" — the rooks. Mendelssohn, then only a lad of twenty, is described as one of the "most amiable and attaching of human beings," deep at that time in the study of chorale music. "The rare charm of his mind and character is shown in his letters," and Bunsen's feeling towards "one so bright and pure was as to a son."

Each winter has its glimpses of pleasant society — in 1828, Thirlwall, St. Aulaire, Dr. Arnold. Chateaubriand had just arrived as French ambassador, and Bunsen complains of his "uneasy vanity, wrapped up in himself and in the desire of producing an effect." "One evening in his own house, and in a room full of guests, he stood for some time, rapt, with his eyes fixed on the ceiling."

It was perhaps with some of the same feeling that he once observed to Bunsen (it was at the funeral of Leo XII.) "that as regarded Catholic emancipation in England, although he rejoiced at it for the sake of human nature, he regretted it as a Catholic, since it would do harm to the Church."

The times were full of anxiety to Bunsen: —

This age [he says] is one of relaxation and lukewarmness, and yet what great things are demanded of it. The events are great and the men are small, the fermentation of change goes on — prejudice on one side, narrow-mindedness on the other; one striving to stave up the crumbling past with unsound props, the other to build anew without foundations.

You think [he writes to Dr. Arnold on the Reform agitation in England] that the prin-

ciple of power, according to the majority of a population, is fraught with evil.

The French Revolution of 1830 had a strange effect upon Niebuhr. He was in a fever of alarm, and seems to have thought that all Europe would shortly be in flames. He was furious with England for entertaining friendly relations with France, and talked of "the alliance of the tiger and the shark." He died the following year, having almost received his death-blow from his extreme agitation.

The household at Palazzo Caffarelli was to him, however, to the last, a source of great pleasure. In a long and affectionate letter to him, Bunsen says: —

My position is all that I could wish, more advantageous than I ever could have expected. To remain in the Capitol is essential to my happiness. . . . Our happy condition is owing to you, and our thoughts turn naturally to you as its author.

"Nothing can replace Niebuhr to me," he declares fervently after his death. In 1833 Walter Scott is mentioned among their guests; Augustus and Julius Hare, Tourgueneff, and the grande duchesse Stephanie, daughter of Hortense Beauharnais, one of the few relics then left of the Napoleonic dynasties.

In the same year he made an expedition with his wife and children to see the Etruscan tombs near Veui, which had just been discovered, and which interested him extremely. On one occasion at Corneto when an opening was made in the brickwork, the first who looked in "saw for a moment a figure in full armor, lying on a bier; but as the outward air entered, it vanished with a cracking noise, and nothing remained but a heap of oxidized metal round the bones."

He strove, and successfully, to keep up all his old interests, but "life is an art; to carry on public business without giving up study." "Power is one among the means of success, but only the use of the right means has a blessing on it."

In 1834 he is receiving Lord Ashley, and hearing much of schools, and is reading Newman's "Arians." "Oh heavens! what a book!" he ejaculates, and even then complains of "the dreadful hankering after papism" of the great convert of the future.

Very tedious negotiations were going on at this time between Prussia and Rome on the subject of mixed marriages and the forced attendance of Catholic soldiers at Protestant worship, a piece of intolerance

which Bunsen only persuaded the king to give up by a *coup de main*.

Towards the end of the following year the cholera broke out at Rome, and Madame de Bunsen's description of the utter disorganization of society under the terror of it, the extreme barbarism of the "chosen people," their ignorance and cruelty amounting to barbarity, and the low state of feeling at the heart of Christendom, is extremely curious. There was almost an insurrection to prevent hospitals from being established. Every one, as long as he was not attacked himself, "considered every cholera patient as an excommunicated being," of whom it mattered not what becomes. Twelve thousand people died of it. The rumors of poisoning were as rife as in the Middle Ages, and wretched people accused of the crime were assassinated in the streets. An English teacher was pursued and killed after receiving eleven stabs from poniards, while the pope shut himself up in the Quirinal, and refused to allow his own physician to attend any cholera patients for fear of infection to himself.

In 1837 a visit to England was arranged, and Bunsen's enthusiasm at the idea is pleasant to read. "I can scarcely master the storm of feeling in thinking I am on the direct road to my Ithaca, my island fatherland, the bulwark of religion and of civil liberty."

His time with us was a great success; he was received at once as an old friend, and at once entered into the enjoyment of all that was best among us as by right. It is curious to mark the level to which the tide of thought had then reached. Arnold's interpretation of prophecy, "that the writer is not a mechanical instrument in the hands of the Spirit," seems to have created much opposition. Pritchard's book upon races was another bone of contention.

One of Madame de Bunsen's sisters was married to Lord Llanover in Wales, and to their house Bunsen, in company with Lepsius, went down to give the prize for the best Welsh essay at a grand Eistedfodd, then a novelty and an event.

He saw a great deal of Gladstone at this time (1838), and calls him "the first man in England as to intellectual power. He has heard higher tones than any one else in this island. His book" (which he does not much like) "is far above his party and his time, but he walks sadly in the trammels of his Oxford friends in some points." Amidst his other changes of thought, it may probably still be said

how much his Oxford training clings to Gladstone, whether for good or evil.

In the busiest seasons Bunsen never gave up the thread of his family life, and shared his day's work as much as possible with them. His daily Scripture reading, ushered in by one of his beloved hymns, always began the day, and one of his many touching tributes to his wife as to her share in their past and present was written in this year. "The load of our earthly toil has increased upon us, and its principal weight is thrown upon your shoulders." "*You* are turning singly and alone the heavy wheel of life's daily work, while I have been refreshed by nature, art, and the study of human nature." But when working with and for him no load seemed heavy to her.

He was much struck with the power of the elevating and buoyant atmosphere of English domestic and public life, although "the deficiency of the method of handling ideas in this blessed island" is sad in his eyes.

"The great national existence, such as the English people alone have at this present time, is grand and elevating of itself. The power of thought belongs to us (the Germans) in this day of the world's history. . . ." There is a regret in the ring of the passage for the political state of his own country. He attended the opening of Parliament, and was "more and more struck by the great position of a minister in England. I heard Lord John Russell speak," and felt "that here man was in his highest place, defending the interests of humanity with the wonderful power of speech." "Had I been born in England, I had rather be dead than not sit and speak among them!" He breakfasts at Sir Robert Inglis's, meeting Sandon (Lord Harrowby) "with the old good face," Arnold, and Lord Mahon, and another day Gladstone. "This man's humility and modesty make me ashamed," he adds. The little touches of character are very interesting. At a breakfast at Mr. Hallam's he sits between the host and Macaulay, "who was evidently writing the article in the *Edinburgh* on Gladstone's book; he spoke with all the power of his mind (or rather *esprit*) on the subject. He is the Demosthenes and Cicero of the Whigs." Lord Mahon, Kemble, Empson, and Philip Pusey were there, the conversation very lively and instructive. They said that O'Connell cannot be eloquent unless greeted by cheers from the opposite side; he is heard now in silence, and becomes weary and tiresome. Then comes

a literary breakfast at "Milnes'," another at Bishop Stanley's, and a lecture of Carlyle's. He goes from a meeting at Crosby Hall, where he sees "his favorite saint, Mrs. Fry," to a dinner, where he meets Dr. Pusey, "whose feeling against the Low Church and Calvinism is almost passion."

A sermon from Maurice at Gray's Inn impresses him exceedingly. "He does not read the prayers, but prays them with an intensity of seriousness which would make it hard not to pray with him." The remembrance of a bit of what now may be called almost fossil bigotry is revived when he relates how "Buckland is persecuted for asserting that fossil beasts and reptiles were pre-Adamite. 'What open infidelity! Did not death come into the world on account of Adam's sin?'"

His delight in the great oratorios at Exeter Hall is extreme. "Only in England is the Handelian tradition in real existence."

He was amused and interested by the scene at Oxford, when he received an honorary degree, and met many of his friends, Arnold among others, whose health gave him much uneasiness. "He will sink, I fear, under his work; he ought to be given a deanery; there are no such professorships where he could take refuge as in Germany." But Arnold's day of recognition did not really come until after his death, and when his life had been explained to the world by his younger friend, in that singularly beautiful memoir which has already become almost a classic in English literature.

Bunsen's brilliant visit, however, to England soon came to an end, and in 1840 he was sent as envoy to Switzerland.

He passed through Paris on his way, "an intellectual oasis in that Gallic desert," as he calls it; saw Bournouf, and had much talk on Egypt, and was afterwards occupied in his retreat at Berne with "trying to reconcile Egyptian, Babylonish, and Judaic chronology."

Again he visited Berlin, and found the king most friendly, but his clear-sighted wife observes "how Bunsen's sanguine nature hoped for different results from him than were possible indeed from kings."

"Be not chilled by the coldness of those about you," he says, in a letter written at this time; "the perseverance of love and patience together" brings about great results.

A visit to Falk of Weimar, who had adopted a number of orphans deserted in the great war, interested him much. The

widespread misery of that period struck him even so long after it was over as 1840.

At length he was sent on the mission to England, and the pleasure of their return there to remain permanently was great to both husband and wife. He immediately assumed a place among us which no other ambassador had ever here obtained, living habitually with the best minds which England at the time possessed. His sympathies were singularly Catholic; there were so many sides to his mind, that he had points of contact with the greatest possible variety of men, while he saw the best side of all. Perhaps Arnold, Julius Hare, and Whately might be said to be those with whom, however, he most truly fraternized; indeed the four were sometimes accused of living too much "in a mutual admiration society."

It almost takes one's breath away only to read the list of occupations which had to be crowded into every day, — the letters, the politics, the receptions, the diplomatic work, the social engagements, the philanthropic interests in which he joined, — and amidst all this the constancy with which he always contrived to steal time for his literary pursuits, — the amount of his daily reading, and the intercourse with literary men, to which, as to his old love, he always returned with unfailing zest. To the end of his life he was ever essentially a learner, with a youthful interest in knowledge, a power of acquiring, undaunted and unslacked by the pressure of work which sometimes became too heavy for even his strength.

He enjoyed to the utmost that full tide of life — social, political, scientific, and literary — which can only be found to perfection in London or Paris, and which he missed acutely afterwards in "the slack water" of Heidelberg and Bonn. Occasionally, however, he speaks bitterly of "the conflicting currents, disturbances, and interruptions of his outward calling and the convictions of the inner man."

I seek to preserve peace and unity and remove dissatisfaction here, and then I learn daily much in this country of life itself. Therein consists English greatness. In art and science we, the Germans, have the advantage, the true poetry and philosophy of England is in life, and not in the abstract consciousness of that life.

His interest turned ever towards theological subjects, "the period between Origen and Luther," when the hierarchical system was established. The "new birth"

which he expects "is slow and difficult, the new reformation which the world wants everywhere. We Germans alone can give the formula of the new consciousness of Christianity:" "a universal priesthood, instead of an exclusive order, is what we may hope for in the future; works of love instead of professions of faith, a belief in a God within us, *i.e.*, Christ, with such awe and humility as can alone preserve him to our souls."

As time went on he was painfully struck with "the religious state of England, the inward disease, fearful hollowness, spiritual death of the philosophical and theological forms of the nation;" the manner in which the "outward forms no longer expressed the inward emotion."

The German nation has neglected and sacrificed all political, individual existence and common freedom, to pursue in faith the search after truth. In England the political life has eaten out the other.

Plato says, that seven years of silent inquiry are needful for a man to know the truth, but fourteen in order to learn how to make it known to his fellow-man, — [a proportion he does not find observed !]

The direction of the Church of England since 1843 [seemed to him] to have been erroneous, the hierarchical tendency now prevailing cannot hold. I more and more feel it to be an axiom, that Christology, as taught by the Churches, cannot be brought into union with the right interpretation of Scripture, the historical views, speculative thought, and moral consciousness of the time we live in.

Why should we be impeded by the falsely so-called Apostles' Creed, or the pre-eminence given in it to the mythical deposit of the deep impression produced by the divine revelation in Christ, which has become predominant in the churches? . . . Why should not faith in the divine revelation be true and vigorous, when it assumes that man is the highest exponent of that divine revelation which is given to us mortals?

To attribute infallibility to Ezra's synagogue and the Maccabæan successors is worse than to ask it for the pope, it is sheer rabbinism or prejudice.

In England everything except the moral principle in the form of the fear of God is deathlike. Thought itself is crudely rationalistic here, public worship in general lifeless, and the vivifying spirit startles like a spectre when it appears.

The rising generation [appeared to him to be] partly infidel and partly bigoted.

These are a few of the scattered notices of his thoughts during the next twelve years that he spent amongst us. A curious sketch might be worked out from the "life" of the changes and phases of religious opinion which he witnessed.

He believed cordially in the mission of his own nation. "We are still," he says, "the chosen people of God, the Christian Hellenes, but the intellectual life in my native country wants interpretation."

The idealizing, sentimental German manner of looking at politics which characterized him, clung to him throughout his diplomatic career, and made the hard-headed common sense of such statesmen as Lord Palmerston sovereignly antipathetic, particularly on such questions as the establishment of a joint bishopric at Jerusalem by England and Prussia, and the woes of Schleswig-Holstein, so soon to be absorbed entire by her chivalrous protector.

But politics had never the absorbing interest for him which literature possessed, and he falls back gladly upon his Oriental and philological studies, carried out by Max Müller in a way which he heartily admired and almost envied — on Lepsius and Egypt, and Rawlinson's "unspeakably instructive Babylonian inscriptions," — in a tone of longing which is almost pathetic.

The account given by Madame de Bunsen of their visits to Windsor and Osborne, and of Bunsen's conversations with Prince Albert, show what congenial minds they found in each other.

At one time they were "discussing the relative position of the three nationalities of England, France, and Germany, to each other and the world. . . . France forms the medium between the practical English and the theoretic German. They have always understood how to coin the gold of intelligence and bring it into circulation, but their influence is diminishing. The prince observed one day that the danger of the French nation was in licentiousness, the Englishman's besetting sin was selfishness, that of the German self-conceit; every German knows all and everything better than all other folk."

"My life is one of great and varied interest," Bunsen writes at this time. "I am to find the old duke at Windsor, whom the queen has often caused me to meet, and who is always peculiarly communicative to me." On the eve of the 10th of April, when thrones and constitutions were shaking all over Europe, and fears were expressed for the stability of England, he met the duke again at Lady Palmerston's. "'Your grace will take us all in charge?' 'Yes, but not a soldier shall be seen unless in actual need; if the force of law is overpowered, then is their time; it is not fair on either side to call them in to do the work of police — the military must

not be confounded with the police, nor merged in the police' — grand maxims of political wisdom."

His intercourse, indeed, with the queen and Prince Albert was singularly interesting and free. The fact of his being a German and an ambassador seems to have enabled them to admit him to a kind of intellectual intimacy which they did not allow themselves elsewhere. Prince Albert, a man of original thought, and with the healthy desire to put that thought into action which a clever benevolent man must feel, was yet denied the smallest loophole for its exercise except vicariously. Bunsen talks of "the absurd jealousy of the English, who refused in his case to acknowledge their own favorite dogma that the wife is, and ought to be, under the influence of her husband." The queen's touching account of the manner in which Albert accepted this most difficult and trying position, and how much he was able to accomplish under such trammels, is confirmed again and again in Bunsen's letters. And the testimony which he bears to the character of the queen, and her virtues, is one which any person in any class of life might well be proud of.

"A pleasant evening at Osborne" he describes once: —

It is here that the queen feels herself most at home; she here enjoys her domestic life and family happiness to her heart's content, walks in her beautiful gardens and grounds with the prince and her children. The prospect of the sea and of the proud men-of-war of Great Britain in the midst of a quiet rural population is very striking.

Madame de Bunsen particularly mentions "the truth and reality of the queen's expression, which so strongly distinguishes her countenance from the fixed mask only too common in the royal rank of society."

The Great Exhibition had just been started on one of these visits, and the prince was full of hopes as to the good which it might be expected to bring in its train. "No one could conduct the undertaking but the prince, from his great versatility of knowledge and his impartiality. I suggested a mixed jury."

Whether staying at Windsor or Osborne, he repeatedly alludes to the amount of hard work which the queen has to perform and her conscientious mode of doing it.

To-day [he says] pacing up and down the corridor at Windsor, looking out on the towers and turrets, I was meditating on the happiness

which dwells within these walls, founded on reason, integrity, and love. It is a pattern of the well-ordered, inwardly vigorous, and flourishing life which spreads all around, even to the extremities of this great island.

The whole account is a great testimony both to the queen and her husband; and, remembering how near was the catastrophe of their separation, the description of the happiness of the queen is most pathetic.

He is, of course, in communication with all the ministers and statesmen of the day, and little hints as to their idiosyncrasies crop up. "Met Palmerston to-day, sweet as honey;" and he gives instances of his kindly nature. "A letter from Gladstone of twenty-four pages; he is beset with scruples, his heart is with us, but his mind is entangled in a narrow system. He is by far the first intellectual power on that side." "We dined at the American minister's, and heard Macaulay talk almost the whole dinner through," etc., etc.

But most interesting of all are the notices, as before said, of the phases of religious and political thought in England which he witnessed, the extraordinary changes in freedom of opinion which have taken place, the stir on all manner of social questions which has marked the last thirty or forty years; these all pass before us in Madame de Bunsen's book, just touched on, noted without passion, not fought over, but looked at with no party view either political or religious, in a way which would be quite impossible for a native Englishman however impartial — with a candor which requires the distance attained only by time or by a different nationality — a perspective which no soldier engaged in the *mêlée* could ever even hope to reach.

The abortive Hampden discussion, which risked so much for one who so little merited the trouble he caused; the Gorham controversy, which threatened a sort of Free-Church secession of the Evangelical party, implying the extraordinary question whether it pleases God to damn little unbaptized babies eternally or not — "the judgment was one of the most remarkable pronounced since the Reformation and civil wars, on a point of faith, proving that the liturgy was intended to soften and relax doctrine, not to make the articles more strict;" the great High-Church movement of Newman, Pusey, and Keble; the reaction against the narrowness and ugliness, the want of Catholic sympathies and æsthetic tastes alike of the Low-Church party, — which yet had

been doing such admirable service in its time against the dead, cold rationalism of the eighteenth century; the almost forgotten struggles of Arnold for freedom of thought and action, which are now merged in his fame as the first of our time who took the large view of English education, for which one must otherwise go back to Dean Colet and Milton; the storms in a teacup over the rejection of Mr. Maurice from his professorship at King's College, for doubting the eternity of damnation and hoping for the final salvation of the race; the curious bit of diluted mediævalism, the heretical book luckily taking the place of the heretic himself, when Sewell gravely burned the "Nemesis of Faith" in the quadrangle of Exeter,—a solemn farce almost incredible in these days,—all these in succession are alluded to with a singular equality of unruffled interest. He was amongst us, and yet not of us.

At length, and somewhat suddenly, in 1854, the times of repose for which he had so often sighed was at hand. The political interest opposed to his own triumphed at Berlin, and he was dismissed, although with very kind expressions of private regard from the king, yet somewhat painfully after such long service. Thenceforth his life was one of literary retirement.

I have at last come to the point which I have been striving after since 1817,—the Life of Christ,—although I must begin by clearing the porch and entrance-hall of the temple, obstructed by the theologians, still more than by the philosophers.

Many of his ten sons and daughters were now married, and he and the remainder of his family established themselves for a time in a *château* near Heidelberg, with a beautiful view of the Neckar and the hills, where they remained for several years, he writing and reading incessantly as usual, and seeing a number of friends on their way to and from the south. The situation proved, however, in winter to be both cold and solitary, and he missed the command of the best society, to which he had been accustomed all his life,—the more so as he grew older and weaker.

The family then retired to Bonn, and continued there (with a short flight to Cannes) until his death, aged sixty-nine, in 1860, when he sank away with that full faith in God's presence in, and action on the world, both here and hereafter, which had characterized his whole life. "It is sweet to die," he repeated; "with all weakness and imperfection I have ever lived, striven

after, and willed the best and noblest only. But the best and highest is to have known Jesus Christ." His "Life of Jesus" had been one of the great interests of his declining years, carried on to the last in spite of much pain and feebleness. "A life in the first place of only two years out of thirty-two, and since that of 1800 more"—of One so truly indeed living to him forever.

Turning to his wife he said, "We shall meet again before God; if I have walked towards him, it was by your help." He spoke of old friends and old times in Rome by her side, the agitation with which he had left the Capitol, and how they "had constructed a new Capitol in free England which they had enjoyed for twelve and a half years." "How graciously had God conducted him!"

His mind was essentially pious, in the beautiful sense of the old word; God was to him a reality to whom he referred all his thoughts and actions, and to Him he passed tranquilly away as a son into the bosom of his father.

Very few men have methodized their convictions or their ideas; the different parts of their minds have grown at different times and in different associations, and often do not harmonize. Bunsen's mind was like some great mediæval structure, some *hôtel de ville* or cathedral in an old Flemish town, where a bit of Renaissance is built on to a severe round Roman tower, or the capital of a semi-Italian period is added to an "early English" window, but neither can be pulled to pieces without destroying the whole, and they must go down together to the end. Accordingly words of belief in mesmerism and its cognates strangely contrast with the destructive historic theories which he shared with Niebuhr, and his fearless investigations into Biblical history and chronology.

His powers of acquisition were altogether out of proportion to his power of digestion, and the inchoate volumes full of invaluable learning remind one of a builder's yard: the carved work, the lintels, the pieces of cornice, are all there, but who will put together the great building which they ought to subserve?

In the division of good things allotted to each nation in many myths, the advantages of form were certainly not given to the German. He does the raw thinking for the human race, which must be moulded by a more artistic type of mind, worked up into a shape readable by ordinary humanity; the synthetic power is wanting with

most Germans, whose books are often *mémoires pour servir*, storehouses which the rest of the world pillage mercilessly without acknowledgment. A German is so utterly careless of the outside which his thought has taken, that other nations, sorely needing the materials thus conscientiously collected, pick the brains of their books, instead of translating them, and pass on. There is little pleasure generally in the act of reading their prose works. Surely no people with a sense of the art of words would have adopted a mode of writing where sentences a page in length are ended by the verb.

In France the respect for the medium is overpowering. That a thing should be *bien dit*, is much more important than that it should be true or worth saying. That the male and the female rhymes should come in the right places seems more necessary in a great French poem than the stuff of which it is made; which must be almost fatal to any fire of inspiration.

It was said of an old Greek "that his thoughts were so clearly expressed through his words that the reader was unconscious of the words used," — they were completely transparent. With a German the meaning seems to be entangled in the words: "you cannot see the wood for the trees." With a Frenchman the words themselves are the principal object.

Bunsen's enormous power of work misled him in his undertakings. He was always collecting, and when his mind was full, it overflowed promiscuously into what he called a book, without apparently any idea of the necessity of co-ordinating his materials into a whole. Whatever he happened to be occupied with cropped up anyhow, anywhere. One winter he found that he required a knowledge of Chinese to carry out some philological inquiry. He set to work and learned it. Immediately an elaborate review of "Chinese particles" drifted into the "Philosophy of History."

There is no perspective in his books, and the tenses of the tongues of the South Sea islanders take up seventy pages of a history where Descartes and Spinoza are despatched in two.

But in England it was the man, and not the books, which seemed important and interesting. Even his opinions, heterodox as they often seemed, were not much regarded. "Allowances" were made for him; he had the "misfortune" to be a foreigner, and therefore was to be "pitied" more than condemned for those "aberrations" which were discovered in his writ-

ings by the few who could read them. Moreover, he was in a great position, and the English mind is truly sensible of the right of such to think as they please. A dean of family may be allowed a degree of latitude which in "the inferior clergy" must be punished by lawsuits and deprivation. For "that in the captain's but a choleric word, which in the soldier is flat blasphemy;" and an ambassador with a grand house, who gave delightful parties where princes of the blood and Royal Highnesses of all nations, big and little, were to be met with familiarly, was visited and received cordially by men and women, who, meeting the same opinions without the protection of a star, would have pronounced their possessor "not a Christian," and have declared with horror, "The book of Daniel a history, not a prophecy! Why, the man is an atheist." Bunsen was singularly tolerant, however, of the intolerant. His large-hearted charity took in all sides of opinion and shades of doctrine, and under its shadow all parties agreed to meet in peace. The extremes of High and Low Church, large-minded religious men, rationalists, fine ladies, men of science, Dissenters, brilliant men of letters, dingy professors, politicians, artists, philanthropists, dowdy old working-women, might all be seen collected in the great drawing-rooms of Carlton House Terrace. It was like the valley of Jehosaphat — there the small and great met together, — the oppressor and the oppressed, the man who had been deprived of his salary or his living for holding to what he believed to be the truth, and the conscientious bigot who had tried to ruin him for righteousness' sake; and each found that the other was not as bad as he expected.

The help of one such centre of communication to real liberality of intercourse was almost incalculable. There was something in the genial temper of the house, the simple, true-hearted belief in goodness, which went far to neutralize the acrimony which ignorance of each other often brings with it. London is splitting more and more into coteries; the distances are such that, for instance, the Regent's Park has little more to do with South Kensington than with Richmond. It is the place where the best of the nation, of every kind, are congregated for five months in every year, — where more of real interest on every topic under the sun is to be heard than anywhere else under the sun, yet it is strange how separate the political, scientific, and artistic streams keep from

one another; and the loss of a house where all might mingle and be at ease was indeed very great.

Bunsen's large volumes on "God in History," which it was the real object of his life to discover, may be but little read by the world, but the more difficult problem which he and his wife solved, of showing how to live in the world socially and politically, which they enjoyed so wisely and so well, and yet not to be *of* the world, should continue to be studied in their memoirs.

The last place where the real account of Madame de Bunsen's share in the important social influence of the house can be discovered is in her own estimate of it; but on her depended the inner wheels within wheels, which rendered the harmonious working of the great machine practicable. To a sympathy for all forms of excellence, in whatsoever coats and gowns of thought they were clothed, which loving intercourse with her husband had rendered as wide as his own, she added a common sense greater than his, and a knowledge of life and character often invaluable to him.

She was his true helpmate in all the passages of his life, the true partner of every thought and every feeling he possessed.

In whatsoever things were true, whatsoever things were lovely, honest, and of good report, she was one with him, to a degree which has hardly ever been surpassed; and the intelligent and appreciative record she has left of their life, with such tender reverence for his memory and such complete forgetfulness of self, will prove the most fitting memorial of her also which could possibly have been devised.

F. P. VERNEY.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THOUGHTS ON CRITICISM, BY A CRITIC.

PERHAPS the most offensive type of human being in the present day is the young gentleman of brilliant abilities and high moral character who has just taken a good degree. It is his faith that the university is the centre of the universe, and its honors the most conclusive testimonials to genius. His seniors appear to him to be old fogies; his juniors mere children; and women, whatever his theories as to their possible elevation, fitted at present for no better task than the skilful flattery of youthful genius. He is at the true so-

cial apex. He is half-afraid, it may be, of men of the world and women of society; but his fear masks itself under a priggish self-satisfaction. A few years in a wider circle will knock the nonsense out of him, unless he is destined to ripen into one of those scholastic pedants now fortunately rarer than of old. But meanwhile it happens that a large part of the critical staff of the nation is formed by fresh recruits from this class of society. The young writer, with the bloom of his achievements still fresh, is prepared to sit in judgment with equal confidence upon the last new novel or theory of the universe. The aim of much university teaching is to produce that kind of readiness which tells in a competitive examination, and is equally applicable to the composition of a smart review. In the schools, a lad of twenty-two is ready with a neat summary of any branch of human knowledge. When he issues into the world, he is prepared to deal with the ripest thinkers of the day, as he dealt with the most eminent philosophers of old. In these hours he can give a history of philosophy from Plato to Hegel. Why waste more time upon Mill or Hamilton?

That much contemporary criticisms represent the views of such writers, will, I think, be admitted by most readers of periodical literature. It is a favorite belief of many sufferers under the critical lash, that it represents scarcely anything else. When an author has spent years, or even months, in elaborating an argument or accumulating knowledge, it is rather annoying to see himself tried and sentenced within a week from his appearance in the world. His critic, it seems, can merely have glanced over his pages, taken down a label at random from some appropriate pigeon-hole, and affixed it with a magisterial air of supercilious contempt. *Là voilà le chameau!* as Mr. Lewes' French philosopher remarks, when composing the natural history of the animal on the strength of half an hour in the Jardin des Plantes. The poor history or philosophy, the darling of its author's heart, so long patiently meditated, so delicately and carefully prepared, associated with so much labor, anxiety, and forethought, is put in its proper place as rapidly as Professor Owen could assign a ticket to a fossil tooth. It is not strange if the victim condemns his judge as an ignorant prig, and is tormented by an impotent longing for retaliation. But experience has probably taught him that to argue with a critic in his own columns is like drawing a

badger in its den. You may be the strongest outside, but within you have to rush upon a sharp cagework of defensive teeth with your own hands tied. Silence, with as much dignity as may be, is his only course.

All criticism, one may say, is annoying. A wise man should never read criticisms of his own work. It is invariably a painful process; for all blame is obviously unfair, and praise as certainly comes in the wrong place. Moreover, it is a bad habit to be always looking in a glass, and especially in a mirror apt to distort and magnify. If a man is conscious that he has done his best, he should let his work take its chance with such indifference as he can command. Its success will be in the long run what it deserves, or, which comes to much the same thing, will be determined by a tribunal from which there is no appeal. All that criticism does is slightly to retard or hasten the decision, but scarcely to influence it. Every attack is an advertisement, and few authors nowadays have any difficulty in finding the circle really congenial to them. That circle once reached, an author should be satisfied. It may gain him much pecuniary profit but little real influence or fame when he comes to be forced upon those who don't spontaneously care for him. Now, the true author should, of course, be as indifferent to money as to insincere praise, and he is pretty certain to get all that he can really claim, namely, a sufficient hearing. Therefore, authors should burn unread all reviews of themselves, and possess their souls in peace.

Nobody, of course, will take this advice; but at least one may hope that a sense of decency will prevent authors and their admirers from howling too noisily under the lash. Why should the heaven-born poet shriek and rant because his earthborn critic does not do him justice? A true poet is the apostle of a new creed. He reveals hitherto unnoticed aspects of truth or beauty; his originality measures at once his genius and his chance of being misunderstood. It is his special prerogative to give form and color to the latent thoughts and emotions of his time, and those whom he interprets to themselves will be grateful. But the utterance necessarily shocks all who cling from pedantry or from conservatism to the good old conventions. Their resistance is in proportion to the vigor of his attack, and he should hail their reproaches as compliments in disguise. Bacon or Locke had no right to be angry because the represen-

tatives of old scholasticism resented their attacks; nor Wordsworth nor Keats, because the admirers of Pope objected to the new forms of poetry. Wordsworth, with his sublime self-complacency, took hostile criticism as an unconscious confession of stupidity, and declared contemporary unpopularity to be a mark of true genius. The friends of Keats howled, and have been more or less howling ever since, because the old walls of convention did not fall down of themselves to welcome their assailants. Byron's contempt for the soul which let itself be snuffed out by an article is more to the purpose than Shelley's unmanly wailing over the supposed murder. The "Adonais" is an exquisite poem, but to read it with pleasure one must put the facts out of sight.

Our Adonais hath drunk poison, oh!
What deaf and viperous murderer could crown
Life's early cup with such a draught of woe!

Beautiful! but a rather overstrained statement of the fact that Keats had been cut up in the *Quarterly Review*. On the theory that poetry and manliness are incompatible, that a poet is and ought to be a fragile being, ready to

Die of a rose in aromatic pain,

the expressions may be justified. Otherwise Keats's death—if it had really been caused by the review—would certainly provoke nothing but pitying contempt. He that goes to war should count the cost; and one who will break the slumbers of mankind by new strains of poetic fervor must reckon upon the probability that many of the slumberers will resent the intrusion by a growl or an execration. Poets have a prescriptive right to be a thin-skinned race; but even they should not be guilty of the ineffable meanness of prostrating themselves before reviewers to receive sentence of life or death. What have these dwellers in the upper sphere to do with the hasty guesses of newspapers? What would a Shakspeare, or a Milton, or a Wordsworth, have said to such wailings? After all, what does it matter? Take it at the worst, and suppose yourself to be crushed for ever by a column of contemptuous language. Will the universe be much the worse for it? Can't we rub along tolerably without another volume or two of graceful rhymes? Is it anything but a preposterous vanity which generates the fancy that a rebuff to your ambition is an event in the world's history? If you are but a bubble, pray burst and hold your tongue. The great wheels of the world

will grind on, and your shrieks be lost in the more serious chorus of genuine suffering. Whilst millions are starving in soul and body, we can't afford to waste many tears because a poet's toes have been trampled in the crush.

Though criticism may have far less power than our fears and our vanities assign to it, it has its importance; and at a time when all literature is becoming more critical, it is worth while to consider some of the principles which should guide it. We should, if possible, spare needless pangs even to a childish vanity, and we should anxiously promote the growth of a critical spirit such as raises instead of depressing the standard of literary excellence. The historian and the man of science can count upon fairly intelligent and scholarlike critics. Even if they be a little arrogant and prejudiced, they have one great advantage. There is a definite code of accepted principles. A mistake is clearly a mistake; and if the critic and his victim disagree, they have a definite issue and a settled method for decision. The judge may give a wrong decision, but he is administering a recognized code. We can apply scales and balances, and measure the work done with something like arithmetical accuracy.

In æsthetic questions the case is different. There is no available or recognized standard of merit. The ultimate appeal seems to lie to individual taste. I like Wordsworth, you like Pope — which is right? Are both right, or neither, or is it merely a matter of individual taste, as insoluble as a dispute between a man who prefers burgundy and one who prefers claret? The question would be answered if there were ever a science of æsthetics. At present we have got no further towards that consummation than in some other so-called sciences; we have invented a sounding name and a number of technical phrases, and are hopelessly at a loss for any accepted principles. We can, therefore, talk the most delicious jargon with all the airs of profound philosophy, but we cannot convince any one who differs from us. The result is unfortunate, and oddly illustrates a popular confusion of ideas. There is surely no harm in a man's announcing his individual taste, if he expressly admits that he is not prescribing to the tastes of others. If I say that I dislike Shakspeare, I announce a fact, creditable or otherwise, of which I am the sole judge. So long as I am sincere, I am no more to be blamed than if I announced myself to be blind or deaf, or expressed

an aversion to champagne. But, in practice, nobody is allowed to announce his own taste without being suspected of making it into a universal rule. It is a curious experiment, for example, to say openly that you don't care for music. Many men of good moral character have shared the distaste, and it may mean no more than some trifling physical defect. A thickness in the drum of the ear is not disgraceful, but it makes you necessarily incapable of appreciating Beethoven. One who avows his incapacity is simply revealing the melancholy fact that he is shut out from one great source of innocent pleasure. But no arguments will convince an ordinary hearer that your confession does not carry with it a declaration of belief that delight in music is contemptible and possibly immoral. To disavow so illogical a conclusion is hopeless. Experience, we must presume, has made it into an axiom that a man always hates and despises and regards as a fit object for universal contempt and hatred, whatever he does not understand.

This is the first great stumbling-block in æsthetic criticism. Both readers and writers confound the enunciation of their own taste with the enunciation of universal and correct principles of taste. There is an instructive story in "Don Quixote" which is much to the purpose. Sancho Panza had two uncles who had unrivalled taste in wine. One of them asserted that a certain butt of wine had a twang of leather; another detected, with equal confidence, a slight flavor of iron. The assistants laughed; but the laugh was the other way when the butt was drunk out and an old key with a leather thong detected at the bottom. Which things are an allegory. The skilled critic detects a flavor of vulgarity, of foreign style, or of what not, in a new writer. The mob of readers protests or acquiesces. Possibly at some future time the truth is discovered. The critic's palate was vitiated by prejudice, or some biographical fact turns up which justifies his appreciation; or, though no overt fact can be adduced, the coincidence of opinion of other qualified judges or the verdict of posterity confirms or refutes the verdict. We must wait, however, till the butt is drunk out, till time or accident has revealed the truth, and the judge himself has undergone judgment. And meanwhile we have, in the last resort, nothing but an individual expression of opinion, to be valued according to our appreciation of the writer's skill.

We know further that the best of critics

is the one who makes fewest mistakes. We laugh at the familiar instances of our ancestors' blindness; but we ourselves are surely not infallible. We plume ourselves on detecting the errors of so many able men; but the very boast should make us modest. Will not the twentieth century laugh at the nineteenth? Will not our grandchildren send some of our modern idols to the dustheaps, and drag out works of genius from the neglect in which we undeservedly so left them? No man's fame, it is said, is secure till he has lived through a century. His children are awed by his reputation; his grandchildren are prejudiced by a reaction; only a third generation pronounces with tolerable impartiality on one so far removed from the daily conflict of opinion. In a century or so, we can see what a man has really done. We can measure the force of his blows. We can see, without reference to our personal likes or dislikes, how far he has moulded the thoughts of his race and become a source of spiritual power. That is a question of facts, as much as any historical question, and criticism which takes it properly into account may claim to be in some sense scientific. To anticipate the verdict of posterity is the great task of the true critic, which is accomplished by about one man in a generation.

The nature of the difficulty is obvious. The critic has to be a prophet without inspiration. The one fact given him is that he is affected in a particular way by a given work of art; the fact to be inferred is, that the work of art indicates such and such qualities in its author, and will produce such and such an effect upon the world. No definite mode of procedure is possible. It is a question of tact and instinctive appreciation; it is not to be settled by logic, but by what Dr. Newman calls the "illative sense;" the solution of the problem is to be felt out, not reasoned out, and the feeling is necessarily modified by the "personal equation," by that particular modification of the critic's own faculties, which causes him to see things in a light more or less peculiar to himself. He is disgusted by a certain poem; perhaps he dislikes the author, or the author's religious or political school; or he is out of humor, or tried by overwork, or unconsciously biassed by a desire to point some pet moral of his own, or simply to find some excuse for a brilliant article. If he has succeeded in eliminating these disturbing influences, the problem is still intricate. Grant that the author disgusts me, and, further, that I can put my finger on the

precise cause of disgust, and discover it to be some tone of sentiment which, in my opinion, is immoral or morbid; how can I be sure, first, that I am right, and, next, that the disgust should be equally felt by my descendants? The greatest errors of judgment have been founded on perfectly correct appreciations. Burke was undeniably right in the opinion that Rousseau's sentiment was often morbid, immoral, and revolutionary. He was wrong in inferring that these blemishes deprived Rousseau's work of all permanent value, so that under the vanity and the disease there was not a deep vein of true and noble passion. Every great writer of the present day is regarded in a similar spirit by the section opposed to him in sentiment, and yet it may be held by the charitable that even the most deadly antagonism is consistent with real co-operation. When we read the great works of a past epoch with due absence of prejudice, we are always astonished by the degree in which those who struck most fiercely really shared the ideas of their opponents.

A critic, it has been inferred, should in all cases speak for himself alone. He is, or ought to be, an infallible judge of his own likes or dislikes; he cannot dictate to his neighbor. For this reason, it has been suggested, all anonymous criticism is bad. A man who calls himself "we" naturally takes airs which the singular "I" would avoid. Whatever the general principles upon this subject, I do not much believe in the remedy. Anonymous criticism may be less responsible, but it is more independent. Why should I not condemn a man's work without telling him that I personally hold him to be a fool? Why should literary differences be embittered by personal feeling? If every man knew his judge, would not the practical result be an increase of bitterness in some cases and adulation in others? The mask may at times conceal an assassin, but it discourages flattery and softens antipathy. I fancy that a man, unjust enough to let his personal feelings color his criticisms, generally likes to be known to his victim. Spite loses half its flavor when it is forced to be anonymous. Whatever the cause, the open critic differs from his anonymous rival by nothing but a trifling addition of pretentiousness, dogmatism, and severity. A writer is perhaps more modest the first time he has to give his name; but by the twentieth he has rubbed off that amiable weakness. Publicity hardens and generates conceit more decorously than privacy encourages laxity. The

most ferocious denunciation, and the most arrogant dogmatism, have, I think, been shown by men whose names were known to everybody, if not actually published.

The fact, however, remains, that after all a criticism is only an expression of individual feeling. The universal formula might be, — I, A. B., declare that you, C. D., are a weariness to me, or the reverse. The moral is, that a critic should speak of his author as one gentleman of another, or as a gentleman of a lady; the case being, of course, excepted when the author is palpably not a lady or gentleman, but a male or female blackguard. This maxim may be infringed by brutality or by dogmatism. The slashing reviewer seems to forget that he and his victim are both human beings, and bound by the ordinary decencies of life. The really pathetic case is, not when the heaven-born poet is misunderstood, but when some humble scribbler is scarified by the thoughtless critic. It is not a crime to be stupid, and to be forced to write for bread. Literature is a poor but a fairly honest profession. A widow with a family on her hands, a harmless governess, a clerk disabled by disease, has a pen, ink, and paper, can spell, and write grammar. With that slender provision, he or she tries to eke out a scanty living by some poor little novel. It is, of course, silly and commonplace. It is a third-rate imitation of an inferior author. It will go to the waste-paper heap, in any case, before the year is out, and the only wonder is that it has found a publisher. If the brilliant young prig could see the wretched author in the flesh, and realize the pangs of fear and suspense that have gone to the little venture, he would feel sheer pity, and his hand be attracted to his pockets. But when he sees only the book, and his pen is nearer than his purse, he proceeds to make fun of the miserable sufferer, and sprinkles two columns with sparkling epigrams with the sense of doing a virtuous action. Since the days of the "Dunciad," it has been clear that nothing is so cruel as a wit. Wits have invented the opposite maxim. Take it for a rule, says Pope, with some truth, —

No creature smarts so little as a fool.

But even a fool has his natural feelings as clearly as Shylock. When Macaulay jumped upon poor "Satan" Montgomery, and hacked and hewed and slashed him till he had not a whole bone in his body, he tried to prove that the example was demanded in the interests of literature. Surely,

Macaulay was deluding himself, and the interest really consulted was his own reputation for smartness. "Satan" (I speak of the poem so-called) would have been dead long ago if Macaulay had never written; and the art of puffery could surely not have been more vigorous.

Such weapons should be kept for immoral writings or for successful imposture. There they are fair enough; and there is not the least danger that, confined to that application, they will rust from disuse. Stupidity enthroned in high places justifies the keenest ridicule. Stupidity on its knees scarcely requires the lash. Some amiable persons seem, indeed, to hold that the lash can never be required. They believe in sympathetic criticism. They would praise the good and leave the bad to decay of itself. The doctrine, however taking, is not more moral, and perhaps is more deleterious than the opposite. No man, says the excellent maxim, has ever been written down except by himself. Hostile criticism gives pain, but does not inflict vital wounds. Many writers, on the other hand, have been spoilt by indiscriminate praise. The temptation to become an imitator of oneself, is the most insidious of all to which an author is exposed. When a man has discovered his true power he should use it, but he should not use it to repeat his old feats in cold blood. The distinction is not always easy to urge, but it is of vital importance. The works of the greatest writers, of the Shakespeares and Goethes, show a process of continuous development. The later display the same faculties as the earlier, but ripened and differently applied. The works of second-rate authors are often like a series of echoes. Each is a feeble repetition of the original which won the reputation. The flattery, now too common, makes this malady commoner than of old. A good writer, like a king, can do no wrong. Wonderful! admirable! faultless! is the cry; give us more of the same, and make it as much the same as possible. Is it wonderful that the poor man's head is turned, and his hold upon the ablest judges weakens whilst his circulation increases?

The mischief is intensified when a couple of sympathetic critics get together. They become the nucleus of a clique, and develop into a mutual admiration society. They form a literary sect, with its pet idols and its sacred canons of taste. They are the first persons to whom art has revealed its true secrets. Other cliques have flourished, and laid down laws, and

passed away; theirs will be eternal. The outside world may sneer, the members of the clique will only draw closer the curtain which excludes the profane vulgar from their meetings. As a rule, such a body contains one or two men of genuine ability, and has some ground for its self-praise, though not so unassailable a ground as it fancies. But genius condemned to live in such a vapor-bath of perpetually steaming incense, becomes soft of fibre and loses its productive power. It owes more than it would admit to the great world outside, which ridicules its pretensions and is perhaps blind even to its genuine merits. Addison was not the better for giving laws to a little senate; but Addison fortunately mixed in wider circles, and was not always exposed to the adulation of Tickell and "namby-pamby" Phillips. Every man should try to form a circle of friends, lest he should be bewildered and isolated in the confused rush of a multitudinous society; but the circle should, so to speak, be constantly aerated by outside elements, or it will generate a mental valetudinarianism. The critic, who can speak the truth and speak out, is therefore of infinite service in keeping the atmosphere healthy.

A critic, then, should speak without fear or favor, so long as he can speak with the courtesy of a gentleman. He should give his opinion for what it is worth, neither more nor less. As the opinion of an individual, it should not be dogmatic; but as the opinion of a presumably cultivated individual, it should give at least a strong presumption as to that definitive verdict which can only be passed by posterity. The first difficulty which he will meet is to know what his opinion really is. No one who has not frankly questioned himself can appreciate the difficulty of performing this apparently simple feat. Every man who has read much has obscured his mind with whole masses of unconscious prejudice. An accomplished critic will declare a book to be fascinating of which he cannot read a page without a yawn, or a sheet without slumber. He will denounce as trashy and foolish a book which rivets his attention for hours. This is the one great advantage of the mob above the connoisseur. The vulgar have bad taste, but it is a sincere taste. They can't be persuaded to read except by real liking; and in some rare cases, where good qualities are accidentally offensive to the prevailing school of criticism, the cultivated reader will reject what is really excellent. The first point, therefore, is to

have the rare courage of admitting your own feelings.

In poets as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the critic's share,

as Pope says; and chiefly for this reason. In all our array of critics, there are scarcely half a dozen whose opinions are really valuable, and simply because there are scarcely so many whose opinions are their own. In ninety-nines cases out of a hundred, a so-called critique is a second-hand repetition of what the critic takes for the orthodox view. Whenever we see the expression of genuine feeling, we recognize a valuable contribution to our knowledge. That, for example, is the secret of the singular excellence of Lamb's too scanty fragments of criticism. He only spoke of what he really loved, and therefore almost every sentence he wrote is worth a volume of conventional discussion. He blundered at times; but his worst blunders are worth more than other men's second-hand judgments. Spontaneity is as valuable in the parasitic variety of literature as in the body of literature itself, and even more rare. Could we once distinguish between our own tastes and the taste which we adopt at second hand, we should have at least materials for sound judgment.

This vivacity and originality of feeling is the first qualification of a critic. Without it no man's judgment is worth having. Almost any judgment really springing from it has a certain value. But the bare fact that an aversion or a liking exists requires interpretation. To find the law by which the antipathy is regulated is to discover the qualities of the antagonistic elements. A good critic can hardly express his feelings without implicitly laying down a principle. When (to take a case at random) Lamb says of certain scenes in Middleton, that the "insipid levelling morality to which the modern stage is tied down, would not admit of such admirable passions," as fill the passages in question, he preaches a doctrine, sound or unsound, of great importance. He says, that is, that certain rules of modern decorum are æsthetically injurious and ethically erroneous. The particular rules infringed are to be discovered from the special instance, and the fact that a man with Lamb's idiosyncrasies denounced them must be taken into account when we would apply them as canons of judgment. The judgments of good critics upon a number of such problems thus form a body of doctrine analogous to what is known to

jurists as case-law. The rule for our guidance is not explicitly stated, but it is to be inferred from a number of particular instances, by carefully estimating their resemblance to this fresh instance and assigning due weight to the authority of the various judges.

As competent literary judges are rare, and their decisions conflicting, the task of extricating the general rule is difficult or rather impossible. No general rules perhaps can be laid down with absolute confidence. But the analogy may suggest the mode in which we may hope gradually to approximate to general rules, and to find grounds for reasonable certainty in special cases. Though no single critic is infallible, we may assume that the *vox populi* is infallible if strictly confined to its proper sphere. When many generations have been influenced by an individual, we have demonstrative evidence that he must have been a man of extraordinary power. It is an indisputable fact that Homer and Æschylus delighted all intelligent readers for over two thousand years. To explain that fact by any other theory than the theory that the authors possessed extraordinary genius is impossible. A man, therefore, who flies in the face of the verdict of generations is self-condemned. The probability that his blindness indicates a defect in his eyesight is incomparably greater than the probability that all other eyes have been somehow under an illusion. The argument applies to less colossal reputations. Not only a critic of the last century who could see nothing in Dante, but a critic in the present who thinks Pope a mere fool, or Voltaire a mere buffoon, puts himself out of court. Let him by all means confess his want of perception if it be necessary; but do not let him go on to criticise men in regard to whom he suffers from a kind of color-blindness. My palate refuses to distinguish between claret and burgundy, but I never set myself up for a judge of wine.

It may be added that the power of swaying the imaginations of many generations indicates more than mere force. It is a safe indication of some true merit. No religion thrives which does not embody — along with whatever errors — the deepest and most permanent emotions of mankind. No art retains its interest for posterity which does not give permanent expression to something more than the temporary tastes, and, moreover, to something more than the vicious and morbid propensities of mankind. To justify this maxim would lead us too far; but I venture to assume

that it could be justified by a sufficient induction. All great writers have their weaknesses; but their true power rests upon their utterance of the ennobling and health-giving emotions.

This doctrine is accepted even too unreservedly by most critics of the past. A slavish care for established reputation is more common than a rash defiance. The way, for example, in which Shakespeare's faults have been idolized along with his surpassing merits is simply a disgrace to literature. Were I writing for students of old authors, I would exhort them rather to attend to the limitations of the doctrine than to the doctrine itself. We are too apt to confound the qualities by which a man has succeeded with those in spite of which he has succeeded. The application of the doctrine to the living is, however, a more pressing problem. Our aim, I have said, is to anticipate the verdict of posterity, and we cannot anticipate infallibly. We cannot even lay down absolute rules of a scientific character. All that we can do is to proceed in a scientific spirit, which may therefore be favorable to the discovery of such rules in future. If doomed to continual blunders, our blunders may form landmarks for the future, and not be simple exhibitions of profitless folly and prejudice.

The critic who gives a matured expression of his tastes lays down a principle. He should proceed to apply an obvious test. Will his principle fit in with the accepted verdict as to the great men of the past? A simple attention to this rule would dissipate a vast amount of foolish criticism. There has been, for example, a great outcry against a vice known as sensationalism. In one sense, the outcry justifies itself. People have been shocked by overdoses of horror and crime; and the art which has shocked them must be in some sense bad. But when critics proceed to lay down canons which would suppress all literature more exciting than Miss Austen's novels, they are surely forgetting one or two obvious facts. Canons are calmly propounded which would condemn all Greek tragedy, which would condemn Dante, and Milton, and Shakespeare, and the whole school of early English dramatists, and some of Scott's finest novels, to say nothing of Byron, or of Balzac, or Victor Hugo. The simple fact that a poem or a novel deals with crime and suffering cannot be enough to condemn it, or we should be doomed to a diet of bread and butter for all future time. The true question is as to the right mode of dealing

with such subjects, and the critic who would condemn all dealing with them is really betraying his cause. He is trying to force an impracticable code upon mankind, and is allowing the true culprits to associate their cause with better men. Moreover, he is talking nonsense.

To keep steadily in mind the verdict of the past, not to break a painted window in anxiety to smash the insect which is crawling over it, is thus the great safeguard of a critic. A more difficult problem is the degree of respect due to modern opinion. The widest popularity may certainly be gained by absolute demerits. We need not give examples of modern charlatans, whose fame has not yet gone to its own place. There are plenty of older examples. The false wit of Cowley and the strained epigrams of Young, the pompous sentimentalism of Hervey, the tinsel of Tom Moore, all won a share of popularity in their own day, which rivalled or eclipsed the fame of Milton and Pope, and Addison and Wordsworth. In two of these cases the fame was partly due to religious associations which superseded a purely literary judgment. On the other hand, there is a measure of fame which seems sufficiently to anticipate the verdict of posterity. There is perhaps more than one living writer of whom it may be confidently asserted that his influence over the most thoughtful of his contemporaries has been won by such palpable services to truth and lofty sentiment, and has been so independent of the aid of adventitious circumstances, that his fame is as secure, though not as accurately measured, as it will be a century hence. To treat such men with insolence is as monstrous as to insult their predecessors. The burden of proof at least is upon the assailant, and he is bound to explain not merely the cause of his antipathy, but to explain the phenomenon which, on his showing, ought not to exist. A summary *tant pis pour les faits* will not bring him off, tempting as the method may be. When a spiritual movement has acquired a certain impetus and volume, its leader must be a great man. To admit that a mere charlatan can move the world, is to hold with the housemaid that a plate breaks of itself, or, with the Tories in Queen Anne's time, that Marlborough won his battles by sheer cowardice.

How to distinguish between the true and the sham influence is indeed a question not strictly soluble. It is enough to suggest that any man of true force has a sure instinct for recognizing force elsewhere. The blindness of patriotic or

party rage may sometimes encourage a Frenchman to laugh at Moltke's strategy, or an English politician of one party to call the Pitt or Fox of his opponents an idiot. No man, swayed by such passions, can criticise to any purpose; and the best safeguard against the resulting errors is a constant application of the doctrine that every spiritual impulse requires an adequate moral explanation as well as a physical. Some people are fond of ascribing the success of their antagonists to chance or to diabolic influence. They would be wise if they would remember that either phrase, when analysed, is equivalent to a simple confession of ignorance. It means that the source of the evil is in some sphere entirely outside our means of investigation. It is to abandon the problem, whilst masking our ignorance under an abusive epithet. Opponents may be justified if they take language of this kind as a panegyric in disguise.

There is, it is true, a weak side in the appeals often made to critical candor. Politicians sometimes denounce the bigotry of Liberals. The men who pride themselves upon their tolerance are often, it is said, the most dogmatic. But such denunciations, if often just, are apt to confound two very different things. Liberalism imposes the duty of giving fair play to our opponents in action as in logic, but it does not command us to have no opinions at all. It is most desirable that every principle should be fully and fairly discussed, but it is certainly not desirable that no principles should ever be definitively established. The pure indifferentist naturally hates faith of all kinds, and tries to impute intolerance to any believer who carries faith into practice. There is, in short, a road to toleration which leads through pure scepticism; if every doctrine is equally true and equally false, there is no reason for ever being in a passion. That is not a desirable solution of the problem. It is very difficult to hold my own opinions and to respect all sincere dissentients — to believe that my doctrines are true and important, and yet to refuse to advance them by unworthy methods. But the only true Liberal is the man who can accomplish that feat, and the tolerance made out of pure incredulity is a mere mockery of the genuine virtue.

The fact that candid people dispute conclusions which seem to me evident is not always a reason for admitting even a scruple of doubt. There are cases in which it may even confirm them. A truth is fully established when it not only ex-

plains certain phenomena, but explains the source of erroneous conceptions of the phenomena. The true theory of astronomy shows why false theories were inevitably plausible at certain periods. No doctrine can be quite satisfactory till it helps us to see why other people do not see it. When that is clearly intelligible, the very errors confirm the true theory. In matters of taste there is a similar canon. There are undoubtedly bad tastes as well as good. There are tastes, that is, which imply stupidity, or craving for coarse excitement, or incapacity for distinguishing between rant and true rhetoric, between empty pomp of language and genuine richness and force of imagination. There are tastes which imply a thoroughly corrupt nature, and others which imply vulgarity and coarseness. To admit that all tastes are equally good is to fall into an æsthetic scepticism as erroneous as the philosophical scepticism which should make morality or political principles matters of arbitrary convention. A critic who is tolerant in the sense of admitting this indifference abnegates his true function; for the one great service which a critic can render is to keep vice, vulgarity, or stupidity at bay. He cannot supply genius; but he can preserve the prestige of genius by revealing to duller minds the difference between good work and its imitation.

The sense in which a critic should be liberal is marked out by this consideration. The existence of any artistic school, however much he dislikes its tendency, is a phenomenon to be explained and not to be denounced until it is explained. If it has a wide popularity, or includes many able men, there is a strong presumption that it corresponds in some way to a real want of the time. It embodies a widespread, and presumably, therefore, not a purely objectionable emotional impulse. It proves, at the lowest, that rival forms of expression do not satisfy the wants of contemporaries, and are so far defective. Even if it be, in the critic's eye, a purely reactionary movement, the existence of a reaction proves that something is wanting in that against which it reacts. Some element of feeling is inadequately represented, and therefore the objectionable movement indicates a want, if it does not suggest the true remedy. It may be that, in some cases, the critic will be forced to say that, after taking such considerations into account, he can yet see nothing more in his antagonist than the embodiment of a purely morbid tendency. They represent a disease in the social order which

requires caustic and the knife. When a man has deliberately formed such an opinion, he should express it frankly though as temperately as may be; but it will probably be admitted that such cases are very rare, and that a man who has the power of seeing through his neighbors' eyes will generally discover that they catch at least a distorted aspect of some truths not so clearly revealed to their opponents.

But keeping such rules in mind, the critic will certainly not become infallible. He will not discover any simple mechanical test for the accurate measurement of literary genius. Nor will he or a whole generation of critics succeed in making an exact science out of an art which must always depend upon natural delicacy of perception. But he will be working in the right direction, and undergoing a wholesome discipline. If he does not discover any rigidly correct formulæ, he will be helping towards the establishment of sound methods; and though he will not store his mind with authoritative dogmas, he will encourage the right temper for approaching a most delicate task. In many cases, indeed, the task is easy enough. It would be affectation to deny that there are a good many books which may be summarily classified as rubbish, without much risk of real injustice, though sentence need not be passed in harsh language. But to judge of any serious work requires, besides the natural faculty, possessed by very few, an amount of habitual labor to look from strange points of view which is almost equally rare. There are many poems, for example, which can hardly be criticised to effect till the critic knows them by heart, and a man cannot be expected to do that who has to pronounce judgment within a week. In that case, all that can be recommended is a certain modesty in expression and diffidence in forming opinions which is not universal amongst our authoritative critics.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

PAGES FROM THE STORY OF MY CHILDHOOD.

I CAN fancy a supercilious reader looking scornfully at this title and sternly putting to me the very proper question — "And pray, who are you that *your* childhood should be of importance to any one? Tell us your name, that we may see whether it will be worth our while to read

you. Are you the Earl of Beaconsfield, about to let the world see what manner of sports and studies best fit a child to grow up into the successful novelist, politician, and premier? Or (for we see a few verses on some of your later pages) are you the poet-laureate, willing to disclose to a circle of breathless admirers how the genius (born, as we all know, not made) first becomes conscious of itself? We have heard that the child is father to the man; if you will tell us what manner of man you now are, we shall know whether it is worth our while to make the acquaintance of the young author of your present existence." Alas! I have no satisfactory answer to give to any such haughty questioner. I am not the late leader of the House of Commons; far from that, I have not even a seat in Parliament, and see no great chance at present of obtaining one. And I am certainly not Tennyson: should I (as I partly intend) indulge a sympathizing circle with extracts from my early poems, no further disclaimer of all relation to the author of "In Memoriam" and the "Idylls" could possibly be required from me. In fact, I am nobody whose name can bespeak attention — a person of whom you, my discouraging and unwilling listener, never heard before. I claim a hearing from you on a lower but a wider ground than that of having climbed up any of the dizzy eminences of fame — the ground of being what you yourself probably are, and therefore having more in common with you than more celebrated personages can have, — an undistinguished individual. In your case as in mine (if I may say so without offence), the "child" has not proved the "father" of a great man. Let me hope for you — what is more than I can say for myself — that he has done better than that, and been the father of a man able and willing to take the poet's advice, —

Be good, my friend, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
So making life, death, and that vast forever,
One grand, sweet song.

Such is the man whom I would invite to be my only, because he alone would be my compassionate, listener, were I about (following Keble's mournful expansion of Wordsworth's idea into

The man seems following still the funeral of
the boy)

to take my stand in mourning robes beside the grave of my childhood, and to pro-

nounce a solemn funeral oration over that strange little being which once was myself. Did I mean to unveil infantine remorse and anguish as real and as keen as any of the sorrows of maturer years, to revel once more in imagination amid the flowers of vanished springs, to shudder again in thought as the chill touch of death thrilled me for the first time, one such hearer as I am venturing to imagine you to be would be enough, perhaps at last too much. But I am engaged in no such task to-day, and all the world may listen while I describe some of my own early literary efforts.

It is usual nowadays, when inditing the life of any great writer, to indulge in a good deal of collateral delineation of persons who may be presumed to have influenced the formation of his character. You have no sooner set out on the smooth turnpike road of the great A.'s history, than his biographer asks you to turn up one rutty lane in search of a great aunt of remarkable disposition whom he may have seen when a very small boy, and then up another to look for a second cousin twice removed who displayed some sparks of genius. You come back tired and out of humor from these excursions, and are allowed to pursue a straight course for a few pages; when lo! after accompanying A. through the measles to school (where he did nothing remarkable) along several more pages, you at last arrive at his college life, to find yourself on a wide common, across which you are instructed to follow various winding tracks that you may have a look at a good many people who were, or ought to have been, his friends there — from each of whom he may have learned something, without which he would not have finally proved the man, in hopes of finding whom at last, you dutifully plod along many another weary chapter. This method of composition seems to me irritating, and a needless waste of time, in the biography of a genius.

But I shall fearlessly follow it in my own case — at least once or twice — because I am not engaged in depicting an important life. My main road is far from being a fine one; and so to loiter a while in any shady lane that may branch from it may be no loss of time.

I shall therefore expect to be thanked and not blamed for introducing my friends at once to the two most remarkable persons who adorned the village near which my early years were spent — a village, or rather hamlet, defended in the olden time by a stout fortress, built to ward off the incursions of our Scottish neighbors,

which still rises in grey dignity above the little stream which hastens down the valley below it to meet, a mile further on, the clear bright waters which flow from one of the fairest lakes in England. Opposite to the castle stands the ancient church, on the site of a yet older monastery, mentioned by the Venerable Bede. In that church is the stone effigy of a baron who in days of yore girded on his good sword to fight for the Holy Sepulchre, and haply left some fair lady pining for his return in the strong tower, which might keep out the Scot, but could not shut out many a troubled dream and anxious thought of her absent lord; and which perhaps admitted pilgrims, so-called, telling audacious travellers' tales to wrap her in false security, or disquiet her with alarming reports, which no special correspondents, no electric telegraph, were at hand to refute.

Now, when I was a child, the children who, in that old church, gazed on me and the other favored occupants of the squire's pew on Sundays from their humbler benches, were taught on week-days by a very remarkable pedagogue indeed. Mr. Graham (so let me call him) would have had but little chance in these days of school-boards. He got too eccentric at last for even the tolerant village trustees, lost his post, and ended his days in the workhouse. But he reigned undisputed through all the days of my youth. His pale ascetic face, surmounting the same long threadbare cloak in summer as in winter, was never absent at morning or afternoon service from his nook in church, whence, on occasional absences of the parish clerk, his sepulchral "Amen" were heard sounding. The same curiously-contrived screen fenced him in from draughts at all seasons in the chimney-corner of the house where he lodged; adding the further security against cold of always wearing his hat indoors — I presume, for he was a very polite man, by special permission of his hostess. He was the meekest and humblest of men (sincerely religious, I fully believe); but if he had a lingering spark of pride, that spark rose up into a little flame at the contemplation of his own merits as a letter-writer. And those merits were great. I cannot say that perspicuity was one of them; but in that deficiency Mr. Graham only showed a certain kindred to the genius of some great divines and poets of our day. But in his own line of hazy, indefinite grandeur he succeeded well.

What, for instance, could be more novel and ingenious than his addressing two

ladies of my own family — ladies, too, such as ladies were forty years ago, reserved, dignified, and anxious to keep the inferior classes of society in their proper places — by the playful *sobriquets* of "Miss Monday" and "Miss Tuesday," and opening a letter to one of them with these words, "A conference in the Milky Way"? I am sorry to say that, much as they may have appreciated the latent poetry by which they were accosted, they felt that the best interests of society forbade it to gush freely forth, and requested its suppression. Mr. Graham proved equal to the occasion. He wrote a pathetic epistle to the person who had remonstrated with him (the sister-in-law of the two aggrieved ladies); and from the folds of that letter (artistically doubled, as letters were before the penny-post) fell a small pen — a dirty little stump, its recipient used to say, yet surely a pen with a history. "With this pen," said the letter, "I have beguiled many a sad and lonely hour. I part with it regretfully; but since it has traced lines that have offended, I give it into *your* custody, that I may be no more tempted to displease you by my use of it." I think, however, that other pens came to hand; it would have been strange had they not to a schoolmaster. At all events, at the close of Mr. Graham's scholastic career, my friend Mrs. Campbell — who had newly come to live near the village, in a house purchased from her younger sister's husband, Mr. Lewellyn — received an oblique shot from one of them, worthy of its holder's previous reputation among us. Captain and Mrs. Campbell had subscribed most kindly towards a little fund raised for the retiring schoolmaster. They scarcely observed that when he passed them in the village afterwards he took no opportunity of thanking them for their kindness; for they knew him to be shy and odd, and they ever desired rather the pleasure of doing good than the thanks of the receiver of their bounty. But great was their amusement when the absent Mrs. Lewellyn forwarded to them a letter sent to herself, then in the south of France, by Mr. Graham, which concluded with the following sentence: "It has been suggested to me by several persons that I should offer my thanks to Captain and Mrs. Campbell for their present to me; but if they are to be thanked *at all*, it can only be done through *you*, whom I have constituted the head of the family." Surely as roundabout a conveyance of gratitude as any one ever thought of!

Poor Mr. Graham! his Scriptural knowl-

edge got him at least into one more serious scrape than his fine epistolary talents, through not considering the difference between things recorded for our example, and things recorded for our information. His scholars had all denied knowledge of some piece of mischief, evidently perpetrated by one of them. So the master informed them that he should detect the culprit by a method pointed out to him in the Bible; and after praying for a perfect lot, made the boys draw lots, and proceeded to whip the unlucky youth on whom the lot fell. I much fear the boy was innocent of that particular offence; but, remembering Hamlet, let us hope that he got, after all, no more than his due. Still, parents unversed in Shakespeare took offence, as might be expected, and Mr. Graham lost one promising pupil on the spot, along with *prestige* which he was never afterwards able to regain.

Were I engaged on the memoir of a renowned author, I should be obliged to stop here, and show the influence of this eccentric form in the group which surrounded his childhood on the moulding of his after-life; nay, to examine gravely which of the portraits in his humorous and witty novels bears the greatest resemblance to poor Mr. Graham. But being quite otherwise engaged, I feel perfectly at liberty to leave the lane we are walking in by the nearest stile, and cross the adjoining field, for the purpose of introducing my friends to our next village celebrity, Miss Benson, the worthy Sunday-school teacher of my younger days. She was a woman with the gift of utterance, which she exercised remarkably fast, and with a taste for natural history, which I know we children thought she indulged rather cruelly on the butterflies she secured as specimens, and on the bat, of which, having somehow got it into her power, she said, "I gave it one meal, and then I starved it to death." Unmerciful mercy, so we thought; but children are very severe. In like manner I fear we showed a carping spirit when we heard how Miss Benson diversified her Sunday-school treat with little sacred dramas: how she enacted Joseph and his brethren with her scholars — arrayed herself as Joseph in a Lammermuir plaid scarf, and holding a shepherd's crook; and how she cleverly represented the finding of Moses, with the help of a child and a basket, in the nearly dry moat of the old castle, sweeping down, I presume, herself majestically to the rescue in the character of Pharaoh's daughter. But the trait in my own dealings with Miss

Benson, which I disclose with the liveliest fear of misconstruction, is the diversion which her poetry afforded me; knowing how readily it may be set down to the jealousy of a rival verse-writer. Is it wise of me, even at this vast distance of time, to reveal that when Miss Benson's versified address to the curate of the parish on his departure was confided to us by his reverence, we all followed the example of that ungrateful young man by laughing at it more than a little? My only defence is to quote, not all — for some I have forgotten, and some of the lines I do remember deal with very sacred matter — but at least the opening and the close of that remarkable effusion: —

I.

Reverend sir, adieu! adieu!
You soon from us must part;
But of your flock there's not a few
That *prays* for you at heart.

2.

O may their prayers bring down a blessing
On your *devoted* head;
And may your labor prove a blessing
To all that it *has* (*sic*) *heard*.

4.

Once I went into your church
In sorrow, anguish, pain, and grief;
My heart was almost *fit to burst*, —
You brought the word that gave relief.

8.

O may your crown like diamonds glitter
As eyes can scarce behold;
For as the stars in glory differ,
So saints *does*, we are told.

"I could not have written those lines, nor you either," was the sly commentary of a learned friend to whom I once repeated them. I think he was especially struck by the, to a classical scholar, alarming use of the epithet "devoted" in verse 2. Probably, too, the notion of labor rendered audible in the succeeding lines was strange to him; not to speak of the fair writer's rather bold disregard of the ordinary rules of grammar, with the result of leaving the reader uncertain whether the preacher's "labor" was listened to or itself a listener.

Miss Benson did not marry the curate, for whose sake she thus outsoared, not "the flaming bounds of space and time," but the prosaic limits of sense and of Lindley Murray. But I am happy to add that she died the wife of another clergyman, who I hope admired her poetry, and to

whom I feel sure she made an excellent and "devoted" helpmate.

Nor was it only the case that the friends of my childhood were not quite of the ordinary pattern. I can prove a better right still to be eccentric (had I only possessed the necessary genius) by hereditary descent. My great-great-grandfather (if the tales current about him in my youth were true) must have been very unlike what men are now. When I looked at his placid countenance, beaming out of a well-powdered wig, above his sky-blue coat, among the family portraits, I could hardly believe that he was the stern old man who boxed his nephew's ears in church before the wondering congregation; provoked to this assault by his indignation at seeing the youth lolling negligently in an easy attitude against the pew-door, which burst open with his weight and precipitated him into the passage below. After all, though, I believe my instincts were right, and that it was the old man's son, my great-great uncle, who really laid himself thus open to a serious charge of "brawling in church," had the vicar and churchwardens not revered the squire too much to suppose he could figure in an ecclesiastical court. In like manner, the rustics of those days saw no cause of wonder if, when a case of wife-beating or similar misdemeanor was brought before the squire, he calmly turned to his attendant with the words, "Bring me Condign," the stick with which he was in the habit of administering condign punishment, and proceeded to serve the offender as he had served his victim. I may remark parenthetically, that the beautiful white hands of the handsome fop in a green morning-suit laced with gold, and in smart cocked-hat, among our family pictures, seem scarcely suited to this patriarchal exercise of justice traditionally ascribed to him; in which, I presume, he felt himself emulous of his contemporary Frederick the Great of Prussia, whose works are understood to have been his favorite reading. Nowadays, I fear the worthy man would have changed places with the object of his righteous displeasure, and been himself summoned for an assault; but in those simpler times, the saving of time, trouble, and public disgrace was appreciated, and all parties liked the plan.

But to return to my eccentric forefather, whose prowess in the hunting-field is commemorated in song and legend in the Lake district, where the boatmen still show the tourist the steep hillside down which, on one occasion, he successfully piloted a

favorite hunter — a track on which I believe no horse's hoof has tried to make a print either before or since; and concerning whom it is, or was, said or sung that, at a dangerous leap, —

Up came Squire Edward, who cared not a pin;
He rode over the ditch while they all tumbled in, —

lines which have to my ear, perhaps from early prejudice, a fine Homeric flavor in their reckless disregard for the credit of the rank and file as compared with that of the Achilles of the tale. The narrator sets out, if I remember right, by saying that he himself mounted his horse, Black Sloven,

On Candlemas day, when bright Phœbus
shone clear,
When I had not been hunting for more than a year;

and, doubtless owing to the qualities implied in his steed's name, followed at a sufficiently respectful distance to witness, without sharing, the squire's prowess and the discomfiture of the field in general. Now seven miles from the squire's home lived a baronet with many daughters, with one of whom — the fair Julia — the young man fell in love. Charming in all respects, she charmed her lover, if possible, most of all by her exquisite foot and ankle. Received by her parents as an accepted suitor, the squire rode one afternoon, (probably with others) beside the baronet's family coach, on the pleasing but anxious duty of escorting the ladies to dinner at a distant friend's house. We may imagine the lover's hand often on the coach-window, receiving playful taps from a fan, or possibly an ill-spelt *billet doux*, — for the progress was slow over the ill-made, or rather unmade, country roads — would that I could add, but it was sure! It was exactly the reverse; for at some unexpected stumbling-block the coach upset; literally turned upside down, and made the extrication of the ladies within a very difficult matter. The squire dismounted in all haste and flew to the rescue, but unfortunately with him love to one lady meant total indifference, and something more, to the claims of all others. The French politeness of the next generation was in him wholly wanting; and in his anxiety to deliver his beloved from the danger of being crushed by the weight of her mother and sisters, he was, I fear, decidedly rude to those ladies. He caught hold of a foot which came first to hand, — feet were the only signs of individual personality vouchsafed to him, — and, finding it less shapely

than the adored one, roughly pushed it aside, exclaiming, "That's not *my* Julia's foot!" and proceeded with his search. The narrators of this story were wont to say that the desired foot lay lowest down, and was not found till at least one foot of every other lady there had been scanned and rejected. Now, mark the consequences of a young lover's imprudence. So at least I judge. For though I was always told that some time afterwards Julia did something naughty which justly displeased her lady-mother, yet I cannot think the sentence on the interesting delinquent would have been so severe as it was, had not the maternal severity been quickened by the *spretæ injuria formæ*. The sentence was this: either to be whipped and then allowed to attend the county ball which took place that same evening, or not to be whipped but not to go to the ball. We all know what the late Sir G. C. Lewis would have chosen, had such an alternative been proposed to him, and how serenely he would have smiled at the chance of escaping two penances at once; but with the fair Julia it was otherwise. She had looked forward to dancing a minuet with her betrothed that evening with intense pleasure; she knew how his vigilant eye would, among the mazes of the "many-twinkling feet," follow hers, and hers only, with ever-kindling admiration; and the prospect nerved her to heroism. She chose the whipping and the ball. Attending it that night she poured her sorrows into the ears of her affianced husband, who flamed with wrath (little suspecting, I daresay, how much his own indiscretion had to do with her sufferings), and vowed that she should never endure the like again. "I will marry you to-morrow," he said. And so he did. My great-great-grandmother being, let us hope, thus a unique example of a young woman who was whipped one day and married the next. When I looked at her prim, decorous face on the wainscoted wall, and her handsome dark-eyed mother (she was of French extraction) smiling at her from the panel opposite, I found it difficult to paint the whipping-scene to my mind's eye. I find it still harder to believe now.

I cannot tell how the truth may be,
I say the tale as 'twas said to me.

The fair Julia's handwriting is still extant. I have already hinted that she spelled badly, but that was a common complaint in her day: spelling-bees not having begun to buzz in either school or drawing-room till full a century and a half

later. The most noticeable record of her married life (her diary unfortunately not including her girlhood) was her flight with her children to a farmhouse from the young Pretender's army; who passed very near my birthplace on his ill-fated march to Derby. She ought to have bidden her husband keep true to the old Cavalier traditions of his own family, and emulate the prowess of her own forefathers in defence of King Charles the First; but I am ashamed to say that he was Hanoverian to the backbone, and gave bonnie Prince Charlie neither help nor even good wishes. So, instead of recording romantic adventures and hair-breadth escapes, my great-great-grandmother's journal only tells of very prosaic improvements effected at her temporary refuge.

As I began this discursive narrative with some intention of introducing my friends to my own earliest poetic efforts, I feel regretfully, as I look back upon it, how unpoetic a character it has so far assumed. Is it my fault? Am I to blame if the venerable pair from whom (in Homeric phrase) I have been boasting my descent had in their youth such quizzical adventures, and preferred safety to romance in their maturer years? Can I help it if the humble friends of my childhood were rather grotesque than dignified? Still I ought to state the other side. I was born in a country not ill-peopled with ghosts; and ghosts, as we all know, from the wraith of Patroclus downwards, make themselves very useful to the poet. But here again I have been unlucky. It was my mother's maid, not I, who heard the silks of a spectral lady rustling behind her late at night in the long gallery at home, and who had not courage to turn round and behold the ghastly visage which probably surmounted them. Once, too, an old shepherd came in from the mountain-valleys to narrate how on a midwinter night, as he drove sheep past a lonely farm, an old and sagacious dog howled and showed evident signs of terror, creeping trembling back with its younger comrade to his feet, before his master's duller eye discerned, as it soon did with awe, a white woman with a child in her arms, doomed, as she told him, for her guilt to wander restlessly along the wilds, and suffered one night every year to appear and tell her story. But unluckily then I was too small a child to be allowed to listen to his thrilling narration, which surprised my father very much, for the man was sober and had no motive for its invention. When in later days, on my return from deer-stalking, I

passed the house near which this strange meeting took place, left untenanted and desolate for twenty years or so in consequence, I could not help envying my father's good fortune, who, at least, had seen the man who saw the ghost. I have always remained one remove further off — a decided disadvantage. That was my position when, on the lovely lake of Haweswater, a worthy friend of mine told me how a man he knew, once fishing at midnight about midsummer under beautiful Wallercrag (where, it is well known, sleeps imprisoned the spirit of the Viscount Lonsdale of George the Second's time), heard a crashing sound as if the whole mountain were falling down on him, and fled, smashing his fishing-rod in a fall, and thenceforth forswearing fishing rather than run the risk of meeting the grim ghost, which he thought was then breaking its bounds. Those bounds were set to it with difficulty by a conclave of the clergy of the period; one of whom had pursued it up the river to the lake whence it flows, knocking his shins sadly against the stones in its rocky bed, but still manfully holding fast the Book of Common Prayer, and reading from it the passages which act as exorcisms.* When at last the spirit, so compelled, showed symptoms of resting beneath Wallercrag, the brave parson, jointly with several of his reverend brethren, intoned the final incantation, and bade the perturbed ghost rest where they laid him

For ever and ever and aye.

But a voice from the mountain-hollow mockingly echoed back, time after time, the spirit's ultimatum, —

No; for a year and a day.

And how far the assembled priests succeeded in making him desist from his counter-proposition remains to this day a little uncertain. At least my Haweswater friend knew a man (you see I never get nearer to the ghosts than that) who had many a time heard a carriage coming quickly down the steep bank on which Lowther Castle rises above the river of the same name, and held open the gate for it at the bottom as in duty bound. But he knew well that that carriage held an occupant who had no longer any business with this world; and, as he described the matter, "sometimes his coachman and his

* What those passages are, most unfortunately I do not know, or I would point them out for spiritualist friends.

horses had their heads on, but oftener they had not."

So much for ghosts. Then, as is well-known, the atmosphere of the English lakes is quite exceptionally favorable to poetic growths. Were not great poets born among us? have not great poets settled among us? was not our native poet a splendid exception to the rule which refuses honor at home to the genius of the soil? for I am credibly informed that his neighbors so revered him that they never ventured to form an opinion without consulting their oracle; so that a friend of mine told me with a certain comic exaggeration, "If you asked an Ambleside person if he thought it would be a fine day, he answered gravely, 'I have not yet heard what Mr. Wordsworth thinks of the matter.'" And under those stately forest trees, known to distant observers as the Lake school, you would expect to have found many sweet hawthorns and generally-pleasing bushes vocal with song, especially in the spring season. Doubtless such there were, but I have not been particularly fortunate in my researches for them. I have heard, indeed, of the now deceased pastor of a lonely dale, who used to say that as he rambled among the hills, thoughts much grander than anything in Shakespeare or in Milton were wont to come into his mind. But you see we have only his own word for it, as unluckily he did not take the trouble to commit them to paper. Then there was the virtuous Quaker, Mr. Wilkinson, owned by Wordsworth as a brother poet, and enshrined by him in imperishable verse. See a poem of his ("To the Spade of a Friend") beginning, —

Spade with which Wilkinson hath tilled his
land,
And shaped these pleasant walks by Eamont
side.

Possessing, as I do a couplet by the aforesaid Wilkinson which I believe to be as yet unpublished, I hasten to present it to my readers as a specimen of our poetic undergrowth. He lived, as might be inferred from Wordsworth's poem, by a lovely river, the Eamont. He found, as other riversiders do, that lovely rivers can play mischievous tricks, when the walks, here immortalized, which he had contrived beside it, were washed away in a flood. Whereupon he indited this touching address to the naughty Naiad: —

Eamont, I wish — I will not say "I pray,"
Thou wouldst not wash my little works away.

The caution with which the worthy man steered clear of any profane or idolatrous invocation to the kelpie, water-sprite nymph, or, whatsoever being might be ignorantly presumed to be the presiding deity of the river he was apostrophizing, seems to me deserving of all praise. Prejudice apart, is this couplet which I here rescue from obscurity so very much worse than some of Wordsworth's own lines? For I, who was not born at Ambleside, but on the northern side of the Kirkstone Pass, who only saw the poet once, when I was a child and he a fine, grey-haired, benevolent-looking old man, think him great in spite of, not because of, his poetic theories, and dare not call a weed a moss-rose because I have found it growing in his garden. I think an elderly man, who described to me the trouble he twice got into on Wordsworth account, only deserved it in the sense in which those who dare to be wiser than the men of their day deserve to smart for it. "When I used to go to Holland House first," he said, "they were in the habit of laughing at Wordsworth's poems. I told them that he was a great genius, and they called me a fool for my pains. Some years later they were enlightened: a good critic persuaded the coterie to read Wordsworth for themselves, and they fell into raptures with him. 'A very great poet,' I said to these new converts; 'but you know that he has written some lines which, I must confess, are sad stuff.' They called me a fool again!"

The generation which produced Wordsworth has long passed away; the generation which knew him is fast following it; and I fear that the Epigoni of the lakes have yet their spurs to win.

Children are no doubt influenced by the beauties of nature, but they do not think about them, far less reason about their effect upon the mind. So if I wrote verses when very young, I do not ascribe it to the fact that I lived then two miles from the foot of one of the loveliest of lakes. I know now how beautiful it is: in those days I possibly did not understand it much better than does the average tourist, who is to be seen gazing sadly on its waters (the English seldom look cheerful on a tour), and descending it with eye carefully averted from its best points, which are naturally at its head, while he looks steadily towards our one weak point, a low, dumpy sort of hill near the place whence the imprisoned lake-waters make their exit towards the sea. Such benighted people are to be found, after

their return from their travels, declaiming against my beloved lake, or, yet more offensively, offering it their unintelligent commendations. In its name I reject both their phrase and their blame, and most emphatically the former; beseeching them, if they ever revisit it, to bear in mind these two facts, a remembrance of which may possibly do them some good on other lakes beside: first, that the waters of a lake seldom force their way out of it by the base of its highest hills — the grand Pass of Brander from Loch Awe is the exception, not the rule — and that therefore it is usually best to begin your survey of a lake at its outflow, and row steadily up it to its head; secondly, that the high mountains which appear to you to be at the head of a lake when you are low down it, are probably looking at you over the shoulder of others lower than themselves, but still high enough to screen them, perhaps completely, when you are actually at the head of the lake, and that therefore about half-way up you are likely to have your grandest view. My lake changes incessantly; it is, as it were, three lakes in one; and the tourist who even gets a fair notion of its varied beauties from one progress up it must be exceptionally qualified to discern them. I do not think those beauties had much to do with my first poem. The grey towers of the old castle near our parish church, and the perusal of "Ivanhoe" during the Christmas holidays in which my ninth birthday fell, were the proximate causes of my determining shortly after to write a play, to be entitled "The Siege of D'Arcy Castle." * My plot was a simple one. I provided Lord D'Arcy with a favorite daughter, Berengaria, named after King Richard's wife, whose speciality was to be the housewifery, as I remember rather vividly indicating by making her father complain, when she hastily left him to prepare some jelly, —

What! always at her creams and pastries —
Never a word for me.

Then Lady D'Arcy had a favorite child of her own, Matilda — a correct name as I knew by the conqueror's wife — whose ill-temper and general unpleasantness left her mother's preference much unjustified; while my heroine, the third daughter, the Lady Rowena (I need not stop to explain where I got *that* name from), was nobody's favorite but that of Sir Guy of Warwick, a knight-errant, I presume, on a visit to

* D'Arcy is not the old castle's name, but it is something like it.

the castle, whom each parent proposes as a husband for his or her favorite child.

But, my dearest mother,
Has *he* proposed?

I recollect making Matilda ask fretfully, but not unreasonably, of Lady D'Arcy, while she is developing her pet scheme to her. I think I rather shirked any love-making between Guy and the true object of his affections, Rowena, from not exactly knowing what things were usually said by lovers. But I intended to bring some ferocious Scottish chieftain or other against the castle in the second act (I only contemplated three), who, being slain by Sir Guy in single combat in the third, might entitle that courageous but bashful champion to declare his real attachment and secure the hand of Rowena from the gratitude of her rescued parents. Unhappily, however, I found the fighting more unmanageable than the love-making. That compendious stage-direction, "Alarums and Excursions," fills up little room, and did not suggest to me much appropriate dialogue, and so I collapsed ignominiously in the beginning of the second act. I might not even have got so far as that if I had not hit on the ingenious expedient of making Rowena go off and consult an aged hermit on her future fortunes. I think his answer was very encouraging, only perhaps rather injudicious in the way of anticipating the end too much for the interest of the audience; but what I particularly recollect is a correction which I made for the sake of propriety. Rowena reaches the cell in a thunder-storm, and the hermit at first hospitably addressed her with, —

Lady, take off these garments,
So wetted by the storm;

but after-reflection convinced me that for a lady to undress herself in a hermit's presence would be indecorous, and I therefore changed the invitation, and risked my heroine's taking cold, by the words, —

Lady, *now* dry these garments, etc.

Some three years later I got on better with a narrative poem, called "The Knight and the Enchantress." After the lapse of more than thirty years I have just been reading it again, and I find it quite a respectable imitation of the inferior portions of Scott's poems. I had learned before I wrote it to rhyme correctly. I recollect having serious misgivings as to the admis-

sibility of rhymes such as "love" and "move," where the same letters are not sounded alike, and feeling satisfied on the point by discovering similar rhymes in Pope. Want of space, or rather the discovery that this early effort of my muse is neither good enough to please, nor bad enough to divert my readers, compels me to offer them no specimen of it; nor yet shall I trouble them with any account of a rather more successful endeavor than my first to honor my favorite D'Arcy Castle by a poem in ballad measure, describing its lady's distress at the reported death of her husband in the Holy Land, and her deliverance by his unhoped-for return, at the moment when an ill-behaved neighbor was forcing his unwelcome suit upon her at the sword's point. But, though I readily consign these early poems to oblivion now, I know that I was very proud of them when I wrote them, as these two stanzas out of four caused by some slight display of jealousy on the part of a young friend (who had written no verses, and, like myself, imagined that writing them conferred distinction) will show: —

Take back the too enrapturing lyre;
Muse! I thy gift return.
Quench in my breast the poet's fire —
It lightens, it must burn.

The laurel wreath of fame is bright,
To win it once I strove;
It came, but withered each delight,
Each gentle flower of love.

Pretty well for thirteen! Of course, if some one had asked me whether these lines were spoken in my own person, I should not have dared to say yes; but I know that I meant them of myself. When I so expressed myself, I was either girding myself up for, or else I had just finished, a great enterprise, to which I cannot now refer without a smile, but which I know seemed to me unspeakably important at the time. It was nothing less than a grand historical tragedy. Harold was its title, and its theme the eve and day of the battle of Hastings. For by this time I had learned French, and read, in one of Racine's prefaces to his tragedies, of Aristotle's rules and the unity of time and place. I determined to observe them as closely as I could, encouraging myself, where deviations might seem expedient, by the recollection that Shakespeare had not observed them at all. I remember carefully studying one or two of his plays as models, but feeling that I dared not undertake so wide a canvas, and that I

had better stick to Racine's method as more easy. My other preparation was a diligent perusal of Thierry's "Norman Conquest," then a very popular book; and, so provided, I set cheerfully to work, in the full belief that I was on the road to occupy a very decently high niche in the temple of fame.

Edith, the swan-necked, was the heroine of my drama, in comparison with whose sorrows I fear the anguish of the defeated army and enslaved nation weighed but little with me; though I strove to do it likewise such justice as was in my power. *My* Edith was, I need not say, a highly correct young person, beloved by Harold, and possessing a ring as his troth-plight. But, faithless to this solemn engagement, in obedience to imperious state exigencies, Harold, by advice of his mother Githa, weds another in her place, the lady known to me and M. Thierry as Alghitha, but who figures, I think, on Mr. Freeman's pages by the (doubtless correct but) fearful and wonderful name *Ælfgyth*, just as he remorselessly replaces our pretty Edith by *Eadgyth*. Now Alghitha (as we used to call her) was sister to two mighty earls, who ought to have been a great support to their brother-in-law; and my idea was to represent Harold as marrying her entirely in order to secure their fidelity, but as still loving Edith so much, that, at a chance sight of her, he is ready to risk crown and life rather than be unfaithful to her. I had two scenes, in one of which the scheming Githa prevails on the gentle maiden to sacrifice herself for Harold's good, and leave the ring by which she had meant to reclaim him in his mother's hands; and a second, in which that artful dame prevails on her penitent son to repent of his repentance, by making him believe that Edith had deserted him for Oswald, a nobleman of his court, and destined Harold's ring for her new lover. Under this false representation, Harold proceeds to wed Alghitha literally the night before that decisive battle which Mr. Freeman is teaching us to call the battle of Senlac, and into which night a regard for those misleading unities made me cram all the events aforesaid; not to speak of a scene between Alghitha herself and a discarded lover, Eldred, whom I kindly provided beforehand that he might be able to guard, and in due time to forgive and wed, that luckless, widowed bride. Certainly the chorus of maidens arranged by me to sing the charms of Alghitha and the splendor of her jewellery and attire in strains like these —

Glistening pearls thy vest adorn,
Shining like the dew of morn;
Crimson spangled o'er with gold
Falls thy mantle's gorgeous fold;
Diamonds there shed radiant light,
Emeralds and sapphires bright, —

would have been rather in the way of Harold's grim warriors preparing for the life-and-death struggle of the morrow; and I fear Alghitha's finery could have found but few admirers at so busy a moment. But I think history does tell us that our English forefathers mingled rather too much merriment with their more serious preparations, and that, while the Normans were getting shriven, they were drinking ale; so perhaps the introduction of a bride-ale was not so utterly incongruous. Still, the fourth scene of my second act, which depicts the wedding-guests ranged round the banquet-table engaged in making each other addresses in stilted language, and in listening to somewhat tame war-songs, strikes me now as exceeding the bounds of permissible poetic license. Especially its conclusion, in which, after listening to a good deal of melodious twaddle from Hilda (a certain prophetess, who has intruded herself unbidden into the royal tent to predict Harold's downfall as the punishment of his broken faith), the king hears a messenger announce that

The Norman host, that silently in prayer
Have passed the night, now marshall their
array;

and calmly answers, —

Then must we go forth,
Nor fear the event, since righteous is our
cause;

suggests a comparison, which I know I was far from intending, with Harold's predecessor on the English throne, Ethelred the Unready. For the matter of that, however, I find that I made the Normans advance at as leisurely a pace as the slowest adversaries could desire; for, setting both armies in presence in scene the fifth, and opening it by a short harangue of William to his troops, I gave Harold time afterwards to say farewell to his mother, to have a long whispered conversation with his confidant Oswald, and to animate his warriors by a speech of forty-one lines, without the smallest disturbance on the part of his obliging enemies. I am glad to see by that speech (I may observe) that I had proper notions in my childhood of the elective nature of the English crown in its origin; for I see that I made Harold tell his men, —

Me have you *chosen* to defend your rights,
And, with the help of Heaven, I will till
death!

I am also much pleased to find that I made poor old Githa express in a soliloquy the deepest remorse for the very white lies (as many modern dowagers would call them) which she told her son, to keep him firm to an advantageous alliance. In fact, the generally virtuous and high-minded sentiments which I find diffused through the play are very edifying; though the evil forebodings freely indulged in by most of the characters have a depressing effect on the mind, and must have gone far to fulfil themselves.

When the much-delayed fight could be adjourned no longer, I see that I was quite up to the expedient of making two persons watch it from afar, and of enabling the audience to see it with their eyes. Only I fear that my consideration for my audience equalled that of the renowned Puff in "The Critic;" and that, just as his Raleigh and Hatton discourse far more for the good of the spectators than for their own, so when my Edith quits the convent, where she had hidden her sorrows, to view the fight, yet declares herself unable to look steadfastly at the battle which rages in the distance, the marvellous insight into its varied fortunes with which her sister Elfrida is endowed is a gift rather to be desired than expected in any young lady similarly situated. The act ends by their retiring from the field on a false report of the victory of the English. My third and last act opened by showing Harold, disappointed of succor from his new-made brother-in-law, and hard pressed by his foes, still finding time to commend his lost Edith to Oswald's care (her supposed new lover), and to learn from him the truth of her unbroken faith to himself. With strong expressions of grief and remorse he meets the fatal arrow, and dies exclaiming, —

I shall not live to see my country's chains,
Or to bewail the loss of Edith's love.

That excellent young person's lamentations, when the tidings of Harold's death reach her, are, I regret to say, somewhat wanting in passion. However, she remains at her post, refusing to fly with Oswald and Elfrida, to whom that obliging young man has consented to transfer his affections. I may remark that this is not the only young couple whom I, with some ingenuity, contrived to make happy amidst their country's wreck. Algitha, after rather a spirited scene with her mother-in-

law, is rescued from the Norman soldiers by her still faithful Eldred. I recollect that I felt it due to my readers to alleviate their anguish on behalf of Edith and Harold by at least two underplots that ended well. And having got through my battle with singularly little effusion of blood — Harold's death and that of the soldier from whom Algitha was rescued being the only two recorded — I could employ a larger number of my *corps dramatique* in the task of burying the dead than could the great anonymous author of "Pyramus and Thisbe," who, you will remember, leaves no one to discharge the duty but Lion and Moonshine. I, agreeably to history, had Githa ready to enter William's tent (like aged Priam) and beg the body of her son from the conqueror. But before her entrance, not liking to leave him in undisturbed enjoyment of his hour of victory, I brought in once more the irrepressible Hilda to foretell to the proud Norman the unquiet life and insecure grave which awaited him, with the ills that were to befall his sons. Whether William's fierce refusal at first to allow the burial of the man who broke the oath he swore to him on the holy relics should be ascribed to the irritation produced in his mind by Hilda's well-meant but wearisome effusion, or whether rather his final permission to Githa to inter her son's body was wrung from him by wholesome terror of Hilda's dark picture of his future, I leave for the consideration of others. At all events, my play closed with the battle-field, dimly lighted by the torches of Githa's train, while she vainly searches it for the body of her son. Edith enters after a while and succeeds in finding the slain Harold. Githa bespeaks his brief epitaph, "Harold Infelix," and then dies beside her son. But Edith lives to lead the mournful procession which bears the dead mother with the dead son to her own convent refuge. I know that I strove hard to bring out the pathos of my closing scene. I perhaps did not wholly fail when I made Edith say of her dead lover, that to herself "his voice o'erpowers the music of the world;" but I see that nature was too strong for me. I could not know at thirteen how lovers love. A mother's love I had enjoyed; and so, while I made the forsaken Edith say a good deal that was more or less to the purpose, I made the bereaved Githa say little and die.

Schiller, in an earlier play than that which contains his self-sacrificing Thecla (whom I remember childishly thinking I

would copy when I made Edith resign Harold for his own good), bids a hero reverence the dreams of his youth. I feel just a little remorse at having invited the public here to laugh at some of mine. Still, I hope it has been harmless fun for both them and me. I do not think I was the worse for having tried so hard to write verses in my childhood, and rather believe that having done so may have helped me to the many hours of happiness which I have enjoyed from that day to this with Spenser or Shakespeare, Dante or the Greek poets before me. And you, my reader, be frank and confess that in your earlier years you were as foolish if not so industrious as I, and if you did not undertake great historical plays, yet wrote lyrics which you thought very charming at the time, and read aloud to an audience, "fit though few," which applauded you to the echo. Or if the pleasing madness never seized you — for sometimes these things do skip one generation — take one of your sons aside and ask him to tell you in strict confidence whether in moments snatched from the serious business of life, such as cricket and football, he too, is not preparing himself to write a tragedy by diligent study of, shall we say, Freeman's "Norman Conquest," and "Strafford: an Historical Drama," by John Sterling?

If so, have the goodness to tell him, with my compliments, that "The Finding of the Body of Harold" is now an interdicted subject to poets as well as to painters, having been done as well as is possible by a person of tender years long before he was born; and that if he doubts my word and proceeds in his rash enterprise, I may revenge myself upon him by even yet publishing "Harold" *in extenso*; but that, if he will oblige me by moving on to "The Death of Rufus," or "Murder of Thomas à Becket," and send me his tragedy, I may, not impossibly, review it rather more favorably than I have done my own; for we know, on excellent authority, that severe critics are authors who have failed themselves; and how could I bear, by injudicious severity towards another, to confess that my own "Harold" was after all a failure?

From Fraser's Magazine.

AN ENGLISH HOMESTEAD.

IT is easy to pass along a country road without observing half of the farmhouses, so many being situated at a distance from

the highway, and others hidden by the thick hedges and the foliage of the trees. This is especially the case in districts chiefly occupied in pasture-farming, meadow-land being usually found along the banks of rivers, on broad, level plains, or in slightly undulating prairie-like country. A splendid belt of meadows often runs at the base of the chalk hills, where the springs break out; and it is here that some of the most beautiful pastoral scenery is to be found.

By the side of the highway there are gates at intervals in the close-cropped hedge — kept close-cropped by the strict orders of the road-surveyors — giving access to the green fields, through which runs a wagon-track, apparently losing itself in the grass. This track will take the explorer to a farmhouse. It is not altogether pleasant to drive over in a spring trap, as the wheels jolt in the hard ruts, and the springs are shaken in the deep furrows, the vehicle going up and down like a boat upon the waves. Why there should be such furrows in a meadow is a question that naturally arises in the mind. Whether it be mown with the scythe or the mowing-machine, it is of advantage to have the surface of the field as nearly as possible level; and it is therefore most probable that these deep furrows had their origin at a period when a different state of things prevailed, when the farmer strove to grow as much wheat as possible, and devoted every acre that he dared break up to the plough. Many of these fields were ill adapted for the growth of corn, the soil unsuitable and liable to be partially flooded; consequently as soon as the market was opened, and the price of wheat declined, so that rapid fortunes could no longer be made by it, the fields were allowed to return to their natural condition. No trouble was taken to relevel the land, and the furrows remain silent witnesses to the past. They are useful as drains it is true; but, being so broad, the water only passes off slowly and encourages the rough grass and "bull-polls" to spring up, which are as uneatable by cattle as the Australian spinifex.

The wagon-track is not altogether creditable to the farmer, who would, one would have thought, have had a good road up to his house at all events. It is very wide, and in damp weather every one who drives along it goes further and further out into the grass to find a firm spot, till as much space is rendered barren as by one of the great hedges, now so abominated. The expense of laying down stone is consider-

able in some localities where the geological formation does not afford quarries; yet even then there is a plan, simple in itself, but rarely resorted to, by which a great saving in outlay may be effected. Any one who will look at a cart-track will see that there are three parallel marks left by the passage of the cart upon the ground. The two outside ruts are caused by the wheels, and between these is a third beaten in by the hoofs of the horse. The plan consists in placing stone, broken up small, not across the whole width of the track, but in these three ruts only; for it is in these ruts alone that the wear takes place, and, if the ground were firm there, no necessity would exist to go farther into the field. To be thoroughly successful, a trench, say six or eight inches wide, and about as deep, should be cut in the place of each rut, and these trenches macadamized. Grass grows freely in the narrow green strips between the ruts, and the track has something of the appearance of a railroad. It is astonishing how long these metals, as it were, will last, when once well put down; and the track has a neat, effective look. The foot-passenger is as much benefited as the tenant of the field. In wet weather he walks upon the macadamized strip dryshod, and in summer upon either of the grass-strips, easily and comfortably, without going out into the mowing-grass to have the pleasure of turf under his feet.

These deep furrows are also awkward to cross with heavy loads of hay or straw, and it requires much skill to build a load able to withstand the severe jolting and lurching. Some of the worst are often filled up with a couple of large faggots in the harvest season. These tracks run by the side of the hedge, and the ditches are crossed by bridges or "drocks." The last gate opens into a small field surrounded with a high, thick, hawthorn hedge, itself a thing of beauty in May and June, first with the May blossom, and afterwards with the delicate-tinted dog or wild roses. A spreading ash-tree stands on either side of the gateway, from which on King Charles's day the ploughboys carefully select small branches, those with the leaves evenly arranged, instead of odd numbers, to place in their hats. Tall elm-trees grow close together in the hedge and upon the "shore" of the ditch, enclosing the place in a high wall of foliage. In the branches are the rooks' nests, built of small twigs apparently thrown together, and yet so firmly intertwined as to stand the swaying of the treetops in the rough

blasts of winter. In the spring the rook builds a second nest on the floor of the old one, and this continues till five or six successive layers may be traced; and when at last some ruder tempest strews the grass with its ruin, there is enough wood to fill a bushel basket.

The dovecote is fixed in the fork of one of the larger elms, where the trunk divides into huge boughs, each the size of a tree; and in the long rank grass near the hedge the backs of a black Berkshire pig or two may be seen like porpoises rolling in the green sea. Here and there an ancient apple-tree, bent down and bowed to the very ground with age, offers a mossy, shady seat upon one of its branches which has returned to the earth from which it sprung. Some wooden posts grown green and lichen-covered, standing at regular intervals, show where the housewife dries her linen. Right before the very door a great horsechestnut-tree rears itself in all the beauty of its thousands of blossoms, hiding half the house. A small patch of ground in front is railed in with wooden palings to keep out the pigs, and poultry, and dogs—for almost every visitor brings with him one or more dogs—and in this narrow garden grow velvety wall-flowers, cloves, pinks, shrubs of lavender, and a few herbs which are useful for seasoning. The house is built of brick; but the color is toned down by age, and against the wall a pear-tree is trained upon one side, and upon the other a cherry-tree, so that at certain seasons one may rise in the morning and gather the fresh fruit from the window. The lower windows were once latticed; but the old frames have been replaced with the sash which, if not so picturesque, affords more light, and most old farmhouses are deficient in the supply of light. The upper windows remain latticed still. The red tiles of the roof are dull with lichen and the beating of the weather; and the chimney, if looked at closely, is full of tiny holes—it is where the leaden pellets from guns fired at the mischievous starlings have struck the bricks. A pair of doves perched upon the rooftree coo amorously to each other, and a thin streak of blue smoke rises into the still air.

The door is ajar, or wide open. There is no fear here of thieves, or street-boys throwing stones into the hall. Excepting in rain or rough wind and at night that front door will be open almost all the summer long. When shut at night it is fastened with a wooden bar passing across the whole width of the door, and fitting

into iron staples on each post — a simple contrivance, but very strong and not easily tampered with. Many of the interior doors still open with the old thumb-latch; but the piece of shoe-string to pull and lift it is now relegated to the cottages, and fast disappearing even there before brass-handled locks. This house is not old enough to possess the nail-studded door of solid oak and broad stone-built porch of some farmhouses still occasionally to be found, and which date from the sixteenth century. The porch here simply projects about two feet, and is supported by trellis-work, up which the honeysuckle has been trained. A path of stone slabs leads from the palings up to the threshold, and the hall within is paved with similar flags. The staircase is opposite the doorway, narrow, and guiltless of oilcloth or carpeting; and with reason, for the tips and nails of the heavy boots which tramp up and down it would speedily wear carpets into rags. There is a door at the bottom of the staircase closed at night. By the side of the staircase is a doorway which leads into the dairy — two steps lower than the front of the house.

The sitting-room is on the left of the hall, and the floor is of the same cold stone flags, which in damp weather become wet and slimy. These flags, in fact, act as a barometer, and foretell rain with great accuracy, as it were perspiring with latent moisture at its approach. The chimney was originally constructed for a wood fire upon the hearth, and of enormous size, so that several sides of bacon could be hung up inside to be smoke-dried. The fireplace was very broad, so that huge logs could be thrown at once upon the fire with very little trouble of sawing them short. Since coal has come into general use, and wood grown scarce, the fireplace has been partly built up and an iron grate inserted, which looks out of place in so large a cavity. The curious firedogs, upon which the wood was thrown, may still, perhaps, be found up-stairs in some corner of the lumber-room. On the mantelpiece are still preserved, well-polished and bright, the several pieces of the "jack" or cooking apparatus; and a pair of great brazen candlesticks ornament it at each end. A leaden or latten tobacco-bowl, a brazen pestle and mortar, and half a dozen odd figures in china, are also scattered upon it, surmounted by a narrow looking-glass. In one corner stands an old eight-day clock with a single hour hand — minute hands being a modern improvement; but it is silent, and its duties are performed

by an American timepiece supported upon a bracket against the wall. Up-stairs, however, upon the landing a similar ancient piece of clock-making still ticks solemn and slow with a ponderous melancholy. The centre of the room is occupied with an oaken table, solid and enduring, but inconvenient to sit at; and upon each side of the fireplace is a stiff-backed arm-chair. A ledge under the window forms a pleasant seat in summer. Before the fireplace is a rug, the favorite resort of the spaniels and cats. The rest of the floor used to be bare; but of late years a square of cocoanut matting has been laid down. A cumbrous piece of furniture takes up almost half of one side — not known in modern manufactories. It is of oak, rudely polished, and inlaid with brass. At the bottom are great deep drawers, pulled open with brass rings ornamented with dogs' heads. In these drawers are kept cow-drenches; bottles of oils for the wounds which cattle sometimes get from nails or kicks; dog-whips and pruning-knives; a shot-belt and a powder-flask; an old horse-pistol; a dozen odd stones or fossils picked up upon the farm and kept as curiosities; twenty or thirty old almanacs, and a file of the county paper for forty years; and a hundred similar odds and ends. Above the drawers comes a desk with a few pigeon-holes; a desk little used, for the farmer is less of a literary turn than almost any other class. The pigeon-holes are stuffed full of old papers, recipes for cattle medicines, and, perhaps, a book of divinity or sermons printed in the days of Charles II., leather-covered and worm-eaten. Still higher are a pair of cupboards where china, the teaset, and the sugar and groceries in immediate use are kept. On the top, which is three or four inches under the ceiling, are two or three small brown-paper parcels of grass seeds, and a variety of nondescript articles. Opposite, on the other wall, and close above the chimney-piece, so as to be kept dry, is the gun-rack with two double-barrels, a long single-barrel duck gun, and a cavalry sabre, worn once a year by a son of the house who goes out to training in the yeomanry.

There are a few pictures, not of a high class — three or four prints depicting Dick Turpin's ride to York, and a colored sketch of some steeplechase winner, or a copy of a well-known engraving representing a feat accomplished many years ago at a farm. A flock of sheep were shorn, the wool carded and spun, and a coat made of it, and worn by the flock-owner,

and all in one day. From this room a door opens into the cellar and pantry, partly underground, and reached by three or four steps.

On the other side of the hall is the parlor, which was originally floored, like the sitting-room, with stone flags, since taken up and replaced by boards. This is carpeted, and contains a comfortable old-fashioned sofa, horsehair chairs; and upon the side-tables may, perhaps, be found a few specimens of valuable old china, made to do duty as flower-vases, and filled with roses. The room has a fresh, sweet smell from the open window and the flowers. It tempts almost irresistibly to repose in the noontide heat of a summer's day.

Up-stairs there are two fair-sized bedrooms, furnished with four-post wooden bedsteads. The second flight of stairs, going up to the attic, has also a door at the foot. This house is built upon a simple but effective design, well calculated for the purposes to be served. It resembles two houses placed not end to end, as in a block, but side by side, and each part has a separate roof. Under the front roof, which is somewhat higher than the other, are the living-rooms of the family: sitting-room, parlor, bed-rooms, and attics, or servants' bedrooms. Under the lower roof are the offices, the cheese-loft, dairy, kitchen, cellar, and wood-house. Numerous doors give easy communication on each floor, so that the house consists of two distinct portions, and the business is kept quite apart from the living-rooms, and yet close to them. This is, perhaps, the most convenient manner in which a dairy farmhouse can be built; and the plan was undoubtedly the result of experience. Of course, in dairy-farming upon a very extended scale, or as a gentlemanly amusement, it would be preferable to have the offices entirely apart, and at some distance from the dwelling-house. These remarks apply to an ordinary farm of moderate size.

Leaving the hall by the door at the side of the staircase, two steps descend into the dairy, which is almost invariably floored with stone flags, even in localities where brick is used for the flooring of the sitting-room. The great object aimed at in the construction of the dairy was coolness, and freedom from dust as much as possible. The stone flags ensure a cool floor; and the windows always open to the north, so that neither the summer sunshine nor the warm southern winds can injuriously affect the produce. It is a long

open room, whitewashed, in the centre of which stands the cheese-tub, until lately invariably made of wood, but now frequently of tin, this material taking much less trouble to keep clean. The cheese-tub is large enough for a Roman lady's bath of milk. Against one wall are the whey-leads — shallow, long, and broad vessels of wood, lined with lead, supported two or three feet above the floor, so that buckets can be placed underneath. In these "leads" the whey is kept, and drawn off by pulling up a wooden plug. Under the "leads" — as out of the way — are some of the great milk-pans into which the milk is poured. Pussy sometimes dips her nose into these, and whitens her whiskers with cream. At one end of the room is the cheese-press. The ancient press, with its complicated arrangement of long iron levers weighted at the end something like a steelyard and drawn up by cords and pulleys, has been taken down, and lies discarded in the lumber-room. The pressure in the more modern machine is obtained from a screw. The rennet-vat is perhaps hidden behind the press, and there are piles of the cheese-moulds or vats beside it, into which the curd is placed when fit to be compressed into the proper shape and consistency. All the utensils here are polished, and clean to the last degree: without extreme cleanliness success in cheese or butter making cannot be achieved. The windows are devoid of glass; they are really wind-doors, closed when necessary, with a shutter on hinges like a cupboard door. Cats and birds are prevented from entering by means of wire screens — like a coarse netting of wire — and an upright iron bar keeps out more dangerous thieves. There is a copper for scalding milk. When in good order there is scarcely any odor in a dairy, notwithstanding the decidedly strong smell of some of the materials employed: free egress of air and perfect cleanliness takes off all but the faintest *astringent* flavor. In summer it is often the custom of dairy-maids to leave buckets full of water standing under the "leads" or elsewhere out of the way, or a milk-pan is left with water in it, to purify the atmosphere. Water, it is well known, has a remarkable power of preventing the air from going "dead" as it were. A model dairy should have a small fountain in some convenient position, with a jet constantly playing. The state of the atmosphere has the most powerful effect upon the contents of the dairy, especially during times of electrical tension.

To the right of the dairy is the brew-house, now rarely used for the purpose implied in its name, though the tubs, and coolers, and other "plant" necessary for the process are still preserved. Here there is a large copper also; and the oven often opens on to the brewhouse. In this place the men have their meals. Next to it is the wood-house used for the storage of the wood required for immediate use, and which must be dry; and beyond that the kitchen where the fire is still upon the hearth, though coal is mixed with the logs and faggots. Along the whole length of this side of the house there is a paved or pitched courtyard enclosed by a low brick wall, with one or two gates opening upon the paths which lead to the rickyards and the stalls. The buttermilk and refuse from the dairy runs by a channel cut in the stone across the court into a vault or well sunk in the ground, from whence it is dipped for the pigs. The vault is closed at the mouth by a heavy wooden lid. There is a well and pump for water here; sometimes with a windlass when the well is deep. If the water be low or out of condition it is fetched in yokes from the nearest running stream. The acid or "eating" power of the buttermilk, etc., may be noted in the stones, which in many places are scooped or hollowed out. A portion of the court is roofed in and is called the "skilling." It is merely covered in without walls, the roof supported upon oaken posts. Under this the buckets are placed to dry after being cleaned, and here the churn may often be seen. A separate staircase, rising from the dairy, gives access to the cheese-loft. It is an immense apartment, reaching from one end of the house to the other, and as lofty as the roof will permit, for it is not ceiled. The windows are like those of the dairy. Down the centre are long double shelves sustained upon strong upright beams, tier upon tier from the floor as high as the arms can conveniently reach. Upon these shelves the cheese is stored, each lying upon its side; and, as no two cheeses are placed one upon the other until quite ready for eating, a ton or two occupies a considerable space while in process of drying. They are also placed in rows upon the floor, which is made exceptionally strong, and supported upon great beams to bear the weight. The scales used to be hung from a beam overhead, and consisted of an iron bar, at each end of which a square board was slung with ropes—one board to pile up the cheese on, and the other for the counterpoise of weights. These rude

and primitive scales are now generally superseded by modern and more accurate instruments, weighing to a much smaller fraction. Stone half-hundredweights and stone quarters were in common use not long since. A cheese-loft, when full, is a noble sight of its kind, and represents no little labor and skill. When sold, the cheese is carefully packed in the cart with straw to prevent its being injured. The oil or grease from the cheese gradually works its way into the shelves and floor, and even into the staircase, till the wood-work seems saturated with it. Rats and mice are the pests of the loft; and so great is their passion for cheese that neither cats, traps, nor poison can wholly repress these invaders, against whom unceasing war is waged. The starlings—who, if the roof be of thatch, as it is in many farmhouses, make their nests in it—occasionally carry their holes right through, and are unmercifully exterminated when they venture within reach, or they would quickly let the rain and the daylight in.

As the dairy and offices face the north, so the front of the house—the portion used for domestic purposes—has a southern aspect which experience has proved to be healthy. But at the same time, despite its compactness and general convenience, there are many defects in the building—defects chiefly of a sanitary character. It is very doubtful if there are any drains at all. Even though the soil be naturally dry, the ground floor is almost always cold and damp. The stone flags are themselves cold enough, and are often placed upon the bare earth. The threshold is on a level with the ground outside, and sometimes a step lower, and in wet weather the water penetrates to the hall. There is another disadvantage. If the door be left open, which it usually is, frogs, toads, and creeping things generally, sometimes make their way in though ruthlessly swept out again; and an occasional snake from the long grass at the very door is an unpleasant, though perfectly harmless, visitor. The floor should be raised a foot or so above the level of the earth, and some provision made against the damp by a layer of concrete or something of the kind. If not, even if boards be substituted for the flags, they will soon decay. It often happens that farmhouses upon meadow land are situated on low ground, which in winter is saturated with water which stands in the furrows, and makes the foot-paths leading to the house impassable except to water-tight boots. This must,

and undoubtedly does, affect the health of the inmates, and hence probably the prevalence of rheumatism. The site upon which the house stands should be so drained as to carry off the water. Some soils contract to an appreciable extent in a continuance of drought, and expand in an equal degree with wet—a fact apparent to any one who walks across a field where the soil is clay in a dry time, when the deep, wide cracks cannot be overlooked. Alternate swelling and contraction of the earth under the foundations of a house produce a partial dislocation of the brickwork, and hence it is common enough to see cracks running up the walls. Had the site been properly drained, and the earth consequently always dry, this would not have happened; and it is a matter of consideration for the landlord, who in time may find it necessary to shore up a wall with a buttress. The great difference in the temperature of a drained soil and an undrained one has often been observed, amounting sometimes to as much as twenty degrees—a serious matter where health is concerned. A foolish custom was observed in the building of many old farmhouses, *i.e.*, of carrying beams of wood across the chimney—a practice that has led to disastrous fires. The soot accumulates. These huge cavernous chimneys are rarely swept, and at last catch alight and smoulder for many days: presently fire breaks out in the middle of a room under which the beam passes.

Houses erected in blocks or in towns do not encounter the full force of the storms of winter to the same degree as a solitary farmhouse, standing a quarter or half a mile from any other dwelling. This is the reason why the old farmers planted elm-trees and encouraged the growth of thick hawthorn hedges close to the homestead. The north-east and the south-west are the quarters from whence most is to be dreaded: the north-east for the bitter wind which sweeps along and grows colder from the damp, wet meadows it passes over; and the south-west for the driving rain, lasting sometimes for days and weeks together. Trees and hedges break the force of the gales, and in summer shelter from the glaring sun.

The architectural arrangement of the farmhouse just described gives almost per-

fect privacy. Except visitors no one comes to the front door or passes unpleasantly close to the windows. Laborers and others all go to the courtyard at the back. The other plans upon which farmsteads are built are far from affording similar privacy. There are some which, in fact, are nothing but an enlarged and somewhat elongated cottage, with the dwelling-rooms at one end and the dairy and offices at the other, and the bedrooms over both. Everybody and everything brought to or taken from the place has to pass before the dwelling-room windows—a most unpleasant arrangement. Another style is square, with low stone walls white-washed, and thatched roof of immense height. Against it is a lean-to, the eaves of the roof of which are hardly three feet from the ground. So high-pitched a roof necessitates the employment of a great amount of woodwork, and the upper rooms have sloping ceilings. They may look picturesque from a distance, but are inconvenient and uncouth within, and admirably calculated for burning. A somewhat superior description is built in the shape of a carpenter's "square." The dwelling-rooms form, as it were, one house, and the offices, dairy, and cheese-loft are added on at one end at right angles. The courtyard is in the triangular space between. For some things this is a convenient arrangement; but there still remains the disagreeableness of the noise, and, at times, strong odors from the courtyard under the windows of the dwelling-house. Nearly all farmsteads have awkwardly low ceilings, which in a town would cause a close atmosphere, but are not so injurious in the open country with doors constantly ajar. In erecting a modern house this defect would, of course, be avoided. The great thickness of the walls is sometimes a deception; for in pulling down old buildings it is occasionally found that the interior of the wall is nothing but loose broken stones and bricks enclosed or rammed in between two walls. The staircases are generally one of the worst features of the old houses, being between a wall and a partition—narrow, dark, steep, and awkwardly placed, and without windows or handrails. These houses were obviously built for a people living much out of doors.

RICHARD JEFFERIES.

SHORTLY after the appearance of Prof. Tyndall's work on glaciers, the Bologna professor, Bianconi, observed that, while Tyndall's experiments certainly prove that rapid changes of form in ice are due to crushing and to regelation, they do not prove at all that ice is devoid of a small degree of plasticity, which degree might be sufficient to explain the plasticity of glaciers. He undertook, therefore, a series of experiments (described and published in 1871 in the *Mem.* of the Acad. of Bologna, 3rd ser., vol. i.) on planks and bars of ice submitted to bending and torsion. The bending of ice-planks having been afterwards the subject of researches of Messrs. Mathews, Moseley, Tyndall, and Heim, it will suffice to say that Prof. Bianconi, making his experiments at higher temperatures (from plus 1° to plus 5° Cels.), observed a still greater plasticity of the ice than that obtained by the experiments made in England and Germany at lower temperatures. These experiments proved that slow changes of form of the ice may go on without any crushing and regelation, and that ice enjoys a certain degree of plasticity notwithstanding its brittleness; the ice-plank can, indeed, be shattered to pieces, during its bending, by the slightest shock. Now, Prof. Bianconi gives in the *Journal de Physique* for October the results of his further experiments on ice, much like those of Heim, or, yet more, those of M. Tresca on the puncheoning of metals. Granite pebbles and iron plates are slowly pressed into ice at the same temperatures, and not only do they penetrate into it as they would penetrate into a fluid or semi-fluid, but also the particles of ice are laterally repulsed from beneath the intruding body, and form around it a rising fringe. Moreover, when a flat piece of iron is pressed into the ice, the fringe rising around it expands laterally upon the borders of the piece, and tends thus, as in fluids, to fill up the cavity made by the body driven in. These experiments tend thus greatly to illustrate the plasticity of ice; but it would be very desirable that M. Bianconi, if he continues his researches, should accompany them by some measurements (as has already been done by M. Heim) in order to obtain numerical values of the plasticity of ice under various circumstances.

Nature.

WE have to announce with great regret the death of another martyr to science. In a letter, dated September 15, the Rev. S. McFarlane writes from Somerset, Cape York: "We have just heard of the massacre of Dr. James and his partner, a Swede, at Yule Island by the natives of New Guinea. They had gone in their large boat to the east side of Hall Sound to shoot birds of paradise, when they were attacked by three canoes, and both white men were killed. The native crew managed to get away in the boat, and brought the sad news

here." Dr. James was a young American who had been collecting objects of natural history in Yule Island and on the opposite shores of New Guinea. His first collections arrived in this country about a fortnight ago, having been sent over by his friend, Dr. Alfred Roberts, of Sydney, to whose liberality the expedition was greatly indebted. The excellent way in which the specimens are preserved and the careful notes given by the collector show that Dr. James was enthusiastic in his work, and it is melancholy to think that so promising a scientific career has been thus prematurely cut short. A description of the collection of birds formed by the late traveller will be given by Mr. Bowdler Sharpe at an early meeting of the Linnean Society, in continuation of the articles on the avifauna of New Guinea, commenced during the last session of the society.

Nature.

SCINTILLATION OF THE STARS. — M. Montigny has continued his researches on this subject with especial reference to the influence of the approach of rain on the twinkling of the stars. Eighteen hundred observations referring to seventy stars have been discussed, two hundred and thirty nights having been devoted to this work with the scintillometer, already described in these columns. The conclusions at which M. Montigny arrives are as follows:— 1. At all times of the year the scintillation is more marked under the influence of rain. 2. Under all circumstances it is more marked in winter than in summer, and also in spring than in autumn for wet weather; in dry weather the spring and autumn are nearly equal in this respect. 3. Scintillation varies with the atmospheric refraction. 4. The approach of rain, and especially its continuance, affect the intensity of scintillation. 5. The amount of rain is always greater on the second of two days than on the first, but it is less in winter than in summer, and the more marked scintillation in winter results, therefore, from the increased density of the air due to the low temperature and high barometer. Similar conclusions are arrived at by grouping together the observations according to the intensity of scintillation, eighty-six per cent. of the days with very marked scintillation being under the influence of rain. The twinkling of the stars appears also to be very marked in windy weather, and strong scintillation is a sign of an approaching storm, the colors being more decided in the case of rain, and accompanied by irregularities in the image. It is to be remarked that this is the case notwithstanding the fall in the barometer corresponding to a decrease in the density of the air, which would naturally diminish the scintillation. As might be expected, the altitude at which twinkling first becomes sensible is increased by the approach of rain.

Academy.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume XVI. }

No. 1698. — December 30, 1876.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CXXXI. }

CONTENTS.

- I. THE CHRISTIAN SUBJECTS OF THE PORTE,. *Contemporary Review*, . . . 77^F
II. THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE. By George Macdonald, author of "Malcolm," etc. Part VI., *Advance Sheets*, 783
III. THE LAW OF HONOR. By Edward A. Freeman, *Fortnightly Review*, 789
IV. CARITA. By Mrs. Oliphant, author of "Chronicles of Carlingford," "Zaidee," etc. Part X., *Cornhill Magazine*, 802
V. THE REVOLUTIONARY EFFECTS OF SPECULATIVE THOUGHT, *Spectator*, 816
VI. A MORE EXCELLENT WAY OF CHARITY. By Miss Octavia Hill, *Macmillan's Magazine*, 819
VII. A POPULAR HISTORY OF FRANCE. By Etienne Coquerel, *Academy*, 823
*** Title and Index to Volume XVI.,

POETRY.

- A SONG OF THE PERIOD, 770 | A MORNING HYMN. From the German, 770
NIGH AT HAND, 770

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, *remitted directly to the Publishers*, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage*.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

A SONG OF THE PERIOD.

DON'T tell me of the pauper brood,
Who daily cry for a crust of food;
The badly-clothed or the evil-shoed,
Or the bare, blue toes of the crossing-sweeper!
Don't tell me of the white, wan faces,
The dirty lodgings and crowded places,
Where Poverty grins and Sin grimaces! —
"Am I my brother's keeper?"

Don't tell me of the "awkward squad,"
The loafers who get kept in "quad,"
Or tired men, laid beneath the sod,
In graves where they get house-room cheaper!
Dear me! I've hardly time to think,
With business first, and then the rink,
And a fellow must sometimes eat and drink, —
"Am I my brother's keeper?"

Don't tell me of the murky air
That chokes the lungs and breeds despair,
Where none are young, and few are fair,
And men drink deep, but women deeper!
Don't tell me of the moral obliquity,
In those low dens of vulgar iniquity!
My views may claim a Scriptural antiquity, —
"Am I my brother's keeper?"

What! come and help, you say? Oh no!
Some man of coarser grain may go,
'Twould break me down to see such woe.
Have you no shepherd for your sheep, sir?
An honest missionary, say, —
A Biblewoman. By the way,
I'm rather out of cash to-day,
Or I would give a trifle. Pray
Look in again! I'll help to pay
To keep my brother's keeper.

Spectator.

NIGH AT HAND.

THROUGH mists that hide from me my God, I
see
A shapeless form: Death comes, and beckons
me:
I scent the odors of the spirit land:
And, with commingled joy and terror, hear
The far-off whispers of a white-robed band: —
Nearer they come — yet nearer — yet more
near:
Is it rehearsal of a "welcome" song
That will be in my heart and ear, ere long?
Do these bright spirits wait till Death may
give
The soul its franchise — and I die to live?

Does fancy send the breeze from yon green
mountain?

(I am not dreaming when it cools my brow.)
Are they the sparkles of an actual fountain
That gladden and refresh my spirit now?
How beautiful the burst of holy light!
How beautiful the day that has no night!

Open! ye everlasting gates! I pray —
Waiting, but yearning — for that perfect day!
Hark! to these allelujahs! "Hail! all hail!"
Shall *they* be echoed by a sob and wail?
Friends, "gone before," these are your happy
voices:

The old, familiar sounds: my soul rejoices!

Ah! through the mists, the great white throne
I see:

And now a saint in glory beckons me.
Is Death a foe to dread? the Death who giveth
Life — the unburthened life that ever liveth!

Who shrinks from Death? Come when he
will or may,
The night he brings will bring the risen day:
His call — his touch — we neither seek nor
shun:

His life is ended when his work is done.
Our spear and shield no cloud of Death can
dim:

He triumphs not o'er us — we conquer him!

How long, O Lord, how long, ere I shall see
The myriad glories of a holier sphere?
And worship in thy presence: — not as here
In chains that keep the shackled soul from
thee!

My God! let that eternal home be near!

Master! I bring to Thee a soul opprest:
"Weary and heavy laden:" seeking rest:
Strengthen my faith: that, with my latest
breath,

I greet thy messenger of mercy — DEATH!
Argosy. S. C. HALL.

A MORNING HYMN.

FROM THE GERMAN.

O SILENCE marvellous and deep,
How lies the world in peaceful sleep!
The woods alone all trembling sigh,
As if a spirit passed by.

I feel new life within me rise,
While anxious sorrow swiftly flies
Before the dayspring's glorious light,
To hide in darkest shades of night.

With hopes sure fixed on heaven my home,
A pilgrim through the world I'll roam,
And deem it o'er time's stream to be
The bridge which leads, my God, to thee.

And should my harp forgetful praise
Earth's fleeting joys with traitor lays,
Oh! rend its chords, and evermore
In trembling silence I'll adore!
Golden Hour. ISABELLA M. MORTIMER.

From The Contemporary Review.

THE CHRISTIAN SUBJECTS OF THE PORTE.

THE Eastern question has taken one of those strides in advance which, in the evolution of political events, cannot be retraced. Whatever else may issue out of the present political imbroglio, it is as certain as anything future can be that the yoke of the Turk can never again be imposed on the Christians of the revolted provinces in European Turkey. Autonomy, real, practical autonomy, they must have in some shape or another. It need not follow from this that there should be a single Turk the fewer in the provinces in question. But the Turk must no longer have the upper hand, and the instruments of his oppression must "clear out, bag and baggage." Nothing short of this will satisfy either the exigencies of the case, or the forces which are arrayed against the Sublime Porte, and whose action will no longer be arrested by futile programmes of paper reforms.

But what part is England to play in the drama? The nation has answered that question in tones which cannot be mistaken, and which the prime minister himself does not affect to misunderstand. It is impossible to doubt that if England were polled to-morrow it would pronounce in favor of autonomy for Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Bulgaria. Lord Derby, on the other hand, has declared that the policy on which the nation has set its heart "is outside the range of practical politics;" and it is evident that if he do not actively oppose it, he will do nothing to help it forward. His face is in one direction; that of the nation in another. He sticks to the old policy, while the nation has pronounced unmistakably in favor of a new. He still believes in the possibility of reforms initiated by the Turkish government and executed by Turkish officials. The nation regards all such plans as "outside the range of practical politics." And the nation is right, as I shall now endeavor to show.

Six months ago the mass of Englishmen and Englishwomen had the vaguest possible idea of the real condition of the Christian subjects of the Porte. They now know that they are grievously op-

pressed, and exposed occasionally to unspeakable atrocities. But very few people in England even now have any idea of the nature of the oppression under which the Christian rayah groans, or of the absolute hopelessness of any remedy short of autonomy. I am no apologist for Russian atrocities, or any other atrocities. But to compare the doings of Russia in Turkistan, granting the absolute truth of every detail, to the doings of Turkey in her Christian provinces, is to misunderstand the whole question at issue.

Is it right or wise [asks a vigorous writer in the new number of the *Quarterly Review*] to cut off a whole family of mankind from our sympathy in order to sympathize the more with the victims of their crimes? Shall we apply the rule, only on the slopes of the Balkan, and not to the wilds of Circassia and Glencoe? to the valley of the Hebrus, and not to the Ganges, nor to the plains of Poland, or Hungary, or Turkestan? to Scio, and not to Jamaica? The terrible name even of *Batak* has a suspicious likeness to *Badajoz*.

Let us grant, for the sake of argument, that the crimes heaped together in this passage are all of the same moral hue, and that there is not much to choose between them; still the fact would be nothing to the purpose. What the Turkish atrocities have revealed and brought home to multitudes who never realized the fact before, is not that human nature, be it Turkish, Russian, or English, is capable in certain emergencies of doing frightful things, but that there is in the midst of us an organized political power of such a character that crimes against human nature are a necessary and a normal outcome of its existence. Russian troops may commit atrocities on the plains of Poland or the wilds of Turkistan. British troops may massacre men, women, and children in the streets of Badajoz or in the village and pass of Glencoe. But these crimes are violations of the moral code professed and ordinarily acted on by Russia and Great Britain. They are things which have to be explained, apologized for, and excused on the plea of extenuating circumstances, such as accident, misunderstanding, or dire necessity. They are never defended as right in themselves,

never acknowledged as other than evil. The very doers of them would admit that they were ugly blots on a system to which they were essentially foreign. But the atrocities of Batak are not foreign to the Turkish code of morals; they are part of it. They grow out of it as naturally as thorns out of a bramble-bush. The Turk does not think them morally wrong, and when he condemns them it is not because they are wicked, but because they have been found out. The atrocities in Bulgaria are not one of those abnormal outbreaks of human nature which all nations have to lament; they are, on the contrary, nothing more than a grand representation *en tableau* of what goes on all the year round in detail over the whole area of the non-Mussulman population of Turkey. To say of any civilized State that its normal policy is Machiavellian is to say that its normal policy is thoroughly bad and immoral. Yet there would be some hope of regeneration for Turkey if its political morality were only Machiavellian.

Cruelty [says Machiavelli] may be well or ill applied. It may be called well applied (if indeed we may use the term "well" of that which is essentially evil) when it is only exercised once in a way under the necessity of self-preservation, and afterwards converted as much as possible to the benefit of the class who have suffered from it. It is ill applied when it shows a tendency to repeat itself, and to increase rather than diminish with time. The proceedings of the former class are of the nature of a remedy, and have been suffered to prosper both by God and man. A state which practises the latter cannot continue to live. (*"Il Principe,"* c. viii.)

To quote then, if it were possible, from the history of England or of Russia examples of atrocities as great and hideous as those of Batak would be nothing to the purpose of the present argument. Those who indulge in that style of reasoning are but beating the air; they do not touch the essence of the question even with the tips of their fingers. The case against Turkey is not simply that its administration is bad, but that it cannot be good; not merely that it errs, but that it errs on principle; not merely that it practises iniquity, but that it makes of iniquity a virtue and an

article of faith. This is the indictment which I bring against the government of the Porte, and now I shall endeavor to prove it.

In the middle of September last year the insurgents in the Herzegovina drew up a list of their grievances in a long document which they presented to the representatives of the great powers, with a most pathetic appeal which, as it is short, may be reprinted here:—

In order to get out of this misery [they say], to put an end to such sufferings, to free the Christians from the rule of the Turks and from continual oppression, to remove the fuel of the raging insurrection, and to ensure a durable peace, we find no other means than one of the following resolutions:—

1. The Christians are resolved to die rather than suffer such slavery; therefore they should be left to seek their liberation by arms, and if they are not assisted they have at least a right to have no obstacles put in the way of their enterprise, and to expect that no aid should be given to the oppressor.

2. Or we are forced to beg some Christian power to grant us a corner of land, so that we may all emigrate to it, and abandon this unhappy country so cursed with misfortunes.

3. Or if the powers should prevail on the sultan to let an autonomous state be formed of Bosnia and Herzegovina, tributary to the sultan, with some Christian prince from elsewhere, but never from here.

4. Or finally (the minimum), let the powers agree at once to put a strong body of troops from some neighboring state into the principal cities of the province, and let the representatives of the powers enter the principal Midjlis as judges until things are put in order, and the lives, honor, and property of the Christians are rendered secure, with equality of civil and religious rights. (*"Parliamentary Papers,"* No ii., pp. 30-40.)

The list of grievances in this document would occupy more space than I can reasonably claim for the whole of this article. I must therefore content myself with specifying some of them; premising that they can all be substantially proved by the evidence of consular reports, and many of them by the subsequent admissions of the Porte itself.

Let us, first, take the case of the various imposts which are levied by the Porte, and let us begin with the tithes. This is

an old tax, and is chargeable on all the produce of the ground, such as cereals of all kinds, tobacco, vegetables, fruit, grapes, and hay. The method of collecting tithes is as follows. They are sold by government to the highest bidder, and so keen is the competition, in ordinary times, that the successful bidder not seldom pays more than the tithes will yield. In England this of course would mean that he would be a loser to the extent of the difference between the price he gave and the tithe of the year's produce. Unfortunately for the poor rayah, however, Turkey is not England, and the Turkish tithe-farmers manage matters in a different way. Having bought the tithes, these speculators visit the villages, which are thus legally delivered over to their rapacity, in order to assess the year's tithes. They bring with them a retinue of followers and horses, and live on the villagers at free quarters during their pleasure. They take whatever they have a fancy to, and they pay for nothing; and so expensive are these visits that the poor villagers are often obliged to borrow, at a ruinous interest, from these unwelcome guests the very means with which to provide for their luxurious requirements. Unfortunately it sometimes happens that their requirements include the wife, or daughter, or sister of the host, as the case may be; and then, like the monarch of old, he has his choice of three alternatives, but all from the hand of man: resistance, a bribe, submission. As to the first, he has no arms, and is quite helpless in the presence of the tithe-farmer and his armed retainers. Resistance is therefore out of the question, unless he flies to the mountains and joins or gets up a band of brigands or insurgents. Submission is abhorrent to him, and he gives the bribe — possibly borrowed at exorbitant interest from his oppressor. But is there no remedy? Are there no tribunals of justice to appeal to? Oh yes, certainly — on paper. But of that anon.

By law the *spahi* or tithe-farmers ought to see the thrashing of the grain, and when it is measured to fix the proper tithes. But this legal obligation they rarely fulfil. Too indolent to discharge the duty themselves, and too suspicious to

trust subordinates, they assess the tithes at an arbitrary valuation, which of course is very much in excess of the real value. Again, the poor rayah has no redress. Theoretically he may appeal to government officials; but these officials are in league with the tithe-farmer, who is frequently nothing but the dummy, behind which some influential member of the government robs and harasses the Christian peasant. Again, it may not suit the convenience or *dolce far niente* disposition of the farmer to carry away his grain after it has been duly assessed; so he leaves it in the field or under cover of some shed, and if any damage ensues the village has to make it good; or the grain is left in expectation of a rise in price, or in the hope that the peasant, in his need, may be tempted to consume it, in which case he is liable to be charged double price. Hay, potatoes, and all sorts of garden produce are not taken in kind. The price is arbitrarily fixed, and ready money must be paid down. An appeal to the government authorities is quite useless, for they invariably decide in favor of the tithe-farmer.

But suppose the poor villager has not money enough at hand to meet these exactions. In that case "misery upon misery," to quote the pathetic language of the poor Herzegovina insurgents: —

His house will be occupied at his expense until he has paid the whole. He is bound to maintain and serve those who are quartered upon him at their imperious pleasure, and his expenses in so doing go for nothing in the account. By way of example: if a person owes twenty piastres and spends one hundred in the maintenance of these people, it is not taken into consideration. At last an arrangement is made; the peasant acknowledges his debt with double interest; or an animal is taken for fifty piastres, though it may be worth one hundred or more. Many cause the poor people of the villages to be put in prison, where they suffer from hunger, cold, flogging, and other ill-treatments. Sometimes false receipts are given, and the amount of the debt has to be paid again.

I have been using the conventional designation of "tithe-farmer;" but in point of fact there are no longer any tithe-farmers in Turkey. The men are there, but it is not of tithes that they are any longer the

farmers. When Sultan Abdul Aziz travelled in Europe in state, an extraordinary impost was laid upon all the produce previously named, to bear the cost of his journey. This tax raised the tithe to an eighth part of the produce, and though it was imposed as an extraordinary charge for a temporary purpose, it has never been removed, and is now an ordinary tax. It is an eighth, therefore, and not a tithe, that the rayah pays; and when all the extortions are taken into account it may be put down as a sixth or seventh.

I have mentioned, however, but a fraction of the imposts which crush the spirit and paralyze the energies of these subjects of the Porte. Turkey is a great tobacco-grower, and the so-called tithes of this also are farmed out by government. Before the farmers go their rounds, with a goodly company, to value the tobacco crop, some of their agents are sent to examine the quantity of tobacco still growing on the stalk. These "go in procession from house to house and from plantation to plantation, and prolong the time as they please, in order to feed gratuitously." On the pretext of having possibly put down too little, this inquisitorial visit is repeated generally three times, and, after all, the farmers themselves go their rounds, the poor rayah being obliged to provide for them all, however long they may choose to stay. They act, in fact, as masters on his property. They order what they like, and there is nothing for him but humbly to obey.

The oppression involved in all this may be imagined when it is remembered that everything which the peasant can call his own is subject to taxation. All spirits are taxed; herbs used for dyeing are taxed; there is a land-tax, and a house-tax, and a grass-tax; there is a tax of fifteen to twenty piastres on every head of large cattle, and a tax of two piastres on every head of small cattle. This latter tax affords peculiar opportunities and temptations for extortion. The animals are numbered in the month of March, a short time before the greatest mortality in the flocks takes place; and the peasant has to pay, not on the average number of the animals which remain to him, but on the maximum which are alive at any one time.

From two to four piastres have to be paid annually for every beehive. Then there is the horse-service, by which the rayah is obliged to act as the drudge of the military, and is sometimes taken several days' journey from home; and all this without the slightest remuneration,

and without any compensation for the horses, which may perish, as many do, in this service.

Another grinding tax from which the Christian subject of the Porte suffers grievously, is the duty of working on the public roads. No member of the family who can work — and there are sometimes as many as ten in a family who are thus liable — is exempted from this duty. The place where the work has to be done may be miles away from the rayah's home, and it may be at a critical season of the year, when all hands are required at home. That matters not; he must obey the summons, and leave his fields and flocks to take their chance. This happens about a fortnight in each year, and though it costs the peasant not less than one hundred piastres a day, he does not get so much as a morsel of bread in return; he gets kicks and insults instead.

Another monstrous tax is the *rad* or labor-tax. We have seen how thoroughly the rayah's time is taken up in looking after his flocks and fields, and rendering compulsory service to the government. But the Turk thinks that he has still leisure enough on his hands to earn, by daily labor, from five hundred to one thousand five hundred piastres, and on the presumption of these imaginary earnings every Christian is made to pay the fortieth piastre to the government, that is, twenty-five piastres in the thousand. The Christian's word is not taken for the amount of his earnings, it is fixed for him; and though he may be laid on a bed of sickness, or otherwise disabled, the tax must be paid.

The last tax that I shall mention is the poll-tax. Every male Christian, from birth to death, must pay the poll-tax for exemption from the military conscription. It amounts to thirty piastres a head, and every male Christian is bound to pay it, from the new-born babe to the decrepit beggar. It is supposed to be a fine paid for exemption from military service. But, in the first place, the Christians do not wish to be exempt from military service; on the contrary, they object to any such exemption, and the Hatt-i-Humayoun, of 1856, promised the abolition of the exemption — a promise which, it need not be said, has never been fulfilled. But, in the second place, children, and the old and feeble, are not liable to military service under any government, even that of Turkey. How then can they be liable to the fine which is supposed to free them? But it is absurd to appeal to the elementary

rules of equity in the case of such a government as Turkey. The result is that, children and beggars not being able to pay for themselves, their respective villages have to pay for them. In this way a rayah of average means pays in taxation somewhat less than three thousand piastres annually.

But his grievances do not end here. In Herzegovina or Bosnia he rents his land from the aga, or Turkish proprietor. In many cases the land was originally his own, but he has been dispossessed of it under the operation of "the good old rule, the simple plan." Let that pass, however, and let us see how it fares with him in the relation of tenant and landlord. It is a feudal relationship in theory; in practice it is nothing but a cruel and degrading serfdom. The following are exactions which the landlord extorts from his Christian tenant: a fourth part of the various produce obtained from the ground; one animal yearly, as well as a certain quantity of butter and cheese; to carry a certain number of loads of wood, and materials for any house which the landlord may chance to be building; to work for the landlord gratuitously whenever he may require it; to make a plantation of tobacco, and cultivate it until it is lodged in the master's house; to plough and sow so many acres of land, and look after the crop till it is safely lodged in the landlord's barn—and all this gratuitously. As a rule, the produce thus cultivated for the landlord exceeds the produce of the land farmed by the tenant for himself.

All this, be it remembered, is in addition to the fleecing which the rayah has undergone at the hands of the government and the tithe-farmers. Yet here is the way in which his condition is described in a book which has lately been commended as supplying trustworthy information on the condition of the Christian population of Bulgaria:—

To those who have studied the rayah question deeply, seriously, and impartially, a very grave social question presents itself. Is it right to give too much to a man?—too much time, too much liberty, too much land, too much of everything? And especially is this right when such a man abuses the gift and employs the resources confided to him merely to keep himself in idleness?*

* "Residence in Bulgaria," p. 159. I have read a good many books in the course of my life, but I do not remember to have ever come across so audacious an experiment on the credulity of reasoning beings as this volume. I am sorry to observe that a periodical of the weight and reputation of the *Quarterly Review*, has been misled to recommend it as "full of matter most

And this is said of a people oppressed in the way I have described, and who are admitted by all who know anything of the subject to be about the most industrious population in Europe.

But the reader may ask, are there no courts of justice in Turkey? Yes; but as far as the Christian is concerned these courts are literally legalized instruments of oppression and torture. Theoretically the Turkish courts of justice are divided into civil and criminal; but, in point of fact, the government of Turkey is theocratic; the law of the Koran, with its multitudinous developments, dominates all the tribunals. The civil and criminal courts have each two of their members Christian—one to represent the Orthodox, the other the Catholics. But these are always a minority, and are invariably intimidated into agreement with the majority. Their only use, in fact, is to enable the Turkish government to parade its pseudo-liberality and religious tolerance before a credulous Christendom. Theoretically the evidence of a Christian is admissible, except before the *sheri* or religious tribunals; practically it is inadmissible in any court. If the Christian is so foolhardy as to insist on his legal right to give or produce evidence, it is easily got rid of in some such way as this. The judge browbeats him, and makes him repeat his evidence. If he alters a word in the repetition, his testimony is rejected as untrustworthy. Or if other means fail, the case is adjourned, and the Christian witness goes home. He is followed and denounced on some trumped-up charge, and the next time he appears in court he is

instructive at the present crisis," and I regret especially that it has given its *imprimatur* to a story of "more than two thousand old men, women, and children," "burned alive in the village of Akdere alone by the Bulgarians, whilst a Russian corps d'armée looked on." This is said to have happened in 1827, some years, I believe, before either of the two authors of the book was born. They give no authority and no reference of any kind, and my confidence in their accuracy is not such as to induce me to place implicit faith in statements of this sort. It is curious how some people estimate the value of evidence according as their prejudices are for or against the conclusion sought to be established. An influential portion of the London press has sought to discredit Dr. Liddon's and my own account of impalements in Bosnia, by denouncing it as "gossip" and "hearsay evidence." Yet these very papers accept without inquiry Mr. Schuyler's report of a Russian massacre in Turkistan, though it is based on "hearsay evidence" of a much feeble description than that which we have adduced. Ours is hearsay evidence of the strongest possible character, corroborated by the evidence of our own eyesight. I do not say that Mr. Schuyler's story ought to be rejected because it is founded on hearsay; but I do say that those who accept it, while rejecting much stronger evidence for impalements in Bosnia, demonstrate the strength of their prejudices rather than of their logic or fairness.

contemptuously put aside as a person of notoriously bad character. Another device is to get him imprisoned — it may be only for an hour — on some false charge. This is enough; for a Christian once imprisoned, however innocently, is rejected as a witness. On the other hand, the Mussulman prosecutor or defendant has no difficulty at all to get any amount of evidence against a Christian. The only chance the latter has is that, if he happens to be sufficiently rich, he may bribe the judge. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that there is not a judge in Turkey who will not sell justice for a bribe. The only conscience he has in the matter is that he is likely to sell his award to the follower of the Prophet for a smaller bribe than he will receive from the hated and despised Giaour. This universal corruption of justice in Turkey is admitted even by those who are ordinarily the most strenuous to defend the Turk against his western critics: —

The absence of all effective control [says Mr. Gifford Palgrave], in a country where not only orderly and official superintendence, but even the restraint of public opinion, so powerful in Europe by means of the newspapers and intercommunication, is wanting, facilitates any amount of corruption; and if opportunity makes thieves, few Mahometan kadees are likely long to remain honest. . . . A judge dependent on favor and independent of reputation is much more likely, as human nature goes, to prove a Kirke than a "Daniel." ("Essays on Eastern Questions," p. 85.)

The Christian, moreover, is shut out from the possibility of buying land. A Christian now and then, more simple and confiding than his fellows, has within the last twenty years bought land in Turkey, presuming on the explicit guarantee of the Hatt-i-Humayoun; but the result has almost invariably been that he has been robbed of his purchase. Either the man of whom he purchased it, or some neighboring Ahab, covets and quietly takes possession of the poor man's dearly-bought field or vineyard. The Christian appeals to the law, but no evidence that he can produce is admissible. He loses his land without getting back his purchase-money, and he may thank his stars if he does not get the bastinado into the bargain for bringing a false accusation against a true believer.

I have already mentioned the most cruel torture of all to which the rayah of Turkey is exposed — I mean the peril to which the chastity of his female relations is daily exposed. It is stated in the *Daily News*

of October 23, that Mr. Baring and Mr. Calvert, who were then in Bulgaria, had compelled the arrest of "a Turk who demanded a Christian girl from her father for his harem. When the latter refused he cut at him with a sabre, wounding his hand." In a debate on the Cretan insurrection in the House of Lords on March 8, 1867, the late Lord Derby bestowed high praise on Colonel Longworth, then consul-general at Belgrade; and certainly Colonel Longworth was a vigorous philo-Turk. His evidence therefore is above suspicion when he says that "the forcible abduction of Christian girls is an abuse which calls urgently for correction."* But to talk of a remedy for the Christian while the Turk rules over him is, in plain language, to talk nonsense. "A custom prevails here," says Mr. Consul Abbott, "to exempt from military conscription a Mussulman young man who elopes with a Christian girl, and whom he converts to his faith. This being a meritorious act for his religion, it entitles him, as a reward, to be freed from military service."†

Now let the reader consider what this means. It means that the Turkish government puts a premium on the violation of Christian female chastity. That government to which Christian States accredit Christian ambassadors tempts the Mussulman ravisher of Christian maidens with a substantial reward in the life that now is, and with the promise of paradise hereafter. And every rayah family in Turkey is exposed to this outrage. And they are helpless, for they are not allowed to possess arms, and they have no other arbitrament to appeal to but the God who hears in secret, and gathers up the tears of the afflicted.

* "Consular Reports on Condition of Christians in Turkey in 1860," p. 121. My first introduction to the consular reports of 1860 I owe to Mr. Denton's able and instructive pamphlet on "The Christians in Turkey." Though the pamphlet was published in 1863, I am sorry to say I never read it till after my return from Serbia this year. The Parliamentary papers of 1867 and 1876 have been published some years after the publication of Mr. Denton's pamphlet, and they certainly throw a lurid light on his arguments and conclusions.

† "Consular Reports on Condition of Christians in Turkey in 1860," p. 7. Let no one be deceived by such terms as "elopes" or "converts to his faith." Elopement means what Mr. Consul Longworth calls "forcible abduction;" and as to conversion to the Mahometan faith, the victim of Turkish lust has no choice. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred she has no means to bring her case before the tribunals; and if she does, her evidence as a Christian is not received. If, in the frenzy of her despair, she proclaims herself a Mahometan, in order to get a hearing, her ravisher is praised and rewarded for having converted her, and she remains his lawful prey.

When we reflect on these things we can appreciate the touching pathos of the appeal of the Herzegovina insurgents to the great powers :—

Surely the poor people here are entitled to compassion from those who have feelings of humanity, and to some effort to assist them in their deplorable state—in their opprobrious servitude ; where the cry is continually heard, “O Lord, send us our death !” (“Parliamentary Papers,” No. ii., p. 34.)

Now let it be remembered that all the charges which I have made thus far against the Turkish government can be established by the evidence of Parliamentary papers, and of independent testimony like that of Mr. Nassau Senior’s “Journal kept in Turkey and Greece.” But more than that, the Turkish government admits that the insurrection is traceable “to the unseemly conduct” of its own “functionaries,” and that the insurgents have substantial causes of complaint.*

Moreover, the Andrassy Note asserts that the rayahs of Bosnia and Herzegovina (Bulgaria was not then on the *tapis*) are “oppressed under the yoke of a real servitude,” which reduces them in fact to the condition of “slaves ;” that the Porte has habitually broken its most solemn promises, so that it can no longer be trusted ; and therefore that “it is absolutely necessary that the powers should be in a position to appeal to acts, . . . in one word, that their action may be grounded on facts and not on programmes.”† Yet with all these facts before him Lord Beaconsfield finds a full and satisfactory explanation of insurrections in European Turkey in the dark machinations of secret societies ! For my part, I wish God speed to all societies, be they secret or open, who will help to break the yoke of the most cruel and debasing tyranny that has ever been allowed by an inscrutable Providence to make millions of human beings unspeakably wretched. Mr. Forster’s speech has been much praised for its moderation and fairness. But Mr. Forster confirms in substance all that I have said.

We want no Russian intrigues [he says], no Servian ambition, to account for the attempted insurrection in Bulgaria or for the insurrections in Bosnia or Herzegovina. Such is the Turkish rule, that these insurrections must be expected. They have happened time after time, and so long as that rule lasts they will happen again. Nine years ago I was a short

time in Turkey—in Asia Minor—and the impression I got there was that such was the government of Turks by Turks in the most Turkish part of their dominions in Asia Minor, that I felt that the people looked upon the government as their natural enemies, and did so on good grounds. Such is the oppression with which the taxes are gathered, the mode in which they are farmed, the amount that is demanded for the government itself, the far larger amounts taken by the officials, the utter corruption that exists among all the officials with regard to either the giving of justice or the exacting of taxes. That is an oppression which weighs upon Moslem and upon Christian alike ; but when you come to those provinces in which there is a large number of Christians you have that aggravated by this fact—that not merely is the central government unjust, but that the Christian population is ill-treated by their Moslem neighbors, and is not protected by the government from that ill-treatment. Their evidence, as you know, is not fairly admitted in courts of justice. They are not allowed to arm, the Moslems are allowed to arm ; the Moslems have their friends at Constantinople, the officials are Moslems, and what is the result ? It is that property is not safe. The industrious Bulgarians have excited the envy of their neighbors by their industry, and the fruits of their industry are not safe ; and, what is far more important, life is not safe, nor is the honor of women safe from constant outrages. I have known in this hall the people of Bradford collected together to sympathize with men who have risen as patriots to win liberty and freedom for themselves. We have sympathized with the Italians in their efforts to free themselves from the dominion of Austria, but you cannot for a moment compare the cases. We do not talk of political rights in this matter. It is a question of personal security from day to day, of being able to walk about in peace and safety, for a woman to be able to return to her house without being carried away and subjected to insult or worse than insult. It is a question of property being despoiled without the slightest chance of redress, and it does surprise me that when we know these things are constantly happening, when even the Turkish government does not deny them, but only says that it hopes at some future time to crush them, I am somewhat surprised to see Mr. Baring vent so much wrath on the “foreign instigators” or to be so much convinced that they were the instigators of this insurrection.

Mr. Forster went on to add that if he were one of the people whose miserable lot he described, he too would be an insurgent and a member of “what Lord Beaconsfield called the secret societies.” And I have no doubt that he is within the mark when he expresses his conviction “that nine-tenths of those English writers who inveigh against them would be in the same position.”

* Parliamentary Papers, No. ii., pp. 17, 55, 64.

† Ibid., pp. 80-83.

It is commonly supposed that the members of the Orthodox church are the only victims of Mussulman misrule. Russian intrigue and Slavonic societies are believed to be always brewing mischief and stirring up insurrection among the Orthodox population. All this tends to rouse the fanaticism of their Mussulman neighbors, and hence the injustice and cruelty of which we read. The members of the Roman Church, on the other hand, are loyal and peaceable, and are consequently not molested by the Mussulman authorities or populace.

This account of the matter is purely ideal. Intrigue and chronic outbursts of insurrection are the necessary concomitants of Turkish misrule; and if the Roman Catholics do not so often revolt, it is because, being fewer in number, and having no great power to sympathize with them, their spirits are crushed, and they have not the courage to rise against their oppressors. To this must be added the important fact, which I deeply lament, that jealousy of the Russo-Greek Church has induced the Vatican to sacrifice the cause of humanity to the supposed interest of the Roman Curia. Cardinal Manning is just now a vehement preacher of peace, and an indignant censor of those who would imperil its reign; and he and Sir George Bowyer consider it a flagrant breach of international law that Russian volunteers should be allowed to fight in Servia, and a monstrous iniquity that Russia should mediate a possible intervention on behalf of its co-religionists and kindred who are groaning under the yoke of a worse than Egyptian bondage. But I never heard that either Cardinal Manning or Sir George Bowyer objected to the enrolment of Irish and Canadian volunteers in the papal army, or that either of them protested against the intervention of a French army to protect the territory of the pope against the invasion of an Italian army; and I do not suppose that the League of St. Sebastian would be laid under the ban of the Church if it took up arms, on a fitting occasion, to restore the temporal power.

But, however that may be, the result of the Vatican policy is undoubtedly that the Roman Catholics in European Turkey are less prone to take part in insurrections than the Orthodox Christians. Many of their teachers and leaders are Italians, who prefer the rule of the Turk, with all its cruelties and abominations, to the rule of any power professing the Orthodox religion. This, however, is not the feeling

of the Roman Catholic population of south-eastern Europe, except in so far as it has been instilled into them by Italian emissaries. In Bosnia the Roman Catholics would rejoice as sincerely as their Orthodox neighbors at the substitution of any rule, Orthodox or otherwise, for that of the Turk. A sham address to the Porte from the Catholics of Bosnia was got up some time ago by the Turkish authorities, in the way and by the methods usually employed on such occasions. Bishop Strossmayer, in whose diocese Bosnia is, told Dr. Lid-don and myself all about this address, which was paraded at the time in the English newspapers; and the truth is that the Roman Catholics of Bosnia were no more represented by it than were the Orthodox Christians of Constantinople by that famous band of warriors, swept from the slums of Stamboul, who marched out of Constantinople under "a flag on which the Crescent and the Cross were displayed side by side" to fight "against the Servian aggression." We all remember the lively emotion which this union of the Crescent and the Cross against Christian freedom excited in the breasts of Sir Henry Elliot and Mr. Disraeli.* But alas, for the vanity of human hopes and the frustration of potential achievements! The ragamuffins who bore the "banner with a strange device," did not live to drive back "the Servian aggression." The Bashi-Bazouks, more simple and logical than Sir Henry Elliot and Mr. Disraeli, could not understand this union of the Crescent and the Cross at all. It was a scandal and an offence in the eyes of a true believer; and so the Bashi-Bazouks fell upon the "Christian volunteers," and having slaughtered most of them, dispersed the rest and captured the "banner with a strange device."

On the occasion of the so-called Roman Catholic address from Bosnia the real representatives of the Roman Catholics acted as they are said by the correspondent of the *Daily News* to have acted the other day:† —

Vali Pacha Effendi, the civil governor of the province, gathered the Greek and Catholic notables of Serajevo together, and requested them to sign a petition to the Porte protesting against any autonomy or other change in the government of the province. They replied that, being rayahs, they had no right to meddle in politics, and therefore refused their signatures to the petition. The insurrection continues spreading in Bosnia.

* Parliamentary Papers, No. iii., p. 573. Mr. Disraeli's speech in the House of Commons, July 17.

† July 23.

And no class of men more ardently desire the spread and final success of the insurrection than the Roman Catholics of Bosina. They would be delighted at the idea of passing under the political rule of Orthodox Servia; for they know, as their bishop assured us, that Servia would secure to them not only justice, but perfect religious freedom—a blessing which they certainly do not enjoy under the Ottoman government. The massacres of the Lebanon are a specimen of the toleration granted to the Roman Catholics in the Turkish empire. The simple truth is that the Mussulman has no idea of what toleration means in the case of non-Mussulmans; and if he sometimes oppresses one class of non-Mussulmans somewhat less than another, it is because his hatred and scorn are not so much whetted by cupidity, or jealousy, or fear. The *Temps* is a paper which has taken the side of Turkey throughout this business, and its testimony may therefore be accepted as unprejudiced. It has a correspondent travelling in the provinces of Turkey, and reporting on the condition of the population, and the relations of the various races and creeds to each other; and what he says is that the Mussulmans draw no distinction, but treat Orthodox and Catholic alike with impartial and indiscriminate barbarity.*

* The following extract is a specimen. It is from a letter written from Albania on the 20th of last September:—

“Un des premiers actes des bachi-bouzouks qui arrivent ici et qu’anime, il faut bien s’en rendre compte, le véritable esprit des populations musulmanes, est d’insulter et de piller les églises chrétiennes. Ils l’ont fait et à différentes reprises: à Dulcigno, à Antivari, à Scutari et à Podgoritzza; puis les troupes régulières se sont mises de la partie et un bataillon d’infanterie, débarqué à l’embouchure de la Boïana, à San Nicolo, a débuté par s’attaquer à l’église catholique de ce petit bourg, par y briser les croix et y voler tout ce qu’elle contenait. Tout y a passé, depuis un calice et un ostensor en vermeil, présents de feu l’archiduc, plus tard empereur du Mexique, jusqu’aux vases, aux flambeaux et à tous les vêtements ecclésiastiques du pauvre curé qui, n’ayant pu obtenir protection ni justice de la part du chef de la troupe, est accouru à Scutari implorer son archevêque et la consul général d’Autriche, cette puissance étant ici chargée, comme la France l’est dans presque tout le reste de l’empire ottoman, de la protection du culte catholique.

“A Podgoritzza, les fameux zeybeks de Smyrne n’ont laissé que les murs nus de l’église grecque. C’étaient les mêmes gens qui avaient, peu de jours auparavant, brisé les croix et souillé les murs des églises grecques et catholiques d’un faubourg de Scutari. . . . Et savez-vous comment la généralité de la population musulmane accueille ces excès? Elle les admire et les trouve conformes à la tradition de l’islam.

“Ces chrétiens,” disent-ils, “devraient-ils avoir le droit d’élever de si belles églises (celle de Scutari est fort grande et se voit de loin), et de sonner les cloches! Cette sonnerie des cloches est particulièrement odieuse aux bons musulmans. Vous le voyez, le vieil esprit d’hostilité, de domination, se réveille à la première circonstance, aussi entier, aussi vivace qu’aux jours mêmes de la conquête.”

Nor is it the Christian subjects of the Porte alone who are thus dealt with. The Jews fare but slightly better; and this slight amelioration in their condition they owe to their comparative paucity and political unimportance. They are not cultivators of the soil. They are engaged for the most part in trade, and that fact alone relieves them from numberless cruelties and hardships to which the rayah is daily exposed. Mr. Glückstein, himself a Jew, resident in England, has lately published a pamphlet, in which he proves that the Turkish authorities, when the occasion offers, treat the Jews in much the same way in which they are accustomed to treat the Christians. Mr. Glückstein is therefore naturally surprised at the “Judaic sympathies” which the Turkish cause has evoked both here and on the Continent; yet all sort of insinuations have been made against Mr. Gladstone because, in courteously acknowledging a letter from Mr. Glückstein, he ventured to say that he shared Mr. Glückstein’s regret.

But surely, it may be urged, the Hatt-i-Humayoun which the sultan published at the close of the Crimean war changed all this. Yes, as many other hatts had done before it—on paper. But the Hatt-i-Humayoun has never been proclaimed to this day through the Turkish empire. Within a certain narrow radius from Constantinople some of its provisions are feebly and fitfully carried out. But in the provinces it has remained a dead letter. It is probable that most of the judges have never heard of it; but certainly there never has been any attempt to enforce any one of its provisions. And, next to the incurable perfidy of the Ottoman government, the person, no longer amenable to human praise or censure, who must be held chiefly responsible for this lame and impotent conclusion to the Crimean war, is the late Lord Palmerston. It was proposed in the Congress of Paris that the provisions of the Hatt-i-Humayoun of 1856 should be incorporated into the treaty. The Turkish minister, however, objected, and pleaded that the Congress should spare the dignity of the Porte and trust to the honor of the sultan. The government of Lord Palmerston supported the Turkish minister, and the eight millions of Christians in Turkey, to say nothing of the blood and treasure spent in the Crimean war, were sacrificed by a stroke of the pen in order not to wound the delicate susceptibilities of the sultan and his ministers. The latter, however, were thinking of something more substantial than

honor, and all the relief the poor Christians of Turkey reaped from the war was some magniloquent compliments to the generosity, benevolence, and "constant solicitude for the welfare of his subjects," for which the sultan of Turkey was so conspicuously distinguished! This is the cant in which the diplomatists of Europe thought it decent to indulge. They sowed the wind, and they are now reaping the whirlwind. Russia was then beaten and humbled. The purblind policy of her conquerors has now given her a magnificent revenge. The Christian populations, who might have been gradually erected into a sure barrier against Russian aggression, but whom a cynical and short-sighted diplomacy delivered over to their old oppressor, are now the lever-power of Russian intervention in south-eastern Europe.

And now let me give my reasons for the distinction which I have drawn between Turkish and other atrocities. The distinction is this: that other governments may forsake their evil ways, and "rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things," but that the Turkish government cannot. And for the following reason.

It has already been stated that the government of Turkey is strictly theocratic, and its Magna Charta is the Koran. Certainly the precepts of the Koran are, many of them, immoral and cruel enough. A conquered people, for example, cease to have any rights whatever. The women and children become slaves in the most absolute sense, and all the male adult population incur the penalty of death, and may be disposed of in any manner which the capricious will of the victor may dictate. This means that if the Turks could conquer Servia they could reduce all the women and children to slavery, and kill all the men, or deal with them in any other way they pleased. Of course they would not act in this manner, for they know that Europe would not allow it. But no feeling of conscience would restrain them, for they would simply be obeying one of the fundamental precepts of their religion.

It is idle to compare, as Sale and others have done, these brutal and ferocious doctrines to the rules imposed on the Israelites for the conquest of Canaan. These were provisional and for a limited purpose, and were never intended, as precepts of the Koran are intended, to govern the relation of the Jews to all the Gentile world. Besides, to say nothing of the supersession of Judaic morality by the gospel, it must not be forgotten that along-

side of the Pentateuch there grew up a school of teachers sent by the God of Israel to proclaim and inculcate truth, and justice, and mercy, not as between Jew and Jew merely, but as between man and man. The essential unity of those whom the common father of all had "made of one flesh" was a truth preached by a long line of prophets, mitigating the severity of the old law, and growing in brightness till it received its highest expression in him in whom law and prophets were fulfilled.

Alongside of the Koran, too, there has grown up a multitudinous array of expositors whose dicta are held sacred. There are four great schools, but each of these has thrown off a swarm of traditional precepts and maxims which are law to the true believer. Of these four schools the Arabs and other Semitic and African races have adopted three among them. The Turks, on their conversion to Islam, adopted the fourth, or Hanefee school, whose precepts and principles happen to be the most cruel and immoral. The result has been to develop in the Turk a character of exceptional sensuality and cruelty. It is Mr. Palgrave, I think, who on this account characterizes the Turk as the "Cameronian of Mahometans" — a compliment which the Cameronian would decline.

It is not, then, on the Koran simply that the character of the Turk is moulded and his administration of justice based, but on text-books founded on the Koran, but compared with which the Koran itself, bad as it is, is a code of purity and mercy. Mr. Palgrave, speaking of the occasional attempts of the Western powers to modify the rampant iniquity of the Turkish courts of justice, says, —

To use a technical phrase, the establishment of non-denominational tribunals seemed no less inevitable than that of non-denominational schools; and it was precisely the having recourse to such that the Moslems could not stomach. In Islam, and Islam alone, they lived, and moved, and had their being; and Islam, and no other, should or could be, they hold, their arbiter and judge. ("Essays on Eastern Questions," p. 137.)

Now the received and most authoritative text-book of Mahometan law in Turkey, that from which no judge or advocate ever dreams of appealing, contains, among others, the following precepts: —

And the tributary* is to be distinguished in

* Tributaries are people who accept the yoke of Islam without fighting. If they offer any resistance they lose all the rights of human beings, as described above.

the beast he rides, and in his saddle ; and he is not to ride a horse ; he is not to work at his work with arms on ; he shall not ride on a saddle like a pillion ; nor shall he ride even on a saddle except as a matter of necessity, and even then he shall dismount in places of public resort ; he shall not wear clothes worn by men of learning, piety, and nobility. His women shall be distinguished in the street and at the baths, and he shall place in his house a sign and mark so that people may not pray for him or salute him. And the street shall be narrowed for him, and he shall pay his tribute standing, the receiver being seated, and he shall be seized by the collar and shall be shaken, and it shall be said to him, "Pay the tribute, O tributary ! O thou enemy of God."

This is the moral atmosphere in which, according to Mr. Palgrave, the Turk "lives, and moves, and has his being." This is the teaching which the *softa*, before he is fit to be a full-blown teacher or a judge, is, according to Mr. Palgrave, obliged to digest for fifteen laborious years. Need we wonder that the Mussulman is what he is — brutal, sensual, savage, deceitful at the core of his nature, though possibly with an outward varnish of Parisian polish ? Need we wonder that he cannot recognize in his non-Mussulman fellow-subject a being who has any rights at all — not even that of life except at the discretion of his Mahometan neighbor ? The following extracts illustrate in a vivid manner the Mussulman's habitual frame of mind towards the rayah. The first is from an occasional correspondent of the *Times* in Bosnia,* the second is from the correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*† at the headquarters of the Turkish army in Servia : —

What Dr. Kohut, with whom, and a cavalry escort, I travelled along this road from Belina to Ratcha and back, told me he had himself seen will illustrate the feelings of the Bashi-Bazouks of these parts towards all with whom they cannot exchange the brotherly "*Salaam aleiboum*." On this road one day lately Dr. Kohut saw a Bashi-Bazouk fire on a Christian. The fellow missed, and the Christian, though armed, did not return the fire, but came forward and on his knees begged his life. Scarcely deigning to listen to him, the Bashi-Bazouk took him by the throat, and stabbed him to the heart. The doctor coming up remonstrated. "But why," said the Bashi-Bazouk, "should I have spared him ! He is one of those who have brought all this disturbance and misery on the country. After this, when I had him in my power, he begs his life ; and, think you, I should have granted it ? No, by Allah !"

It may perhaps be asked why, if little or no animosity exists between Moslem and Giaour, the country of the Turk is in such perpetual disorder ? The answer is a simple one. All the troubles of the nation are the result not of the mixture of different peoples of different religions, but of the perpetual system of misrule which has diligently and persistently proclaimed that the Moslem is a superior being to the Christian, and that if he treat him on the principle of equality it is an immense condescension. The idea is inbred even in the best of the lower orders. I will take as an instance a *zaptieh* who accompanied me in many of my wanderings. Here was a man whose nature was kind and gentle beyond a doubt. My daily experience of him extended over some months, and I constantly had evidence of his goodness of heart. I watched him closely and frequently, and saw many a kindly act of his while he was with me ; yet it never appeared to occur to him that it was wrong to plunder a Bulgarian when an opportunity offered. The bare idea of a Christian peasant having a right to property never seemed to possess him for a moment. Had the Chelleby Effendi (meaning myself) expressed a wish for a melon ? When presently we chanced to meet a Bulgarian who happened to have one, the *zaptieh* would cheerfully ride up and demand the fruit as a matter of course. In vain I endeavored, by invariably making him pay for the article in question, to show him that it was as much a theft to take the Christian's goods as it would have been to plunder a Mussulman. He would hand the piastres to the Giaour, smile pityingly, as though moved to compassion at my innocence, and ride on in silence for a mile or so, wondering what manner of man I could be to have any regard for the feelings of a Bulgarian. One hot day particularly, after a long and dusty ride, we found ourselves on the top of a hill in Turkey, the sides of which were vineyards full of fruit. I had not observed the vines, and was sitting on the ground resting for a while when I found that my *zaptieh* and both our horses had disappeared. In vain I called ; there was no response for some minutes. At length he returned and beckoned me to follow him. To my amazement, he had turned the horses loose among the little vines, had picked thirty or forty great bunches of grapes, which he was carefully stowing away in his saddle-bags, having reserved the most tempting for me, and was now preparing to ascend a peach-tree with a view to stripping that also. My dragoman being absent, I had considerable difficulty in speaking, but at last contrived to ask whether he knew to whom the vineyard belonged. He did. The owner was a Bulgarian. Upon which I refused to eat the grapes, and told him I should pay for the damage he had done. With a look of amazement which I never shall forget, he held up the raisins I had refused, gazed at them for a minute, then calmly putting them in his saddle-bag, mounted in silence and rode down the hill. It was nearly an hour before he spoke

* See *Times*, October 12.

† *Daily Telegraph*, October 9.

again, and when at length he did open his mouth, it was to express his conviction that the Chelleby Effendi's fever had affected his head. "For," added he, "if the Chelleby Effendi would hire a cart to-morrow, we might go to that vineyard and take away as many grapes as would sell for £2." And he sighed as he thought of the loss which my strange infatuation had caused. He could not understand such a Chelleby Effendi at all. Now, this man was one of the best of his class. I never once saw him lift his hand to strike any one; he was as gentle as he was brave, but his education, such as it was, had taught him that what belonged to the Bulgarian was his as a Moslem, while what belonged to him was strictly his own. And this idea had been assiduously fostered in him by all that he had seen around him. As a Turk, he knew well that no Bulgarian could meet him on equal terms in a court of justice, and that alone conveyed to his mind a powerful moral.

A zaptieh, be it remembered, is a Turkish policeman, a man therefore whose duty it was to protect the property of the man whom he coolly proposed to rob of all the fruit of his hard toil. But the instructive part of the story is that the zaptieh, "one of the best of his class," did not think that he was doing anything wrong, but thought that the Englishman must be crazy for thinking differently. Had the Bulgarian rayah resisted the plunder of his goods, this "kind and gentle" policeman would have slain him without compunction, and would consider any man a fool or a madman who suggested that he had committed a crime.

Nor is it in life alone that the intolerance of the Turk is shown; it pursues the rayah into the grave. Dr. Humphrey Sandwith* has published the form of burial certificate which is given when a Christian dies, and here it is:—

We certify to the priest of the Church of Mary that the impure, putrefied, stinking carcase of Sardeh, damned this day, may be concealed underground.

(Sealed) EL SAID MEHEMED FAIZI.
A.H. 1271, Rejib 11 (March 29, 1855).

So much as to the principles which are instilled into the mind of the Turk, and woven into the very texture of his being, with regard to the life and property of his non-Mussulman neighbor. As to the teaching which he receives in respect to the relation of the sexes, there is no space to discuss it, and it would be scarcely possible to do so if there were. The softa revels through many volumes of what Sir W.

Muir calls "a mass of corruption, poisoning the mind and the morals of every Mahometan student."* The result is that the Mahometan Turks, smitten by the withering poison of unspeakable vices, are dying out at a rate which, if nothing intervene to arrest the decay, will clear them out of Europe in about fifty years.

Am I not right, then, in saying that there is a generic difference between Turkish atrocities and atrocities committed by other nations, whether Russian or English? What constituted the peculiar horror of the abominations of the Canaanites of old was that they "did them unto their gods;" so that there was no hope of amendment, morality being corrupt at the fountain-head, without a pure stream anywhere in reserve to draw from. And what made the case of the tribes of Canaan hopeless makes the case of the Turks hopeless too. What is the use of programmes which, however excellent on paper, have to be executed by human beings whose minds and souls are saturated with principles of morals such as I have described? When men can gather grapes of thorns, and figs of thistles, then, and not before, may we expect the Ottoman government to do justice to its non-Mussulman population. Politicians may say, as indeed Lord Derby has said, that the right and truly British policy is to turn a deaf ear to the cries of the oppressed in Turkey, and advise the Turkish government "that they had better follow the policy which they thought most consistent with their own interests."† "The policy which they thought most consistent with their own interests" in Bulgaria this year was to outrage and massacre some thousands of innocent human beings. Achmed Agha and the rest, infamous as they are, are not quite so bad as the government which first sent them on their errand of slaughter, and then decorated them for their various achievements. It is hardly fair that Achmed Agha should be even tardily arrested, while his employer Midhat Pasha goes free. Let us support this policy if England wills it so; but let us do it honestly, and in the face of day. It will be quite as beneficial to the Christians of Turkey as any scheme of reform short of real autonomy, and it will not add the additional sting of mockery to their disappointment.

MALCOLM MACCOLL.

* Siege of Kars, p. 173.

* Sir W. Muir's "Life of Mahomet," iii., p. 302.

† Parliamentary Papers, No. iii., p. 192; cf. p. 236.

THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, AUTHOR OF
"MALCOLM," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

MR. GRAHAM.

WHEN Malcolm at length reached his lodging, he found there a letter from Miss Horn, containing the much-desired information as to where the schoolmaster was to be found in the London wilderness. It was now getting rather late, and the dusk of a spring night had begun to gather, but little more than the breadth of the Regent's Park lay between him and his best friend — his only one in London — and he set out immediately for Camden Town.

The relation between him and his late schoolmaster was indeed of the strongest and closest. Long before Malcolm was born, and ever since, had Alexander Graham loved Malcolm's mother, but not until within the last few months had he learned that Malcolm was the son of Griselda Campbell. The discovery was to the schoolmaster like the bursting out of a known flower on an unknown plant. He knew then, not why he had loved the boy — for he loved every one of his pupils more or less — but why he had loved him with such a peculiar tone of affection.

It was a lovely evening. There had been rain in the afternoon as Malcolm walked home from the Pool, but before the sun set it had cleared up, and as he went through the park toward the dingy suburb the first heralds of the returning youth of the year met him from all sides in the guise of odors — not yet those of flowers, but the more ethereal if less sweet scents of buds and grass and ever pure earth moistened with the waters of heaven. And, to his surprise, he found that his sojourn in a great city, although as yet so brief, had already made the open earth with its corn and grass more dear to him and wonderful. But when he left the park, and crossed the Hampstead road into a dreary region of dwellings crowded and commonplace as the thoughts of a worshiper of Mammon, houses upon houses, here and there shepherded by a tall spire, it was hard to believe that the spring was indeed *coming slowly up this way*.

After not a few inquiries he found himself at a stationer's shop, a poor little place, and learned that Mr. Graham lodged over it, and was then at home. He was shown up into a shabby room, with an iron bedstead, a chest of drawers daubed with sickly paint, a table with a stained red

cover, a few bookshelves in a recess over the washstand, and two chairs seated with haircloth. On one of these, by the side of a small fire in a neglected grate, sat the schoolmaster reading his Plato. On the table beside him lay his Greek New Testament and an old edition of George Herbert. He looked up as the door opened, and, notwithstanding his strange dress, recognizing at once his friend and pupil, rose hastily, and welcomed him with hand and eyes and countenance, but without word spoken. For a few moments the two stood silent, holding each the other's hand and gazing each in the other's eyes, then sat down, still speechless, one on each side of the fire.

They looked at each other and smiled, and again a minute passed. Then the schoolmaster rose, rang the bell, and when it was answered by a rather careworn young woman, requested her to bring tea.

"I'm sorry I cannot give you cakes or fresh butter, my lord," he said with a smile; and they were the first words spoken. "The former is not to be had, and the latter is beyond my means. But what I have will content one who is able to count that abundance which many would count privation."

He spoke in the choice word-measured phrase and stately speech which Wordsworth says "grave livers do in Scotland use," but under it all rang a tone of humor, as if he knew the form of his utterance too important for the subject-matter of it, and would gently amuse with it both his visitor and himself.

He was a man of middle height, but so thin that notwithstanding a slight stoop in the shoulders he looked rather tall — much on the young side of fifty, but apparently a good way on the other, partly from the little hair he had being grey. He had sandy-colored whiskers and a shaven chin. Except his large, sweetly-closed mouth and rather long upper lip, there was nothing very notable in his features. At ordinary moments, indeed, there was nothing in his appearance other than insignificant to the ordinary observer. His eyes were of a pale quiet blue, but when he smiled they sparkled and throbbed with light. He wore the same old black tail-coat he had worn last in his school at Portlossie, but the white neckcloth he had always been seen in there had given place to a black one: that was the sole change in the aspect of the man.

About Portlossie he had been greatly respected, notwithstanding the rumor that he was a "stickit minister" — that is, one

who had failed in the attempt to preach — and when the presbytery dismissed him on the charge of heresy, there had been many tears on the part of his pupils and much childish defiance of his unenviable successor.

Few words passed between the two men until they had had their tea, and then followed a long talk, Malcolm first explaining his present position, and then answering many questions of the master as to how things had gone since he left. Next followed anxious questions on Malcolm's side as to how his friend found himself in the prison of London.

"I do miss the air, and the laverocks (*skylarks*), and the gowans," he confessed, "but I have them all in my mind; and at my age a man ought to be able to satisfy himself with the idea of a thing in his soul. Of outer things that have contributed to his inward growth the memory alone may then well be enough. The sights which when I lie down to sleep, rise before that inward eye Wordsworth calls the bliss of solitude have upon me the power almost of a spiritual vision, so purely radiant are they of that which dwells in them, the divine thought which is their substance, their *hypostasis*. My boy, I doubt if you can yet tell what it is to know the presence of the living God in and about you."

"I houp I hae a bit notion o' 't, sir," said Malcolm.

"But believe me that, in any case, however much a man may have of it, he may have it endlessly more. Since I left the cottage where I hoped to end my days under the shadow of the house of your ancestors, since I came into this region of bricks and smoke and the crowded tokens too plain of want and care, I have found a reality in the things I had been trying to teach you at Portlossie such as I had before imagined only in my best moments. And more still: I am now far better able to understand how it must have been with our Lord when He was trying to teach the men and women in Palestine to have faith in God. Depend upon it, we get our best use of life in learning by the facts of its ebb and flow to understand the Son of man. And again, when we understand him, then only do we understand our life and ourselves. Never can we know the majesty of the will of God concerning us except by understanding Jesus and the work the Father gave him to do. Now, nothing is a more heavenly delight than to enter into a dusky room in the house of your friend, and there, with a

blow of the heavenly rod, draw light from the dark wall — open a window, a fountain of the eternal light, and let in the truth which is the life of the world. Joyously would a man spend his life — right joyously, even if the road led to the gallows — in showing the grandest he sees — the splendid purities of the divine region, the mountain-top up to which the voice of God is ever calling his children. Yes, I can understand even how a man might live, like the good hermits of old, in triumphant meditation upon such all-satisfying truths, and let the waves of the world's time wash by him in unheeded flow until his cell changed to his tomb and his spirit soared free. But to spend your time in giving little lessons when you have great ones to give; in teaching the multiplication-table the morning after you made at midnight a grand discovery upon the very summits of the moonlit mountain-range of the mathematics; in enforcing the old law, *Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself*, when you know in your own heart that not a soul can ever learn to keep it without first learning to fulfil an infinitely greater one — *to love his neighbor even as Christ hath loved him* — then indeed one may well grow disheartened, and feel as if he were not in the place prepared for, and at the work required of, him. But it is just then that he must go back to school himself, and learn not only the patience of God, who keeps the whole dull obstinate world alive while generation after generation is born and vanishes — and of the mighty multitude only one here and there rises up from the fetters of humanity into the freedom of the sons of God — and yet goes on teaching the whole, and bringing every man who will but turn his ear a little towards the voice that calls him nearer and nearer to the second birth of sonship and liberty; not only this divine patience must he learn, but the divine insight as well, which in every form spies the reflex of the truth it cannot contain, and in every lowliest lesson sees the highest drawn nearer and the soul growing alive unto God."

CHAPTER XXII.

RICHMOND PARK.

THE next day at noon, mounted on Kelpie, Malcolm was in attendance upon his mistress, who was eager after a gallop in Richmond Park. Lord Liftore, who had intended to accompany her, had not made his appearance yet, but Florimel did not seem the less desirous of setting

out at the time she had appointed Malcolm. The fact was, that she had said one o'clock to Liftore, intending twelve, that she might get away without him. Kelpie seemed on her good behavior, and they started quietly enough. By the time they got out of the park upon the Kensington road, however, the evil spirit had begun to wake in her. But even when she was quietest she was nothing to be trusted, and about London, Malcolm found he dared never let his thoughts go, or take his attention quite off her ears. They got to Kew bridge in safety, nevertheless, though whether they were to get safely across was doubtful all the time they were upon it, for again and again she seemed on the very point of clearing the stone balustrade but for the terrible bit and chain without which Malcolm never dared ride her. Still, whatever her caracoles or escapades, they caused Florimel nothing but amusement, for her confidence in Malcolm — that he could do whatever he believed he could — was unbounded. They got through Richmond with some trouble, but hardly were they well into the park when Lord Liftore, followed by his groom, came suddenly up behind them at such a rate as quite destroyed the small stock of equanimity Kelpie had to go upon. She bolted.

Florimel was a good rider, and knew herself quite mistress of her horse; and if she now followed, it was at her own will, and with a design: she wanted to make the horses behind her bolt also if she could. His lordship came flying after her, and his groom after him, but she kept increasing her pace until they were all at full stretch, thundering over the grass, upon which Malcolm had at once turned Kelpie, giving her little rein and plenty of spur. Gradually, Florimel slackened speed, and at last pulled up suddenly. Liftore and his groom went past her like the wind. She turned at right angles and galloped back to the road. There, on a gaunt thoroughbred, with a furnace of old life in him yet, sat Lenorme, whom she had already passed and signalled to remain thereabout. They drew alongside of each other, but they did not shake hands: they only looked each in the other's eyes, and for a few moments neither spoke. The three riders were now far away over the park, and still Kelpie held on and the other horses after her.

"I little expected *such* a pleasure," said Lenorme.

"I meant to give it you, though," said Florimel with a merry laugh. — "Bravo,

Kelpie! take them with you," she cried, looking after the still retreating horsemen. — "I have got a familiar since I saw you last, Raoul," she went on. "See if I don't get some good for us out of him. We'll move gently along the road here, and by the time Liftore's horse is spent we shall be ready for a good gallop. I want to tell you all about it. I did not mean Liftore to be here when I sent you word, but he has been too much for me."

Lenorme replied with a look of gratitude, and as they walked their horses along she told him all concerning Malcolm and Kelpie.

"Liftore hates him already," she said, "and I can hardly wonder; but *you* must not, for you will find him useful. He is one I can depend upon. You should have seen the look Liftore gave him when he told him he could not sit his mare! It would have been worth gold to you."

Lenorme winced a little.

"He thinks no end of his riding," Florimel continued; "but if it were not so improper to have secrets with another gentleman, I would tell you that he rides — just pretty well."

Lenorme's great brow gloomed over his eyes like the Eiger in a mist, but he said nothing yet.

"He wants to ride Kelpie, and I have told my groom to let him have her. Perhaps she'll break his neck."

Lenorme smiled grimly.

"You wouldn't mind, would you, Raoul?" added Florimel, with a roguish look.

"Would you mind telling me, Florimel, what you mean by the impropriety of having secrets with another gentleman? Am I the other gentleman?"

"Why, of course. You know Liftore imagines he has only to name the day."

"And you allow an idiot like that to cherish such a degrading idea of you?"

"Why, Raoul! what does it matter what a fool like him thinks?"

"If you don't mind it, I do. I feel it an insult to me that he should dare think of you like that."

"I don't know. I suppose I shall have to marry him some day."

"Lady Lossie, do you want to make me hate you?"

"Don't be foolish, Raoul. It won't be to-morrow nor the next day. *Freuet euch des Lebens!*"

"Oh, Florimel! what *is* to come of this? Do you want to break my heart? I hate to talk rubbish. You won't kill me: you will only ruin my work, and possibly drive me mad."

Florimel drew close to his side, laid her hand on his arm and looked in his face with a witching entreaty. "We have the present, Raoul," she said.

"So has the butterfly," answered Lenorme; "but I had rather be the caterpillar with a future. Why don't you put a stop to the man's lovemaking? He can't love you or any woman. He does not know what love means. It makes me ill to hear him when he thinks he is paying you irresistible compliments. They are so silly! so mawkish! Good heavens, Florimel! can you imagine that smile every day and always? Like the rest of his class, he seems to think himself perfectly justified in making fools of women. I want to help you to grow as beautiful as God meant you to be when he thought of you first. I want you to be my embodied vision of life, that I may forever worship at your feet—live in you, die with you: such bliss, even were there nothing beyond, would be enough for the heart of a God to bestow."

"Stop, stop, Raoul! I'm not worthy of such love," said Florimel, again laying her hand on his arm. "I do wish for your sake I had been born a village girl."

"If you had been, then I might have wished for your sake that I had been born a marquis. As it is, I would rather be a painter than any nobleman in Europe; that is, with you to love me. Your love is my patent of nobility. But I may glorify what you love, and tell you that I can confer something on you also—what none of your noble admirers can. God forgive me! you will make me hate them all."

"Raoul, this won't do at all," said Florimel with the authority that should belong only to the one in the right. And indeed for the moment she felt the dignity of restraining a too impetuous passion. "You will spoil everything. I dare not come to your studio if you are going to behave like this. It would be very wrong of me. And if I am never to come and see you, I shall die: I know I shall."

The girl was so full of the delight of the secret love between them that she cared only to live in the present as if there were no future beyond: Lenorme wanted to make that future like, but better than, the present. The word "marriage" put Florimel in a rage. She thought herself superior to Lenorme, because he, in the dread of losing her, would have her marry him at once, while she was more than content with the bliss of seeing him now and then. Often and often her foolish talk

stung him with bitter pain—worst of all when it compelled him to doubt whether there was that in her to be loved as he was capable of loving. Yet always the conviction that there was a deep root of nobleness in her nature again got uppermost: and, had it not been so, I fear he would nevertheless have continued to prove her irresistible as often as she chose to exercise upon him the full might of her witcheries. At one moment she would reveal herself in such a sudden rush of tenderness as seemed possible only to one ready to become his altogether and forever: the next she would start away as if she had never meant anything, and talk as if not a thought were in her mind beyond the cultivation of a pleasant acquaintance doomed to pass with the season, if not with the final touches to her portrait. Or she would fall to singing some song he had taught her, more likely a certain one he had written in a passionate mood of bitter tenderness with the hope of stinging her love to some show of deeper life, but would, while she sang, look with merry defiance in his face, as if she adopted in seriousness what he had written in loving and sorrowful satire.

They rode in silence for some hundred yards. At length he spoke, replying to her last asseveration. "Then what *can* you gain, child—" he said.

"Will you dare to call *me* child?—a marchioness in my own right!" she cried, playfully threatening him with uplifted whip, in the handle of which the little jewels sparkled.

"What, then, can you gain, my lady marchioness," he resumed, with soft seriousness and a sad smile, "by marrying one of your own rank? I should lay new honor and consideration at your feet. I am young: I have done fairly well already. But I have done nothing to what I could do now if only my heart lay safe in the port of peace. You know where alone that is for me, my—lady marchioness. And you know, too, that the names of great painters go down with honor from generation to generation, when my Lord This or my Lord That is remembered only as a label to the picture that makes the painter famous. I am not a great painter yet, but I will be one if you will be good to me. And men shall say, when they look on your portrait in ages to come, 'No wonder he was such a painter when he had such a woman to paint!'"

He spoke the words with a certain tone of dignified playfulness.

"When shall the woman sit to you again, painter?" said Florimel — sole reply to his rhapsody.

The painter thought a little. Then he said, "I don't like that firewoman of yours. She has two evil eyes — one for each of us. I have again and again caught their expression when they were upon us and she thought none were upon her: I can see without lifting my head when I am painting, and my art has made me quick at catching expressions, and, I hope, at interpreting them."

"I don't altogether like her myself," said Florimel. "Of late I am not so sure of her as I used to be. But what can I do? I must have somebody with me, you know. A thought strikes me. Yes, I won't say now what it is lest I should disappoint my — painter; but — yes — you shall see what I will dare for you, faithless man!"

She set off at a canter, turned on to the grass and rode to meet Liftore, whom she saw in the distance returning, followed by the two grooms. "Come on, Raoul!" she cried, looking back: "I must account for you. He sees I have not been alone."

Lenorme joined her, and they rode along side by side.

The earl and the painter knew each other: as they drew near the painter lifted his hat and the earl nodded.

"You owe Mr. Lenorme some acknowledgment, my lord, for taking charge of me after your sudden desertion," said Florimel. "Why did you gallop off in such a mad fashion?"

"I am sorry," began Liftore, a little embarrassed.

"Oh, don't trouble yourself to apologize," said Florimel. "I have always understood that great horsemen find a horse more interesting than a lady. It is a mark of their breed, I am told."

She knew that Liftore would not be ready to confess he could not hold his hack.

"If it hadn't been for Mr. Lenorme," she added, "I should have been left without a squire, subject to any whim of my four-footed servant here."

As she spoke she patted the neck of her horse. The earl, on his side, had been looking the painter's horse up and down with a would-be humorous expression of criticism. "I beg your pardon, marchioness," he replied; "but you pulled up so quickly that we shot past you. I thought you were close behind, and preferred following. — Seen his best days, eh, Le-

norme?" he concluded, willing to change the subject.

"I fancy he doesn't think so," returned the painter. "I bought him out of a but-terman's cart three months ago. He's been coming to himself ever since. Look at his eye, my lord."

"Are you knowing in horses, then?"

"I can't say I am, beyond knowing how to treat them something like human beings."

"That's no ill," said Malcolm to himself. He was just near enough, on the pawing and foaming Kelpie, to catch what was passing. "The fellow 'ill du. He's worth a score o' sic yerls as yon."

"Ha! ha!" said his lordship: "I don't know about that. He's not the best of tempers, I can see. But look at that demon of Lady Lossie's — that black mare there! I wish you could teach her some of your humanity. — By the way, Florimel, I think now we *are* upon the grass" — he said it loftily, as if submitting to injustice — "I will presume to mount the reprobate."

The gallop had communicated itself to Liftore's blood, and, besides, he thought after such a run Kelpie would be less extravagant in her behavior.

"She is at your service," said Florimel.

He dismounted, his groom rode up, he threw him the reins and called Malcolm. "Bring your mare here, my man," he said.

Malcolm rode her up halfway, and dismounted. "If your lordship is going to ride her," he said, "will you please get on here. I would rather not take her nearer the other horses."

"Well, you know her better than I do. You and I must ride about the same length, I think."

So saying, his lordship carelessly measured the stirrup-leather against his arm and took the reins.

"Stand well forward, my lord. Don't mind turning your back to her head. I'll look after her teeth: you mind her hind hoof," said Malcolm, with her head in one hand and the stirrup in the other.

Kelpie stood rigid as a rock, and the earl swung himself up cleverly enough. But hardly was he in the saddle, and Malcolm had just let her go, when she plunged and lashed out: then, having failed to unseat her rider, stood straight up on her hind legs.

"Give her her head, my lord," cried Malcolm.

She stood swaying in the air, Liftore's now frightened face half hid in her mane and his spurs stuck in her flanks.

"Come off her, my lord, for God's sake! Off with you!" cried Malcolm as he leaped at her head. "She'll be on her back in a moment."

Liftore only clung the harder. Malcolm caught her head just in time: she was already falling backward.

"Let all go, my lord. Throw yourself off."

He swung her toward him with all his strength, and just as his lordship fell off behind her she fell sideways to Malcolm and clear of Liftore.

As Malcolm was on the side away from the little group, and their own horses were excited, those who had looked breathless on at the struggle could not tell how he had managed it, but when they expected to see the groom writhing under the weight of the demoness, there he was with his knee upon her head while Liftore was gathering himself up from the ground, only just beyond the reach of her iron-shod hoofs.

"Thank God," said Florimel, "there is no harm done!—Well, have you had enough of her yet, Liftore?"

"Pretty nearly, I think," said his lordship, with an attempt at a laugh as he walked rather feebly and foolishly toward his horse. He mounted with some difficulty and looked very pale.

"I hope you're not much hurt," said Florimel kindly as she moved alongside of him.

"Not in the least—only disgraced," he answered almost angrily. "The brute's a perfect Satan. You *must* part with her. With such a horse and such a groom you'll get yourself talked of all over London. I believe the fellow himself was at the bottom of it. You really *must* sell her."

"I would, my lord, if *you* were my groom," answered Florimel, whom his accusation of Malcolm had filled with angry contempt; and she moved away toward the still prostrate mare.

Malcolm was quietly seated on her head. She had ceased sprawling, and lay nearly motionless, but for the heaving of her sides with her huge inhalations. She knew from experience that struggling was useless.

"I beg your pardon, my lady," said Malcolm, "but I daren't get up."

"How long do you mean to sit there, then?" she asked.

"If your ladyship wouldn't mind riding home without me, I would give her a good half hour of it. I always do when she throws herself over like that.—I've got

my Epictetus?" he asked himself, feeling in his coat-pocket.

"Do as you please," answered his mistress. "Let me see you when you get home. I should like to know you are safe."

"Thank you, my lady: there's little fear of that," said Malcolm.

Florimel returned to the gentlemen, and they rode homeward. On the way she said suddenly to the earl, "Can you tell me, Liftore, who Epictetus was?"

"I'm sure I don't know," answered his lordship. "One of the old fellows."

She turned to Lenorme. Happily, the Christian heathen was not altogether unknown to the painter.

"May I inquire why your ladyship asks?" he said when he had told all he could at the moment recollect.

"Because," she answered, "I left my groom sitting on his horse's head reading Epictetus."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Liftore. "Ha! ha! ha! In the original, I suppose!"

"I don't doubt it," said Florimel.

In about two hours Malcolm reported himself. Lord Liftore had gone home, they told him. The painter-fellow, as Wallis called him, had stayed to lunch, but was now gone also, and Lady Lossie was alone in the drawing-room.

She sent for him. "I am glad to see you safe, MacPhail," she said. "It is clear your Kelpie—don't be alarmed: I am not going to make you part with her—but it is clear she won't always do for you to attend me upon. Suppose now I wanted to dismount and make a call or go into a shop?"

"There is a sort of friendship between your Abbot and her, my lady: she would stand all the better if I had him to hold."

"Well, but how would you put me up again?"

"I never thought of that, my lady. Of course I daren't let you come near Kelpie."

"Could you trust yourself to buy another horse to ride after me about town?"

"No, my lady, not without a ten days' trial. If lies stuck like London mud, there's many a horse would never be seen again. But there's Mr. Lenorme. If he would go with me, I fancy between us we could do pretty well."

"Ah! a good idea!" returned his mistress. "But what makes you think of him?" she added, willing enough to talk about him.

"The look of the gentleman and his

horse together, and what I heard him say," answered Malcolm.

"What did you hear him say?"

"That he knew he had to treat horses something like human beings. I've often fancied, within the last few months, that God does with some people something like as I do with Kelpie."

"I know nothing about theology."

"I don't fancy you do, my lady, but this concerns biography rather than theology. No one could tell what I meant except he had watched his own history and that of people he knew."

"And horses too?"

"It's hard to get at their insides, my lady, but I suspect it must be so. I'll ask Mr. Graham."

"What Mr. Graham?"

"The schoolmaster of Portlossie."

"Is he in London, then?"

"Yes, my lady. He believed too much to please the presbytery, and they turned him out."

"I should like to see him. He was very attentive to my father on his death-bed."

"Your ladyship will never know till you are dead yourself what Mr. Graham did for my lord."

"What do you mean? What could he do for him?"

"He helped him through sore trouble of mind, my lady."

Florimel was silent for a little, then repeated, "I should like to see him. I ought to pay him some attention. Couldn't I make them give him his school again?"

"I don't know about that, my lady, but I am sure he would not take it against the will of the presbytery."

"I should like to do something for him. Ask him to call."

"If your ladyship lays your commands upon me," answered Malcolm: "otherwise I would rather not."

"Why so, pray?"

"Because except he can be of any use to you he will not come."

"But I want to be of use to him."

"How, if I may ask, my lady?"

"That I can't exactly say on the spur of the moment. I must know the man first, especially if you are right in supposing he would not enjoy a victory over the presbytery. I should. He wouldn't take money, I fear."

"Except it came of love or work, he would put it from him as he would brush the dust from his coat."

"I could introduce him to good society.

That is no small privilege to one of his station."

"He has more of that and better than your ladyship could give him. He holds company with Socrates and Saint Paul, and greater still."

"But they're not like living people."

"Very like them, my lady; only far better company in general. But Mr. Graham would leave Plato himself — yes, or Saint Paul either, though he were sitting beside him in the flesh — to go and help any old washerwoman that wanted him."

"Then I want him."

"No, my lady, you don't want him."

"How dare you say so?"

"If you did you would go to him."

Florimel's eyes flashed and her pretty lip curled. She turned to her writing-table, annoyed with herself that she could not find a fitting word wherewith to rebuke his presumption — rudeness, was it not? — and a feeling of angry shame arose in her that she, the Marchioness of Lossie, had not dignity enough to prevent her own groom from treating her like a child. But he was far too valuable to quarrel with. She sat down and wrote a note. "There," she said, "take that note to Mr. Lenorme. I have asked him to help you in the choice of a horse."

"What price would you be willing to go to, my lady?"

"I leave that to Mr. Lenorme's judgment — and your own," she added.

"Thank you, my lady," said Malcolm, and was leaving the room when Florimel called him back.

"Next time you see Mr. Graham," she said, "give him my compliments, and ask him if I can be of any service to him."

"I'll do that, my lady: I am sure he will take it very kindly."

Florimel made no answer, and Malcolm went to find the painter.

From The Fortnightly Review.

THE LAW OF HONOR.

IT used to be one of the most familiarly received of historical anecdotes, that Francis the First of France, after his overthrow at Pavia, wrote to his mother to say "All is lost, save our honor." The tale is now discredited as a matter of fact; but it is one of those tales which, if they are false, prove almost more than if they are true. That such words should have

been put into the mouth of a certain man, that it should have been universally felt that, when put in his mouth, they were in character, shows that the saying, though it may be historically false, is still dramatically true. Whether Francis did talk about honor or not at one particular time, the currency of the tale points to Francis as a man who would naturally have talk about honor on his lips. And this at least dramatic truth of the story suggests an important question. What is "honor," what is its nature or its value, when Francis the First could lay claim to it?

It would perhaps have been possible to go back to an earlier period of history for another example of the same difficulty. What can be the nature, what can be the value, of that kind of virtue, that form of good faith, which was systematically practised by William Rufus? Perhaps William Rufus would not be so easily accepted as Francis the First as the type of the honorable or chivalrous character. William Rufus stands out in popular conception, as he does also in sober truth, as one of the most hateful characters in English or in any other history. He stands out as the oath-breaker, the treaty-breaker, the man given up to the foulest vices, the general oppressor of every class, the man who, without a sign of intellectual scepticism, delighted to proclaim himself as the enemy and the blasphemer of the God in whom he had not ceased to believe. Such is the common conception of the Red King; and it is a conception which, as far as it goes, is fully borne out by the facts of his history. But this side of him does not make up the whole man. Besides the fact that William Rufus was, whenever he chose to be either, not only a great captain but a great ruler, there is also some reason for looking on him as the first recorded gentleman. He is certainly the first recorded man by whom the doctrines of honor and chivalry are constantly and ostentatiously put forward as his ruling principles of action. When we look more narrowly into the actions of the Red King, we see that they were guided by a law, though that law was neither the law of God nor the law of his kingdom. The law of Rufus was the law of the knight and gentleman, the law of honor. Reckless both of justice and of mercy, he was quite capable of generosity. Reckless of his oaths to his people and of his treaties with princes, when he pledged his word as "*probus miles*" — as "an officer and a gentleman" — then he kept it faithfully. He not only kept it himself, but he cast aside with scorn the

suggestion that a knight who had passed his word could ever break it. When reproached with his repeated breaches of his promises to the nation which had saved his crown for him, he answered that no man could keep all his promises. But this one class of promises, promises made in the character of knight and gentleman, Rufus always did keep. The popular conception of his character leaves out this side, the chivalrous side of it, just as the popular conception of Francis the First dwells mainly on the chivalrous side of his character, and puts out of sight its general blackness both as a man and as a king. Francis is rather a popular character with ordinary readers of history, while Rufus is certainly the opposite. But Rufus in his own day seems to have had to some extent the same reputation as Francis. Men who condemned his private and public crimes still half admired the quality which in his own day was called his magnanimity. The difference between the lasting reputation of the two kings is probably owing to the different relations in which each of them stood to the received religion of his time. Francis, in the eyes of many of his contemporaries, half atoned for his crimes and vices by the merit of his religious persecutions. Rufus added to his crimes and vices a form of irreligion which was almost peculiar to himself. Again, in doing wrong to all classes, he did wrong to churchmen, also, and churchmen had, in his age, the best means of making their wrongs known to the world. That Francis was a patron of art and literature, while Rufus bears no such character, is a difference in the times rather than in the men. The builder of the first Hall of Westminster was a patron of art, as art was understood in his time. As for literature, while in the days of Francis its patronage was the fashion among kings and princes, in the days of Rufus the learned Henry stood out as something without a parallel in western Europe. Altogether, allowing for the difference of their times, the two men were perhaps not quite so unlike as they seem at first sight. And in the point with which I am now chiefly concerned they stand or fall together. Each is a type of the man who has the formulæ of honor and chivalry on his lips. From their examples we may perhaps learn what honor and chivalry are really worth.

What then is the real nature of the qualities called honor and chivalry? What is the real character of the knight or gentleman, who makes honor or chivalry his rule

of actions? One thing strikes us at first sight, that the word "honor" and the word "gentleman" have both of them acquired rather singular secondary meanings. Honor is primarily the tribute of respect which man receives from others. In its secondary sense, it has come to mean a rule by which a man guides his own actions, even when those actions are not likely to bring him any honor. We should perhaps look on conduct as specially honorable, if it was done with a certainty that it could never be known, and therefore could never be honored. Again, with regard to the man who is supposed to have a special regard for honor, the knight or in more modern language the gentleman, it is singular that a word which in itself simply means a certain social rank should have come to be so completely identified with certain moral or *quasi*-moral qualities. In itself, to say that a man is no gentleman is no more of an insult than to say that he is no nobleman. Both propositions might equally express an undoubted fact as to a man's rank in life. Yet there is probably no one, however lowly his rank, who would not think himself insulted if he were told that he was no gentleman. But to call a man by way of insult no nobleman, would be so purely meaningless that the phrase has most likely never been used by any one to any one.

Both these usages of language are instructive. They are far more than mere caprices. It is quite certain that many people, when they speak of honor as a rule of action, have no thought at all of receiving honor as a reward for honorable actions. It is quite certain that, in the use of the word "gentleman," the notion of mere social rank is often quite forgotten. Men will often say, by way of praise, of a man who is not a gentleman by rank, that his conduct is that of a gentleman. They will call him one of "nature's gentlemen" and the like. The point which is really instructive is that words can be used in this kind of way. Words often depart widely from the etymological meanings with which they started; but they commonly still carry some trace of those etymological meanings about them. "Honor" could never have come to be spoken of as a rule of conduct, or rule of conduct which, in particular cases, often puts the opinion of others out of sight, unless that rule of conduct had been first of all defined by the opinion of others, and by the honor which others were likely to pay to those who acted according to that opinion. "Gentleman" could never get a meaning

almost irrespective of rank, if it had not in its first use simply expressed rank, if it had not at the beginning marked out men of a certain rank as the exclusive possessors of certain qualities. If a tinker shows delicacy of feeling, or any of the other qualities which are supposed to distinguish the gentleman, and on the strength of it the tinker is pronounced to be a gentleman by nature, those who use such a phrase most likely take credit to themselves for altogether ignoring artificial ranks. And so, in their own feelings for the moment, they very possibly do. But the form of words which they use is none the less the strongest possible witness to the strictest theory of artificial ranks. To say that the tinker is a gentleman by nature implies a certain degree of surprise that the conduct by which he earns that name should be found in any one who is not a gentleman by rank.

I have not the least doubt that not a few people will at once cry out at this way of putting the matter. They will say that what they mean by a gentleman is something irrespective of birth or rank. They will say that many a man who is not a gentleman by birth or rank is a gentleman by conduct, and that many a man who is a gentleman by birth or rank is not a gentleman by conduct. They do not see that such a way of speaking is the best proof of the truth of what I am saying. The ideal gentleman by conduct, though he may not in every case coincide with the gentleman by rank, yet assumes the gentleman by rank as his starting-point. He is what the gentleman by rank is not always, but what he always ought to be. He is what the gentleman by rank ought to be, not in the character of an honest man, a pious Christian, a good citizen, or any other, but distinctly in his character of gentleman. The more people try by using this kind of language to wipe out the distinction, the more they assert the distinction, the more they assume the gentleman by rank as a standard of conduct. That is to say, they set up a certain artificial rank as a model, as a type — at least a probable type — of certain qualities, to which men of other ranks are honored by being compared. They would see the absurdity of saying that a man acted like a duke, earl, baron, or baronet, because duke, earl, baron, and baronet are confessedly mere artificial ranks. But "gentleman" is in its origin as purely an artificial rank as any of the others. Only, as it happens to be the rank which includes all

the others, it is the one which has been taken as a standard. We do not say that a man acts as a duke or a baronet, because dukes and baronets are only varieties of the larger class of gentlemen, and it is in their general character of gentlemen that they are all expected to act.

It is then, I say, the artificial rank of gentleman, the rank which includes all higher artificial ranks, which is taken by a large class of people as setting the standard of conduct. Every man of that rank is expected as a matter of course to act in a particular way. If any man of lower rank acts in the same way, it is a kind of work of supererogation for which he deserves the special honor of being compared to the favored rank, perhaps of being deemed to be personally raised to it. It makes no difference that the artificial rank of gentleman is not so easy to be defined now as it once was. Defined or undefined, it is still assumed, assumed as a certain *quasi*-moral standard. Frank Gresham, the honest young squire in Mr. Trollope's novel, is most characteristically made to say of the overbearing peer, "Were he ten times Duke of Omnium, he cannot be more than a gentleman, and, as a gentleman, I am his equal." Frank Gresham, in such a state of mind, might well have gone on to say that some dukes were not gentlemen, and that many men below his own class of squire were gentlemen. And such language might sound, and might be meant to sound, as not a little levelling. In truth no language is more oligarchic and exclusive. A certain artificial rank, whether that of duke or simple gentleman does not matter, is set up as a *quasi*-moral standard. If any others who do not belong to that artificial rank are thought to have reached its standard of conduct, their highest reward is to be received as its adopted members. No way of speaking more distinctly starts from the exclusive standing-ground of an artificial class.

Now if for "gentleman" we substitute any such form of words as "honest man," "good citizen," "loyal subject," "good Christian," or "good Mussulman," we at once find ourselves in another range of ideas. These various formulæ have important differences among themselves; but they have one great point of at least negative agreement. None indeed but the first simply contemplates man as man; all the rest contemplate man as a member of some political or religious society, bound to other members of that society by common political allegiance or common relig-

ious belief. But they all agree in this, that none of them has any reference to exclusive artificial rank. Each name may with equal ease belong to the highest or to the lowest rank. Our duke and our tinker may either of them be honest man, good citizen, or good Christian, as either of them may be the opposite. And in applying those names to either of them, there is no paradox, no second intention, nothing of that peculiar kind of meaning which is implied if we say that a particular duke is not a gentleman or that a particular tinker is.

All this leads us up to the fact that there are at least four distinct standards of human conduct, four distinct ways of looking at human actions with the object of praise or blame. I do not mean that all four are always kept distinct in practice. On the contrary, in a great many cases all four prescribe exactly the same line of conduct, and a man may often be sorely puzzled to say which he has followed as his own guide in any particular case. Of these four standards — I am far from saying that there may not be more than four; but these four they certainly are — the first is that of abstract morality, the doing or abstaining from a thing simply because it is right or wrong in itself, without regard to any law or sanction of any kind. Questions as to the origin of moral sentiments, whether they are innate or revealed or the growth of hereditary habit, do not concern me here. It is enough for my purpose that we have moral sentiments, however we came by them. It is enough that, as a matter of fact, men do sometimes act from a conviction that such a course is right or wrong in itself, without thinking either of the law of the land or of the law of God or of the opinion of other people. To conduct coming under this head, conduct of which abstract right and wrong is the standard, we properly apply such words as virtuous, moral, honest,* and the like. The outward acts may be exactly the same as those which one or more of the other standards would have prescribed; but the motive is different. By virtuous conduct, as we mean something which has no reference whatever to the opinion of others, so we mean some-

* Etymologically "honest" and "honorable" are the same thing. Both came from *honor*, and that, philologists tell us, is the same as *onus*. And in the English of a few centuries back, the use of the two words was not so distinct as it is now. But in modern usage it is plain that the two words have quite different meanings, and that they severally belong to distinct standards of action according to the division which I have laid down.

thing which has just as little reference to either civil or religious sanctions.

Another standard is conformity to the law of the land, the duty of the good citizen, the loyal subject, or whatever else we may call him, according to the diversities of forms of government. By this of course I mean something quite different from mere submission to the law through fear of the punishments which the law can inflict. I mean obedience to the law strictly as a matter of duty, even though punishment is not at all likely to follow on its breach; I mean much the same as what is implied in the scriptural phrase of obeying, "not only for wrath, but also for conscience' sake." Now it certainly is difficult wholly to separate this standard of action either from the moral standard on one side or from the religious standard on the other. We can hardly conceive a man, careless of the moral standard, careless of the religious standard, and yet strictly conforming to the law of his own political society on some higher principle than that of fear of punishment. As a rule, those who obey the law of the land strictly and conscientiously do so because they hold such obedience to be either a moral or a religious duty. Still obedience to the law of the land is separable in idea both from the religious and the moral standard. We can ideally conceive a man, though most likely no such man ever existed, who strictly shaped his conduct according to the law of the land, without any reference to any standard beyond it. And, at all events, the law of the land does often prescribe a course of action which would not be obligatory according to either of the other standards taken alone.

The third standard is the religious one. According to this standard, the course of action to be followed is determined, neither by an abstract sense of right nor by the provisions of the law of the land, but by a law which is supposed to have been put forth by divine authority. For my purpose there is no need to seek for cases either in extinct religions or in living religions which are far away from our ordinary experience. I need not go beyond the range of the great monotheistic religions, Jewish, Christian, and Mahometan. These all agree in setting forth conformity to the divine will as their standard of action. They prescribe obedience to a law; but it is to a law put forth by a divine and not by a human lawgiver, a law whose sanctions are to be found, not in this world but in another.* But, just as in the case of

the good citizen or loyal subject conforming to human law, something more is meant than mere conformity to the divine will for fear of divine vengeance. I conceive that any teacher of Judaism, Christianity, or Mahometanism, in any of their higher forms, would say that the good Jew, the good Christian, or the good Mussulman was bound to conform to the divine will simply as the divine will, without regard to consequences. And such a teacher would, I conceive, add that conformity to the divine will in no way takes away the duty of conformity to the abstract standard of right, though he would probably add that it was part of the divine attributes that the divine will should be the highest manifestation of abstract right.

Now it will, I think, be plain without any argument to prove it that the standard of action set up by the knight, the gentleman, the chivalrous man, the man of honor, is something different from any of these three. His ideal is clearly different from that either of the purely moral man, of the good citizen, or of the good Christian. And I think that we may safely say that it differs more widely from any one of those three than any one of those three differs from the other two. This ideal is in short conformity to a fourth standard, the so-called law of honor. As in the case of the other three standards among themselves, the actions prescribed by the law of honor will often be the same as those which are prescribed by some or all of those three standards. But the motive for doing them is more palpably distinct from the motives which belong to any of the other three standards than any of those motives are from one another. It is not merely that the law of morals, the law of the land, and the law of God, agree more nearly with each other in the course of action which they prescribe than either of them agrees with the law of honor. The difference of motive stands out more palpably. A man really may not know which of the other standards led him to a certain action; as soon as the feeling of honor comes in, the distinction makes itself quite conscious. Morals, law, religion, are all closely intertwined together; honor stands apart, distinct from all, sometimes hostile to all. We do not expect

is no reference to a future state of rewards and punishments does not here concern me. Judaism, in the form which it has taken at least from the time of the Babylonish captivity, clearly relies on the sanctions of another world, just as much as Christianity or Mahometanism. The Sadducee may in truth have been an Old Hebrew, but he was a heretic in the eyes of the dominant orthodoxy of the Pharisee.

* The fact that in the earliest Hebrew records there

the law of the land to enforce every point of morals by legal sanctions; but we do expect that it shall not ordain anything immoral.* If the law of any country does ordain anything immoral, we pronounce the law of that country to be so far evil, to be so far, in the phrase of our forefathers, *unlaw*. So again, we expect any system of religion, not only to ordain nothing immoral, but actually to enforce every point of morality as a religious duty. If it does otherwise, we say either that that religion is so far false in itself or else that its teaching has been misunderstood on that particular point. But the law of honor is not in the least expected to enforce every point of morals. It is not even expected to forbid all conduct that is contrary to the standard of morals. Indeed we are not very much surprised if it in some cases prescribes conduct which morals, law, and religion agree in condemning. The object of the other three standards is to supply, each within its own range, a complete standard of conduct. Each professes to keep things in a certain harmony, to moderate and regulate all the tendencies and impulses which make up human nature, so that no virtue shall be exalted at the expense of others. Any moral or religious code which so sets up one virtue as to be careless about others, we pronounce to be imperfect on the face of it. But this is what the law of honor does in its own nature. It picks out a few particular virtues and is careless about the others. In so doing it goes far to turn its favorite virtues into vices; and there have been times and places where it has prescribed conduct which is positively vicious.

And, more than this, there is always a lurking, sometimes an open, hostility between the standard of honor as a motive and the motives which are supplied by the other three standards. Honor is very often distinguished from law, and put in

opposition to it. Sometimes it puts on the air of something nobler and finer than law, as something which goes beyond law and follows more excellent ways than law prescribes. Sometimes it comes into direct collision with law; and, when it does so, the man of honor will commonly say that law must go to the wall. And what is true of the conflict between honor and law is also true of the conflict between honor and either religion or morals. The man of honor, the man who makes honor his chief standard of action, will very often, as I have said, do exactly the same things as the moral man, the good citizen, or the religious man. But he will in some cases do things which all of them will condemn; and, even when he acts as any of them would act, he acts from a motive which is distinctly different from any of theirs. Nay, more, he is apt to look down upon any of their standards as something low, dull, prosaic, unworthy of so exalted a being as himself. Threaten the mere man of honor, the man who always has honor and not right upon his lips, with an appeal to the law of the land, and it is at once seen how between the standard of honor and the standard of law there is a real and inherent, though not always open, antagonism.

Now what is this standard of honor, this law of the knight, the gentleman, the chivalrous man, which stands in so many respects apart from the law which binds the virtuous man, the good citizen, or the religious man? The difference is expressed in the name: the standard of the other three is in all cases submission to law of one kind or another. It is obedience to real authority of some kind; whether the authority of our own consciences, of the commonwealth of which we are members, or of the religion which we profess to believe. But the standard of honor is submission, not to law but to opinion. It is submission, not to any real authority, but to something of the man's own setting up. It is in truth not submission to a law binding on all, but merely deference to the opinion of a particular class. Its sanction is not the approbation of a man's own conscience, not the punishment inflicted by a temporal or an eternal ruler, but dishonor, disgrace, the bad opinion of men, in truth the bad opinion of some particular class of men. The honorable man is he who acts in that way which in the opinion of the class to which he belongs is held to be deserving of honor. The punishment which he fears is the loss of honor, that is, the loss of the good opinion of that class.

* I say to *ordain* nothing immoral. This is the clear duty of every commonwealth. But it is equally clear that it is not necessarily the business of any commonwealth directly to punish vice as such. I say "not necessarily," because one might conceive very simple forms of society in which the State might rightly reward virtue as virtue, and punish vice as vice. And I say "directly," because, though it is not necessarily the duty of a commonwealth to punish vice as such, its legislation should clearly be, as far as possible, directed to the encouragement of virtue and the discouragement of vice. But the immediate and necessary business of every commonwealth is, not to punish vice as an offence against morality, but to repress vice when it becomes crime against the common good. Morality forbids a man to get drunk, even quietly in his own house; but he does not become a proper object for State punishment until, by going out into the public road, he makes his drunkenness disgusting and dangerous to others.

It follows therefore that there may be many standards of honor, according as different lines of conduct may, among different classes of people, be held to deserve honor. Thus there is said to be, and I do not doubt that there is, such a thing as "honor among thieves." But what we are now practically concerned with is that form of the law of honor which takes as its standard the opinion of the class known as gentlemen. The man of honor, as far as we are concerned with him, is he who does that which is held among gentlemen to be worthy of honor, and abstains from doing that which is held among gentlemen to be worthy of dishonor. His standard is the opinion of gentlemen; his sanction is the fear of losing the approval of gentlemen. That is to say, the standard of honor is a class standard; it is one which is not, like morality, law, and religion, open to all men; it is confined to the class of gentlemen. It belongs only to those who belong to that class by birth and have done nothing to forfeit their privilege of birth, or else to those who have, so to speak, been in some way chosen into that class from other classes. It belongs exclusively to a class which undoubtedly has many and great merits, but which no less undoubtedly leaves a large mass of moral, religious, and law-abiding people outside its pale. It is a standard which has undoubtedly changed a good deal at different times, and its most modern changes have commonly been for the better. That is to say, the law of honor has in many points drawn nearer to the law of conscience; we may indeed suspect that in some cases the word honor has sunk into a mere formula, and that men have really been guided by conscience in their hearts while they have had the name of honor on their lips. Still, even now, the law of honor and the law of conscience are clearly distinct from each other, and there have been times in which they have been much more distinct than they are now. But in all times the law of honor has followed the standard which has been fixed by the class of gentlemen for the time being. By whatever degrees the standard of the gentleman comes nearer to the standard of the honest man, so much the better for the gentleman. But the two standards still remain distinct in idea. As I have already said, morality, law, religion, and honor will often prescribe exactly the same course of action; they will in fact prescribe the same course of action whenever law, religion, and honor have not gone astray. But the four classes of motives still remain

distinct, and the motive of honor still retains its peculiar characteristic of starting from the special standard of one particular class of men.

This then is the great and essential difference between the other three standards and the standard of honor. The other three are universal; the standard of honor is partial, and what some people call sectional. Morality requires of every man the practice of every virtue. So does every form of religion which discharges one main duty of religion, that of enforcing morality by fresh sanctions. So does the law of the land, so far as it is concerned with the matter. It may not enforce every virtue by penal sanctions, because to enforce virtue as virtue is no part of its business; but any legislation that deserves the name requires all classes of subjects or citizens alike to obey the rules which it lays down for the common good of all. But what the law of honor teaches is, not that all men should practise all virtues, but that certain classes of men should practise certain virtues. The moral and the religious code aim at absolute moral perfection. No one of course ever reached absolute moral perfection; but he who really aims at it at least gets so near to it that he does not willingly acquiesce in imperfection. But the law of honor does not even aim at moral perfection; it willingly acquiesces in imperfection; if certain arbitrarily chosen virtues are practised, it is careless as to the practice of the others. As the standard of honor has changed at different times, so the virtues chosen, and the definition of those virtues, have differed at different times. But, speaking generally, we may say that the law of honor, as such, has commonly been satisfied if men practise the virtues of courage and truthfulness, and if women practise the virtue of chastity. To say this is no doubt taking an ideal standard; it is putting the law of honor at its very best; there certainly have been times and places when the word honor has been largely on men's lips, but when this standard has been far from being reached or even aimed at. But that this is the ideal standard of the law of honor is plain from common usages of language. A woman's honor always means her chastity.* A

* In common speech too her "virtue" has exactly the same meaning. A woman who was guilty of every kind of vice except unchastity would by many people be called "strictly virtuous." This may be because, on any showing, chastity is the most distinctive and characteristic female virtue. But it rather comes of an euphemistic way of speaking, like that odd perversion of words by which many people apply the words

man's honor means either his courage or his truthfulness. So with the opposite phrases; a woman's dishonor means her unchastity. Those are the primary meanings of the words honor and dishonor as applied to a woman; if they are applied to her practice of any other virtues or vices, it is in a kind of secondary way. So a man's dishonor always implies some breach of the law either of courage or of truthfulness in some shape or other. He is dishonored by running away in battle; he is dishonored by an intentional fraud; he is not dishonored by conduct of other kinds which the moralist looks on as at least equally bad. As for the point of truthfulness as an element in honor, we shall perhaps find, if we look into the matter very minutely, that a man's honor is primarily his courage, that it is his truthfulness only secondarily, in those cases in which it needs courage to be truthful. Or perhaps it is truthfulness when truth is pledged in the special character of a man of honor, as in the partial truthfulness of William Rufus. It is certainly not truthfulness in exactly the same sense in which truthfulness is prescribed by abstract morality. It might be an extreme case when Francis the First, the other pattern of honor, is reported to have said — again it matters little whether he really said it or not — that he had never lied except to women. He forgot indeed to add the cases in which he had betrayed princes and commonwealths which trusted in his good faith; but this again was the mere prosaic duty of a king, not the more poetical and sentimental business of a man of honor. So in Captain Marryat's novel, Peter Simple says of Captain Kearney, who was given to lying in the form of romantic stories, "He would not tell a lie, that is such a lie as would be considered to disgrace a gentleman." O'Brien answers, "All lies disgrace a gentleman." But perhaps Peter was right; it is not every kind of lie which disgraces the gentleman as such. O'Brien, though he used the word "gentleman," was unconsciously supplementing the standard of honor by the standard of morality. But even if we define the standard of honor so as to take

"moral," "immoral," "morality," and the like, to one class of virtues and vices only. Certain it is that "virtue" applied in this sense does not exactly answer to "honor" applied in the same sense. For there is no male equivalent, as there is in the case of "honor." We sometimes hear of a man's "virtue giving way" and the like, commonly in cases of temptation by the offer of money, promotion, or something of that kind. But here the word seems to be used in a secondary sense, by a metaphor borrowed from the "virtue" of a woman.

in all truthfulness, it is still only a partial standard. Chastity in the one sex, courage and truthfulness in the other, are admirable qualities as far as they go. But they do not by themselves make up the whole of moral perfection.

The weak point of the law of honor then is that it does not cover the whole range of right and wrong, but that it picks out certain virtues for exclusive, and therefore exaggerated, cultivation. I say exaggerated cultivation, because, though, in the strict sense, the exaggerated cultivation of any virtue is impossible, yet the exclusive cultivation of any virtue practically comes to its exaggeration. As a matter of addition and subtraction, no one can be too brave, too chaste, or too truthful.* As a matter of proportion, it is easy to be too much of any of the three. That is to say, a man may give to those virtues such an exclusive regard as to be careless about all others. He may so pique himself on the particular virtue which he does practise as to make it practically a vice. And this is what the law of honor tends to. The honorable man and the virtuous woman, according to the narrow standard of honor and virtue, may be really as far from that harmony of virtues which make up moral perfection as men and women who may have gone astray on the points in which they have kept right, but who may be their moral superiors on some other points.† And it is curious contradiction that the virtue which the law of honor specially enforces on one sex is not enforced by it on the other. The man who brings a woman to dishonor is not thereby necessarily dishonored himself. A thousand anecdotes might be told to show the distinction between the conventional law of honor and the eternal law of conscience on this and on other points. When Admiral Herbert told James the Second that his "honor and conscience" would not allow him to pledge himself to

* No man can be too brave; he may be too daring. The brave man is the man who is daring at the right times and places and at no others. He is thus distinguished from the coward, who is not daring at the times and places where he ought to be, and from the foolhardy man, who is daring at the times and places where he ought not to be. So no man or woman, married or unmarried, can be too strict in observing the real law of chastity. But the conduct by which some of our early kings and queens won the honors of saintship was no following of the real law of chastity, but was as distinct a breach of moral duty as any act of unchastity.

† This must be taken with the qualification that, in all times and places, those who fly directly in the face of the standard of their own time and place, who fail in the particular virtues which that standard specially insists on, often receive a general moral shock which is likely to make them go wrong in other points also.

vote for the repeal of the Test Act, the king answered, "Nobody doubts your honor, but a man who lives as you do ought not to talk about his conscience." * James herein showed singular ignorance of human nature on more than one point; † but his words imply what is certainly true, that a man who is careless about many of the duties imposed by conscience may be strictly scrupulous about those among them which are also imposed by honor. More than one page in our criminal annals will supply us with instructive instances of the working of honor as, so to speak, a kind of local conscience. Criminals of a higher rank than usual have been known to talk about their honor almost at the moment of their crimes. It would be easy to quote several instances, older and newer, in the case of various kinds of offences, forbidden by morality, but seemingly not forbidden by honor. Some people may think that such men are shamming. It is far more likely that they are not shamming at all. It is perfectly possible that their code of honor did not condemn those particular ends, but that it did condemn certain other acts. It is quite possible they might be as safely trusted not to do those acts which their code of honor did condemn as a really virtuous man might be trusted not to do the acts which they do. The faith of such a man, pledged as "*probus miles*," like that of William Rufus, would very likely have been strictly kept. Such an argument in no way proves anything in extenuation of the doings of the "honorable" perpetrators of any crime; it only shows how very imperfect the code of honor is, and with what ugly departures from the common law of morals it is quite consistent.

Now when cases of this kind are set before any one who is in the habit of talking about honor, he will and very likely at once cry out that such men are not specimens of the real man of honor, that their standard of honor must be a false one, and that his own standard of honor is some-

thing quite different from theirs. And when you ask him what his standard of honor is, he will often tell you something which pretty well takes in the practice of every moral virtue. With such a standard of honor there is no fault to be found, except that it is a pity to give it a false name. If honor implies the practice of all morality, why not call it morality and not honor? But the truth is that William Rufus and his later followers are historically right, and that the man whose honor is co-extensive with morality is historically wrong. The law of honor, as understood by William Rufus, is the real original law of honor; what the other man calls by the same name is not the law of honor, but something a great deal better, to which he would do well to give its real name. We sometimes ask what is meant by a "true gentleman," and we get for answer a description of a man who is morally perfect. If so, why give him a false name? Why not call him the honest man that he really is? Such a portrait may be the portrait of a virtuous man in any time or place; it is not the portrait of the historic "gentleman" at the time when gentlemen first began to be heard of. The truth is that the law of honor, the standard of the gentleman, is, in its origin, the law of an exclusive and overbearing military oligarchy. It is the law of William Rufus and of men like William Rufus. It is the law which binds, not men as men, not citizens as citizens, but members of an exclusive order as members of that exclusive order. Its standard is the opinion of that order; its code, the law of honor, prescribes what is deemed to be worthy of honor by the opinion of that order. It prescribes certain forms of courage, certain forms of truthfulness, often such fantastic forms as to go far towards turning those virtues into vices. I have always specially delighted in the story of the knight who, for love of his lady and in discharge of his vow, rode up and drove his spear into the gate of the enemy's castle, and who, as he went back, having thus gloriously preserved his honor, was cut down by the plebeian hands of a butcher. Here is chivalry developed to the point of lunacy. The man is not even rash or foolhardy; for rashness or foolhardiness may consist either in miscalculation or in yielding to a mere impulse of daring. He simply goes, for the sake of his honor, to do a thing which is the act of a madman and of no one else. He is not a good soldier; for the duty of a good soldier is to do all that in him lies, according to his degree, to ad-

* Macaulay, "History of England," ii. 208.

† Herbert's answer was a good one. "To this reproach, a reproach which came with a bad grace from the lover of Catharine Sedley, Herbert manfully replied: 'I have my faults, sir; but I could name people who talk much more about conscience than I am in the habit of doing, and yet lead lives as loose as mine.'" Yet there is no reason to doubt that both James and Herbert did act from conscience on some points, however much they may have disobeyed their consciences on other points. There is no greater mistake than, because a man's conscience acts only partially or because he obeys it only partially, to fancy that he has no conscience at all.

vance the enterprise on which he is engaged. But the taking of the castle was in no way advanced by the knight running his lance into the gate. All that he did was to risk, and to lose, for no purpose a life which might have been useful for the business in hand. This kind of thing is genuine chivalry; it is the fantastic notion of honor, the grotesque distortion of the two isolated virtues of courage and truthfulness, carried to its natural development. This is chivalry; this is the carrying out of the standard of the chivalrous class, the class who go to battle on horses and despise those who go on foot. We must not have the name of chivalry transferred from pranks like these to which it really belongs to actions which deserve much better names. I have heard the name "chivalrous" applied to such deeds as that of Sir Philip Sidney when he bade his friends give the water to the other man rather than to himself. But that was not chivalry; it was something much better, Christian self-denial. Nor was there any chivalry in such an act as that, which, in different forms, is told of David, Alexander, and several other captains, how they refused to drink water or to enjoy some other luxury which their men could not share with them. Such an act might spring from a mere generous impulse; it might spring from a noble and far-seeing policy, or from some compound motive in which those two elements are inextricably mixed together. But there is nothing in it of chivalry, nothing of the fantastic class-feeling to which that name really belongs. Chivalry is not the virtue of the soldier; it is not the virtue of the general. It is the fantasy of a class of men, of a class of soldiers, who are led by it to do things which are no part of their duties, either as men or as soldiers. The knight who was killed by the butcher may have had it written on his tomb that he carried out the character of a man of honor to the last. Compare this with the true standard of military virtue. On the tomb of the three hundred at Thermopylai it was not written that they had done anything as men of honor. It was written that they lay there in obedience to the laws of Sparta.*

* I have purposely chosen an illustration from a people among whom there was in some points a near approach to the standard of honor. The Spartan standard was a class standard, the standard of the full Spartan citizen, as distinguished from the helot or even the *perioikos*. And it was a standard which was largely enforced by opinion; nowhere were honor and disgrace more keenly felt than at Sparta. But there was this essential difference between Spartan honor

The standard of chivalry then, the standard of honor, the standard of the knight and gentleman, is not only at its best very imperfect, but it is apt to run into vagaries which have no ground either in law and morals or in common sense. But more than this, it is apt to become positively wicked. As a purely class feeling, prescribing at its best only those virtues which are thought becoming in an exclusive class, it naturally led to utter recklessness towards all who did not belong to that class. The contempt of the gentleman for the *roturier*, his recklessness of the rights of the *roturier*, were the natural offspring of the chivalrous standard. It is with a feeling of pride that one has to use a French word to express one's meaning on this subject. The English tongue has no words to express an idea the full development of which was never known in England in the very worst times. Chivalry and the class distinctions which are inseparable from it, the distinctions out of which it rises and which it continues, spring out of something most foreign to law; but in many lands they have drawn law over to their side and have established those distinctions by law. But the boast that "the law of England has never recognized gentlemen," though it perhaps goes a little too far in the letter, is not untrue in the spirit. It is certain that we have had less of chivalry and its follies than most other Western countries. A number of circumstances helped to keep chivalry in England in some degree of order. With us the gentleman might give himself endless airs, and might do some real mischief; but other classes had, in the very worst times, better protection against him than they had anywhere out of the Forest Cantons. The full development of chivalry comes out in one side of the Black Prince. He shows an ostentatious deference to a royal captive; he spares and honors the knights who fight valiantly against him; he slaughters unarmed citizens without regard to age or sex. This is true chivalry; courtesy and deference towards men of a particular rank, brutal contempt for all others. That was one side of Prince Edward; in a French prince it would most likely have been the whole of him. But Edward,

and the honor of chivalry, that Spartan honor was strictly measured by the standard of the law of the land, while the honor of chivalry is careless about the law of the land, and may be actually opposed to it. It was never written on the tomb of any chivalrous hero that he died in strictly conforming to an act of Parliament. But something which exactly answers to such a formula was written on the tomb of the three hundred.

chivalrous in France and Aquitaine, came back to England to act a part better than that of chivalry, to work for the real interests of his country in the more prosaic character of a peer of Parliament.

Again, when the law of honor really was the law of honor, when men went wild about fancied points of honor, the natural consequences followed. When honor was wounded, blood must be shed to avenge it. Duelling, in the latest form of it which many of us can remember, was bad enough; the "affair of honor" was a foul breach of law and morals. Still the more modern duel was a comparatively harmless survival from the times when the finished gentleman was always fighting and killing somebody, and sometimes killing people without even the ceremony of fighting. The chivalrous ages, the fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth centuries, as they were ages specially rich in adulteries, were also ages specially rich in murders. The knight of romance, the knight who never existed, may be a very noble character; but go to the courts of the successive Valois to see what the chivalrous knight was in real life. In England we were never quite so bad as that, simply because in England the chivalrous idea never had its own way quite so unrestrainedly.

The fact is that the chivalrous idea is one which arose in times when two classes of men went far to divide the rule of the world between them. The knight with his class standard of chivalry exactly answered to the monk with his class standard of sanctity. The monk, like the knight, picked out some particular virtues for a distorted degree of admiration which almost turned them into vices. Of course the knight and the monk picked out quite different virtues; but in both cases there is the same imperfect moral standard, the same failure to grasp the harmony of the whole moral character. Now monks did a vast deal of good in their time, and knights did some; but they generally did it by doffing the character of knight or monk for the time. The monk who taught or civilized or reclaimed wastes or did any kind of good to other people — all which many monks did in the very highest degree — was in truth not acting at all in his proper character of a monk. The immediate object of the monk is, not the spiritual or temporal advantage of others, but what might be called a selfish anxiety for the well-being of his own soul. The monks were teachers and civilizers in so far as they ceased to be monks, though at the same time it is perfectly true that it was

only their position as monks which enabled them to act as teachers and civilizers. And so, without picking out cases of extraordinary virtue like Saint Lewis, many a man of chivalrous times and with his head full of chivalrous ideas, did a great deal of good in whatever proportion he ceased to be chivalrous. So far as he stepped beyond the charmed circle, so far as he showed disinterested courtesy or kindness to any one of a rank below his own, so far he departed from the chivalrous standard to follow the higher standard of right. Monks and knights did not become so wholly monks and knights but that they remained men, often good and useful men. And the monastic and chivalrous ideals never could divide mankind between them while such an important place was held by the burghers and the secular clergy, two classes of men who, with plenty of faults and with no lack of exclusive class feeling, still kept up the dominion of law and common sense in opposition to the fantastic standards at each end. Those two fantastic standards had not only an analogy; they had a real affinity to each other. Many a knight at the end of his days tried to make his soul by turning monk. To pass from the chivalrous extreme to the monastic extreme was easier than to stay in the world and to live the life of an honest and peaceable man in the world.

But it will be asked, how does all this bear on modern notions of honor and the standard of the modern gentleman? First of all, it may be answered that honor and chivalry in the true sense, in the bad or exclusive sense, are even now far from being dead. Duelling, the direct and characteristic offspring of the chivalrous spirit, the open and deliberate flying in the face of all law and all morals, is extinct in England, but it has not been extinct so very long, and it is by no means extinct throughout the civilized world. And, as long as it exists among any civilized people, so long is the false standard of honor, honor as distinguished from, often opposed to, law and morals, a thing not of the past but of the present. And there is undoubtedly a large class of people who have a standard of honor, a standard of the gentleman, which is certainly very different from any standard of abstract morals, and which commonly piques itself on a certain contempt for the law of the land. There are many in whose eyes it would certainly be set down as showing a lack of gallantry and high spirit to respect an act of Parliament as an act of Parliament and to set

obedience to it before obedience to some conventional rule. There are still those in whose mouths the words "honor" and "gentleman" always suggest something exclusive, something overbearing. And this standard of honor and gentleman is the real historical standard; those who follow it are the true modern representatives of William the Red and Richard the Lion-hearted. But, as I before said, there are many who use the same words in a far better sense, in whose mouths "honor" seems simply to be another name for "right," and "gentleman" to be simply another name for a virtuous or honest man. A man is said to have "acted like a gentleman," when he has simply done what a true standard of morality would declare to be the duty of a man of any rank. For instance, it is often held to be a special sign of a gentleman to show regard to the feelings of others, especially to the feelings of persons below his own rank. It is a kind of climax of gentlemanly behavior to do nothing which shall offensively remind the inferior of his inferiority. Now the man who can do this certainly does something which is in every way admirable. But in truth he is following a standard which is the exact opposite of the historical standard of the gentleman. He is practising in the highest degree the moral virtues of kindness and courtesy — for true courtesy, as distinguished from conventional fripperies, is a moral virtue — but he is doing the exact opposite to what the "*probus miles*" of chivalrous days would have done. The courtesy of the "*probus miles*" extended only to the men and women of his own rank. It does not follow that he was always cruel or harsh to his inferiors, though he lay under great temptations to become so. He might be kind to a peasant, as he might be kind to a dog; but he would perhaps sooner think the dog than the peasant entitled to equal rights with himself.* Courtesy, the courtesy which makes a temporary equality towards any of the excluded classes, was simply impossible. It was well if mere lack of courtesy was all. I have seen somewhere, though I cannot lay my hand on the place, some one in Froissart's age described as "a very cruel man; he thought no more of killing a gentleman than of killing a peasant." This may be mere exaggeration or caricature; but it is the exaggeration or caricature of a real feeling.

* "My horse is a gentleman," says William Mallet in Lord Lytton's "Harold;" nor is the sentiment either out of character or wholly untrue.

In short the gentleman, in that common modern use of the word in which the gentleman is hardly to be distinguished from the virtuous man, is no representative of the historic gentleman of chivalrous times. He does not belong to the school of William Rufus or Francis the First, but to a school which is a great deal better. Even if he makes honor and not morals his standard, the difference will be mainly in the standard, not in the course of action which the standard prescribes. And very often, if you examine into his notion of honor, it really cannot be distinguished from conscience or morals, even though he may sometimes shrink from talking about conscience or morals. That a name which first meant such an one as William Rufus should come to express so different a character is a curious piece of survival. An exclusive military aristocracy set the standard. Other people thought it fine to be called by their name and to have their actions compared to theirs. And in England, where the distinction of the gentleman was wholly social and not political, the barrier of exclusiveness was more easily broken down. Manners softened; exclusiveness was weakened; as the class of gentlemen was less and less strongly marked, the standard of the gentleman departed further and further from the original standard. But through all changes the name has gone on, till, in many mouths, it has lost all trace of its original meaning, and has come to mark, not so much the fact of a particular social rank as the possession of particular moral qualities. On the other hand, there still are other uses of the word which do very distinctly remind us of its origin. But the further the gentleman goes away from the ideas which originally attached to his name, the nearer does he come to the higher standard of the honest man.

Burke, as all the world knows, complained that the age of chivalry was past. Perhaps, even according to his idea of chivalry, there was no great reason to lament that it was past. But Burke would hardly have admitted Arnold's doctrine that the spirit of chivalry was the spirit of the devil. If so, it must be the spirit of the grotesque mediæval devil, not of the sublime devil of Cædmon and Milton. To one who knows what so-called chivalry really was, it seems not only evil but contemptible. It was a grotesque caricature of certain virtues taken out of their due relation to other virtues. The only thing that can be said for it is that even its false standard was better than the utter ab-

sence of any standard at all. And it may be that there have been times and places when this was the only other alternative. He who introduces a regulated system of duelling among a people who are given to indiscriminate throat-cutting does certainly, if the duelling really displaces the throat-cutting, work a great immediate reform. The question indeed remains whether such a partial reform is more likely to lead the way to a more thorough reform or to hinder it; but the improvement at the time is undoubted. And there is the further fact that the experience of chivalrous times shows that duelling and throat-cutting may very well go on side by side. In our own day, while we no longer hear of duels among gentlemen, we do sometimes hear of fights among men of other classes. And, if there must be fights, it is doubtless better that those fights should be carried on according to certain rules, that the fight should be what is called fair. But when we are told, as we sometimes have been told even from the judicial bench, that there is no great harm in a fight provided it be fair, the false standard of honor comes in instead of the standard of law and morals.* The utmost that honor at its best can do is to regulate what law and morality altogether forbid, to keep what is essentially evil from sinking to the very lowest level of evil. Morals, law, religion, aim, or at least profess, not merely to look after evil and to keep it from being the lowest evil, but to take good and try to raise it to the highest good.

Still we may say thus much for the rule of honor and chivalry that any check, any standard, is better than no check and no standard. It was better that William Rufus should keep his word sometimes than that he should never keep it at all. And his fantastic standard of the "*probus miles*" constrained him to keep it sometimes. And, if we compare Rufus with Henry the Second, in whose strange mixture of good and evil, of greatness and pettiness, there is not a spark of chivalry, we can see one or two particular crimes of

Henry from which Rufus' chivalrous feelings might have kept him back. Chivalry is not the worst thing that can be; and, as such, it may, in very bad times, have kept things from being still worse. But that is all that can be said for it. Its standard is imperfect, and, even when it prescribes the right action, it does not prescribe it from the right motive. The law of honor, the standard of the gentleman, may do for those who cannot rise to the higher law of right, the higher standard of the honest man. For such it is doubtless better than nothing. So the check which an old French Parliament or a Turkish Sheikl-ul-Islam exercised on the will of a despot was doubtless better than no check at all. But the law of honor stands as far below the law of right as such a Parliament, such a Sheikl-ul-Islam, stands below a real representative assembly. Lord Macaulay's Earl of Peterborough had "an abundance of those fine qualities which may be called luxuries, and a lamentable deficiency of those solid qualities which are of the first necessity." "He had brilliant wit and ready invention without common sense, and chivalrous generosity and delicacy without common honesty."* Given the solid qualities, the fine qualities are an admirable addition, and the highest standard of morals will lead to the cultivation of the fine qualities as well as the solid ones. Chivalry, even in its ideal, cultivated the fine qualities at the expense of the solid ones. Duke Robert of Normandy refused to attack Winchester because the queen was lying in child-bed within its walls. But for her presence, the city might have been assaulted, stormed, sacked, burned without remorse. That was chivalry; it was regard to a single person of exalted rank. The law of right bids a man count the danger and suffering which must fall, not on one person, but on hundreds and thousands, before he draws the sword at all. But if his conscience tells him that the cause in which he draws it is one so righteous that it justifies exposing hundreds and thousands to such a risk, he should not, merely for the sake of one, draw back from any operation by which the righteous cause can be promoted. Still we here see the better, perhaps because the earlier, side of chivalry. There is generosity, though a fantastic generosity. But what chivalry really was we learn from its boasted model, the knight without fear and without reproach. It shows the morals of chivalry that the knight

* Neither law nor morality has anything to do with the "fairness" of a fight. Neither of them waits to see whether a fight is fair or not. It is enough for either of them that there is a fight. For an act of violence done in a moment of provocation great excuse may be found. For a fight, that is, for an act of violence deliberately planned, there can be no excuse whatever. It is a breach of law and morals done wittingly and with malice aforethought. Unless the fight can be shown to have been done, on one side at least, in the only shape which can justify fighting, namely in strict self-defence, the fight, whether fair or unfair, is a crime in all who join in it, though, if it be an unfair fight, it may possibly be a greater crime.

* History of England, iv. 754.

without reproach has won himself the fame of superhuman virtue, simply by abstaining from an act of extreme and superhuman scoundrelism. It shows how little chivalry was able to realize even the higher military ideal, when the knight without fear could, rather than give up an inch of aristocratic exclusiveness, sink to the part of a coward. Knights and gentlemen might enjoy the sport of battle, as they might enjoy the sport of the chase or the tourney. But when, hard, burthensome, dangerous work was to be done, that might be all very well for plebeian *lanzknechts*; the gentlemen of France could not risk their blood in such dangers or march by the side of such ignoble comrades. The men who died in obedience to the laws of Sparta may have been as hard masters to their helots as ever French gentleman could be to his villains. But they at least did not send their helots on enterprises from which they shrank themselves. The law of Sparta was doubtless in many points as defective as any code of honor. Still it was for the reality of law, not for the shadow of honor, that her children gave their lives.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
CARITA.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE HOLY INQUISITION.

MISS CHERRY'S sudden arrival at the square was a surprise to everybody, and, like most surprises, was not quite successful for the moment. She arrived in the afternoon, when Cara was out with Mrs. Meredith, and when her appearance with her box excited no small astonishment among the servants, who were quite unprepared for a visitor. And Miss Cherry was nervous and self-conscious, feeling her mission in every nerve, though all the rest of the world remained unaware of what she had come to do. When she had seen her things deposited in the spare room, and had been served with the unfailing cup of tea in poor Annie's drawing-room, the sight of which, after so long, cost her some tears, she detained nurse, who had brought this refreshment to her, to make what gentle preliminary investigations she could manage without exciting any suspicion.

"Is Miss Cara happy, do you think? Does she like being with her papa? It must be a great change to her, nurse. Of course, a child ought to be happy with her father; but — and then to change all at once from the country, and at this time of the year. Oh, nurse! I hope my dear child is happy. You know how she was thought of at the Hill," said Miss Cherry, who was weeping-ripe, and scarcely could keep down the tears.

"Well, ma'am, for happy I can't say; but she keeps her 'elth," said nurse; "that is what I've got most to do with. I don't think as there's much to brag of in the mornings, when she's here by herself. If I was master I'd get out of this house, Miss Cherry, and I'd pull this room to pieces, and change everything. That's why he can't abide to come in here. It's almost as bad as if my poor lady was a-lying here in state still, though it's five years and more since she was took from us. It's all as I can do myself to keep steady when I sees all her things, as she took such pride in; and master he can't stand it — and I don't wonder. But it ought to be changed. When the young gentlemen comes in, then Miss Cara brightens up —"

"The young gentlemen, nurse?"

"The Mr. Merediths, ma'am, from next door. Mr. Edward has but just come back; but Mr. Oswald has been here regular, almost every day, and that cheers up a young lady —"

"But, nurse —" Cherry said with a gasp, and could say no more.

"Yes, ma'am — I allow as it's running a risk," said nurse, very gravely; "but what is a person to say? If there was a lady to take the charge — but master pays no attention. I don't think as he ever notices who comes and who goes."

"But, oh! why didn't I know?" cried Cherry. "Such a state of affairs ought not to have been permitted for a day."

"No more it didn't ought to, Miss Cherry; but what can a person do? I've said a word now and again, when I've had an opportunity, about the deceitfulness of young men, and as how young ladies had best pay no heed to them — when I could, you know, ma'am. But whether them warnings is ever any good, I'm not the one to say. A young lady like Miss Cara never thinks that it can be her as is meant. Even me, I can remember, though but a poor girl, it was always in my mind, as I was the exception, and there couldn't be no question of deceiving with me."

"Oh, deceiving!" said Cherry, "that is not the question; but Cara is with her

papa in the evenings? That must be a comfort to him, and to her too, poor child."

Nurse gave a little cough. "Master — mostly — spends the evening out," she said.

Miss Cherry did not ask any more; her suspicions were all confirmed and her anxieties increased; for though there was no question of deceiving in nurse's sense of the word, and though that good woman's homilies no doubt fell quite harmless upon Cara, yet the visits of a couple of young men to a girl "almost every morning," conveyed an idea of danger which made Miss Cherry's hair stand on end. What the poor child had been plunged into the moment she left that safe feminine nest at the Hill, all flowery and sweet, where some kind guardian was always at hand! Launched into the world — never words could be more true. Miss Cherry sat in the haunted room, where poor Cara felt her mother's eyes upon her, so full of pondering that she had no leisure to be affected by that memory. The poor woman, who was dead and safe, died away out of all thoughts when the affairs of the living came uppermost — the living who were so far from being safe, whose life lay before them, liable to be colored through and through by the events of any solitary moment. This could scarcely be said of James Beresford perhaps, whose life was three parts over; but what penalties might not Cara have to pay for the pleasure of the moment! — the gay visitors who "brightened her up" might leave darkness behind when their more active life carried them away to other scenes and occupations, and the companionship which made this opening of her existence cheerful might throw all the rest into shadow. So Miss Cherry, whose life knew nothing more than this, who had no varied experiences to show how one affection pushed out another, and on what lines of natural progress the course of life was drawn, thought to herself as she waited by the side of the fire, slowly sipping her cup of tea, for Cara's return. She thought no more of her brother and Mrs. Meredith — people who were old enough to manage their own concerns. Cara occupied all her thoughts. She was herself, though she was old, more on Cara's level of life than on that which was occupied by the kind neighbor for whom she had been so anxious when she came. After a while she heard voices outside, and going to the window, saw a little group at the house next door, the centre of which was Mrs. Meredith herself, smiling graciously upon

some one who had arrived too early for her usual reception, and who was going disappointed away, when stopped by her arrival. Behind Mrs. Meredith was Cara, looking up to a handsome, dark-haired young man, who smiled upon her in a way which gave even to old Miss Cherry's heart a sympathetic thrill. Surely he looked sincere, she said to herself; and what girl could resist such a look! For the moment Cherry forgot her terror and her precautions. Why should not Cara be the one happy girl whose happy love was to be blessed and sanctioned by everybody from the very beginning? Why should it not be so? Cherry asked herself. There was money enough in the family to make it possible to indulge this only child of their hearts in whatever she might please to want — a husband if she liked, or any other toy. It was not, however, with such light-minded expressions that Cherry treated so solemn a subject. If he loved her, and if she loved him, why should there be any difficulty? Cherry herself was ready to give up everything to "secure" her darling's "happiness." These were the words to use, — "To secure Cara's happiness!" Then there need be no question of danger or trouble of any kind. The young couple would be married quite young, as it was for everybody's happiness (people said) to be, and there need be no further anxiety, no further pain, on Cara's account. They did not see her at the window, but stood talking, close together, the girl looking up, the young man looking down, until the door was opened, and they all disappeared. Cherry went back to her seat at the fire-side and cried a little for pleasure at the thought of this happiness which was to come. To think of your child having precisely the blessedness, the good fortune, which has not fallen to you, and which would have made you more happy than anything else, — could there be compensation more sweet? She cried for pleasure as she had cried before for anxiety, and sat with the firelight sparkling in that moisture which filled her eyes, and calculated how it could be done. Mrs. Meredith would allow her son something — as much at least as his school and university allowance, if not more; and though Aunt Charity was careful of her money, she could be liberal, too, on occasion. I am not sure even that it did not flash across Miss Cherry's mind that one day the Hill and all its wealth would be her own; but she repulsed the thought with poignant compunction: unless indeed it might be

that the Hill should go at once to Cara, and thus make her marriage, as of a queen-regnant able to endow her husband plentifully, the most wise and seemly thing in the world, even though she was so young. After all her troubles and terrors, Miss Cherry had a moment of exquisite pleasure as she sat by the fire and arranged it all. She forgot that the room was haunted, she forgot her sister-in-law's strange death, her brother's long misery, and now the consolation which he had found, and which all his friends disapproved of, and she herself had come here to put a stop to. What were all these things in comparison with Cara happy, Cara blessed in that best and sweetest lot which had never come to herself? What matter, if it came to her dearest child?

She had plenty of time to indulge these thoughts, for her dearest child was a long time coming, and but for her delightful dreams, Miss Cherry might have felt somewhat dull and deserted in the still house. If she could but look through the partition and see into the drawing-room next door!—just a peep, to see her Cara with that charming young man beside her, bending over her. They were like a pair in a novel, Miss Cherry felt, or in a poem, which was better still—she, with those great blue eyes, which were Cara's chief feature; he, dark and splendid, with a glow of manly color. How nice that he should be so handsome! For indeed sometimes girls are quite pleased and happy with those who are not handsome, so that this was something *pardessus le marché*, an exceptional advantage. Some one began to play the piano after a while, and the sound came through the wall. Was it perhaps *he*? Cara could not play so well as that. If it was he, then he must be accomplished too, as well as handsome. What a happy, happy girl! Though Miss Cherry was a little tired of waiting before Cara came in, she had not at all flagged in her enthusiasm, and when the girl flew to her, all flushed and excited with pleasure at the sight of her, it was all she could do to restrain her congratulations and blessings. "For I must not say a word till she gives me her confidence," she said to herself.

"Nurse told me as she let me in that you were here. Oh, Aunt Cherry, how glad I am! When did you come? Why did you not send for me? Here I have been waiting nearly an hour at Mrs. Meredith's, and you here!"

"My darling, you were happier there —"

"Happier than with you? I was happier than when I am alone; but if I had known you were here! And, oh! Aunt Cherry, there is only time to get ready for dinner! We can't talk just now; how provoking it is! Tell me about Aunt Charity and home; but we must not keep dinner waiting."

"No, dear. How pleased I am," said Miss Cherry, kissing her child with tender fondness, "to see you so considerate and careful of your papa's comfort."

"Yes," said Cara, doubtfully. "Papa of course—but it is more for cook and John; they don't like to have dinner kept waiting. Papa is often a little late himself, but of course no one would say anything to him."

This explanation was made as they went up-stairs arm-in-arm, the girl clinging to her aunt with pretty fondness, embracing Miss Cherry's arm with both her hands. Cara was paler than she had been at the Hill. Her eyes looked bigger and bluer than ever, her transparent complexion more delicate and changeable. She was prettier than Miss Cherry had ever seen her, but "did not look strong," her anxious aunt thought. Was it the excitement of her position, the absorbing influence which had taken hold of her? How kind Cherry longed to take the child in her arms to beg for her confidence! "But I must not say a word till she tells me," she said to herself with a sigh.

Mr. Beresford took his sister's arrival very calmly. He accepted her halting explanation of her sudden visit to town with the calm of indifference. When he had said he was glad to see her, had he not said all that was necessary? Miss Cherry's excuse was the dentist, that scourge yet blessing of middle-aged folks. And Cara, too, accepted the explanation with calmness though not with indifference. She led her back to the drawing-room after dinner with a light-hearted playfulness, unlike her usual gravity.

"How nice it is to have some one sitting opposite," she said. "Everything looks so cheerful to-night. And now we can talk."

"Yes, Cara, as much as you please; and when your papa comes up-stairs —"

"Oh, papa never comes up-stairs, Aunt Cherry. He does not like this room. Mrs. Meredith has made him come two or three times to try and get him used to it; but he never looks happy here."

"Then you go down to the library and sit with him there?"

"Ought I to do that? He never said so, and I did not like to do it out of my own head. And then he goes out——"

"How lonely for you, my darling!"

"Yes, it is lonely. Sometimes I feel a little frightened. It is so quiet; listen!" said the girl, drawing nearer to her companion's side. "I don't mind to-night when you are here; but there is not a sound—cook and John shut all the doors to keep the house quiet for papa; but, oh! I should be so glad sometimes if I could hear them in the kitchen for company! I know it is very silly. Why should I be afraid? No one could come here but mamma, and she would never do harm to me, only good; and yet I feel sometimes as if I could not bear it. How is it, I wonder? This is London, and the Hill is the country; but one always heard something stirring there."

"My dearest!" said kind Miss Cherry, crying over her; "my own child! If I had known, if I could have thought you were left so much to yourself! But dear, you see a great deal of the people next door. That must cheer you up: tell me about them. There is Mrs. Meredith—she used to be a very nice woman; are you fond of her, Cara? and then there are her sons——"

"Very fond," said Cara with composure; "and the boys are kind. They come often in the morning to see me. I am not sure which of them I like best. Edward has just come home. He is the one that is going to India; and Oswald writes poetry and is very clever. I go out with Mrs. Meredith in the afternoon—you must not think I am not very fond of her, Aunt Cherry—but then she is fond of so many people. You should see her afternoons. She is at home always at five, and the number of people who come! and she looks at them all alike, and listens to them as if she thought of no one else. Yes, I am very fond of her: but I like people to belong to me, not to everybody—like you, Aunt Cherry; you are mine, mine!" the girl cried, with that flattery of exclusive appropriation which is so sweet to all, and especially to those who are beyond the first fascinations of life.

"Yes, my darling," said Miss Cherry, with tears in her soft eyes; "me, and everything I have and everything I am, to do whatever you please with." She had a right to be more lavish than any lover in her self-offering; for no love could have been so ready to give up will and wish, which are of the last things any human creature likes to sacrifice, for the sake of

the beloved. Miss Cherry would have allowed herself to be cut into little pieces at any moment for the sake of the child.

But these were not the kind of confidences she expected. She made an effort to bring Cara back to the other ground, and to elicit from her some tender confession. Romantic old Cherry was disappointed not to have seen some trace of this confidence, irrepressible, eager to unbosom itself, but she was not hopeless of it still.

"I saw you go in," she said. "I watched you from the window, Cara. Was that one of the Merediths that was with you?—Very nice-looking, rather dark. Which was that? You seemed to be great friends."

"This afternoon!—Were you at the window? How stupid I was not to see you. I will never come near the house again without looking up at the windows. It was Oswald, Aunt Cherry; he is always the one who has time to go out with us.—Do you think a man ought to have so much time? Yes, he is nice-looking, I think; he is like a poet; and he is the one who chiefly stands by me, and comes to see me in the morning. He never seems to have anything particular to do," Cara added with a slight air of vexation, which raised Miss Cherry's hopes.

"But if he writes?" she said with a little awe.

"Ah, he does that at night; he sits up writing, and all day long he seems just to do what he likes. They laugh at him for it, but he never minds. Mrs. Meredith sometimes says—ah!" cried Cara, stopping short, and drawing a long sighing breath; a sort of muffled hollow sound went through the house—the shutting of the great hall-door, which seemed to vibrate upwards from floor to floor.

"What is it, Cara?" said Miss Cherry, whose nerves were weak, and who jumped at any noise, even when she knew really what it was.

"It is papa going out," said Cara, with a little sigh; and then ensued a momentary silence, which showed that this mighty event was of importance to her and inspired her imagination. "But I do not mind to-night," she added, with soft sudden laughter, putting her hands together with an infantile movement of pleasure, "when I have you!"

They sat and talked the whole evening through, with that fertility of communication which exists between people who have very little to tell, and yet are in perfect confidence with each other. What

did they say? not much of any consequence. Miss Cherry told Cara all the news of the Hill, and Cara confided to Miss Cherry without meaning, or being aware of it, a hundred small details of her life, chiefly repetitions of what she had already said, yet throwing fresh light upon those simple, monotonous, dull days, which were so interesting to the elder lady. But not all Miss Cherry's delicate leadings up to the point could win any confidential statement from the girl of the character her aunt had expected to hear. She was all confidence, and told everything without keeping back a thought; but there was nothing of this description to tell; and Miss Cherry was at last obliged to acknowledge it to herself with great disappointment. "There has been no explanation yet," she said to herself. She was not the first who had been disappointed by finding that a supposed romance had no existence. They sat quite late, till Miss Cherry, used to early hours, began to droop and get weary; but even after this feeling had crept over her eyes, and betrayed her into a yawn or two, she sat still, heroically waiting for her brother's return.

"When does your papa come in? is he not late to-night?" she said at last, when her endurance had nearly reached its limits. She would have suffered any hardship for her darling, but the habits of her early innocent country life were strong upon her, and to stay up till midnight seemed almost immoral to Miss Cherry; still more immoral it seemed to her, however, to go to bed, without bidding your host good-night.

"I think he is always late; but no one waits up for him," said Cara. "I never see him after dinner. Have I tired you out talking? I go to bed early," said the little girl, with a forlorn look; "because it is so dull; but I am so happy to-night. Oh, I wish you would never go away any more!"

"My darling, I thought you had a great deal better company than me!"

"Ah, but you were mistaken, you see. Sometimes I have very nice company though, when we dine with the Merediths. She asks us every week, and sometimes I go out to parties with her, which are pleasant. But it is very dull the other nights," said Cara, with unconscious pathos; "and the only thing I can do to amuse myself is to go to bed."

She laughed, but it was not a cheerful laugh. And was it possible that on the other side of the partition her father was

sitting, whose poor little daughter had nothing better to do to amuse herself than to go to bed? What could James mean by such conduct? It was very hard for Cherry to be just in such strange circumstances, and not to blame, as most people would have done, the woman who was concerned. Visions of ill names, such as "elderly siren," which innocent Miss Cherry had read in the papers, drifted into her simple brain in spite of herself. Why did she let him do it? Why did she encourage him to go to her? What were they talking about? Miss Cherry, though she was so sleepy, could not really rest, even after she went to bed, till she heard once more that dull sound through the house of the great door shutting. The houses in the square were well built for London houses, and the corresponding sounds in the house next door, when the visitor departed, did not reach the watcher's ears. But it was with some anxiety in her thoughts that Miss Cherry wondered how the sons liked it, and what they thought of their mother's constant visitor: and she a married woman: and James still making believe to feel his wife's loss so deeply that he could not enter his drawing-room without pain! Miss Cherry blushed in the darkness, throwing a warm reflection upon the pillow, if there had been any light to show it, over this thought.

CHAPTER XX.

THE PERUGINO.

OSWALD MEREDITH had a new direction given to his thoughts. He was not, as may be easily divined, so clever as Cara gave him credit for being, nor, indeed, as his family supposed, who knew him better than Cara did; but he was full of fancy and a kind of gay, half-intellectual life which might be called poetic so far as it went. His head was full of the poets, if not of poetry; and a certain joyous consciousness of existence and of well-being which made his own pursuits and enjoyments beautiful and important to him, was in all he did and said. He was not so much selfish as self-occupied, feeling a kind of glory and radiance about his youth, and conscious freedom and conscious talents which elated him, without any absolute vanity or self-love. Naturally all the people who were equally self-occupied, or whose temperaments ran counter to Oswald's, took it for granted that he was vain and selfish; and those who loved him best were often impatient with him for this happy contentment,

which made him pleased with his own aimless ways, and indifferent to everything that demanded any exertion which would interfere with the smooth current of his enjoyable and enjoying life. For himself he was too good-natured to criticise or find fault with any one — having no ideal himself to derange his satisfaction with his own circumstances and behavior, he had no ideal for others, and was quite content that they too should enjoy themselves as they pleased, and find each for himself the primrose paths which suited him best; but he did not inquire into the primrose paths of others. He was so pleased with his own, so ready to tell everybody how delightful it was, how he enjoyed it, what pretty fancies it abounded in, and pleasant intercourse, and merry sunshiny ways. For Edward, who worked, he had the kindest toleration, as for an odd fellow who found his pleasure that way; and his mother, who sympathized with everybody, he regarded also with half-laughing, satisfied eyes as one whose peculiar inclinations laid her open to a charge of “humbug,” which, perhaps, was not quite without foundation. Let everybody follow their own way: that was the way in which, of course, they found most pleasure, he said to himself, and in the lightness of his heart had no idea of any other rule. Cara had brought in a new and very pleasant element into his life; he liked to go to her and tell her what he was doing and receive that ready sympathy which was to him something like the perfume of flowers — a thing for which it was quite unnecessary to make any return, but which was delightful to receive, and which added a something more exquisite and delicate to the very atmosphere in which this young demigod lived, caressed by gods and men. What more could he do for Cara or any one but communicate his own satisfaction to her, make her a sharer in the pleasure he felt in himself and his life? He was “very fond” of Cara. He would not, for a moment, have permitted any one to take her companionship and sympathy from him. To tell Cara, was not that the first thing that occurred to him when anything happened, any new gratification or success? As for hearing from her in return what thoughts came into her little head, what happened in her quiet life — that did not occur to Oswald. To talk of himself seemed so much more natural and so much more interesting, to Cara as well as to himself. Was it not really so? He was a man, three-and-twenty, at the very most triumphant moment of life, free to go

anywhere he pleased, to do anything he liked, strong, clever, handsome, sufficiently rich. Could any circumstances be more delightful, more satisfactory? No woman, let alone a little girl, without freedom of action, could be so well off, so consciously at the “high top-gallant” of mortal pleasantness. The sense of this suffused, so to speak, his whole being. It was not selfishness, any more than happiness is selfishness; there was even a kind of spontaneous unconscious gratitude in it for all the pleasant things in his lot.

It was with this feeling strong in his mind that he had walked along the streets the day of the accident to the little school-girl. It had been just his luck to meet with a true Perugino face. Little processions of schoolchildren are the commonest things in the world, but you might have passed a hundred of them before you came upon anything like the soft Umbrian glow of that complexion, that tender roundness of the soft form, the devout, sweet eyes. The incident itself, it was true, was something of a break upon the general felicity; but Oswald was able to hope that the little girl whom he had carried with the utmost care and kindness to the hospital, with a sympathetic pallor on his handsome face, would turn out to be not so much hurt, or at least would mend rapidly and be none the worse. He felt very sorry for the poor little thing, yet felt there was a certain luck in the accident, for otherwise he could only have looked at the Perugino, not spoken to her as he did now. He found out the name of the house to which she belonged, and asked permission of the sister who had been in charge of the procession to go and inquire for the little sufferer. “Alas, I am afraid for a long time inquiries must be made at the hospital,” she said, but gave him her name, Sister Mary Jane, with natural pleasure in the kindness of so handsome a young man, and one who looked so *comme il faut*, so thoroughly a gentleman. It is just as good in an ugly and common person to be kind, but somehow nobody thinks so, and Oswald’s anxiety to hear of the child’s progress seemed exceptional virtue in the mind even of the good sister. “Never say the upper classes are indifferent to other people’s welfare,” said Sister Mary Jane. “I don’t believe a working man could have shown half so much feeling.” And young Agnes, the teacher, said nothing against this, but admired secretly and wondered why he had looked at her so, and whether by any chance they might ever meet again. Oswald, for his

part, went away from the hospital with his head full of that new "poem" which he had begun on the spot even before the *rapprochement* of the accident —

From old Pietro's canvas freshly sprung,
Fair face! —

That was all the length he got; he discarded the other line and a half which I have already recorded, and went about all day saying over that "Fair face!" to himself. It made a suggestive break in the verse which was delightful to him, and gave him a point of pleasure the more — pleasure, and piquant suggestion of other sweetness to come.

Next day he went, as he felt it his duty to do, to the hospital to inquire for the child; and in the waiting-room he found to his wonder and delight the Perugino herself, waiting meekly for news, but accompanied by a somewhat grim personage who would have been the lay sister of a Roman Catholic sisterhood, but whom Oswald did not know (nor do I) how to classify in the spick and span new conventual system of Anglicanism. She kept apart with humility, but she kept her eye from under the poke-bonnet fixed upon the young lady whom she attended, so that Oswald was able to exchange only a few words with her. The little girl had her leg broken; which was very serious; but she had passed a good night and was going on well; which was more cheerful and restored the smiles to the young faces of the inquirers, to whom it was further intimated that on a certain day her friends might be admitted to see the little patient. "Oh, thanks! I will come," cried Agnes; and then she explained with a blush that poor little Emmy was an orphan and had no friends out of the "house." "But everybody is fond of her there," she added. Perhaps it was the coming in of some new feeling into his mind that made Oswald as effusive and sympathetic as his mother herself could have been. "Then God bless the house," he said, "for taking such care of the friendless." Agnes looked at him gratefully with humid eyes.

"Then you are not one of the people who disapprove of it?" she said; "indeed they do things there we could not do staying at home."

"Ah," said Oswald with a smile, "I can see you are wanted to stay at home — and I don't wonder."

The girl shrank back a little. "I am not a sister," she said, with youthful dignity. "I am not good enough. I only teach. We must go back now."

He stood aside with his hat in his hand to let them pass, and even the lay sister, not used to courtesies, was moved by the politeness in which her humble person had a share. "I never saw a more civil-spoken gentleman," she said as they went towards the "house." Agnes in her private heart felt that he was more than a civil-spoken gentleman. How tenderly he had carried the child, and how good it was to take the trouble of going to inquire after her; and what kind enthusiasm was in his face when he bade God bless the "house" for taking care of the friendless. Ah, that was how it ought to be thought of! The bread and butter of the little orphans was somehow more noble than that bread and butter which had disgusted her at home when all her little brothers and sisters were squabbling for it, and mamma scolding the elder girls for letting them make such a noise, and the whole house filled with insubordination and confusion. Her work now was more satisfactory, and Louisa, who did not mind, and who scolded back again when there was scolding going on, was quite enough for all that was wanted; but still Agnes felt very glad that "the gentleman" had set her present life before her thus anew as help to the friendless. In reality, taking the facts of the case, it was always the bread and butter, though that was noble when given to orphans and the friendless, which was but commonplace when dispensed to one's brothers and sisters. Yet life, take it how you will, in a vulgarish common rectory, full of children, or in a "house" devoted to the help of one's fellow-creatures, is an unheroic sort of affair at the best. There is no making up to that ideal that flies from you further and further as life goes on. Does not everything turn into commonplace as one's hands touch it, as one executes it, the great imagination gliding ever further and further off, mocking you from the skies? So Agnes felt as she went back to the house to go on with the lessons of the little orphans, in their somewhat dingy schoolroom, all the afternoon.

As for Oswald he pursued his walk, more and more delighted with this new adventure.

From old Pietro's canvas freshly sprung,
The gentle form disclosing to my heart,
Of that dear image, sweet and fair and young,
Image beloved of art;
Which in all ages represents the dream
Of all perfection —

Here he broke down; there was nothing

fitly rhyming to "dream" which would suit his subject, unless it was something about a "wondrous theme," which would be commonplace. Here accordingly he stuck, with other monosyllables rushing about hopelessly in his head, in the pleased excitement of a rhymester with a new source of inspiration. Better than staying at home! What would be better than staying at home would be to take this Perugino away to see the other Peruginos in the world, to carry her off to the loveliest places that could be thought of, to wander with her alone by riversides and in green woods and by summer seas. Italy! that would be better than staying at home, better than the "house" with its orphans. Such an idea as this had never crossed Oswald's mind before. He had thought that he had been in love — indeed he was in love (was not he?) with Cara even now, and could not be content without her sympathy. But never before had he felt it necessary to think of the other, of the individual he was in love with, first before himself. Now, however, that it had come to him to do this, he did it in his characteristic way. How sweet it would be to carry her off from all these vulgar scenes, to show her everything that was beautiful, to show himself to her as the very source of felicity, the centre of everything. A teacher in a charity school, of course she was poor. He would like to make her rich, to clothe her beautifully, to give her the half of all his own delights. How sweet it would be! and how grateful she would be, and how those liquid brown eyes would look, full of eloquent thanks. He laughed at himself as he went on. Why, this was something new, another delight added to the pleasures of his life, a delight of generosity which he had never known before. To be sure it was all in imagination, but is not imagination the better part of life?

On the visitors' day Oswald went back again to the hospital, and found out there exactly the length of time that the visitors were allowed to stay. She would remain to the last he felt sure, to comfort the little patient. And his plan was successful. At the last moment, when the doors were almost closing, she came running through the great hall, apologizing to the porter for being so late, the ladyhood of her light figure and soft step showing very distinctly after the crowd of good, honest, anxious women, mothers or wives of the patients who had come out before her. Agnes was by herself, for the "house" was not far off, and her dress was a sufficient protec-

tion to her. It was not a protection, however, against Oswald, who came eagerly up with a pretence of being just too late to inquire, which delighted himself as the cleverest expedient. "How is she?" he asked quite anxiously, and Agnes gave her report with the greatest gravity. The little girl was making quite satisfactory progress. She was very well cared for, and quite comfortable, though she had cried when her visitor left her. "That was not so wonderful," Agnes said seriously, "for I was like a sight of home to her, you know."

"I don't think it was at all wonderful," said Oswald, with equal gravity. "Had it been me I should have cried too."

She looked at him suspiciously, with rising color; but Oswald looked innocence itself. He went on quietly walking by her side as if it was the most natural thing in the world. "Are your pupils all orphans," he asked, "or are others received?" with the air of a philanthropist who had troops of poor children to dispose of. This was what Agnes thought, and the "house" was in want of funds, as where is the "house" that is not? She answered with some eagerness.

"I think if they have lost one parent — I know we have widows' children; and they are very glad if kind people will send children to be paid for," she said. "But perhaps that was not what you meant?"

"I have not got any children to send; but I should like to subscribe to such an excellent institution. Charities are often so unsatisfactory," he said in his most solemn tone, with a gravity that was sublime.

"Yes, I suppose so," she said doubtfully. "I do not know very much about charities, but I am sure the sisters would be very glad; they have more to do than they have money for, I know. They are always wanting to do more."

"I suppose I might send my offering," said Oswald clumsily, "to Sister Mary Jane;" then he paused, perceiving a further advantage. "If you will kindly show me where the convent is, I will see her at once."

"It is close by," said Agnes — then looked at him again, with a shade of doubt on her face. He was not like the sort of person to visit Sister Mary Jane; still if he brought subscriptions, had she any right to stop him? She went along by his side for another moment, demure and quiet. As for Oswald, between his terror of awakening her suspicions and his desire to laugh at his own dissimulation, his usual

readiness quite failed him. He, too, walked by her as grave as a judge. He dared not look at her lest he should laugh, and he dared not laugh lest he should destroy his chances once and for all.

"I have seen convents abroad," he said at last, "but none in England. Forgive my curiosity; are the same rules observed? Is there a lady superior, abbess, or prioress, or —, don't be angry with me if I show my ignorance?"

"I never was abroad," said Agnes; "there is a sister superior, that is all."

"Then I suppose the abbesses exist only in books," he said with an insinuating smile.

"I have not read many books." Then she thought she was perhaps uncivil to a man who was coming with a subscription. "Papa did not approve of light books, and I have not much time for reading now."

"You have not been there long? Is the routine severe? Don't think I am asking from mere curiosity," said Oswald; "indeed I have a motive in wishing to know."

"Oh no, not severe; there is a great deal to do. We have to attend to all the children. If you are fond of children it is not at all hard; but what one wishes for is to be quiet sometimes," said Agnes; "that is not so easy when the place is so full."

"Ah! I know a girl who has too much quiet, who would like to be in a full house and hear other people's voices."

"Lots are very different in this world," said Agnes with gentle wisdom; "one cannot tell which to choose; the only safe thing is to do one's best; to aim at something good."

"Or to make the best of what we have," said Oswald.

A flush of sudden color came to her face. "It is surely best to aim at something above us," she said with some confusion; "just to be content cannot be the highest good, if what we have by nature is nothing but what others can do just as well; is not that a reason for taking the matter into one's own hands and trying something better?"

Special pleading! He could see in her eyes, in her every expression, that this was her own case which she was arguing with such warmth, and that indeed there was some doubt in her mind as to this highest idea which she had followed. And in the fervor of the self-argument she had forgotten that she did not know him, and that

he had no right to be walking thus familiarly by her side.

"The worst is," he said, "that when we follow an ideal, the result is sometimes disappointment. Have you not found it so?"

She blushed very deeply, and cast a wondering glance up at him, astonished at his penetration. "I did not say so," she cried. "I am not disappointed — only one did not think of all the details. Real things are never so beautiful as things are in your imagination, that is all."

"Is it always so?" he said, stealing always a little further on. "For then this world would be a sadly unsatisfactory place, and life would not be worth living."

"Ah, everybody says so," cried Agnes, "that is what I always rebel against. Because one thing disappoints you, why should everything? They say the world is so bad, all full of delusion; but God made it — it cannot be so bad if we took pains enough to find out what is best."

Oswald's heart was touched; by the eagerness in her face and the beauty of its dimples — but a little by the contrast between this young creature's abstract purpose and his own want of any purpose at all. "I am not good enough to keep up such an argument," he said ingenuously enough; "I am afraid I am content to get along just as it happens from day to day. You make me blush for myself."

When he said this an overpowering blush covered the face which was turned towards him under the poke-bonnet. "Oh, what have I been saying?" she cried, crimson with shame and compunction. How she had been talking to a stranger, a man, a person whose very name she did not know! What would the sisters say, what would mamma say if she knew? Would not this heinous offence against all the proprieties prove everything they had ever said against her independent outset in the world? And he, what could he think? Agnes wished the pavement might open and swallow her up, — as it had done once or twice before at very great crises of history. She could not run away from him, that would be a worse folly still, especially as the "house" was already in sight. But she shrank away from him as far as the narrow pavement would permit, and did not dare to look at him again.

"You have said nothing but what it was good to say," he said hurriedly. "Do not be angry with yourself for having spoken to me. I am not unworthy of it. It will do me good, and it cannot have

harméd you. I do not even know your name," here he made a slight pause, hoping she might tell him; "mine is Oswald Meredith. I am not much good, but if anything could make me better it would be hearing what you have said. Life is perhaps too pleasant to me — and I don't take thought enough of what is best; but I will think of you and try," said Oswald, with a little innocent, honest, natural hypocrisy. He meant it for the moment though he did not mean it. A little glow of virtuous feeling rose in his breast. Yes, to be sure, he, too, would think of what was best in life and do it — why not? it would be good and right in itself, and agreeable to her. To be sure he would do it. The resolution was very easy and gave him quite a warm glow of virtue and goodness. He had no secret wickedness to give up, or struggles with favorite vices to look forward to. He would be good, certainly, and made up his mind to it with all the bland confidence and light-hearted certainty of a child.

And then he went across the street to the "house" and put down his name for such a subscription as made the heart leap within the sober bosom of Sister Mary Jane.

CHAPTER XXI.

A CONFIDENCE.

"CARA, I want to tell you something," said Oswald. "Look here, here is a comfortable chair. Never mind your aunt; my mother will take care of her. I never have you now, not for half a minute. If I were not in love with her, I should hate your aunt — she is always there. I never can manage to say a word to you."

This was said in Mrs. Meredith's drawing-room after dinner. Of course it is needless to say that Mrs. Meredith, apprised of Miss Cherry's arrival, had immediately done her part of neighborly and friendly kindness by asking her to dinner at once.

"Never! She has been here two days," said Cara.

"Two days is a very long time, especially when new thoughts are coming into one's mind, and new resolutions. I think we are all too worldly-minded, Cara. Life is a more serious thing than you and I have been thinking. A great revolution has occurred in my thoughts."

"Oh, Oswald! you have been hearing some great preacher; he has made you think? Who was it? I have so often heard of things like that. It must be my

fault," said Cara, piteously; "it never has any effect upon me — but perhaps I never heard any one good enough."

"That is it," said Oswald. "It was not a preacher, but some one I met casually. I have made up my mind to be a great deal more in earnest — much more serious."

"Oh, Oswald! I am so glad! That was all you wanted to make you very, very nice — quite what one wished."

"So you did not think me very, very nice, Cara? I flattered myself you did like me. For my part, I never criticised you, or thought anything wanting. You were Cara — that was enough for me. I should have liked to think, that simply because I was Oswald —"

"So it was! If I had not liked you because you were Oswald, should I ever have ventured to say *that* to you?" asked Cara, with a little indignation. "But you may be very fond of people, and yet see that something would make them still nicer. How happy your mother will be — and Edward —"

"Edward may go to Jericho!" said Oswald, with some indignation. "What right has he to set himself up as a judge of his elder brother! I can see with the back of my head that he is watching us now, and furious because I am talking to you. You are too gentle, Cara, and have too much consideration for him. A boy like that should be kept in his place — not but that he's a very good fellow when you don't bring him forward too much. I wrote a little thing last night that I want to read to you. Shall you be alone at twelve to-morrow if I come in? Do something with Aunt Cherry; send her out shopping — all ladies from the country have shopping to do; or to her dentist, if that is what she has come to town for, poor dear old soul. But anyhow be alone, Cara, to-morrow. I want your opinion of my last poem. The subject is a face that I met by accident in the street — a complete Perugino, as if it had stepped out of a picture; though I don't know which it resembles most — one of the angels in that great picture in the Louvre, or a Madonna somewhere else — but such color and such sentiment. I want to read them to you, and to hear what you think."

"Yes, Oswald; but tell me about this other thing, this change in your mind."

"It is all the same thing; my heart is full of it. You think me mysterious, but I can't talk freely to-night with all these people so close round us. Listen, Cara,"

he said, approaching his face close to hers, and speaking in a half whisper of profoundest confidentialness—"listen, I want your sympathy. I think I have arrived at a crisis in my life."

This little group was watched by more than one pair of eyes, and with very varied feelings. The party consisted of Mr. Beresford, Miss Cherry, and that old friend of the Meredith family, who attended all Mrs. Meredith's receptions, Mr. Sommerville. And of all the spectators, Mr. Beresford was perhaps the only one who did not cast a glance and a thought towards the two young people so distinctly isolating themselves from the rest in their corner. Mr. Sommerville looked at them with a sort of chuckle, reflecting that, as the only child of her father, Cara was no doubt well worth the trouble; and that, at this moment at least, the idle Oswald was not losing his time. Mrs. Meredith glanced at them with a soft pride and sympathetic pleasure in what she considered her son's happiness; a pleasure unmarred by the thought that her other son was rendered anything but happy by this spectacle. But the two whose minds were absorbed by the scene, and who scarcely could even make a pretence of attending to anything else, were Miss Cherry and Edward Meredith. Poor Edward sat behind backs with a book in his hand, but he never turned over the leaf. All that he was capable of seeing for the moment was his brother's shoulders, which were turned to him, and which almost shut out the view of Cara, who was sitting on a little sofa fitted into a corner, separated entirely from the rest of the party by Oswald, who sat in front of her with his back turned to the others, leaning forward to talk to her. More than the habitual suppressed sense that his brother was preferred to him in everything was the feeling in Edward's mind now. This time he was disappointed as well as wounded. Edward had been more light-hearted, more self-confident, than he had ever been known to be in his life before, since the conversation with Cara which has been recorded in this history. He had thought then that at last he had found some one who was capable of judging between Oswald and himself, and of understanding that all the good was not on one side. When Cara had spoken of the difference between those who talked of themselves, and those whose minds were open to the troubles of others, Edward's heart had danced with sudden pleasure. She had made the unflinching

comparison between them which Edward felt everybody to make, and she had not thrown herself, as most of the world did (he thought) entirely on Oswald's side. Alas, poor Edward! what was he to think now? He sat and watched with indescribable feelings while this little scene arranged itself, feeling it intolerable, yet incapable of doing anything to prevent it. Had her feelings changed, then, or had she only spoken so to please him, not meaning it; adopting the doubtful practice—very doubtful, though St. Paul seems to recommend it—of being all things to all men? Edward suffered sometimes from seeing his mother do this; must he find the same in *her* too? the thought was bitter to him. With his book held, he did not know how, in his hands, he watched the pair. Oswald bent forward close to her, talking low, so that she only could hear, shutting out the rest of the people in the room, the rest of the world, how many soever and how important they might have been, appropriating her altogether to himself; and Cara yielded to it, and smiled, and showed no displeasure. Could this mean anything but one thing? Perhaps some passing lovers' quarrel had distributed the equilibrium of affairs between them, when she spoke to Edward as she had done, and raised his hopes. Perhaps—but why speculate on anything so little encouraging? It threw him down, as it were, at a plunge from those airy and lovely heights of youthful possibility, where Oswald had always preceded him, gleaning everything that was most desirable. It seemed to Edward that he had never cared for anything in his life but Cara—her sweet "friendship," as the young man called it, the appreciation and understanding of him which he had read in her eyes; surely the elder brother who had all the success and all the social happiness for his portion might have spared him this. It was the rich man and the poor man over again. Oswald was welcome to anything but Cara; and yet he had come out of his way to pluck this one flower which Edward had hoped might be for him. His heart sank as he watched them, down, down, to unimaginable depths. Oswald would not care for her as he would have done. She would but be a pleasure the more to the elder brother, whereas to Edward she would have been everything. No doubt he was talking to her now of himself, his own prowess, and what he had done or was going to do. Herself and how she was feeling would drop as things unworthy

consideration ; but Edward would have made them the chief, the most interesting topics — he would have forgotten himself to set her high above all others. Was this the way of the world, of which so much was written in books and sung in poetry? The book trembled in Edward's hand, and his heart suddenly swelled and filled with a sick and bitter discontent.

As for Miss Cherry, she was at the opposite point of the compass. She forgot her terrors, forgot her troubles, in pleasure at that most consoling of sights. Her gentle soul floated in a very sea of soft reflected happiness. Never to her had come that delight of youth. Dreams had been her portion all her life ; perhaps disappointment, perhaps only the visionary suspense of waiting for something which never came ; but to see before her eyes her dearest child reaping the harvest of her own silent wishes ! Was not that almost a better portion than being happy in her own person? Cherry forgot to talk, and made only a rambling reply when addressed, so much was her heart absorbed in the "young people." She thought that now surely Cara would tell her, and that she would take the child into her arms and cry over her, and rejoice in her. Better than happiness of her own ! Her own happiness (Miss Cherry reflected), had she got it, would have been half worn out by this time — waning, perhaps faded by time. Whereas, the deferred blessedness which Cara would enjoy instead of her would be fresh as any flower, and fill all hearts with joy. She sat at the corner of the fire opposite, saying "God bless them," over and over, and working out in her mind all kinds of calculations about money, and how much they would begin on, and where they should live. For Miss Cherry was resolved that Cara should not be balked of her happiness. On that point she would be firm as a rock. If the young man had not very much, what did that matter so long as they loved each other, and Cara had plenty? And Cara should have plenty, however any one might oppose or obstruct. God bless them ! All the happiness that should have been hers, and their own in addition — that was what she wished for this happy, happy, happy pair ; and so sat there, taking no share in the conversation, making answers so far from the mark that lively old Mr. Sommerville set her down as a very stupid person, and even Mrs. Meredith, who was kind in her judgment of everybody, could not help think-

ing that Cherry had grown duller with years.

All this happened because Oswald Meredith, having arrived, as he said, at a crisis in his life, and being one of the people to whom a confidante is needful, had chosen to elect Cara, with whom up to the time of meeting his Perugino Agnes he had been half in love, to that office. So easily are people deceived — not a soul in the room could have believed it possible that the love which he was whispering in Cara's ear was love for somebody else ; nor indeed, so limited were the communications which were possible with so many people close about them, had Cara herself any clear idea on the subject. That he had something to tell her was certain, and she had almost pledged herself to get Aunt Cherry out of the way, and see him alone next day, to receive his confidence. And no fluttering of Cara's heart, no reluctance to give this promise, or excitement about the explanation, complicated the matter as far as she was concerned. The two who gave rise to all these speculations — to the misery in Edward's heart, and the joy in Miss Cherry's — were the two calmest people in the room, and the least occupied by this interview which had made them the observed of all observers. After a while, Mrs. Meredith called to Cara (with a little compunction at disturbing Oswald in his happiness ; but for the moment that very evident exhibition of it had lasted long enough, the kind mother thought) and made her come out of her corner and sing. And Oswald went with her to the piano, where the lights were dim as usual, and where her sweet floating young voice rose up, not too loud nor too much in the centre of everything, the very luxury of drawing-room performances. The elder people might talk if they were so disposed without disturbing the singer, or might stop and listen when a high pure tone floated upward like a bird into the skies, and enjoy the momentary ecstasy of it without formal attention to every bar. She sang, "If he upbraid" and "Bid me discourse," those twin melodies ; and those flowing fragments of the divine Ariel, which seem to breathe fragrance as well as sweetness to the ear. Miss Cherry knew the songs by heart ; had she not played the accompaniments till her fingers ached, and "practised" them over and over, till the young voice got familiar with them to that height of delicious perfection? But she sat and listened now as if she had never heard them before — asking her-

self was there not a sweeter, more exquisite tone, born of love and happiness, in Cara's voice. As for Edward, poor fellow, he never budged from his seat, and never put down his book—of which, however, he had not read a line. She was Oswald's now and not his. He did not know why it was that this disappointment, this desertion gave him so deep a pang; for he had not been thinking about love, nor had he any experience in it. One more had gone over to Oswald's side; but somehow the whole world on Edward's did not feel as if it could balance that one. Why should he listen to those notes that seemed to tear his heart? He would have done all that for Cara that her song declared her ready to do—was it for Oswald?—answered her upbraiding with unresentful smiles, and thought her looks, however angry, to be like morning roses washed in dew. All that he could have done—but it was Oswald these looks were for, and not for him. Poor boy! he sat with his book before his face, paying no attention as it seemed, but hearing and seeing everything. And at the end of every song came a little murmur of their voices as they consulted what the next was to be—the prettiest group! he stooping over her, finding her music for her, and the gleam of the candles on the piano making a spot of light about her pretty head and white dress. But Edward would not look, though he seemed to have a picture of them painted upon the blackest of backgrounds in his heart.

Miss Cherry was so led astray from the object of her special mission that she scarcely observed that her brother lingered behind them when they left, and in the flurry of finding Oswald at her side as they went down the steps of one house and up the steps of the other, no very lengthened pilgrimage—overlooked altogether the fact that Mr. Beresford had stayed behind. Her heart was beating far more tumultuously than Cara's, which, indeed, was calm enough, as they went upstairs. The lights were out in the drawing-room, and the two went up to Miss Cherry's room, where the fire was burning cheerfully. Cara stood before the fire with her little white cloak dropping from her shoulders, and the ruddy glow warming her whiteness, the very image and type of exquisite half-childish maidenhood to the kind eyes which saw her through such soft tears.

"Oh, my darling!" said Miss Cherry, "surely you will tell me now? I don't want to thrust myself into your confidence,

Cara. I have not said a word, though I have been thinking of nothing else; but oh, my sweet! after to-night you will surely tell me now."

Miss Cherry had moisture in her eyes. She was breathless and panting with eagerness and with the hurry of running up-stairs. The color went and came as if she had been the heroine of the romance—and indeed she looked a great deal more like the heroine of a romance than Cara did, who turned upon her, calm but wondering, the serenity of her blue eyes.

"Tell you what, Aunt Cherry? of course I will tell you everything that happens—but what is there to tell?"

"You don't expect me to be blind," said Miss Cherry, almost crying in her disappointment; "what I see with my own eyes I can't be deceived in. And do you think I am so stupid or so old, or, oh Cara, so indifferent! as not to see everything that concerns my darling's happiness? You cannot do me such injustice as that."

"But what is it that concerns my happiness?" said the girl with a tranquil smile. "Did anything happen that I don't know of? I don't know anything about it for my part."

Miss Cherry paused and looked at her with something like offended dignity. "Cara, this is not like you," she said. "Did not I see him following you about everywhere—shutting you up in the corner to talk to you? Ah, my dear, nothing can deceive anxious eyes like mine! and there is no harm in it that you should hesitate to tell me. I should be only too happy to know, and so would Aunt Charity, that you had escaped all the uncertainties of life by an early suitable marriage—a marriage of pure love."

"Marriage!" Cara's face grew crimson; and the word came forth faltering in a tremor half of shame, half of laughter. "Aunt Cherry, what can you be thinking of? There is nothing, nothing of the kind—oh, would you believe that I could do such a thing? There! You were only laughing at me."

"Cara, I never, never laugh on such subjects. They are far, far too important and serious. A girl's whole future might be ruined by getting frightened or laughing at the wrong time. Oh, my Cara, don't take it too lightly! If Oswald Meredith has not asked you, it is only for want of an opportunity; perhaps he thought it too public to-night, and so it was. I should not have liked him to ask you to-night," said Miss Cherry, reassuring herself. "It was not private enough. But he will do

it the first opportunity; of that I am as sure as that I'm living. Didn't he ask you—he must have asked you—to see him to-morrow?"

"Aunt Cherry, you are mistaken. I know you are mistaken," said Cara, growing as pale as she had been red. The bow drawn at a venture had flown straight to the very red. "Indeed, indeed," she faltered, "I assure you he doesn't mean anything of the sort."

"He asked you to see him to-morrow?" said Miss Cherry, delighted by her success.

"He asked me certainly, if I would be at home to-morrow—but he often does—he often comes. Aunt Cherry, do believe me. It is not that, not that at all, whatever it is."

"My dearest," said Miss Cherry, with great dignity, "I know how people look when that is what is in their minds. You think I have had no experience, and so many people suppose. One does not brag of such things. But, Cara, I hope you will not allow yourself to be taken by surprise as—well, as I was. I sometimes think if I had only had some one to say to me, 'Dear,'"—Miss Cherry went on with fresh tears coming into her mild eyes,—"'you should think a great deal, and be very sure of your own feelings before you spoil a young man's life for him.' A girl does that sometimes out of simple want of thought, and because she is startled. I could tell you of such a thing happening—and how I—she was sorry after, but never had it in her power to mend it. Oh, Cara, my darling, it is a very serious thing to spoil another's life!"

"Aunt Cherry! but you are wrong. I am quite sure you are wrong," said Cara, trembling. She could not help feeling a certain awe at the idea of this sudden power which seemed to be thrust into her hands; and yet it was too incredible to affect her profoundly. "Oswald is not like that," she said, "even if he meant it. He is not so serious, he does not feel so strongly." But then Cara herself paused, uncertain, thinking of the revolution in his thoughts of which he had told her, the crisis in his life.

"Ah, Cara, even while you are speaking to me your view changes—you see the truth of what I say. Oh, think of it, my dear, and pray to God to direct you. It is not a thing to laugh about, as so many people do. Good-night, my darling, good-night! I must not talk any more, or I shall say more than I want to say, and it ought to be all left to your own feelings.

Run away, run away, my own child, and think it over and judge for yourself."

Cara withdrew with a little nervous shiver, drawing her cloak round her. The seriousness of this appeal overawed the girl. That she should plunge out of her almost childhood into this serious crisis upon which so much depended seemed incredible. She had scarcely turned away from the door when Miss Cherry put out her head again.

"Cara, just one word. If there should be difficulties, I will stand by you. You shall not be crossed in anything that is for your happiness. We have plenty for you both. Good-night, my darling, good-night."

This did not ease Cara's mind as Miss Cherry intended, but only bewildered her. She stood for a moment wondering, till the door was closed again and her aunt disappeared. What did she mean? difficulties to be surmounted which could make it comforting to know that there was plenty for both had not occurred to Cara's mind, which indeed went not a step beyond the present dilemma. Could it be true? awe, wonder, fright, contended in her mind with a suppressed sense of amusement which Cara thought wicked. Could Oswald feel so gravely, so deeply as Aunt Cherry thought? it did not seem possible; and could it be homely Cara who was the object of so serious a sentiment? Her little head seemed to go round and round as she tried to think. She dropped upon the hearth-rug before the fire, kneeling, putting out her small hands to the warmth. Emotion is always chilly, and the effort of thinking upon such a wonderful subject made Cara shiver. She began to put things together, to remember the unusual warmth with which Mrs. Meredith embraced her, the strange look Edward gave her. When she remembered Edward's look Cara grew colder than ever, and felt disposed to cry, she could not tell why. That, then, was what they all believed, not Aunt Cherry alone, who was romantic, but everybody—and poor Edward! Cara felt a sudden pang go through her heart. Why did Edward look at her so seriously, so pitifully? Was it only sympathy for what was going to happen—was it——? But Oswald? Then she felt disposed to laugh; could Oswald have anything so serious, anything so solemn in his thoughts? To be sure he had spoken mysteriously of a revelation, a revolution. Cara did not know what to think. She was so young that the idea of any one being "in love" with her gave a strange thrill of half-alarmed, half-wondering excitement to her

being — was it possible that some one thought of a little girl like herself, as of Una, or Rosalind? A little laugh, frightened and faltering, broke from her unawares — and then she blushed crimson and was horrified with herself. Laugh! on such a subject! Her heart began to beat; her head turned round. What could she say to him, what must she do, if it was this that was in Oswald's thoughts?

From The Spectator.

THE REVOLUTIONARY EFFECTS OF SPECULATIVE THOUGHT.

MR. LESLIE STEPHEN, in his book on "English Thought in the Eighteenth Century," brings up the interesting question why speculative philosophy has had a less precise and well-defined effect on the political acts of England than on those of France. The problem is familiar; it has often been discussed; and Mr. Stephen gives a lucid and bright summary of the most potent theoretical opinions which have been taught in each of the two countries rather than any new solution of his own. The problem is also important; for in our day, systems of political philosophy are at least as active in France and England as they were before the Revolution of 1789, and practical men may profitably ask how far those bodies of speculative doctrine are likely to shape the beliefs and collective acts of the future. As a rule, we can find no surer means of forecasting what will be the religious or the political conduct of our grandchildren than by watching the chief currents of speculative thought in our own time. Thus we get at the general ideas which come from all the circumstances of an age; which are diffused like a vapor, so subtle as at first to be invisible, yet so potent as to affect the constitutions of all; and which, as vapor is condensed into clouds and rain by cold, are gathered by powerful minds into definite shapes and showers of practical ideas. A speculative thinker codifies the general principles which run through the entire mass of loose current thought, and thus points out the grooves in which men's minds are running. The mere lucid and coherent statement of those ideas usually tends to quicken the movement. The best of all prophets, therefore, are those very metaphysicians whom practical men despise, even when they themselves are unconsciously the slaves of speculative thought. Before the Reformation, it would

have been possible to foretell the coming of some great convulsion from the general ideas of the Renaissance; and the drift of the French Revolution was written out beforehand in the philosophical ideas which, after having been put into definite shape by students, were tossed about until they became the commonplaces alike of fashionable drawing-rooms and peasants' huts. The power of that teaching in France is one of the most marvellous facts in the history of human intelligence. The destructive influence of Voltaire's criticism, and the constructive effect of Rousseau's system can be as easily traced as the results of the repeal of the corn laws.

We do not mean that either of those writers was a great centre of original thought. Of Voltaire, at least, it is true that he condensed the thoughts of profounder minds than his own, and the floating general ideas, into the lightest, wittiest, pithiest prose ever written by pen. But he was none the less one of the most powerful intellectual agents ever seen. He cut down as with a scythe such feelings of reverence as still lingered among the active minds of France, and he left a blank space for the teaching of Rousseau. Thus he helped to make the "*Contrat Social*" the Bible of the French people. Fine ladies chattered about the compact between the rulers and the ruled as glibly as if, in the national archives, they had seen the document written, stamped, signed, and attested by witnesses. Peasants quoted its phrases in those statements of grievances which foreshadowed the tremendous sweep and force of the Revolution. Men of letters followed Rousseau in spinning Rights of Man and Constitutions out of their own heads. It became the fashion to speak as if the infinitely complex relations of human society could be brought within the compass of as definite rules as the facts of chemistry. To men like the Abbé Sieyès, France was a mere laboratory, in which certain objects could be as easily produced by the employment of certain causes as water could be drawn from the composition of certain gases. He could give a series of recipes for the preparation of liberty, equality, fraternity, for the administration of justice, for all that can bring political welfare to a people. And he was only the chief pedant in the first National Assembly. Nothing showed the immense influence of Rousseau more vividly than the famous debates on the "Declaration of the Rights of Man." Englishmen would have allowed such a state-

ment to wait until they had defined, in a series of practical rules, the relative powers and duties of the crown and the Parliament. Such was the advice of Mirabeau, whose ways of thought were as English as those of Pitt, and who had a proper disdain for the constitutional effect of verbiage. But the National Assembly insisted that it should lay the foundations of justice in a grand series of general truths; and had it not done so, it would have been false to the teaching of its master. If, as Rousseau taught, the only proper form of government can be deduced from the examination of human nature, it is alike easy and necessary to see, by looking at human nature, what are the rights of citizens, the duties of rulers, and the relations of both. That examination led to some wild statements, and the common sense of the legislators had often to correct the extravagant results of their own theories. Mr. Fitzjames Stephen scarcely needed to write a big book to show the absurdity which lurked in the crude theories of liberty, equality, and fraternity, for all of them were cut down to the proportions of something like sanity by the time that they passed into law. Still, the abstract theories of Rousseau and his school had an enormous influence on the course of the Revolution, and even now they exercise considerable force. To them we may trace much of the eagerness to make all the laws philosophically just, to purchase precision of fair dealing at the cost even of the most violent changes, and to discard the whole past of France in favor of a new evangel. The artisans of Paris and Lyons have not yet been cured of that metaphysical disease, although it takes a less violent form than it once did; and even the example of England has failed to wean M. Louis Blanc from the rigid political maxims of his master, Rousseau.

How came it that England did not display the same slavish submission as France to such theories as we find in the "*Contrat Social*?" Not of course, because they were unknown here. Hobbes and Locke had taught as clearly as Rousseau the fiction that rulers protected life and property by virtue of a contract, express or implied, between different portions of society. The assumption of such a bargain, as Mr. Leslie Stephen shows, ran through all but a small portion of our political literature in the eighteenth century. Warburton used it, not only to defend the connection between Church and State, but to show, by mathematical demonstration, that the bishops ought to have seats in

the House of Lords; and neither Rousseau nor any other Frenchman ever deduced a bolder maxim than that "an established religion, with a test-law, is the universal voice of nature." "Indeed, the most destructive political ideas of the French Revolution came from this side of the channel, and they were brought back to us on the wings of Gallican wit. Yet they never produced the slightest tendency to try rash political experiments. It is customary to explain this fact by saying that the English are as practical as the French are flighty. In this theory, as in all popular maxims, there is a measure of truth; but it is very small, and it does little to clear our thoughts. We may more profitably note that the freedom of ages had given to the England of the eighteenth century a set of institutions to which most of the people clung with fanaticism. There was no important rebellious class. There was not even the semblance of such detestation as that which cut off the peasantry of France from the nobles. Hence philosophy, which always interprets general tendencies, was used to find arguments in support of the British Constitution, rather than against it. The assumption of the social contract was employed to show the divine wisdom of the arrangement by which king, lords, and commons kept each other in check. It was used by Tories as well as by Whigs, and the one side was as careful as the other to keep it within the limits of the Constitution. In France, on the other hand, the gradual extinction of local liberties and aristocratic power had left the crown without a rival, and made it seem responsible for all the misery to which bad laws doomed the poor, and for the crushing burdens of a feudalism which had ceased to do any service. Every class was discontented,—the poor because they were pillaged; the rich middle class because they were despised even by the neediest of the aristocracy; the nobles, because their local authority had passed to the intendants of the king; the courtiers, because they found it more and more difficult to pay for their extravagance out of either private or public funds; and the men of letters, because they were quick to see that the laws were theoretically absurd as well as practically oppressive. Hence, interpreting general tendencies, speculative thought tended to attack all existing institutions. The theory of the social contract was used to show that the rulers of France had shamefully broken their bargain with the people.

Every country has a large mass of restless, dissatisfied spirits, idealists, haters of order, the very salt and the very scum of humanity. That is the class which most quickly feels the breezes of speculation, and England has had her share of it, as well as France. Nor has England had any lack of a destructive philosophy. Her literature of the eighteenth century is much richer in the critical solvents of society than a careless reader would infer from the pages of Mr. Stephen. But those influences misled our revolutionary classes much less than those of France, for a reason which even De Tocqueville has missed, and which has received too little attention. Protestantism gave a religious outlet to much of the critical spirit which in France would have attacked religion itself. Many persons who, in the one country, would have retailed the doctrines of Voltaire, were content, in the other, to rail at the Established Church, and at bishops whose apostolic poverty was consistent with the possession of fifteen thousand a year. They were vigorous Non-conformists, instead of sneering infidels. Or if their logical faculty was more intrepid, they stopped short at the half-way house of deism, instead of proceeding to a blank defiance of religion. The whole literature of the deists was a left-handed tribute to the necessity of religion itself. In France, Toland, and other chiefs of the deist school would have been the literary lackeys of Voltaire. France drove the restless and irreverent minds into scepticism when she shut up the natural avenues of Protestantism, for she left no resting-place between Catholicism and utter unbelief. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes, did more than any other single act to make speculation irreverent, and the people ready to apply the boldest of its lessons.

Another reason why speculative philosophy was more destructive in France than in England has been pointed out by De Tocqueville. The local and Parliamentary institutions of the one country had trained a great proportion of the people in the practice of public affairs. Thus they instinctively knew how little guidance they could get from general theories, when they were making laws for the management of their own political business. They were disposed to make too much rather than too little of philosophical guidance. And the philosophers themselves were kept in check by the same practical training. Town councils, select vestries, quarter-sessions, contested elections, and

divisions in the House of Commons, taught the most intrepid literary disciples of Locke the practical absurdity of such books as that by which Rousseau set France on fire. Burke was, of course, by far the greatest example of the profundity which the management of practical affairs gives to political philosophy. The differences between the "*Contrat Social*" and the "Reflections on the French Revolution," is the difference between a logical dreamer and a philosopher with a consummate knowledge of the infinite complexity of human affairs. Another conspicuous example of the restraint imposed by practical life has been witnessed in our own day. Mr. Mill was so much of an idealist that, if he had been born four hundred years ago, he would have founded a religious order, and if he had lived in the eighteenth century he might have been a purer if a less-gifted Rousseau. But he breathed the practical atmosphere of England; he was tied by the hard facts of the India House; he knew from personal experience the enormous difficulties in the way even of despotic government; and thus he was made the apostle of a refined expediency. The French philosophers of the eighteenth century, on the other hand, had no such training. It was impossible for them to learn what the art of government meant, and thus will it always be in a despotic country. They could not help being pure theorists. Most of them had gathered a sentimental love of republics from the literature of Rome, and they appealed to the conduct of Cato or the maxims of Cicero as glibly as if Rome and France were identical. Happily a sounder philosophy is now seen even in France. It is now recognized that nations change and grow as well as men; that each generation inherits an infinite endowment of sympathies, ideas, and tendencies, as well as verified convictions; that the thread of this constantly accumulating wealth can no more be cut than the personality of a man can be changed into the mental nature of a child, and that a legislator must look to the traditions of a people at least as carefully as to his own sense of logical fitness. The tendency of such philosophy will be profoundly conservative, in the best sense of the word. Had it been taught before the Revolution, it would have helped to reform, rather than destroy, the monarchy; and now that the social buttresses of a monarchy have been undermined or destroyed, it will equally help to establish the Republic.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
A MORE EXCELLENT WAY OF CHARITY.*

BY MISS OCTAVIA HILL.

YOU have asked me to speak to you to-night, though I am a stranger to your parish, and know nothing of its special needs or special advantages. Why, then, am I here? I suppose I may safely assume that it is mainly because I represent those who have deep care for the poor, and *also* strong conviction that organization and mature thought are necessary to any action which shall be really beneficial to them. I fancy your parish, like many another — like most others that have not passed through the stage and answered the problem — is just now questioning itself as to whether investigation, organization, deliberate and experienced decision, which it feels to be essential if wise relief is to be secured, are, or are not, compatible with gentle and kindly relief; whether charity can be fully of the heart, if it is also of the head. If so, how you are to get the full strength of head and heart. If this is impossible, what in the world you are to do, for you cannot give up either. You ask practically, I fancy, when you invite me here, what I think on these points.

I answer, then, emphatically and decidedly, that my experience confirms me entirely in the belief that charity loses nothing of its lovingness by being entirely wise. Now it cannot be wise without full knowledge of the circumstances of those to be dealt with — hence the necessity of investigation; it cannot come to satisfactory conclusions on those facts unless it employs the help of experienced men — hence the need of a committee for decision; it will not be gracious and gentle, nor fully enter into individual needs, unless it secures the assistance of a good body of visitors. I do not wish to draw your attention to any special form of organization, but I believe you will find, the more you think of it, that some form is needed, and that whatever it be, it will have to secure those three as essentials — good investigation, decision by a wise committee, and the help of a staff of visitors.

I shall say nothing further on the first head, investigation, except that I consider it is done best by a good paid officer. A great deal of the preliminary work is quickly and well done by an experienced

person, which it would be difficult for a volunteer to do; neither is it a sort of work which it is worth while for a volunteer to undertake. I refer to verifying statements as to residence, earnings, employment, visiting references and employers. The finishing touches of investigation, the little personal facts, the desires and hopes, and to a certain extent the capacities of the applicant, no doubt a volunteer visitor would learn more thoroughly, but that can always be done separately from the preliminary and more formal inquiry.

And now to turn to the consideration of the visitors — those who must be the living links binding your committee with the poor, the interpreters of their decision, the bearers of their alms, the perpetual guardians to prevent renewed falling into want. I have spoken in so many other places of the extreme value of such a body working in concert with a wise committee, and of the mistakes they are likely to make where undirected, that I am unwilling to dwell on either point in much detail here. I will only briefly reiterate that I think no committee can do its work with real individual care unless it contains those who will watch over each family with continuous interest, interpret its decisions intelligently and kindly, and learn all personal detail which may assist the committee in judging rightly. Unhappily, visitors have very seldom any special training for their work, nor is the need of it pointed out to them. I earnestly wish we could get this recognized; not that any should be deterred from working from want of training, but that in every district some plans for advising and helping the inexperienced visitors and binding all visitors more together, should be adopted. I have, in the July number of *Good Words*, given a sketch of a practical scheme for securing this end. But even without the help there spoken of, visitors might try to look a little further into the result of their action. They think of the immediate effect, and very little of the future one. Now in all things we must beware of hasty action. It is not well, in the desire to alleviate an immediate want, to produce worse want in the future. I do not know the poor of your district: there may be many more of them, and they may be poorer, than I suppose; but in really populous poor parishes I have found, and surely you should find here, that an immense deal more might be done by the people for themselves than has been done hitherto. The difficulties of finding work for them must be less than ours were: aim at that first. Try to get

* Read at a meeting held in a suburban district in July 1876.

them to bring up their children to callings requiring skill, and which will raise them to the higher ranks of labor; help them to save; encourage them to join clubs; lend them books; teach them to cultivate and care for flowers. These and other like influences will indirectly help them far more, even as to outward comforts, than any gifts of necessities. But do not, when a family wants help, hesitate to give largely, if adequate help will secure permanent good. Remember, if you establish people in life so that they can be self-supporting, it is well worth while to do it, cost what it may.

I know little of your parish. But if it be, as I fancy, one in which the rich are many and the poor few compared to other places, I should like to add a word or two to such residents as are in good health and working here, urging them to consider the needs of more desolate districts, and pause to think whether or not they could transfer some of their time to them. I know it is a difficult question, and one to be judged in each case on its merits. I know well what may be urged on the ground of individual friendships formed with dwellers in your neighborhood, on the score of want of strength and time, and the claims of your own parish. Weigh these by all means, but think of the other side too, if by chance you can realize it. Friendship with poor old women in your district! Respect its claims; but are there no times when it may be worth while to make a change in work, even if it cause one to see less of friends? Have you ever seen the ward of an East End workhouse, where from year's end to year's end the old women live without any younger life round them, no sons or daughters whose strength may make their feebleness more bearable, no little grandchildren to be cared for, and make the old which is passing forget itself in the young which is coming into vigor? Is your bright young presence not asked for by the gray, monotonous, slowly ebbing life of those wards? If your strength does not allow you to visit in remote districts, I grant that an unanswerable argument; for strength is meant to be temperately used and not thrown away. Time! Well, it takes time to go backwards and forwards; but isn't one hour where the need is great and the workers very few worth more than many hours in a more favored district?

Have you ever realized what those acres and acres of crowded, heated, badly-built houses, over which you pass so quickly by train when you go in and out of London,

mean? What kind of homes they make? What sort of human beings live and die there? Have you asked yourselves whether your presence, your companionship, is needed there? Whether the little children want your teaching? Whether your gentleness, your refinement, your gaiety, your beauty, are wanted there? Neighborhood! Oh yes, it has strong claims — some of the best possible; but then we must take care that we let our neighbors come round us naturally, rich *and* poor. I only know this neighborhood as I see it from the station, and it is possible it is otherwise inside, for I know quarters where the poor lodge often escape the eye of a casual observer; but I do know districts which *are* very like what yours *looks*, where the villas cover all the ground, and there is no place for the poor man's cottage. Where the idea of building for him would be mentioned with awed abhorrence by the comfortable residents, and they would talk about the unpleasantness of the poor living so near, chances of infection, etc., etc. Where the few persons required to serve the needs of the residents live in a somewhat pampered and very respectful dependence in small districts decently withdrawn from view, visited and over-visited by ladies who haven't far to go — where the poor say there isn't a house to be had, and the rich say they get everything from a distance.

While you are determined to have the *rich* neighborhoods, you must have the poor ones elsewhere. When you have gathered the poor round you, built for them, taught them, purified their houses and habits by your near presence, by all means talk about the claims of neighborhood. But till then you must, I believe, take wider outlook, and think of the neighborhoods you have left, where moreover those who indirectly serve you earn their bread. You who are merchants' wives and daughters, nay, even those of you who buy the merchants' goods, have the dock-laborers no claims upon you? If the question, Who is my neighbor? is asked by you, how do you think God answers it from heaven when he looks down and sees the vast multitudes of undisciplined poor by whose labor you live — and the few heroic workers whose lives are being spent for those poor almost forsaken by you.

And if some of you went there to give what little of leisure, what little of strength, you have to spare, would your own neighborhood suffer? I fancy not. For it seems as if usually where there are few poor and many rich living near together,

the former become dependent in fat unenergetic comfort on the latter; and if this be such a neighborhood, a few finding a call for their sympathy and help elsewhere might do good to all. It might be a real blessing to the place where you live to transfer to other and needier districts some of the superfluous wealth and unneedful care which from its very abundance may be spoiling and pampering your native poor. What a good thing it might be if each of your congregation here would undertake to help with money and with workers some poor district where wise principles were being strenuously and faithfully worked out. Only remember, though you may send your money, and send it to those who use it wisely, the gift is a very poor one compared with that of yourselves. It is *you* who are wanted there, your love, your knowledge, your sympathy, your resolution: above all, your knowledge; for if you saw, you could not leave things as they are. For instance, on a summer evening fresh as this, there are thousands of families who have no place to sit in but one close room, in which the whole family has eaten, slept, washed, cooked. It is stifling. They go to the door-step; their neighbors are at their steps. It gets hotter, the children swarm in the narrow court; the dust flies everywhere; the heat, the thirst is insufferable, the noise deafening, the crowd bewildering; they go to the public house: do you wonder? It may be there are a few spaces unbuilt over close by, but who will open the gates for them, plant a few flowers, put a few seats? The garden of Lincoln's-Inn-Fields is certainly kept very lovely; but how few eyes are allowed to see it; Red-Lion Square is a howling ugliness; the board-school playgrounds are closed on Saturday; the little graveyard in Drury Lane — half the graveyards in London — are close locked and barred, and left in ugliness too — the Quakers are actually deciding to sell for building-purposes their ancient burial-ground near Bunhill-fields. Can they not afford to let the place allotted to their dead be consecrated to the poor and become a place of rest to the weary living before their pilgrimage is over? Money, money, money, to spend where we see its effect in parks, or villas, or cosy suburban houses, and not a glimpse of what we might do with it in the districts where the poor live and die.

Of course this is only one side of the truth, and no one knows the converse better than I. I know how people are com-

ing forward year by year to do and to feel more and more of their duty to the poor. The interest deepens and spreads, and that rapidly. Haven't I myself such a body of fellow-workers as makes me hardly know how to be thankful enough? And doubtless many of you here are doing exactly what I urge, or better things than I have thought of. But forgive me if the sight of all that is needed sometimes makes me a little impatient, and urge the point with some implied reproach towards those who delay to come and do what it looks as if they might. I daresay they may many of them have better reasons than I know for holding aloof: all have not the same duties; but sure I am that the need is urgent, and that to many such work would add new and deeper interests to life. I only say, "Look for yourselves what the need is, consider what your duty may be, and when seen do it resolutely, quietly, hopefully."

And now, leaving the subject of visitors, let us consider, in conclusion, the third point essential to wise dealing with the poor — the decisions of your committee after the facts are gathered for it by investigating agent and volunteer visitor. Now, to secure right decision, one must have a distinct object in view. What is to be the ultimate object of your decisions respecting relief? Let us at once distinctly clear the way by assuming that it must be the good of the people themselves. We have nothing to do with saving the money of the rich. It is possible — nay, probable — that in our first attempts to put charity on a right footing we may have to spend more than we did before, and make larger demands on the purses of the wealthy. A few substantial gifts wisely bestowed may easily make up a larger sum than a multitude of petty careless doles. A weekly pension, a grant of a few pounds to help a family to migrate; is more than the money-equivalent of many a random shilling. But if on reflection we decide to withhold gifts of any kind whatsoever, it is only to be done for the sake of the people themselves. If doles, or bread-tickets, or coal-tickets are proved to help the people, we are bound to give them to the extent of our power. If they are proved to injure them, we are bound not to give them, however pleasant it may be, however easy, however it may seem to pave the way for other influences. Do we want to make the poor depend on relief, which is ready at a moment's notice, instead of having the fortitude to save a little to meet a sudden emergency? If so, we shall be

always treating cases as urgent, and relieving pending investigation, and assuming that discretionary power of granting instant help must be vested somewhere besides in the relieving-officer. I know parishes where benevolent people plead that starvation or great need may arise if they have a weekly committee and no officer empowered to deal with urgent cases. Suppose we ourselves had lost the pride of independence which does still exist in the middle and upper classes, though the tendency to look for extraneous help is, I sometimes fear, eating gradually upwards; but suppose we had no hesitation on the score of pride in asking our richer neighbor for a meal, or new clothes or boots, or additional blankets, or a ton of coal, would it be better for us to use just the amount of providence necessary for us to go to him a week beforehand and say, "Please, we shall want our dinner next Sunday?" or would it be better for us to be led to expect that if we called on Saturday to tell him the fact, and he was out at a garden-party, when he came home he would say, "Dear me, perhaps they have no dinner, and Sunday too. I dare not wait to see why they are in want; whether there is any member of the family who might be helped to a place where he can earn more. I'd better send for some roast meat. I don't like to be enjoying myself at garden-parties with my wife and daughter, and not consider my poorer neighbors." Do you think that, be our earnings much or little, that kind of help would be likely to be helpful? The smaller the earnings, the more need of providence; and there is no man so poor but he might, by effort, at least have a few shillings in hand for emergency, if he really felt it important. Literally, that is all that is wanted to do away with this clamor about urgency. That every man should at some time of his life put aside five or ten shillings, which should be ready for need, and apply for help directly he saw need to draw upon that, instead of when he hasn't a crust in the house. I don't know whether you are troubled with this great bugbear of "urgency" here; it frightens many districts, but always disappears when approached. Depend upon it, starvation cases are much more likely to arise where we have trained our poor to look for instantaneous help, than where they rely on their own forethought at least to the extent I have mentioned; for *if* they trust to sudden aid, and any accident removes it, then they have no money, they are in need indeed. Depend on it, the

Poor Law, which the poor do not turn to readily, which has, moreover, a strong, permanent machinery in every parish in England, is the only right source of relief for urgent cases. No respectable family but has friends, neighbors, or savings to fall back on just while you look well into their cases. Those who are not respectable want, and, in my estimation, should have, help, but they cannot be helped easily with grants in urgent haste; they need thought, and influence, and much power. If, then, we decide that urgent cases can be left to the Poor Law, your committees will have those only left to deal with whose circumstances they can thoroughly know and deliberately decide upon; and these, I believe, they will find class themselves into cases in which temporary help will raise the applicants into permanently self-supporting positions, and chronic cases. The first, no doubt, they will try to help liberally, carefully, and kindly. The second they will probably help only if they can do so adequately, which I should fancy here you might easily do if you all heartily and thoughtfully co-operated, and knew each what the other was doing, so that no work was done twice over. Such organization of almsgiving would be, I should think, the limit of your aim at present.

Perhaps you will also add to these relieved persons a very large number of sick, whom I should be glad to see after, say a year's notice, forced into some independent form of sick-club.

For I do not myself believe that we from above can help the people so thoroughly and well in any other way as by helping them to help themselves. This I think they are meant to do—this I believe they can do, by association and by forethought. When they do provide necessities for their own families, I think it leaves our relation to them far better, and enables us to help them more fully in better ways. After all, what are the gifts of these outside things compared to the great gifts of friendship, of teaching, of companionship, of advice, of spiritual help?

I know some people think the half-crown, or packet of tea, the best introduction to these. I cannot say I have seen it so. I do not remember a single example in any age or country in which a class in receipt of small occasional doles was in a position of honorable, healthy friendship with the givers of such, or fit to receive from them any intelligent teaching. Of course the receipt of alms produces courtesies and respectful welcomes, and per-

haps attendances at church or chapel from those who care more for the gifts than for the quiet dignity of independence which is found in many humble people; more for the good tea than for any sermon or service. But how do the better ones feel it? Haven't your gifts absolutely tended to alienate them from churches and chapels? Do they not scorn them, and desire to be seen to benefit nothing by them? The application for help is nearly always made by the wife, and the respectable husband would no more make it than you or I would, in nine cases out of ten. Only notice what happens whenever the rule is that the man must come up to ask for help: they hardly ever come, but simply earn the needed amount. And among the women, too, the better ones hold aloof from anything that looks like bribery to come to a place of worship. I would ask any clergyman whether he does not think that the mixing of temporal gifts with spiritual teaching has not a direct tendency to lower the value of the teaching in the eyes of the recipient? Of old, when apostles preached, they treated the gospel as good news which the people would care to receive for itself; they honored it in treating it as if it were a blessing. Of course it is difficult to distinguish the actions which come from the radiant outpouring of every species of good gift in mere wealth of joyful human love springing from vivid sense of divine love, which we see in earnest preachers of all ages, from the gift which is meant to be, and felt to be, a bribe. In many cases, probably, the gifts combine a mixture of love and of a purpose to attract, which it would be impossible to separate. But religious teaching, I have no manner of doubt whatever, has suffered of late years incomparably more than it has gained by this confusion. Let the gift, then, stand or fall by its own intrinsic value; if it be helpful in itself, cultivating such right qualities as will make the recipient richer in such outside things as itself, let it be made. If not, withhold it. And for God's sake let his truth stand on its own merits. If it be a real need of his children, trust him in his own good time to make this plain to them. Preach it by word, by deed, by patient abiding; but do not use bribes, or even what look like bribes, to make men take it in. Depend on it, it cannot be taken so. It has been accepted in this and other ages by men ready to meet poverty, toil, scorn, death, rather than be false to it; it has been accepted with acclaim by multitudes who felt in it the

answer to their difficulties, the great good news for their lives. The lowest natures, when they have received it, have done so through the noble feelings which are latent in the worst of us. It is only through appeal to these—their fortitude, their reverence—that it can come home to them. I cannot believe that God's truth has ever entered one human heart wrapped up in a bribe. Let it speak quietly for itself; it is very strong. Shall we doubt it? Our special form of it, or application of it, may not commend itself to our neighbors. Do not let this disappoint us; let us with single-minded zeal try to get those neighbors to be and to do what they see to be right, and then will be revealed to them gradually whatever form of truth they can comprehend and apply. They will help to form God's church, which is of many members; and if

Our little systems have their day
They have their day and cease to be,

we must remember that the words go on:—

They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

From The Academy.

A POPULAR HISTORY OF FRANCE.*

THE time is not yet very long past when a historical work, especially an elementary and popular work, was scarcely anything but an endless series of names, dates, and facts arranged in regular succession, in which the actions of kings and princes, and battles lost or gained, played the principal part. Now, however, our conception is changed. We ask of the historian, not to load our memory with facts and dates, but to recall the dead past to life, to give us a vivid, animated, and truthful picture of the times that are no more. We require him to make us live the life of our forefathers; to initiate us into their ideas, their beliefs, their passions; to disclose to us all the motives, good or evil, on which they acted; to reveal to us their virtues and vices, their joys and sorrows. We require him to depict the condition of the poor and lowly, of the people, of the masses, as well as that of kings, princes, and the great; and we thus say of the historian, what used to be said only of the poet, that he must be a painter.

* *A Popular History of France, from the earliest Period to the Death of Louis XIV.* By Elizabeth Sewell. London: Longmans & Co., 1876.

Even in the case, not of a long and detailed history, as complete as it can be made, but of a summary, an elementary book, the object of which is to narrate briefly in one short volume the history of a whole people, we require the author not to confine himself to a simple record of dry and lifeless facts, but to present to us a picture addressing the imagination as much as the memory, and enabling us to understand what were at various periods the manners, the intellectual condition, the character, the tendencies of the nation which is the subject of his work.

Such then is the end which the author of this "Popular History of France," has kept in view, and this end she seems to us to have attained. Drawing her inspiration from Michelet, from Duruy, from Bonnechose,* and other authorities, she has composed an attractive story, which, while easy reading, is fully adequate to instruct the readers for whom it is intended, and to prepare for more complete studies those who wish for a minute acquaintance with a special period of French history. Eight maps of the country at various dates, genealogical tables of the various houses which have reigned in France, and a very complete alphabetical index, which greatly facilitates the student's researches, combine to make the book a very convenient manual, which will doubtless have the success it deserves.

The composition of such a book needs much art, and also really scientific knowledge; the author possesses both qualifications, and has acquainted herself with the most recent works. For instance, her account of the St. Bartholomew appears to us very accurate. It is well known to what long controversies the dark events of that night of blood have given rise. At the present day the responsibility seems to

be justly divided between the guilty parties, and the memory of Charles IX. is cleared to some extent at the expense of that of his mother and the Guises. Of this the author seems to have a very distinct perception.

A book like hers has to contend with many kinds of difficulties. Intended for all classes of readers, young girls included, the author is forced to pass lightly over many facts, which, shameful and ignoble as they may be, have often exercised a great influence over the destinies of a people. Louis XIV. cannot be understood without La Vallière, Montespan, and Maintenon; but this side of his history is too perilous ground to allow the author to give it as much prominence as historical reality would demand. There is here no ground for complaint or astonishment; but we are inclined to find fault with our author for a too constant inclination to take a lenient view. She does not seem to us sufficiently severe towards Henry III., one of the most infamous princes known to history. Nor does she blame as severely as it deserves the abjuration of Henry IV.; certainly she brings out the fatal consequences which that act of hypocrisy brought in its train, from the moral and religious point of view: but there is yet more to be said. The abjuration of the Béarnais was the most useless of treasons; it did not hasten by a single day the submission of his enemies; had he remained a Huguenot he would have reigned all the same, and his reign would perhaps have founded a more durable state of things. On this point we cannot agree with Miss Sewell, who seems to believe that but for his abjuration Henry IV. would have remained Henri de Béarn; but clearly this is one of those problems, which will always remain open to discussion. On the other hand, the judgment passed by the author on Louis XIV. appears to us to be just and perfectly well-founded.

The narrative ends with the death of the *Grand Roi*. The author in her preface promises to continue it to our own days if her volume meets with a favorable reception from the public. Its reception has been favorable; and we sincerely trust that the promise may be kept.

ETIENNE COQUEREL.

* The author has fallen into a slight mistake in her preface (p. vi.). She attributes a "History of France" which she has consulted to the Cardinal de Bonnechose. We believe that she is in error, and that this history is not by the cardinal, who, to the best of our knowledge, wrote nothing on the subject. But an elder brother of the cardinal, M. Emile de Bonnechose, now deceased, left an elementary "History of France" which is very widely circulated. M. E. de Bonnechose was a highly distinguished writer, but instead of being a cardinal he belonged to the Protestant Church, and his numerous writings ("Les Réformateurs avant la Réforme," "L'Histoire de France," etc., etc.) bear the stamp of the religious and liberal spirit of Protestantism.